

THE STORY
OF THE
HERMAN BRIGADE

The title is set within a decorative border. The top and bottom borders consist of a row of stars. The central text is flanked by two illustrations: a tent on the left and a cannon on the right.







JOHN SHERMAN,

COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO;

UNITED STATES SENATOR.

Organized the Sherman Brigade at Camp Buckingham, Mansfield,
Ohio, September to November, 1861.



CHARLES GARRISON HARKER,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS;
COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO;
CAPTAIN, FIFTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.
Killed in Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, June 27th, 1864.



L. D. Myers

THE STORY OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE.

THE CAMP, THE MARCH, THE BIVOUAC, THE BATTLE;
AND HOW "THE BOYS" LIVED AND DIED
DURING FOUR YEARS OF ACTIVE
FIELD SERVICE.

Sixty-fourth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry.

Sixty-fifth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry.

Sixth Battery, Ohio Veteran Volunteer Artillery.

McLaughlin's Squadron, Ohio Veteran Volunteer Cavalry.

WITH 368 ILLUSTRATIONS.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind.
No vision of the morrow's strife
The soldier's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Theodore G. Hara.

UNIVERSITY
BY
WILBUR F. HINMAN,

Late Lieutenant-colonel, Sixty-fifth Ohio Regiment; Author of
"Corporal Si Klegg and His Pard," etc.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1897.

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By WILBUR F. HINMAN.

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TO
JOHN SHERMAN,
PATRIOT AND STATESMAN,
TO WHOSE ABILITY, WISDOM, AND ELOQUENCE THE COUNTRY IS SO
MUCH INDEBTED, AND TO WHOSE PATRIOTIC EFFORT
THIS BRIGADE OWES ITS EXISTENCE;

AND TO
THE MEMORY OF
CHARLES GARRISON HARKER,
THE KNIGHTLY SOLDIER,
ENDEARED TO ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE FOR HIS
GALLANT LEADERSHIP, UNDER WHICH, THROUGH FIRE AND
BLOOD, THEY WON AN HONORABLE NAME AND FAME,
AND WHO, AT KENNESAW, SEALED WITH HIS
LIFE, HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY
AND PATRIOTISM,
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

A FEW REMARKS.

"After many days"—many years, in fact—I have redeemed the promise I made long ago to write the story which I now submit to the survivors and friends of the old Sherman Brigade. To collect the material and weave it into such a narrative as this was no small undertaking, amidst the engrossing cares and duties of a busy life.

For years I tried to write our "Story" at odd times, but my leisure hours were so few and my work as a "newspaper man" so engrossing that I found this impossible. I could only do it by laying aside everything else and devoting to it my entire time for several months. A good many of my excellent and esteemed comrades seemed to have the idea that all that was necessary in order to have a history written and published was to plant a few resolutions, water them with speeches, and the book would grow up of itself, like Jonah's gourd. They will pardon me for saying that they had not the smallest conception of the amount of labor involved in an effort to do the work thoroughly, nor did they realize the large expense involved in its publication. I knew something of all this, and I shrank from the undertaking. But year after year at our Brigade reunions, with unfailing regularity, the boys continued to fire volleys of resolutions and speeches at me, whom, for some reason, they had drafted to do the work, and at last I have done it. The body of the "Story" was written two years ago; the work incident to its publication has occupied all my time, aside from my newspaper duties, for the past six months.

This is not a history of the war, or of the army of the Cumberland, or of anything or anybody except the Sherman Brigade. Its purpose is to tell what *we* did and how we did it. In this volume we "blow our own horn," which is a thing sometimes meet and right to do, for the old proverb says that "whosoever bloweth not his own horn, his horn shall not be blown." That I have not been sparing of wind in blowing this blast, the size of the book will sufficiently indicate. But lest some chance reader outside of our "family" might imagine that I had blown the horn louder than the facts would justify, I have inserted here and there extracts from the official reports of those who wore stars on their shoulders, relative to the conspicuous services which make up the record of the Sherman Brigade during its four years in the field.

Every old soldier has a right to be proud of himself and of his company and his regiment; we are all proud of ours and are not too modest to say so. We *know* what we went through; what we tried to do and generally accomplished. Many other regiments and batteries did as well;

none, we think, did better. The Society of the Sherman Brigade is, as it ought to be, a "mutual admiration society," like all other organizations of veterans of the war. Naturally, this "Story" is on the same line. The Sherman Brigade did not do it all. I fear that notwithstanding the tempestuous zeal with which we marched out of Camp Buckingham and went to "the front," we would scarcely have succeeded in putting down the rebellion if we had not had much valuable assistance. We only assert that we did our share, and this claim we are prepared to defend against all comers.

It is proper to explain that the name "Sherman Brigade" is purely an Ohio designation. The brigade lost its identity as such when it took the field, and the name which is so endeared to us does not appear in the records of the war; so that a person who look vainly in war history for mention of its deeds of glory, might imagine that this "Story" is all wind and nothing else.

When the volunteer regiments entered the service, with full ranks, they were at once grouped into brigades, usually four in each. Later in the war, when the regiments became much reduced in strength, the number in a brigade was increased, by additional regiments or by consolidation of brigades. For nearly a year after the battle of Chickamauga, the brigade of which the "Sherman Brigade" was a part, consisted of nine regiments. Their aggregate strength was a thousand less than that of the four regiments which constituted the original Twentieth Brigade, to which we were at first assigned.

At different times we were brigaded with the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio; Third, Nineteenth and Twenty-eighth Kentucky; Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana; Thirteenth Michigan; Fifteenth Missouri; Twenty-second, Twenty-seventh, Forty-second, Fifty-first and Seventy-ninth Illinois. With the exception of a few months in 1862, when General James A. Garfield rode at its head, Colonel Charles G. Harker, of the Sixty-fifth Ohio, afterward a brigadier-general, commanded our brigade continuously from the beginning, through all its battles, until he fell at Kennesaw, June 27th, 1864. He was succeeded by Colonel Luther P. Bradley, of the Fifty-first Illinois. After the latter was wounded at Spring Hill, the brigade was commanded by Colonel Joseph Conrad of the Fifteenth Missouri. In these pages, whenever the name "Sherman Brigade" is used, it means only the old Camp Buckingham organization. "Harker's Brigade" or "Garfield's" or "Bradley's" or "Conrad's" always has a larger meaning; including the regiments of the Sherman Brigade, with others as well.

Until the year 1864 the Sixth Ohio battery was a part of our brigade and generally served directly with it. For the Atlanta campaign all the batteries of General Sherman's army were organized into an artillery corps, the former system of having one battery attached to each brigade being discontinued. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were then in the division of General John Newton, while the Sixth battery served with the division of General Thomas J. Wood.

The service of McLaughlin's Squadron of cavalry, continuing till the end of the war, was entirely distinct and separate from that of the rest of

the Sherman Brigade. It was divorced from us immediately upon leaving Ohio and was sent into Eastern Kentucky. It served there and in East Tennessee, through the Atlanta campaign, marched "to the sea" with Sherman and up through the Carolinas, and was at the "last ditch" in which "Joe" Johnston furled his flags. We only saw the Squadron twice during the entire four years. Its service ended in North Carolina and ours in Texas, fifteen hundred miles distant. This explanation seemed necessary to prevent the confusion likely to arise in regard to the term "Sherman Brigade."

As I have said, this volume is *our* story. It took so much space to tell it that I deemed it wise not to incumber the narrative with details of the general movements and campaigns of the army to which we belonged. That history has been written in a multitude of books. In writing of our campaigns and battles I have said as little as possible of this nature—just enough to make clear our own operations and our relation to other brigades and divisions with which we were associated, and to the weighty events which transpired. Not more than a dozen pages, in all, are given to general history.

Some have entertained the idea that in this volume each of the organizations that composed the Sherman Brigade would have a separate history. Such a plan did not commend itself to me, for it seemed unwise to follow each, successively, over the same route, upon the same marches and through the same battles, and the same experiences in all the phases of army life. This would have involved much repetition, and upon such a plan it would have been better to publish each in a separate volume. The wanderings of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were almost identical, not varying fifty miles in all. The route of the battery was not quite the same, the principal variations being its campaign on the Cumberland river, apart from us, during the early months of the year 1862, its stay at Chattanooga while the two regiments were engaged in the East Tennessee campaign after the battle of Missionary Ridge, and its muster-out at New Orleans some months before the discharge of the two regiments. So I have carried along together the regiments and the battery, endeavoring to weave the facts relative to each into a connected and contemporaneous narrative. The history of the Squadron is necessarily separate, for the reason heretofore mentioned.

I have told the story in a conversational "free-and-easy" way, as we would talk around a camp-fire, with no attempt at literary excellence. I have made frequent use of the word "we", which means all of us. An apology is here offered, should any deem it necessary, for the occasional appearance of the big "I". In such a story it seemed impossible to avoid it.

If this book were entirely free from errors it would be little short of a miracle. I trust that while reading it my comrades will bear in mind two things: first, that this history was written more than thirty years after the events therein recorded took place; second, that after the lapse of so long a period, it is scarcely possible to find two members even of the same com-

pany who agree in their recollection of facts and circumstances. The material which I have used was gleaned from a hundred different sources—diaries kept by myself and others, old war-time letters, documents of various kinds and verbal and written statements from scores of comrades—the latter often being conflicting and confusing. A very [full diary of my own, covering three-quarters of our service, proved indispensable as the groundwork, and this has been largely supplemented by information from the other sources mentioned. Conscious of an honest, earnest effort to do the best I could in telling our story, I feel moved to say that any comrade is fairly estopped from “kicking” until *he* has undertaken the job and done it better. The writing and publication of this book, including the search for data, the collection and return of photographs, and other matters connected with the work, has involved the writing of more than two thousand letters. To go through the roster, name by name, and prepare the table on page 814, required thirty hours of close application. I only mention these things to give “the boys” an idea of the character of the work which they laid upon me, and which I have at least *tried* to do well.

In the matter of pictures this volume is unlike anything “that is in the heavens above, or that is the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth.” It was not intended at first to have the book illustrated, on account of the largely increased expense, with no expectation that the sale would exceed a few hundred copies. So urgent was the wish, however, that it was decided to put in about two hundred portraits. Before the end was reached the number of illustrations grew to nearly three hundred and seventy. I would have been glad to insert a thousand pictures, but this would have made it necessary to issue the work in two volumes and would have nearly doubled its cost. I apportioned an equal number to each company and used such as were sent me. Those whose pictures do not appear were just as good soldiers as those whose faces have been here reproduced. No rule was followed regarding their relative position in the book. They were purposely put in just as it happened, without regard to rank, after the manner of a crazy quilt. The freshet of pictures began to flow in when the book was about half printed, and this will explain why they are “bunched” in the latter part, to the extent, in a few cases, of two on a single page. For the pictorial peculiarities of the “Story” no apology will be made. The full-page pictures are limited to general officers and to officers who at different times commanded our regiments, battery and squadron.

It was desired to make the engravings from pictures of the comrades as they were in war time, and this has been done in all except a very few cases. Some twelve or fifteen are from recent photographs. These illustrate what the rude hand of Father Time is doing for us all. The originals from which the pictures were made were collected from twenty-nine different states. They consisted of photographs, ambrotypes and tintypes, representing a variety of postures, military and otherwise. Many of the originals were yellow, faded and sadly defaced, and considering this fact it is a wonder that the illustrations are so good. That a few are not as perfect as could be desired, is due solely to the fact above mentioned.

This book was not written to glorify any person or persons, or either of the four organizations of the brigade above the rest. It has been the purpose to be fair and impartial to all. A number of the comrades sent me personal sketches of themselves, and they may be disappointed not to see them published. Let them remember that to print such sketches of a few would be unfair to those not thus favored. One excellent soldier furnished a biography of himself, before, during and since the war, that would have filled two pages of the book. Had he written the "Story," he would have found it necessary to draw the line as I did. The Sherman Brigade was full of heroes. To tell what they personally did is impossible. Each may find the full measure of honor in the fact that he stood in the ranks of the brigade and helped to make its spotless record.

Many have rendered cheerful and invaluable assistance. It is but just to acknowledge, personally, my especial obligations to Colonel Robert C. Brown, Captain William H. Farber, Adjutant Chauncey Woodruff, Samuel T. Beerbower, and Robert C. McFarland of the Sixty-fourth; Captain Edwin E. Scranton, Captain Brewer Smith, Col. Alexander Cassil, and Albert C. Matthias of the Sixty-fifth; Captain Cullen Bradley, Captain Aaron P. Baldwin, Lieutenant George W. James, and John C. Weber of the battery; Albert A. Pomeroy, Thomas Everly, Barzillah F. Morris, and Peter M. Redding of the Squadron. All these promptly honored my frequent drafts upon them for information.

I shall be sorry indeed if any have raised their expectations to so high a pitch that this volume will prove to them a disappointment. I have examined more than seventy regimental and brigade histories, in the War Department library at Washington, and I may be pardoned for saying that among them all there is not one which so far as completeness and fullness of detail are concerned, is comparable to this. Of the character of the work, the verdict must be rendered by the jury of its readers. Indulging the hope that I have in some measure succeeded in meeting the wishes and expectations of my comrades, by presenting a narrative in the perusal of which they may find interest and pleasure, I give them, one and all, a cordial, fraternal greeting,

WILBUR F. HINMAN.

ALLIANCE, OHIO, December, 1897.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH OF THE BRIGADE.

- "To Arms"—Senator Sherman's Bugle Call—The Quick Response—
Recruiting Officers Harvest the Crop—A Camp Selected—The
Fledgelings in Blue—How Mothers and Sisters Loaded them Down
—The Dreadful Bowie-knife—"First Blood" Drawn from Cap-
tain Farrar—Off for Camp..... 33

CHAPTER II.

THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION.

- Transforming Recruits into Soldiers—Life at Camp Buckingham—
Our "Regular" Officers—Forsyth, Harker, Granger, Bradley and
McLaughlin—First Official Roster of the Brigade—Mustered in—
The Sibley "Circus" Tent—Wagonloads of "Soft Bread"—Our
Military Outfit—"Left! Left! Left!"—Learning the Tactics—
Guard Duty and the Guard-House—The Orderly Sergeant—Guns
and Horses for the Battery—Youngsters in the Ranks—A Con-
suming Desire to Go to "The Front"—Colonel Sherman's Fare-
well Order..... 41

CHAPTER III.

OFF TO THE WAR.

- Marching Orders at Last, Whereat There is Great Rejoicing—The
Sixty-fourth Staggering Under Ponderous Knapsacks—Whirled
Away to Louisville—The Sixty-fifth and the Battery Follow—
Down the Ohio River—At Camp Buell—A Good Turn That De-
serves another 59

CHAPTER IV.

ROMANCE GIVES WAY TO REALITY.

- Camping in Kentucky Mud—Fighting Against Homesickness—First
Taste of Army Rations—Impressions and Observations Concern-
ing Hardtack—Tom Clague's Story and the Irishman's Good Ad-
vice—Our Old Friend, the Army Mule—Battles of the Teamsters
—John Bumbaugh and his "Mools"—Visited by "Fakirs"—A
Solemn Christmas—Orders to March..... 66

CHAPTER V.

OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE AS ROADSTERS.

- On the Way to Bardstown—We Start off Beautifully, but—Those
Mountainous Knapsacks and How They Were Lightened—The
Aches, the Pains, the Limps, the Blisters!—Badly Used-up Pil-
grims—A Bonanza for the Natives—Camping in the Snow—No
Confiscation, but the Quartermaster Furnishes Straw—Two Weeks
at Camp Morton—A Wretched Tramp to Lebanon..... 75

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAPTER VI.

HALL'S GAP AND ITS MUDDY HORRORS.

Sitting Down in the Wilderness—A Fortnight of Rain and Mire— "Zollicoffer is dead."—We Build a Corduroy Road, or Try to— A Wagon Train Strikes it, with Calamitous Results—Tribulations of the Mule Drivers, and Everybody Else—Once More on Terra Firma	85
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARING TO ADVANCE.

Back to Lebanon—By Rail to Munfordville—A Cornfield Camp—A Few Days of Drill—First Visit from a Paymaster—We Draw Fi- nancial Rations in Gold—An "Officers' Drill"—The Sixth Di- vision Organized	93
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

OVER THE "KNOBS."

We Cross Green River—Our Camp Struck by a Cyclone—Deluged by Rain—The Pike Impassable—We Take to the Hills—Three Days of Tugging and Yelling—Disaster to the Bakery on Wheels —Kentucky Pies—We Reach Bowling Green	103
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

ON TO NASHVILLE.

The March from Bowling Green—Lost River—In the Capital of Ten- nessee—Disloyalty of the Citizens—Our first Picket Duty—Corinth Our Next Objective Point—Stripping for a Long March—Extract from an Orderly Sergeant's Diary	110
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

PIGS, CHICKENS, STRAW AND RAILS.

Some Remarks About Foraging—Early Restraining Influences— "Hands Off" in Kentucky—Orders Must be Obeyed—How It Was in Tennessee—Two Sixty-fourth Raiders Encounter General Wood —They Carry Rails for Two Hours, but Sup on Chicken—Sketches of Some Gifted Foragers—"Bill" Weigle and Dr. Anderson	121
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARCH TO SAVANNAH.

On the Road for a Long Pull—A Fresh Crop of Aches and Blisters— General Garfield Takes Command of the Brigade—A Sunday of Excitement—The "Cannon's Opening Roar" at Shiloh—We Strip for a Swift March—A Fearful Night—Stumbling on Through a Terrific Thunder-storm—Half Drowned, We Welcome the Dawn	129
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

The Battle Renewed—Up and Away to Savannah—A Scene of Wild Excitement—Ghastly Picture of War—Up the River by Steamboat —A Hurried Debarkation—Double Quick to the Front—We Only See the Enemy's Heels—Another Awful Night—Scenes and Inci- dents on the Battlefield	141
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ESCAPE AND A RECONNOISSANCE.

The Brigade Leaps into Fame—An Idiotic Fusillade that Arouses the Whole Army—Generals and Colonels in a Frenzy—We have a Sham Fight, if not a Real One—Off on a Reconnoissance—Garfield Exhorts to Valor—No Chance to be Brave that Day—Back to the Rear—Rest after Sixty-eight Sleepless, Toilsome Hours 150

CHAPTER XIV.

CREEPING TOWARD CORINTH.

A "Siege" at Long Range—Camping in a Sea of Mud—Rations of "Commissary"—Lugging Supplies from the Landing—Sickness Makes much Business for the Doctors—Blue-mass and Quinine—Revoltng Scenes on the Battlefield—An Order to Promote Early Rising—Pick and Shovel—Adjutant Woodruff Tells some Stories. 157

CHAPTER XV.

THE SIEGE CONTINUED.

Drilling 'Neath a Blazing Sun—Capturing Unseen Batteries—Prodigious Feats of Valor—Captain Orlow Smith's Wig—Paid off Again—"The Accepted Time" for the Sutlers—Advancing the Lines—Some Exciting Days—Our First Wounded—Last Night in the Trenches..... 170

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIXTH BATTERY.

Its Service Before Joining the Twentieth Brigade—Blockading the Cumberland River—Life in Camp Green—Mud and Misery—New Way to Roast Turkey—Ordered to Nashville; then to Shiloh—The Battery Complimented—Assigned to Wood's Division—An Akron Judge at the Front..... 182

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

Which the Soldiers Never can Forget—The Pediculus, or "Grayback"—He "Took the Cake" Among the Pests—The Musical and Blood-thirsty Mosquito—The Quiet but Industrious Woodtick—The Nimble Flea—The Exasperating "Jigger"—The Black Fly..... 191

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BLOODLESS VICTORY.

The Union Army Occupies Corinth—After a Trick on Picket we March, March Away—Our Toes Turned Eastward—Mud, Malaria and Mosquitoes—The Train Stalled—"I-u-ky-sah!"—General Wood's "Shirt Order"—How Tom Kelley Obeyed it—A Bath in Bear Creek—Captain Brown Catches a Tartar..... 205

CHAPTER XIX.

STILL TRAMPING.

- Brief Halt at Tusculumbia—A Wonderful Spring of Water—Heat that Makes us Sizzle—But we have Four Drills a Day—The March Resumed—Incidents by the Way—Captain Voorhees's Fancy Bayonet Drill—We Reach Decatur—Ferrying Across the Tennessee River—Lieutenant Tom Powell Goes Fishing and Catches Some Salted Mackerel..... 218

CHAPTER XX.

THERE IS REST FOR THE WEARY.

- Two Weeks at Mooresville—A Fourth of July Celebration—Speech by General Garfield—Patriotism and Perspiration—Salutes by the Sixth Battery—Demoralized Darkeys—Garfield Leaves the Twentieth Brigade—Woes of Our Officers—They Didn't Make Returns—Another Fishing Expedition..... 225

CHAPTER XXI.

THE "SIAMESE TWINS" SEPARATED.

- A Wild Rush from Mooresville—Lunacy at Headquarters—A Journey by Rail—The Sixty-fourth and the Battery Stop at Stevenson—The Sixty-fifth Goes to Bridgeport—Five Weeks of Idleness and Hunger—Bathing in the Tennessee—Trading With the Johnnies—Coffee for Tobacco—Old Jack and the Orderly—Lieutenant-Colonel French Resigns—Recruiting Details Sent to Ohio—Matters at Stevenson—Building a Fort—Scouting and Reconnoitering. 233

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BEGINNING OF A LONG SCAMPER.

- There Was a "Hen on"—Bragg Starts for the Ohio River—We Start After Him—The Brigade Reunited—Crossing the Mountain—A Long, Hard Pull—Our Tents and Baggage Burned—A Night March on the Plateau—"Roasting" the Officers—In Elk River Valley..... 246

CHAPTER XXIII.

AS WE GO MARCHING ON.

- Traveling "by Jerks" Day and Night—A Babel of Confusing Orders—A Gypsy Life, Without Tents—In Sun and Storm—Through Nashville Without a Halt—We Win a Foot-race—A Night March With Flying Feet—At Bowling Green Again—"Will You Wait?"—A Company in a Sorry Pickle..... 256

CHAPTER XXIV.

KICKING UP MORE DUST.

- We Ford Barren River—Pushing Toward the North Star—A Water Famine—Great Suffering from Thirst—Total Disappearance of Hardtack—Rations of Flour—The Awful "Bread" We Made—An Orderly Victimized—Death Would Have Been Mild Punishment—"There it Comes, Now!"—Captain Smith and "Company G."..... 263

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOAL IS REACHED.

Spoiling for a Fight, but None to Be Found—Tom Kelley's Joke—Rebel Shells Burst Around Us—We Feel a Little Solemn—Wading Green River—Rebel Stragglers—We Find Among Them a Bridgeport Acquaintance—Bragg Draws Off—The Road Clear and Away We Go—"Only Two Days to Louisville"—We Reach the Ohio River—Cheers for God's Country—A Glorious Bath—We Strike a New Regiment—In the City..... 274

CHAPTER XXVI.

GIRDING FOR ANOTHER CHASE.

We were a Hard Looking Crowd—Rags, Dust and Graybacks—Sol. Banbury's Dilemma—A Rush of New Regiments—The Seventy-Third Indiana Joins Our Brigade—Plenty of Rations and a Meager Supply of Clothing, but no Tents—Shooting of General Nelson—Colonel Young Was Demoralized—Orders to March..... 282

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT THE HEELS OF BRAGG.

On the Same Old Road to Bardstown—Woes of the New Troops—How the Veterans Nagged Them—"Drawing" Blankets—Brisk Skirmishing Ahead—Some Very Hard Marching—Bragg Retreats—A Memorable All-night Tramp—Battle of Perryville—We are Idle Spectators—Mysteries That Cannot be Fathomed..... 288

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PURSUIT THAT DOES NOT PURSUE.

More Charging Through Cornfields and Bramble Thickets—The Harrodsburg Reconnaissance—Harker's Brigade Has a Campaign of Its Own—Through Danville and Stanford—Cracking Walnuts Under Fire—We Push on Beyond Crab Orchard and Then Quit—The "Lame and Impotent Conclusion" of Buell's Campaign..... 295

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE BACK TRACK.

A Furious Reconnaissance to Wildcat—Headed for Nashville—Marching That Tried Even the Veterans—A Day's Tramp in Rain and Snow—An Awful Night on Picket—Twenty-four Hours Without a Morsel to Eat—A Breakfast of Fresh Pork and Frozen Apples—The Battery Boys Find Friends..... 303

CHAPTER XXX.

ONCE MORE AT NASHVILLE.

The Baggage Train Rejoins Us After Two Months Separation—We Get a Few Bell Tents—Eleven Weeks Without Shelter—To Glasgow and Scottsville—A Day When We Need Skates—A Night Scamper to Gallatin—An Attempt to Surprise John Morgan—But It Failed—Other Futile Efforts to Catch Cavalry with Infantry—The Horses Outran Us—Doing Penance in the Army—A Big Foray for Forage—At Silver Springs—Then to Nashville..... 309

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNDER "OLD ROSEY."

A Month at Nashville—A Commander Who Will Fight—Preparing for a Launch Forward—Thanksgiving Day in Camp—We Have Something to be Thankful for—The Pioneer Corps—We Get a Few Recruits—Captain Christofel's Idea—Grand Review by Rosecrans—Some Lively Foraging Expeditions—A Wedding and "High Jinks" at Sutler Horner's "Shebang"—The Boys Have Fun with Generals and Colonels..... 320

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EXCITING HOLIDAY WEEK.

The Advance to Murfreesboro—Through Rain and Mud—Brisk and Frequent Skirmishing—The Music of Bullets and Shell—Our Brigade Loses a Number Killed and Wounded—Captain Neeper Disabled—The Famous "Cornfield Skirmish"—A Perilous Adventure by Night—Harker's Brigade Crosses Stone River—Advances Boldly Upon the Enemy—Is Recalled and Withdraws in Good Order—"Sam" Snider and His Nose..... 333

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FIRST DAY OF STONE RIVER.

The Members of the Sherman Brigade Show their Mettle—We "Gather at the River" to Cross and Assail the Enemy—Bragg Strikes First, a Mighty Blow—The Union Right Broken—We are Ordered to its Assistance—Away at Double-quick—A Scene of Wild Chaos—"Into the Mouth of Hell"—Fierce and Desperate Fighting—Commanders Fall by Scores—Both Flanks Enveloped—Harker's Brigade Falls Back—Rallies and Renews the Fight—Two Guns of the Battery Captured and Quickly Retaken—The Rebels Hurled Back—Our Sadly Decimated Ranks Gather about the Colors..... 344

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DAYS OF DANGER, NIGHTS OF WAKING."

A Night March Across the Battlefield—Harker's Brigade Returns to the Left Wing—The Rebels make a Strong "Bluff" but are Driven Back—Heavy Artillery Firing—The Sixth Battery on the Picket Line—It Gets into a Tight Place—Fired on from Front and Rear—Bucketfuls of Grape from a Chicago Battery—The Sixty-fourth Catches some of it—Part of the Sixty-fifth Advances from the Outposts—Friday's Fight on the Left—We Cross and Recross the River—"Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow"—Burying the Dead—Our Heavy Losses..... 352

CHAPTER XXXV.

SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

We do some Heavy Digging and Grumbling—Four Months with Pick and Shovel—The Fortifications Around Murfreesboro—Some Wild Goose Chasing—Our Comfortable Camps—Caring for Our Dead—Mails and Correspondence—The "Unknown" Fair Ones—Changes in our Field Officers—"April Fool" in Camp—A Calamitous Joke on the Sutlers..... 367

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STILL AT MURFREESBORO.

Good-bye to our Hoosier Friends—General Wood Leaves us but Returns—The Waste of War—Fast Day—We Build a "Church"—A Whirl to Lebanon—Vallandigham—A Homicide in Camp—Phil Sheridan (not the General) and "Happy Jack"—The "Pup" Tent and how it was Received—The Soldier and his "Pard" 378

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BUGLES SOUND "FORWARD!"

Rosecrans Again Throws Down the Gage of Battle—Once More on the Road—Of Course it Rains—Harvesting a Field of Wheat—Rations are Short—Company D's Shower of Fresh Pork—Bragg Evacuates Tullahoma—We Come to Anchor at Hillsboro—The Doctor, the Stallion and the Jack..... 390

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SUMMERING AT HILLSBORO.

Blackberries and Mosquitoes—An Abundance of Both—Four Months' Greenbacks—Various Happenings in Camp—The Sixty-fourth Gets a New Chaplain—He was Shocked Because we Marched on Sunday—The Mule-drivers Gave Him a Set-back—The Sixth Battery and the Rebel Yankee..... 398

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A RAPID PROCESSION OF EVENTS.

The Advance Toward Chattanooga—A Toilsome Climb—In the Sequatchie Valley—We Fare Sumptuously—Crossing the Tennessee River on Flatboats—A Reconnoissance Under the Shadow of Lookout Mountain—The Rebels Evacuate Chattanooga—Wood's Division Marches in—We Push the Enemy Beyond Lee and Gordon's Mill—A Week of Constant Skirmishing—Just Before the Battle..... 405

CHAPTER XL.

CHICKAMAUGA.

The Battle Opens on the Union Left—We go in Soon After Noon—Severe Fighting and Heavy Losses—Officers and Men Fall by Dozens—The Sixth Battery Heavily Engaged—The Desperate Conflict on Sunday—Magnificent Conduct of Harker's Brigade—Major Brown Mortally Wounded—Captain Bradley Saves His Guns—The Army Falls Back to Chattanooga—The Adventures of Some of Our Wounded..... 418

CHAPTER XLI.

TWO MONTHS "BOTTLED UP."

Besieged in Chattanooga—Digging and Picketing—Pinched for Food—Rations Reduced to One Quarter—The Sixth Battery in Fort Wood—"Phil" Sheridan Commands Our Division—"Joe" Hooker Arrives—The Cracker-line Reopened—Ohio Soldiers Vote for Brough—Execution of Two Deserters—Grant Takes Command—Preparing to Burst the Fetters..... 443

CHAPTER XLII.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

Sherman's Effort to Break the Confederate Right—The "Battle Above the Clouds"—Orchard Knob Taken—Four Divisions of Thomas Sweep Missionary Ridge—A Magnificent Assault—Sheridan and Harker—The Crest Carried—Rout of the Rebels—Chickamauga is Avenged—Sheridan's Pursuit—A Victory Won by the Rank and File—Our Losses—Grant and Thomas on Orchard Knob—Grewsome Sightings on the Field..... 453

CHAPTER XLIII.

A DREARY MIDWINTER CAMPAIGN.

Burnside in Peril—On to Knoxville—Marching and Bivouacking in Rain and Mud—Crossing the Hiwassee—Longstreet Gives it up and Raises the Siege—Strawberry Plains and Blaine's Cross Roads—Cold and Hunger—A Wretched Month—Harker's Brigade of Ragged "Hoboes"..... 463

CHAPTER XLIV.

"THREE YEARS MORE."

We Re-enlist and Get a Furlough—The "Veteran" Craze—It Goes Through the Sherman Brigade Like the Small-pox—Four Hundred Dollars Bounty and Thirty Days at Home—This Catches the Boys—Drawing Cuts for the First Trip Home—The Sixty-fourth is Lucky—It Starts for Ohio in a Bedlam of Shouts and Yells—It Returns to the Front..... 473

CHAPTER XLV.

HOME AND BACK TO THE FRONT.

Adventures of a "Convalescent" Detachment—Phil Sheridan Wants a Coffin—The "Coffee Coolers" Whip Joe Wheeler—The March to Blaine's Cross-roads—Cavorting about East Tennessee—The Sixty-fifth gets its Furlough—Re-enlistment of the Sixth Battery—Now for Atlanta..... 481

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHICH TELLS OF VARIOUS THINGS.

Some Observations Concerning Portions of a Soldier's Outfit—White and Black Haversacks—The Canteen and Its Varying Contents—Its Post-mortem Usefulness—The Poncho or "Gum Blanket"—Popular Delusions Regarding the Bayonet—Its Practical Uses—Corps Badges—Slang Phrases in the Army—"Fac-Simile" Confederate Money..... 499

CHAPTER XLVII.

FIGHTING TOWARD ATLANTA,

Opening of the Great Campaign—The Confronting Armies—A Few General Observations—Harker's Brigade Climbs Rocky-face Ridge—The Desperate Struggle on the Crest—Superb Gallantry of the Sixty-fourth—Its Severe Loss—Death of Colonel McIlvaine—We Descend the Ridge..... 508

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DALTON TO BIG SHANTY.

- Fighting and Chasing—The Rebels Fall Back Across the Etowah—
 Adjutant Woodruff Gets a Tumble—A Few Days for Breath—The
 Flank Movement to New Hope—Warm Days in the Trenches—
 Colonel Harker Made a Brigadier—Buckwheat Biscuits for the
 Battery Officers—A Penitent Chaplain..... 525

CHAPTER XLIX.

KENNESAW.

- Still Fighting and Intrenching—Lieutenant Bingham Killed — The
 Waste of Ammunition—Hundreds of Bullets Fired for each Man
 Struck—The Lines at Marietta—The Assault upon Kennesaw—
 Harker's Brigade Leads—Desperate Fighting and Severe Losses
 —Death of General Harker—Colonel Whitbeck Dangerously
 Wounded—Captain Williams Killed..... 540

CHAPTER L.

THE BATTERY'S ADVENTURES.

- Close Quarters at Resaca—A Brave Kentuckian—Warmly Engaged
 at Pickett's Mill—Two of the Battery Men Killed—Another Fatal
 Shell—Saved by a Letter—Night Bombardment of Kennesaw—
 A Superb Spectacle..... 553

CHAPTER LI.

ANOTHER STRIDE FORWARD.

- A Rebel Captain Taken in—Johnston Evacuates Marietta—Another
 Fourth of July—An Unexpected Explosion in the Battery—A
 View of Atlanta—Death of Lieutenant Ayres—A Wild Rush to
 Roswell and Back—Across the Chattahoochee—Adventure with
 Rebel Artillery—Colonel Opdycke's Definition of a "Forlorn
 Hope"..... 565

CHAPTER LII.

CLOSE AROUND ATLANTA.

- Hood Relieves Johnston—A Change that "Means Fight"—Battle of
 Peachtree Creek—Bradley's Brigade Does Excellent Fighting—At-
 lanta under Siege—At Close Quarters—Brigade Changes—A
 Noisy Demonstration—How We Lived in the Trenches—Fresh
 Beef and Desiccated Vegetables—Eugene Tillotson's Ride..... 575

CHAPTER LIII.

"ATLANTA IS OURS, AND FAIRLY WON!"

- Sherman's Perplexing Problem—How it is Solved—Another Great
 Flank Movement—The Rebels Rejoice too Previously—Destroy-
 ing a Railroad—Hood Yields the Prize—At Lovejoy's Station—
 Farewell to the Third Kentucky—Back to Atlanta—Our Losses
 During the Campaign—A Brief Sojourn in a Pleasant Camp..... 593

CHAPTER LIV.

MORE ABOUT THE BATTERY.

- Its Constant and Arduous Duty—Frequent Use for the Guns—
Mourning for Lieutenant Ayres—Before Atlanta—After the Evacu-
ation—New Guns and a Month of Rest..... 602

CHAPTER LV.

WHIRLING NORTHWARD.

- General Hood Evolves a New Scheme—We Break Camp in a Hurry—
By Rail Back to Chattanooga—Three Weeks at Bridgeport and
Whitesides—Hood Moves Swiftly Northward—Sherman at His
Heels—Again at Chattanooga—Then We Gallop to Alpine—A
Great Joke on Moores and Bell—How an Evening Call Upon a
Pretty Girl Was Spoiled—To Chattanooga Once More—The Sixty-
Fourth and Sixty-fifth Get Reinforcements..... 614

CHAPTER LVI.

HOOD ENTERS TENNESSEE.

- Off by Rail to Athens—A Muddy Tramp to Pulaski—A Cold Bath in
Elk River—We Vote for President—Disclosure of Hood's Plan—
He Crosses the Tennessee River—Sherman's Dispositions and
Movements—Thomas and Schofield—The Battery's Return from
Atlanta—The Retreat to Columbia—The Canter to Spring Hill..... 627

CHAPTER LVII.

SPRING HILL.

- Schofield's Army in Great Peril—Cheatham's Attack Upon Wagner—
The Sixty-fourth Wins Laurels on the Skirmish Line—Bradley's
Brigade Bears the Brunt—All Assaults Repelled—The Sixty-fifth
Gets Out of a Tight Pinch—Cheatham Gives it up—The Union
Army Marches Safely Past the Enemy's Bivouac Fires—Narrow
Escape from a Grave Disaster—The Story as Told by General
Hood 636

CHAPTER LVIII.

FRANKLIN.

- The Night March From Spring Hill—A Stupendous Blunder—The
Brigades of Conrad and Lane Sufferers Thereby—Ordered to hold
an Advanced Position to the Last Extremity—The Inevitable Con-
sequence—Furious and Bloody Fighting—The Awful Slaughter—
The Rebels Defeated—Schofield Retires to Nashville..... 651

CHAPTER LIX.

WHAT THE BATTERY DID.

- A Bivouac at Spring Hill—An Alarm and a Scamper—The Guns in
Position—Overlooked in the Retreat—A Cheerful Prospect—A
Perilous Passage—The Fence Corners Full of Rebels—Saving the
Wagon Train—Thanks from the Generals—Fierce Firing at
Franklin—Ghastly Scenes on the Field—Falling Back to Nash-
ville..... 664

CHAPTER LX.

NASHVILLE.

Two Weeks of Waiting—Our Non-veterans go Home—Impatience at Washington—The Ground Coated with Ice—Thomas Commands "Forward!"—Two Days of Fighting—The Rebels Driven in Rout and Panic—Hood's Army Well-nigh Destroyed—The Union Soldiers Wild with Joy—The Pursuit Through Fathomless Mud—We Live on Parched Corn, but are Happy—Results of the Campaign... 675

CHAPTER LXI.

TEN LAZY WEEKS.

At Madison Station and Athens—Broken into Detachments to Garrison Blockhouses—Field and Staff of the Sixty-fifth in Luxurious Quarters—Called Down by the General—Social Gayety at Mooreville—Two Young Officers in a Dilemma—The Sixty-fourth at Athens—An Insurrection Caused by Eggs—Colonel Brown and Major Coulter Resign—The Officers Give them a Farewell "Blow-out"—Quartermaster Tip Marvin and Doctor Quinn "Gobbled" by the Johnnies—How they Got Back to the Regiment—Charley Baker and the Judge—How Doctor Quinn Played it on Chaplain Thompson..... 692

CHAPTER LXII.

"OH, WHAT A NIGHT!"

Once More in East Tennessee—The Stay at Blue Springs—A Dispatch Announcing the Surrender of Lee's Army to Grant—The Tidings Cause a Prodigious Uproar—A Wild, Hilarious Night—The Camp a Literal Pandemonium—A Hurricane of Joy and Enthusiasm—A Terrible Revulsion—News of the Assassination of President Lincoln—Strong Men Weep Like Children—Thoughts of Going Home—The Sixth Battery's Adventures..... 706

CHAPTER LXIII.

AGAIN AT NASHVILLE.

All the Way by Rail—Domiciled in Camp Harker—Looking in vain for the Order to be Mustered Out—Grand Review of the Fourth Corps—Congratulatory Order by General Thomas—Fatal Accident to a Sixty-fifth Officer—A Lady Guest at Headquarters—Effect Upon the Young Officers—General Grant's Farewell Order 719

CHAPTER LXIV.

NEW ORLEANS.

An Order that Provokes a Mutiny—The Fourth Corps Veterans Embark for Texas—A Rebellious Spirit Manifested—Prospect of Serious Trouble at Cairo—Fortunately it Blows Over and Nobody is Hurt—Trip Down the Mississippi—A Sickly Camp at New Orleans—A Change of Commanders—General Sheridan Visits His Old Division—Good-bye to the Sixth Battery—It is Mustered Out, 726

CHAPTER LXV.

LAND-LUBBERS AT SEA.

- We Embark for the "Lone Star" State—On Board the Steamer Daniel Webster—A Fine Trip to the Mouth of the Mississippi—On the Gulf It Is Not Pleasant But Quite the Reverse—The Awful Ravages of Seasickness—The Veterans Conquered at Last—The Unique Experience of Major Orlow Smith—At Anchor off Matagorda Bay—Transferred by Lighters to Lavaca—"Camp Irwin," on the Arid Plains of Texas..... 740

CHAPTER LXVI.

LIFE ON THE TEXAS PLAINS.

- Railroad Building Under a Broiling Sun—The Sixty-fourth Stays Two Months Longer at New Orleans—Rejoins the Brigade in September—Enlarging Our Knowledge of Natural History—Mosquitoes, by Millions—Tarantulas, Centipeds, Coyotes and Horned Toads—Abundance of Pecans—Fresh Beef Galore..... 748

CHAPTER LXVII.

LAST DAYS OF OUR SERVICE.

- Pleasure Trips to Lavaca—A Naval Catastrophe—Officers at a Negro Ball—Watching for the Muster-out Order—Captain Charley Baker's Story—The Fifty-first Illinois Goes Home, Which Gives Us Hope—Camp Sherman—Texas Northers—A Wrecked and Deluged Camp—Major Orlow Smith and His Pipe—Lieutenant Kanel's Joke—Promotions that Did Not Promote. 761

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

- Release Comes at Last—The Order to be Discharged—Unwinding Red Tape—The Rush to Complete the Rolls—The Sixty-fifth Gets Away First—Last Night in Camp—The Trip to Columbus—Paid off and Disbanded—The Sixty-fourth Joins the Procession—The Tribulations of "Happy Jack"—But he Gets the Laugh on the Boys—Chaplain Thompson's Mocking-birds—At Camp Chase—"Break Ranks."..... 774

CHAPTER LXIX.

WHICH TREATS OF VARIOUS THINGS.

- A Tribute to General Charles G. Harker—A Visit to His Boyhood Home by Hon. Washington Gardner—Young Soldiers of the Sherman Brigade—How John C. Weber Got into the Battery—Ages of the Men at Enlistment—Some Interesting Facts and Figures—Flags that Went through the Storms of Battle—The Chickamauga Monuments—The Sultana Disaster—Casualties in the Sherman Brigade—Schedule of our Long Pilgrimage—Distances Traveled—Odds and Ends Gathered up..... 789

MCLAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

CHAPTER LXX.

TAKING THE FIELD.

- Up the Ohio to Catlettsburg—Campaigning in Eastern Kentucky—"Boots and Saddles"—A Scramble to Arms—Lessons in Foraging—Major McLaughlin and the Goose—Lieutenant Fisher's Pig's Feet—Under Colonel James A Garfield—Battle of Middle Creek... 817

CHAPTER LXXI.

CAMPING ON THE BIG SANDY.

- Four Weeks of Comparative Quiet—Guerrilla Warfare—Major Witcher and His Horse—The Engagement at Pound Gap—Trip to Whitesburg—A Whirl to Gladesville—Rebel Prisoners and Their Sweethearts—A Brisk Action at Picketon..... 827

CHAPTER LXXII.

ALONG TWO RIVERS.

- Riding Day and Night—Trip to West Liberty—Death of Major McLaughlin—Lively Days at Paintsville—Dull and Hot at Louisa—A Few Get Furloughs—Down the Big Sandy and up the Ohio—Operations in the Kanawha Region—Once More Back to Louisa—A Cold and Cheerless December—A Story About Horses..... 836

CHAPTER LXXIII.

A LONG STAY AT LOUISA.

- A Cheerless Winter Camp—Resignation of Major McFall—George Eastman's Rehearsal—Jonas Fought and the Black Pony—Scouting and More Scouting—Fruitless Chase of a Rebel Wagon Train—After Captain "Bill" Smith—The Boys Get Pup Tents—"Jim" Makes the Grand Rounds with Captain Skeggs—The Fight at Gladesville..... 849

CHAPTER LXXIV.

KNOXVILLE.

- Turmoil in the Camp on the Big Sandy—Fine Outlook for Business—The Squadron Ordered to Cincinnati—Thence to Lexington, Kentucky—The Long March to Knoxville—The City Occupied—The Squadron at Headquarters—Beleaguered by Longstreet—Incidents of the Siege—The Confederate Assault upon Fort Sanders—Approach of Sherman's Army—The Siege Raised..... 862

CHAPTER LXXV.

TRANSFORMED INTO VETERANS.

- The Boys Re-enlist for Three Years More—Home on Thirty Days' Furlough—Back to Camp Nelson—The Squadron Joins Stoneman's Cavalry Division—A Complete New Outfit—The Cavalryman and his Horse—Long March to the Front—Reaches Sherman's Army at Big Shanty, Georgia—Now Look out for Business.. 877

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE STONEMAN RAID—ATLANTA.

- A Circuit South of Atlanta—After the Rebel Lines of Supply—Stone-
man's Division Reaches Macon—Encounters General Wheeler—
Battle of Sunshine Church—The Squadron Sacrificed to Save
Others—Half of its Men Killed, Wounded or Captured—Experi-
ences of those who Escaped—Some Interesting Personal Incidents
—The Squadron Rides into Atlanta..... 889

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

- Pleasant Days at Atlanta—Hood Launches His Troops Northward—
Sherman Divides His Army—With Sixty Thousand Men He
Starts for Savannah—The Squadron under Kilpatrick—Hard
Scouting and Fighting—The Army Fares Sumptuously—Arrival
at Savannah—The City Evacuated—Forty Days without Mail..... 898

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THROUGH THE CAROLINA SWAMPS.

- The Toilsome March from Savannah to Fayetteville—Exposure, Fa-
tigue, Hunger and Prodigious Labor—Splashing through Mud and
Water—Sleeping on Beds of Logs, Rails and Boughs—Crossing
Great Rivers—Constant Skirmishing with Wheeler and Hampton
—Fayetteville Reached after Six Weeks of Toil and Suffering 908

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE FINAL ROUND-UP.

- The Advance from Fayetteville—Averysboro and Bentonville—Three
Weeks at Goldsboro—Fall of Richmond and Surrender of Lee—
The Army Frantic with Joy—Joe Johnson Quits—End of the Long
Struggle—Kilpatrick's Division Mustered out—But the Squadron
has to Stay—Six Months in North Carolina—Various Happenings,
Personal and Otherwise—"There's no Place Like Home."..... 919
- Roster of the Sherman Brigade..... 933
Sixty-fourth Regiment..... 935
Sixty-fifth Regiment..... 1007
Sixth Battery..... 1068
McLaughlin's Squadron..... 1081
Roll of the Dead..... 1098

List of Illustrations.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

	PAGE
Bradley, Luther P., Colonel Fifty-first Illinois; Brigadier-general (full page).....	576
Buell, Don Carlos, Major-general (full page)	459
Conrad, Joseph, Colonel Fifteenth Missouri; Brigadier-general (full page).....	619
Crittenden, Thomas L., Major-general (full page).....	271
Elliott, Washington L., Brigadier-general (full page).....	757
Garfield, James A., Brigadier-general (full page).....	240
Granger, Robert S., Major Fifth United States Infantry (full page).....	639
Grant, Ulysses S., Major-general (full page).....	589
Harker, Charles Garrison, Colonel Sixty-fifth; Brigadier-general (full page).....	Frontispiece
Howard, Oliver O., Major-general (full page).....	532
Newton, John, Brigadier-general (full page).....	605
Opdycke, Emerson, Colonel One hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio; Brevet Major-general (full page).....	733
Rosecrans, William S., Major-general (full page).....	384
Sheridan, Philip H., Major-general (full page).....	566
Sherman, John, Colonel Sixty-fourth; United States Senator (full page).....	Frontispiece
Sherman, William Tecumseh, Major-general (full page).....	543
Stanley, David S., Major-general (full page).....	662
Thomas, George H., Major-general (full page).....	319
Wood, Thomas J., Major-general (full page).....	62

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Anderson, Alfred G., Hospital Steward.....	700
Anderson, Hugh P., Surgeon.....	760
Andrews, Joseph, Sergeant, Company C, and First Lieutenant.....	409
Ashley, Frank, Corporal, Company H.....	552
Baker, Charles E., Captain.....	105
Barker, Samuel B., Sergeant-major.....	541
Beerbower, Samuel T., First Sergeant, Company B.....	637
Bell, Hiram, Sergeant, Company A.....	764
Bevoe, Joseph, Company F.....	736
Bilsing, Henry H., Company K.....	669
Bittinger, Jacob G., Captain.....	108
Bowser, Martin, Company C.....	694
Brinkerhoff, Roeliff, Quartermaster, Captain A. Q. M., and Brevet- Brigadier General (full page).....	497
Brown, Norman K., Lieutenant-colonel (full page).....	713
Brown, Robert C., Colonel (full page).....	521
Brubaker, David R., Company G.....	753
Campbell, Samuel, Quartermaster-sergeant.....	762
Carr, Dudley C., Captain.....	415
Cashell, Jesse, Sergeant, Company C.....	768
Cavnah Henry A., Sergeant, Company I.....	749
Chamberlain, Robert S., Captain.....	179
Christy, William, Corporal, Company C.....	742
Clark, Henry H., Sergeant, Company G.....	524
Cluff, Daniel W., Corporal, Company F.....	751
Coe, Joseph W., Company E.....	707
Coe, Nathaniel McD., Sergeant, Company E.....	449
Conn, Leonard C., Sergeant, Company F.....	439
Cotter, William, Company G.....	526
Coulter, Samuel L., Lieutenant-colonel (full page).....	99
Cummins, David S., Captain.....	681
Deweese, Samuel T., Company I.....	796
Dillon, William A., First Lieutenant.....	622
Ehlers, Thomas H., First Lieutenant.....	654
Farber, William H., Captain.....	83
Feighner, Jonas, Company H.....	791
Ferguson, John, Colonel (full page).....	433
Ferguson, Joseph B., Captain.....	407
Fields, Matthew S., Company B.....	539
Fields, William, Sergeant Company B.....	718
Fies, William, Sergeant, Company B.....	437
Fisher, George, Sergeant, Company B.....	555
Pangle, Samuel, Sergeant, Company F.....	705

	PAGE
Fisher, Henry M., Sergeant, Company K.....	578
Flora, William A., Corporal, Company H.....	720
Gass, Isaac, Lieutenant-colonel (full page).....	475
Gillis, John A., First Lieutenant.....	427
Gowing, Christian M., Captain.....	163
Hahn, William M., Musician, Company H.....	710
Hall, James L., Sergeant, Company G.....	663
Hancock, Alonzo W., Captain.....	279
Hazlett, John, Corporal, Company K.....	731
Hetherington, Wesley, Company A.....	633
Hildenbrand, Henry, Company B.....	501
Hoffman, John, Corporal, Company G.....	567
Holden, William, Captain.....	581
Horn, John, Sergeant, Company I.....	611
Houser, Jefferson A., Corporal, Company I.....	723
Howe, Daniel, Second Lieutenant.....	744
Hutchinson, George M., Sergeant, Company B.....	672
Irvin, James, First Sergeant, Company D, and Color-bearer.....	503
Johnston, Eleazor, Company A.....	483
Keiser, Michael, Captain.....	493
King, John B., First Sergeant, Company D.....	686
Kling, Henry H., Captain.....	712
Lawrence, Harrison, Captain.....	137
Leidigh, John W., Sergeant-major and Second Lieutenant.....	488
Leiter, David B., Captain.....	42
Long, Jacob, Company I.....	537
Lybold, Andrew, First Lieutenant.....	514
McCullom, Stephen A., Adjutant.....	347
McIlvaine, Alexander, Colonel (full page).....	208
McFarland, Robert C., Sergeant, Company E.....	512
Main, John V. B., Sergeant, Company E.....	496
Mallory, Silas S., Principal Musician.....	697
Martin, John, Corporal, Company I.....	584
Marvin, George F., Sergeant, Company H.....	684
Marvin, Daniel S., Company H.....	517
Marvin, Tip S., First Lieutenant and Quartermaster.....	490
May, Samuel, Company H.....	702
Moore, George R., Musician, Company B.....	727
Moser, Joseph E., Company C.....	519
Murray, John, Company G.....	729
Myers, Lorenzo D., Quartermaster, Captain and A. Q. M.....	393
Neeper, Samuel, Captain.....	759
Noeltner, Augustus, First Sergeant, Company B.....	570
Pangle, Samuel, Sergeant, Company F.....	705
Parkison, Thomas, Corporal, Company E.....	676
Parr, Henry C., First Sergeant, Company E.....	455
Patterson, William D., Sergeant, Company C, and Color-bearer.....	465
Patterson, William G., Captain.....	534

ILLUSTRATIONS.

xxvii

	PAGE
Quinn, Moses H., Assistant Surgeon.....	199
Raymond, Truman S., Sergeant, Company H.....	746
Reed, Alfred A., Captain.....	790
Rhoads, James M., Corporal, Company D.....	738
Scott, David A., Captain.....	596
Shearer, Levi, Corporal, Company H.....	529
Shearer, William, Sergeant, Company H.....	679
Shellabarger, John Mc., Company C.....	549
Shellenberger, John K., Captain.....	399
Simpson, Ephraim, Corporal, Company C.....	800
Smith, John J., Company I.....	766
Smith, Thomas R., Captain.....	143
Smith, William W., Major.....	629
Snyder, Riley W., Company G.....	658
Stem, Thomas C., Company F.....	772
Thomas, James Milton, Sergeant, Company D.....	603
Thompson, Duncan, Sergeant, Company G.....	487
Thompson, Isaac N., Corporal, Company E.....	755
Thompson, Robert G., Chaplain.....	559
Thompson, Thomas L., First Lieutenant.....	158
Thuma, Jacob A., Company C.....	782
Tillotson, Thomas E., Captain and Brevet-major.....	35
Walters, Moses, Sergeant, Company C.....	716
Wells, Nathan M., Sergeant, Company G.....	413
Wertz, John, Sergeant, Company I.....	574
White, Albert C., Drummer, Company D.....	598
Williams, George W., Company E.....	546
Williams, John J., Lieutenant-colonel.....	411
Wolff, Samuel M., Colonel (full page).....	687
Woodruff, Chauncey, Adjutant.....	94
Yarman, John, Company I.....	506
Zeigler, John K., Captain.....	419

SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

Andrews, Arthur, Corporal, Company K.....	591
Baker, Amos, First Sergeant, Company A.....	701
Baker, Milan, Corporal, Company A.....	747
Banbury, Solomon, Company A.....	794
Bartlett, John O., Corporal, Company D.....	265
Bates, William H., Sergeant, Company C.....	667
Bear, Joshua, Company H.....	808
Bell, William A., Captain.....	323
Bingham, Ebben, First Lieutenant.....	187
Body, John, Captain.....	171
Bowlby, Samuel L., Captain.....	355

Brandon, James, Corporal, Company E.....	773
Brown, Joel P., Captain.....	195
Brown, Samuel C., Major (full page).....	130
Bullitt, William A., Lieutenant-colonel Third Kentucky, commanding Sixty-fifth (full page).....	486
Bull, Joseph.....	482
Burns, Andrew, Chaplain.....	528
Bush, Christian M., Captain.....	238
Byers, Jacob, Chief Bugler.....	429
Carpenter, Daniel, Corporal, Company C.....	728
Carpenter, Levi A., Corporal, Company C.....	776
Cassil, Alexander, Lieutenant-colonel (full page).....	80
Christofel, Jacob, Captain.....	113
Clague, Thomas, Sergeant, Company E, and Second Lieutenant.....	211
Clement, George, Corporal, Company E.....	770
Conrad, Frederick, Company I.....	615
Covert, Joseph S., First Lieutenant.....	709
Critchfield, Joseph, Principal Musician and Second Lieutenant.....	467
Critchfield, Nathaniel,, Drum-major.....	785
Critchfield, Roland, First Sergeant Company A, and Second Lieu- tenant.....	771
Crow, Joseph, First Lieutenant.....	359
Cruthers, J. H., Surgeon.....	335
Curtiss, Horace W., First Sergeant Company G, and First Lieutenant.....	538
Delano, James W., Sergeant, Company G.....	778
Eaton, Lucien B., Captain.....	51
Ellis, Albert, First Lieutenant.....	685
Evans, Oliver, Company G.....	745
Farrar, William M., Captain.....	562
Fording, Lloyd, Company B.....	754
French, Daniel, Lieutenant-colonel (full page).....	509
Funk, Jethro, Sergeant, Company F, and Color-bearer.....	492
Gardner, Asa A., Captain.....	485
Gardner, Washington, Sergeant, Company D.....	607
Gaskill, Israel O., Corporal, Company B.....	573
Gates, Schuyler C., First Sergeant Company C.....	656
Gill, John, Assistant-surgeon.....	750
Gleason, Joseph H., Sergeant, Company C.....	783
Gorham, John G., Company G.....	808
Goshorn, John S., First Sergeant Company B, and First Lieutenant....	704
Gregg, Clark S., First Lieutenant.....	620
Gregory, Virgil H., Sergeant, Company E.....	715
Haines, David, Company E.....	511
Harlan, George W., Sergeant, Company B, Color-bearer.....	513
Harris, William, Sergeant, Company K.....	523
Hazleton, James, Sergeant, Company K.....	641
Henwood, Samuel C., First Lieutenant.....	396
Hibbetts, William, Corporal, Company A.....	551

ILLUSTRATIONS.

xxix

Hickerson, Alexander, Sergeant, Company K, Color-bearer.....	781
Hinman, Wilbur F., Lieutenant-colonel.....	587
Hoagland, Leander R., Company F.....	564
Howenstine, Andrew, Captain.....	153
Huckins, George N., Second Lieutenant.....	55
Hulet, Wilbur F., Corporal, Company E.....	586
Johnson, Harrison A., Sergeant, Company G.....	671
Johnston, Jonathan Morris, Company B.....	802
Johnston, Thomas H. B., Sergeant, Company K., Color-bearer.....	652
Kanel, John, Captain.....	167
Kansig, Christian, Company K.....	732
Kibler, Mortimer D., Corporal, Company B.....	795
Knox, Andrew J., Sergeant, Company F.....	752
Lahmon, Augustus, Corporal, Company A.....	674
Lawbaugh, Lewis, Sergeant, Company G.....	763
Lindsay, Jacob, Sergeant, Company K.....	583
Long, Robert W., Sergeant, Company D.....	793
Low, George W., Company F.....	784
Lucas, Robert O., Hospital Steward.....	756
McBride, James E., Company H.....	600
McCune, Philip P., Captain.....	257
McFadden, George W., First Lieutenant.....	568
McKeown, Arthur G., Sergeant, Company H, Color-bearer.....	477
McKibben, James L., Corporal, Company C.....	558
McKibben, John S., Company D.....	341
McNulty, Samuel, Musician, Company F.....	741
Massey, William H., Adjutant.....	101
Matthias, Albert C., Corporal, Company K.....	495
Matthias, John C., Captain.....	117
Mavis, Linas, Company A.....	812
Miller, Gilbert E., Company D.....	535
Miller, Jacob C., Sergeant Company C.....	805
Mills, James P., Quartermaster and Captain.....	311
Moore, Ezekiel, Captain.....	192
Mozier, William H., Hospital Steward.....	123
Neiswander, James, Company F.....	737
Nohilly, Patrick R., First Sergeant Company G.....	227
Olds, James, Major.....	251
Orr, William, Company H.....	803
Pealer, Benjamin F., Captain.....	297
Pope, G. Stanley, Sergeant-major.....	86
Porter, Melville C., Musician and Second Lieutenant.....	203
Powell, Edward G., Captain.....	577
Powell, Thomas, Captain; afterward Chaplain.....	183
Randall, Joseph M., Captain.....	505
Raudebaugh, Samuel H., Company K.....	631
Rook, Robeson S., First Lieutenant.....	373

	PAGE
Schneider, Louis, Corporal, Company E.....	423
Scranton, Edwin E., Adjutant and Captain.....	275
Seavolt, Levi, Company C.....	722
Shaw, Junius B., Company D.....	498
Shipley, Otho M., Captain.....	500
Sims, John L., Corporal, Company I.....	580
Simpkinson, George, Sergeant, Company F.....	775
Smith, Brewer, Adjutant, Captain and Brevet Major.....	147
Smith, Jonas, First Lieutenant.....	489
Smith, Orlow, Major and Brevet Brigadier-general (full page).....	160
Smith, Peter, Company I.....	739
Smith, William H., H., First Lieutenant.....	542
Snider, Samuel P., First Sergeant Company D.....	502
Sonnanstine, Cornelius F., Company C.....	809
Sonnanstine, Joseph F., Major.....	70
Speelman, George Jacob, Corporal, Company F.....	743
Spindler, David, Company A.....	548
Sprague, Benjamin F., Company F.....	767
Stiers, Ebenezer, Company H.....	813
Stifflei, Andrew J., First Sergeant, Company F.....	805
Swartz, Hiram, Sergeant, Company E.....	624
Tannehill, Charles O., Captain.....	217
Thompson William H., Sergeant, Company H.....	795
Titus, Reuben W., Sergeant, Company C, Color-bearer.....	660
Todd, John Milton, Surgeon.....	680
Trescott, Benjamin F., Captain.....	213
Trimble, Asa M., First Lieutenant and Quartermaster.....	515
Varner, Jacob W., Sergeant, Company B.....	806
Voorhees, Richard M., Captain.....	403
Wagner, Silas T., First Sergeant, Company K, and Second Lieutenant.....	779
Walter, David, First Sergeant, Company I, and Second Lieutenant.....	451
Ward, Theudas, Company H.....	797
Welker, Oscar D., First Lieutenant.....	793
Whitbeck, Horatio N., Lieutenant-colonel and Brevet Brigadier-general (full page).....	111
Weir, Joseph P., Sergeant, Company B.....	446
Williams, Nahum L., Captain.....	97
Willsey, Joseph H., Captain.....	134
Wilson, Henry, Corporal, Company C.....	765
Wirick, Mahlon, Company I.....	780
Woods, Hugh, Second Lieutenant.....	696
Wright, Joel, First Sergeant, Company D, and Second Lieutenant.....	613
Young, Henry St. John, Corporal, Company C.....	530
Zollinger, John C., Quartermaster and Captain.....	283

SIXTH BATTERY.

	PAGE
Ayres, Oliver H. P., First Lieutenant (full page).....	554
Baldwin, Aaron P., Captain (full page).....	174
Bargar, Jacob G., Sergeant.....	571
Bradley, Cullen, Captain (full page).....	421
Brannan, James.....	491
Collier, Edward S., Sergeant.....	711
Evans, David H., Sergeant.....	561
Ferguson, Edward S., Second Lieutenant.....	626
Fix, Robert, Corporal.....	777
Force, Lycurgus K.....	801
Fowler, Asbury S.....	643
Gowin, William D.....	683
Hersh, Joel, First Lieutenant.....	461
Hogan, John.....	665
James, George W., First Lieutenant.....	494
Kent, Theodore P.....	480
Kiely, John W., Artificer.....	677
Kilbourn, William W.....	469
Kimberk, Silas O., Corporal.....	735
Krisher, Lemuel, Second Lieutenant.....	507
McDonald, Venning, Sergeant.....	594
McElroy, James P., First Lieutenant.....	790
Matthews, William H., Corporal.....	693
Miller, Stewart, Sergeant.....	533
Moody, James A., Artificer.....	520
Neal, Eleazer H., First Lieutenant.....	801
Pangle, Mordecai, Sergeant.....	484
Roose, Isaac, Sergeant.....	717
Ross, Samuel W.....	724
Screen, Thomas W., Quartermaster-sergeant.....	518
Smetts, George W., Second Lieutenant.....	556
Smith, Charles P., Bugler.....	698
Somers, Arthur L., First Sergeant.....	435
Tucker, Samuel H.....	769
Toy, Charles F.....	792
Watkins, Thomas G., Corporal.....	545
Weber, John C., Orderly, Staff of General Wood.....	479
Welch, William B.....	617
Whitney, Edgar E.....	609
Whitney, Ezra.....	730
Winters, Abraham, Artificer.....	635

MCLAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

Buckmaster, Samuel R., Captain, Company B.....	821
Clark, Benjamin, F., Company B.....	872
Coates, Erastus F., First Lieutenant, Company A.....	875
Cochran, George W., Company B.....	920
Cowan, Ross R., Second Lieutenant, Company A.....	866
Davis, Frank M., First Sergeant, Company A.....	929
Everly, Thomas, Bugler, Company B.....	829
Fickes, John W., Corporal, Company A.....	899
Fisher, Samuel H., Captain, Company A.....	853
Gribben, Franklin, Quartermaster-sergeant, Company A.....	824
Kope, John S., Company C.....	863
Lake, Benjamin C., First Lieutenant, Company C.....	887
Ludwig, Isaac, Company C.....	912
McFall, Gaylord, Major (full page).....	837
McKibben, Franklin R., Company A.....	905
McLaughlin, William, Major (full page).....	818
Marks, Francis R., Bugler, Company A.....	833
Miller, Israel W., Company A.....	894
Morehead, Calvin, Company A.....	878
Morris, Barzillah F., Sergeant, Company A.....	840
Morris, Jonathan T., Company A.....	916
Oberlin, William, Company A.....	909
Parry, Thomas A., Company A.....	881
Pomeroy, Albert A., Quartermaster-sergeant, Company B.....	890
Pomeroy, George W., First Lieutenant, Company B.....	902
Redding, Francis, Company A } (full page).....	884
Redding, Peter M., Company A }	
Rice, Richard, Major (full page).....	869
Seibert, Benjamin F., Commissary-sergeant, Company B.....	850
Skeggs, John L., Captain, Company A.....	843
Sonnanstine, Benjamin F., Company A.....	896
Spencer, William K., Corporal, Company B.....	859
Stout, Jacob O., First Lieutenant, Company B.....	856
Waters, Charles H., Sergeant, Company B.....	846

MISCELLANEOUS.

Battle Flags of the Sixty-fourth Regiment.....	798
Battle Flags of the Sixty-fifth Regiment.....	799
The Steamer Sultana.....	804
Sixth Battery Monument, Chickamauga Park.....	807
Sixty-fourth Regiment Monument, Chickamauga Park.....	810
Sixty-fifth Regiment Monument, Chickamauga Park.....	811

The Story of the Sherman Brigade.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH OF THE BRIGADE.

"TO ARMS"—SENATOR SHERMAN'S BUGLE CALL—THE QUICK RESPONSE—RECRUITING OFFICERS HARVEST THE CROP—A CAMP SELECTED—THE FLEDGELINGS IN BLUE—HOW MOTHERS AND SISTERS LOADED THEM DOWN—THE DREADFUL BOWIE-KNIFE—"FIRST BLOOD" DRAWN FROM CAPTAIN FARRAR—OFF FOR CAMP.

THE echo of the guns at Sumter, in April, 1861, was the mighty reveille that aroused the nation to arms. When President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months to put down the rebellion, there was an impetuous rush to enlist. Twice as many offered their services as could then be accepted. Many thousands of tumultuous young men, with a raging desire to "go to war," experienced the keenest disappointment when the quotas of the various states were declared full and the door was shut in their faces. They knew—or thought they did—that the war would be over before they would have a chance to

"wear a uniform,
Hear drums and see a battle."

But before the trouble ended everyone who wanted to fight—not to mention a good many who did not—had abundant

opportunity to more than satisfy his longings. About twenty-five hundred ardent young Ohio patriots found what they were looking for in the ranks of the "Sherman Brigade"; and they performed their part faithfully and well. They were always at "the front." They never did any "feather-bed soldiering," at posts in the rear. There was never a stain upon the banners, scarred and rent in many a storm of battle, which they bore through nearly four years of conflict. The record of the Sherman Brigade may well be a source of satisfaction and pride to all its members. It brought no blush of humiliation or disappointment to the face of him whose honored name it bears.

By midsummer of 1861 the illusion of a "three-months war" had been fully dispelled. It was clear that both the north and the south would fight and that the struggle would be long and bloody. In the autumn of that year, after the president's call for five hundred thousand men, Hon. John Sherman, one of the United States senators from Ohio, obtained authority to raise two regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery and a squadron of cavalry. In Congress Mr. Sherman was among the foremost in urging a vigorous prosecution of the war and in giving the fullest support to the administration in its efforts to suppress the rebellion and maintain the integrity of the Union. After the adjournment of the extraordinary session, which began July 4th, Mr. Sherman's ardent and patriotic zeal found exercise in raising, equipping and sending to the field the brigade to which his name was given.

During the early days of Autumn the following appeared in many Ohio newspapers:

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF OHIO:

I am authorized by the Governor of Ohio to raise at once two regiments of infantry, one squadron of cavalry and one battery of artillery. I am also authorized to recommend one lieutenant for each company, who shall receive his commission and be furnished with proper facilities for enlisting. I am now ready to receive applications for such appointments, accompanied with evidences of good habits and character, the age of applicant and his fitness and ability to recruit a company. Major William McLaughlin will command the cavalry. The company officers will be designated by the soldiers of each company, subject to the approval of the governor. The field officers are not yet designated, but will be men of

experience and, if possible, of military education. The soldiers shall have, without diminution, all they are entitled to by law.

Danger is imminent! Promptness is indispensable! Let the people of Ohio now repay the debt which their fathers incurred to the gallant people of Kentucky for the defence of Ohio against the Indians and British. They now appeal to us for help against an invasion more unjustifiable and barbarous. Letters can be addressed to me marked "Free," at Mansfield, Ohio.

JOHN SHERMAN.

To the prospective infantry regiments were assigned the numerical designations Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth; to the battery, the Sixth; and to the cavalry, McLaughlin's Squadron. Mr. Sherman was commissioned colonel of the Sixty-fourth. A site for a camp of organization and instruction was selected just out-side, to the northward, of the town of Mansfield, Richland county, Mr. Sherman's home. It was christened "Camp Buckingham," in honor of C. P. Buckingham, then adjutant-general of Ohio. A commission as first lieutenant and quartermaster of the Sixty-fourth was issued to Rueliff Brinkerhoff, of Mansfield, and to him was assigned the duty of preparing the camp for the reception of troops. William Blair Lord, of Washington, one of the official reporters of the House of Representatives, performed the duties of adjutant and took charge of the clerical work in connection with the camp.



THOMAS E. TILLOTSON,
CAPTAIN AND BREVET MAJOR, SIXTY-
FOURTH.

The seed scattered by Mr. Sherman's call to the young men of Ohio was like that in the parable which "fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold." Applications for recruiting com-

missions poured in from all quarters. Selections were made, and impressive looking documents, bearing the signatures of high functionaries and the big seal of the state, were soon in the hands of half a hundred enthusiastic patriots who, in town, village and hamlet, flung to the breeze their recruiting flags and decorated trees, fences and walls with posters, setting forth in seductive phrase the superior advantages offered to those who would enlist in the ranks of the "crack" organizations soon to rendezvous at Mansfield. The response was ready and recruiting was brisk.

It was believed that the immediate distribution of uniforms would have a stimulating effect, and to this end each officer was furnished with a supply of blouses and trousers in which to array the embryonic soldiers as soon as they signed their names to the rolls. It mattered little whether the garments fitted the recruit. He was proud of his blue clothes, and as he strutted through the village streets, eliciting smiles from all the pretty lassies, he exerted a powerful influence in spreading the contagion among his boyhood friends. I speak advisedly, for no peacock ever thought as much of himself as I did when I first donned my uniform and put myself on "dress-parade."

And how our dear mothers, sisters and wives—though few of us had wives then—with amazing notions regarding the carrying capacity, or "tonnage," of a soldier, fitted us out with a wheelbarrow load apiece of quilts, clothing, books, albums and gimcracks of every conceivable kind, useful and ornamental, with the commendable purpose of making our life in the army a perennial picnic. Bless their hearts, they little thought—nor did we—when we left home, equipped like so many excursionists, that these mementos of their affection would be tossed into fence corners—to ease our aching shoulders and smarting feet—long before we had reached the end of our first day's march. But we will wait till we come to that.

We have not forgotten the curious notions regarding war that suggested to our good home-folk some of the things which they included in our "outfit." A single illustration will suffice. I was one of half a dozen members of Company E, of the Sixty-fifth, who were students attending an institution of learning at Berea. The people wanted to give us a good send-off, and having raised

a little fund, they sent a delegate to Cleveland to purchase sundry articles deemed conducive to our well-being. These were publicly presented to us, by the president of the college, at a meeting which crowded the village church. Among them, for each of us, was a villainous looking bowie-knife, with sheath and belt—the blade nearly a foot long. To emphasize his remarks the doctor of divinity drew one of those murderous weapons from its sheath and held it up before the tearful and shuddering audience, as he exhorted us to

“Strike! till the last armed foe expires!”

It is little wonder that the women wept at the touching scene, as they pictured to themselves those meek and innocent youths—whom they had known solving mathematical problems and conjugating Latin verbs—charging around in the south like a lot of bandits, plunging those horrible knives into people’s bowels and yelling, “Ha! tur-r-r-raitor, thou diest!” It seemed to be the prevailing impression in that audience that the rest of the army would have nothing to do but to follow us with picks and shovels and bury the dead, as we hewed and hacked our way through the Southern Confederacy. So little did anybody know then about war!

Those friends of ours meant well. They knew the south was full of men who carried bowie-knives, and they thought such weapons indispensable to us in defending “Old Glory.” We thought so, too, at the time, and one of our squad made a lurid speech in response, assuring the donors that those blades should never be dishonored. Now, it almost rends my heartstrings to say that we didn’t hurt anybody with those knives! We never used them except to saw slices of bacon, chop off chickens’ heads, or cut sticks to hold our coffee pots over the fire. The bowie-knife had to go, along with many other romantic fictions that we cherished early in the war. I ought to add, in justice to those kind friends, that they presented to each of us, at the same time, another article that was exceedingly useful and handy. It was that ingenious combination of knife, fork and spoon, which many soldiers had. I carried mine nearly three years and must have eaten barrels of bean-soup with that spoon.

Some of the recruiting officers found it “hard sledding” at

first. After they had succeeded in getting the boys once started, the infection spread rapidly. In every locality there were some who opposed the war and exerted their influence to discourage enlistments. Captain William M. Farrar, (now dead), of Company H, Sixty-fifth, furnished the following sketch of a spirited skirmish in which was drawn the first blood that was shed by any of the Sherman Brigade. Samuel C. Brown, of whom he speaks, was the first captain of Company H; was subsequently major of the regiment, and was mortally wounded at Chickamauga:

"Samuel C. Brown, the son of a farmer living near Londonderry, in Guernsey county, was then thirty years of age, unmarried, and ready to enter the service in behalf of his convictions of duty. In person he was tall and slender, of dark, swarthy complexion, with straight, black hair, brown eyes, and slightly aquiline nose. In disposition he was quiet and reticent, but firm. To Mr. Sherman's call he at once responded, visited Mansfield, secured an appointment as lieutenant and returned home to recruit a company. In accordance with a previous agreement made between us, I was to join him in the effort, and as soon as the October election was over we commenced recruiting.

"At first the work went along very slowly. We visited different localities, held meetings, made speeches, appealed to the patriotism of the people to "rally round the flag," and all that, but without effect. People listened attentively and seemed earnest, but nobody volunteered. At the end of the first week we had only enlisted four indifferent recruits, and Mr. Brown was in despair. As we returned home on Saturday evening from a large school-house meeting where we had confidently expected to obtain a number of recruits, but failed to get a single one, Mr. Brown thought there was no use in making further effort. He was not only disappointed, but mortified, and talked of returning his commission to Mr. Sherman, with notice of his failure to recruit a company.

"We had some appointments made for the following week, which we concluded to fill and I returned home, agreeing to meet Mr. Brown at Sewellsville, on the Belmont county line,

where we had an appointment for the next Monday evening. On my way I was to fill an appointment at Fairview, Monday afternoon. From the Fairview meeting we expected very little, but it proved to be the turning point in our canvass, as the sequel will show. When I drove up to the village hotel at noon, I found the usual group of loafers discussing the news, and among others an old Democratic local politician, who was very much opposed to what he called 'Abe Lincoln's Abolition War.' During our conversation we disputed as to some newspaper statement, and as he refused to take my word for it, I invited him to attend the meeting in the afternoon, when I would produce the proof for what I had asserted. Sure enough, he was on hand. The meeting was well attended and the hall crowded. I made the usual speech, after the meeting had been regularly organized by electing, as chairman, an old country justice of the peace, who presided with much dignity.

"At the close I turned to my old Democratic acquaintance and produced the proofs as I had promised, but he refused to be satisfied and was inclined to be ugly and abusive. Becoming somewhat annoyed at his interruptions, I at length turned upon him and said rather sharply that I wished him to distinctly understand that I would not be interrupted by him or any Copperhead like him. Very much to my surprise, he rushed at me with his uplifted cane, which I caught in one hand while I seized him by his long, white beard with the other, and pushed him back against the wall. Instantly there was a general commotion; everybody was on his feet and everything was in confusion. Half a dozen men seized the old gentleman, who was at least twenty-five years my senior, to put him out, and as many more seized me (who didn't need any holding), when a son of my adversary, a tall young man, rushed up as near as he could get to me and, striking with a cane over the heads of those who stood between us, hit me a severe blow on the top of the head, cutting a gash in the scalp from which the blood flowed freely. The disturbers being finally ejected from the room and order restored, it was found that the chairman had fled and could nowhere be found, whereupon the meeting considered itself adjourned, without any further effort at that time to secure volunteers. But the dis-

puted question of fact over which the loafers wrangled for the next fortnight was, how many blows I really struck the old man, and whether I didn't really try to kill him! The truth is that I neither struck him nor struck *at* him during the melee.

"After getting my scalp washed and my head dressed, I traveled on to my next appointment at Sewellsville, where my arrival caused quite a sensation. Mr. Brown was on hand. The news of the Fairview fight had spread like wildfire, and we had a rousing meeting. I appeared on the scene with my bloody headgear and made a stirring appeal, the effect of which was magical. Brown called for volunteers and they came with a rush that kept him busy until midnight. Next day we held a meeting at Londonderry, where we met with like success. The day following we were at Milnersville, where a delegation from Fairview, with drum, fife and flag, met us. So we went from place to place, day after day, until the close of the week, when we counted the full quota of volunteers."

The ambitious young officers, while during the day exercising their prowess as "fishers of men," sat up nights studying Hardee's Tactics. Each afternoon they would muster their squads and steer them through the streets or charge around on the village common, eliciting the admiration of the fair sex and spreading the war-fever among the young fellows of the town and the region round about. Each nebulous company, as soon as it had reached the minimum of sixty men, was furnished transportation to Mansfield and went into camp. The departure of a company from home was a scene that moved the stoutest hearts. There were tears and loving embraces and oft-repeated farewells, mingled with uproarious shouts and cheers. Parents, wives and sisters looked only upon the dark and gloomy side of the future. Those who went forth at the call of duty, full of hope, ambition and enthusiasm, saw but the bright pictures of fancy; leaf by leaf would be unfolded to them all that is dreadful and abhorrent in war!

CHAPTER II.

THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION.

TRANSFORMING RECRUITS INTO SOLDIERS—LIFE AT CAMP BUCKINGHAM—OUR "REGULAR" OFFICERS—FORSYTH, HARKER, GRANGER, BRADLEY AND McLAUGHLIN—FIRST OFFICIAL ROSTER OF THE BRIGADE—MUSTERED IN—THE SIBLEY "CIRCUS" TENT—WAGON-LOADS OF "SOFT BREAD"—OUR MILITARY OUTFIT—"LEFT! LEFT! LEFT!"—LEARNING THE TACTICS—GUARD DUTY AND THE GUARD-HOUSE—THE ORDERLY SERGEANT—GUNS AND HORSES FOR THE BATTERY—YOUNGSTERS IN THE RANKS—A CONSUMING DESIRE TO GO TO "THE FRONT"—COLONEL SHERMAN'S FAREWELL ORDER.

THERE was much honorable rivalry among the recruiting officers to secure the required number of men and reach camp, as the companies would be lettered, beginning at A, in each regiment, in the order of their arrival, and the company officers would take corresponding rank. If there was one thing that an officer liked better than anything else it was "rank." Captain Alexander McIlvaine, of Mansfield, was the first to report with the requisite number, and his company was duly christened A, of the Sixty-fourth. Captain James B. Brown, of Marion, brought in Company B, and all the others followed in succession. In the Sixty-fifth Captain Alexander Cassil, of Mount Vernon, went to the head of the class, being the first to report. Captain Henry Camp was close at his heels with Company B, raised in Stark and Columbiana counties. Other companies came trailing in until K was reached.

By the middle of November both regiments were fully organized and were duly mustered into the service of the United

States. Squads of recruits were daily arriving for the various companies, the desire being universal to fill them to the maximum of one hundred men each. A few reached this figure while others fell a little short, so that each regiment took the field with about nine hundred men. Meanwhile the battery and the squadron were augmenting their rolls and were mustered in soon after the infantry, the battery being the last to complete its organization.

Colonel Sherman was successful in securing officers of military education and experience to command the various bodies of volunteers. For colonel of the Sixty-fourth Captain James W. Forsyth, of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, was selected. He was a graduate of West Point and had served some years in the regular army. Although a gentleman of high soldierly attainments, he proved to be, in the command of a regiment of volunteers, what President Lincoln once described as "a round peg in a square hole"—he didn't exactly fit. Ex-

ceedingly strict in discipline, he was lacking in the patience and forbearance necessary to be exercised during the process of transforming nine hundred "green" officers and men into soldiers. He seemed to think they ought to know it all before they had even a chance to learn. His administration created considerable friction in the regiment. It was a clear case of incompatibility and it caused little regret when, a few weeks after he was commissioned, a divorce was granted by the governor of Ohio, with the consent of the war department. Captain Forsyth was assigned to duty in the



DAVID B. LEITER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

staff department of the army, in which capacity he rendered efficient and valuable service during the whole of the war, reaching the rank of brevet brigadier-general..

The colonel of the Sixty-fifth was Captain Charles G. Harker, Fifteenth United States Infantry. This is a name held in affectionate remembrance by every member of the brigade—by which is meant not only the Sherman Brigade but the larger one, including the Sherman, which he so long and ably commanded in the field until he fell at Kennesaw. He was indeed a knightly soldier. We can scarcely think or speak of him without moistened eyes, as we recall his gallant bearing, his flashing eye, his manly virtues and his dauntless courage, conspicuous upon so many well-fought fields. He belonged to the whole brigade, at the head of which he rode for more than two years; but we of the Sixty-fifth may be pardoned for claiming him as especially our own, and for the pride we feel in having belonged to the regiment that bore his name first upon its roster. We were not pleased with him at the beginning. Like all "regulars" he was a rigid disciplinarian. It seemed to us that he "put on the screws" too tightly, and for a time the raw material out of which he was trying to make a regiment of *soldiers* was exceedingly restive under his strict enforcement of the "Regulations." He bore down hard upon some of the officers who were a little slow in learning the tactics, or who were inclined to laxity in the management of their men. They thought him a martinet, who had been imported from New Jersey—as though there could not be found in Ohio a man good enough to command the regiment. But in a few months this feeling wholly disappeared. We all found that he knew better than we. After his first test in battle we thought there was no man like Harker. Our affection for him grew stronger with each passing month, up to the day when, at the age of twenty-nine, a brigadier-general, he sealed with his life his devotion to his country. Colonel Harker graduated from West Point in 1858 and had served two years on the frontier before the breaking out of the war.

Sergeant Cullen Bradley, of the Second United States Artillery, was commissioned captain of the batt.-v. He was a native of the South, having been born in North Carolina and reared in

Tennessee, his home being at Lebanon. He enlisted in the regular army in 1846 and had served in the artillery continuously for fifteen years, attaining the highest non-commissioned rank, that of first sergeant. His long experience proved invaluable, and it was largely due to his discipline and instruction that the Sixth Ohio won a name second to no other battery in the Army of the Cumberland.

For the cavalry squadron—but a fraction of a regiment—the highest official grade allowed was that of major. To this position was commissioned William McLaughlin, of Mansfield. He was well advanced in years, but his ardent patriotism induced him to enter the field. He was not without military experience, having served through the war with Mexico. He was a man of rough exterior, high personal courage and indomitable will, in every way equipped for an independent command. The hardships and privations of active service proved too much for his physical endurance, and six months after leaving Ohio he died, on the bank of the Big Sandy, in Kentucky. His body was removed to Mansfield and buried with the honors of war.

With the exception of the colonels, the field officers of the regiments were elected by the company officers. Of the Sixty-fourth, Isaac Gass, of Mansfield, was chosen lieutenant-colonel, and John J. Williams, of Marion, major. In the Sixty-fifth, the choice for lieutenant-colonel fell upon Daniel French, of Millersburg, and that for major upon James Olds, of Mount Gilead. Colonel French was a veteran of the Mexican war. At the completion of the organization the official roster of the brigade was as follows:

SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO INFANTRY.

COLONEL—James W. Forsyth.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL—Isaac Gass.

MAJOR—John J. Williams.

ADJUTANT—Wilbur F. Sanders.

QUARTERMASTER—Lorenzo D. Myers.

SURGEON—Henry O. Mack.

ASSISTANT SURGEON—Hugh P. Anderson.

CHAPLAIN—A. R. Brown.

Company A—Captain, Alexander McIlvaine; first lieutenant, Michael Keiser; second lieutenant, Samuel M. Wolff.

Company B—Captain, James B. Brown; first lieutenant, David A. Scott; second lieutenant, Bryant Grafton.

Company C—Captain, Robert C. Brown; first lieutenant, Aaron S. Campbell; second lieutenant, Cyrus Y. Freeman.

Company D—Captain, William W. Smith; first lieutenant, Cornelius C. White; second lieutenant, Isaac F. Biggerstaff.

Company E—Captain, Samuel L. Coulter; first lieutenant, Warner Young; second lieutenant, Chauncey Woodruff.

Company F—Captain, John H. Finrock; first lieutenant, Simeon B. Conn; second lieutenant, Norman K. Brown.

Company G—Captain, Samuel Neeper; first lieutenant, Augustus M. Goldwood; second lieutenant, John L. Smith.

Company H—Captain, Charles R. Lord; first lieutenant, Tip S. Marvin; second lieutenant, William McDowell.

Company I—Captain, Turenne C. Meyer; first lieutenant, Marcus T. Meyer; second lieutenant, Thomas McGill.

Company K—Captain, Joseph B. Sweet; first lieutenant, Ebenezer B. Finley; second lieutenant, William O. Sarr.

SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO INFANTRY.

COLONEL—Charles G. Harker.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL—Daniel French.

MAJOR—James Olds.

ADJUTANT—Horace H. Justice.

QUARTERMASTER—William M. Farrar.

SURGEON—John G. Kyle.

ASSISTANT SURGEON—John C. Gill.

CHAPLAIN—Andrew Burns.

Company A—Captain, Alexander Cassil; first lieutenant, Albert Ellis; second lieutenant, Jacob Hammond.

Company B—Captain, Henry Camp; first lieutenant, David G. Swain; second lieutenant, Johnston Armstrong.

Company C—Captain, Edward L. Austin; first lieutenant, Samuel L. Bowlby; second lieutenant, Frank B. Hunt.

Company D—Captain, John C. Baxter; first lieutenant, David H. Rowland; second lieutenant, John T. Hyatt.

Company E—Captain, Horatio N. Whitbeck; first lieutenant, Thomas Powell; second lieutenant, George N. Huckins.

Company F—Captain, Richard M. Voorhis; first lieutenant, Nahum L. Williams; second lieutenant, Jasper P. Brady.

Company G—Captain, Orlow Smith; first lieutenant, Clark S. Gregg; second lieutenant, Charles O. Tannehill.

Company H—Captain, Samuel C. Brown; first lieutenant, Francis H. Graham; second lieutenant, Samuel McKinnie.

Company I—Captain, Jacob Christofel; first lieutenant, Lucien B. Eatou; second lieutenant, Andrew Howenstine.

Company K—Captain, Joshua S. Preble; first lieutenant, Joseph M. Randall; second lieutenant, John M. Palmer.

SIXTH OHIO BATTERY.

CAPTAIN—Cullen Bradley.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS—Oliver H. P. Ayres, James P. McElroy.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS—Aaron P. Baldwin, Edwin S. Ferguson.

McLAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

MAJOR—William McLaughlin.

Company A—Captain, Gaylord McFall; first lieutenant, Samuel Fisher; second lieutenant, Enoch Smith.

Company B—Captain, Samuel R. Buckmaster; first lieutenant, Benjamin B. Lake; second lieutenant, Herman Allen.

The long list of non-commissioned officers is not given here, as many changes occurred within a short time, and all are shown in the roster, in the latter part of this volume. The sergeants and corporals of each company were chosen by its officers and appointed by the colonel of the regiment. There was a good deal of scrambling for these positions, for in those days even the chevrons of a corporal were considered an overwhelming honor. A sergeant was a bigger man than was a brigadier-general two or three years later.

There was in Company E, of the Sixty-fifth, a man named John F. Kuss. He pronounced it "Koos," but of course all the boys called him "Cuss." He had served in the German army and was a fine-looking, soldierly fellow. He lived near Berea, and at the time the non-commissioned officers of the company were selected he was at home on a five-days' furlough. When he

returned to camp he was well-nigh overpowered to find that he had been appointed a corporal.

"Ven I coom back," said he, "all der poys cry 'Corporal Kuss! Corporal Kuss!' and I nix fer stay dill Captain Vitbeck, he told me. He made me der corporal ven I vas no here!"

Nearly all sections of the state were represented in the Sherman Brigade. Of the Sixty-fourth, Companies A, C, E, and H were recruited chiefly in Richland county; Companies B and D in Marion; Company F in Van Wert; Company G in Summit; Company I in Stark and Wayne; Company K in Crawford. Of the Sixty-fifth, Company A was raised in Knox county; Company B in Stark and Columbiana; Company C in Richland; Company D in Morrow; Company E in Cuyahoga, Lorain and Stark; Company F in Holmes and Coshocton; Company G in Ashland and Erie; Company H in Guernsey; Company I in Ashland and Cuyahoga; Company K in Hancock. The Sixth Battery was recruited chiefly in Summit, Richland and Tuscarawas, with a few from other counties. The Squadron was raised in Richland, Holmes and adjacent counties.

It may be justly said that nowhere in the army could be found a finer body of men. The average age was about twenty-three. In the ranks were scores of men of the highest intelligence and having an academic or collegiate education. They were from town and country, representing almost every trade, profession and vocation in life. Many of them relinquished lucrative and honorable positions to engage in the mighty struggle for the perpetuity of the government.

Having been mustered into the service with impressive ceremonies, we began to feel like soldiers, upon whom rested the burden of saving the country. We got down immediately to army regulations, surrounded by all the "pomp and circumstance of war." The camp was under the command of Major Robert S. Granger, of the Fifth United States Infantry. He had been surrendered by General Twiggs in Texas, at the outbreak of hostilities, and was on parole, which for the time disqualified him for active service. He was of slender build, with a big blonde mustache. He was held up to us as a model of soldierly perfection. How straight he carried himself as he strode with stately

steppings about the camp! We used to wonder that he didn't fall over backward. But he was a polished gentleman and we have none but kindly recollections of him. He served with distinction during the war and for many years thereafter. He was then placed upon the retired list of the regular army, and died in 1894.

We were quartered in great Sibley tents. As we now remember them, after our later experience with the "pup" tents, they were big enough for a circus. When pitched they were conical in shape, about sixteen feet in diameter at the base, and twelve or fourteen feet in height from the ground to the peak. The Sibley was supported by a center pole, the lower end resting upon a tripod four or five feet high, the three legs of which sprawled out in as many directions. We had six tents to a company, each being the habitation of from fifteen to eighteen men. The soldiers slept with their feet focused at the center, their bodies radiating toward the circumference like the spokes of a wheel. The tripod was a nuisance, always in the way. One night a member of our mess, coming in after a "trick" of guard duty, stumbled against the tripod, kicked out one of the feet, and the tent came down flat upon the sleeping patriots. The scrambling and yelling and objurgations, in two or three languages, that followed, aroused half the camp. It awakened the colonel and he sent an orderly to Company E to see what was the cause of the riot. The pole of the tent struck one of the boys on the head and raised a lump that he carried for a week. This was the first casualty in the company. Most of the squads furnished their tents with small sheet-iron stoves, by which the keen and nipping air of November and December was tempered to the shorn lambs. An abundance of straw was supplied, and each man had one or two extra blankets or quilts, brought from home; so that we lived more comfortably while at Camp Buckingham than at any other time or place during the ensuing four years.

Food was plenty and generally wholesome. True, the culinary work of some of the green company cooks was a little "off." They scorched the bean soup, or made the coffee too weak or too strong; but they were sufficiently punished for their shortcomings by the maledictions of the company. Fresh "soft

bread" from the Mansfield bakeries was hauled to camp each day by the wagon load. We did not then know that such a thing as "hardtack" had ever been devised by man. If there was any lack in the daily menu, it was more than supplied by the generous hospitality of the good people who dwelt in the region round about. They hauled in loads of vegetables, milk, poultry and fruit, while every railway train brought, from homes more remote, boxes and parcels of "goodies" to tickle our yet fastidious palates. We lived as in a land flowing with milk and honey. If any one had at that time set before us one of those indescribable "lay-outs" that two or three years later we were glad and thankful to have for dinner or supper, and told us to eat it, we would have exclaimed indignantly, as Hazael said to Elisha: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But we hadn't then the faintest conception of what soldiering was.

One evening, when the troops had been but a few days in camp, Colonel Sherman and Major Granger went together from one company to another on a tour of observation. They noticed a soldier in the act of removing from the fire a kettle of beans. Pausing for a moment, Major Granger inspected the contents of the kettle.

"Those beans are not cooked enough!" he said, quietly.

"D' ye s'pose I don't know how to cook beans?" said the soldier, snappishly. He had not yet come to a realization of the chasm of rank that yawned between him and shoulder-straps, and in his mind he questioned the jurisdiction of the major over his culinary operations—in other words, it wasn't any of Granger's business.

Some officers would have taught the recruit a lesson by sending him to the guard-house to spend the night as a punishment for his impertinence, but the major did nothing of the kind. He only said, in his gentlest tones:

"My good man, you will understand beans better by the time you have eaten as many of them in the army as I have. Never try to cook beans in a hurry; they should be thoroughly done. These are not fit to eat. If you will let them cook over a slow fire till morning you will find them excellent. You will have to learn all these things, just as I did."

No doubt the soldier profited by this good advice, and in the fullness of time came to "know beans," raw or cooked.

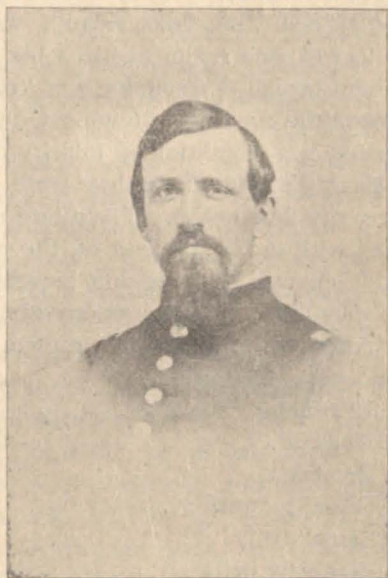
We were duly fitted out with knapsacks, canteens, haversacks, etc. and the boys spent a good deal of their leisure time in getting the hang of these curious things—as they seemed to us. We felt, however, that we would be of no earthly account as soldiers until we had got hold of something to shoot with. Our consuming impatience was satisfied about two weeks after we reached camp by the arrival of sundry boxes containing our arms and accouterments. Each man was given a brand-new Springfield rifled musket, with shining bayonet and the other accessories. This began to look like business. We felt proud indeed as we strapped on our cartridge-boxes, and, with our muskets at a "right shoulder shift," paraded the streets of our canvas city. We wanted to go to the front—to stand not upon the order of our going but go at once. We thought that as soon as *we* got there it wouldn't take long to wind up the rebellion.

We began to drill, four times each day, as soon as we entered camp. The officers went to school each evening to be instructed by the colonel, and they in turn taught us—or tried to. All had everything to learn. Officers and men were zealous in their work and no doubt we got on as well as the average. There was here and there one who was a year or two in learning which was his left foot and which his right. Day after day, in squads and companies, we faced and marched and countermarched and charged around with an energy that gave bright promise of future usefulness. Everywhere could be heard the "Left! Left! Left!" of the orderlies. After the muskets came we applied ourselves with diligence to mastering the manual of arms. We considered ourselves about ready to graduate when we could "order arms" without pulverizing the toes of the next man, or our own, fix and unfix bayonets without stabbing somebody, and march without kicking the calves of our file-leaders or the shins of those behind us. The two "regular" colonels and Major Granger circulated freely during the hours of drill, with frequent words of commendation or suggestion.

Some of the men were more apt than others in learning how to drill. Those who were slow to learn took comfort from the fact

that some of the officers, too, did not keep up with the procession. Members of the Sixty-fifth found no little amusement in observing Captain Christofel when drilling Company I. Often he could not think of the proper commands and he would substitute his own. One day he wanted the company to "mark time" and he gave the order "Stop and tread a little!" He thought he would try a wheel and told the men to "Circle 'round this way!" Many of his original answers to Colonel Harker's questions at the evening "school" were highly entertaining to his brother officers.

Colonel Sherman was ubiquitous about the camp, giving his personal attention to the condition and needs of the men. If anything was lacking he spared no effort until it was supplied. He more than redeemed the promise made in his first published announcement, that the men should have, without diminution, everything to which they were entitled. He greatly endeared himself to the soldiers by his efforts in their behalf. It is safe to say that at no camp in Ohio were the men more comfortable or better cared for than at Camp Buckingham.



LUCIEN B. EATON,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

We were as strictly held to the performance of guard duty as though there had been a million rebels surrounding the camp. Before posting his men the officer of the guard would deliver an impressive lecture, reading from the "articles of war" that hair-lifting paragraph which fixes death as the penalty for sleeping on post. If I should live to the age of Methuselah I could not forget my first night on guard. It rained persistently and copiously from dark till dawn and the air was extremely raw and cold.

Drenched to the skin, with shivering limbs and chattering teeth, I paced to and fro on my "beat," feeling that I was serving my country with a vengeance. Each two hours on duty seemed as long as an average week. A hundred other fellows were my companions in misery. There was no danger of anybody going to sleep on post *that* night.

There was a tent used as a "guard-house," which was rarely without half a dozen or more inmates who were doing penance for their misdeeds. Not all the members of the Sherman Brigade had been "born again." They were all human, prone to err, and in some of them the "old Adam" was exceedingly active. The chaplain of each regiment had a big job on his hands. The most frequent breach of discipline was "running the guards" after dark to spend the evening in town. Often some of the transgressors returned in a condition of hilarity that was sure to land them in the guard-house; where they were held in confinement, usually for twenty-four hours. The guard-house, in one form or another, stayed with us till the end of the war. Our chaplains did not preach enough to have any perceptible regenerating effect. In fact, they didn't do much of anything except draw their pay.

After the camp was in complete running order the daily program was as follows:

Reveille,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sunrise.
Roll-call,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7:00 A. M.
Breakfast,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7:30 A. M.
Guard-mounting,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8:30 A. M.
Squad drill,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9 to 10 A. M.
Company drill,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	11 A. M. to 12 M.
Dinner,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12:30 P. M.
Company drill,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1:30 to 2:30 P. M.
Battalion drill,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3:30 to 4:30 P. M.
Dress parade,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5:00 P. M.
Supper,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5:30 P. M.
Roll-call,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8:30 P. M.
Tattoo,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9:00 P. M.
Taps,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10:00 P. M.

Each company commander and orderly sergeant was expected to have every man under his charge "present or accounted for."

After the officers had been elected and the non-commissioned officers appointed, one of the first things impressed upon each orderly sergeant was the injunction to commit to memory the roll of his company, from A to Z, so that he could call it in the darkest night without a skip. To do this—naming the commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the order of their rank and eighty or ninety privates alphabetically—was no small undertaking. There was a rivalry among the orderly sergeants to see who could first accomplish this feat. Most of them mastered the roll in a surprisingly brief time.

It will not be out of place to observe here that the life of an orderly sergeant was little less than a continual martyrdom. He was highest in rank of the enlisted men, so that whatever he said "went." He was the executive officer of the company; to him directions were given and it was his duty to see that they were carried out. He was a sort of filter through which passed all the orders from the officers, and the growls and complaints of the men. He kept the company books, drew and issued rations, clothing and ammunition and made all details for guard, extra or fatigue duty. He was held responsible for the cleanliness and soldierly appearance of the men and for the neat and orderly condition of their tents and belongings. All these and a hundred other things were laid upon the shoulders of the orderly; besides which he was expected to be, himself, the model soldier of the company, exemplary in all things. The wear and tear upon his mental and moral organism can only be understood and appreciated by those who served in that thankless and exasperating position. Of course his administration created continual friction. The boys had to do a good many things they didn't like and their rebellious feelings found relief in swearing at the orderly; when they were detailed for picket, guard or fatigue duty after a hard day's march, or ordered out to drill under a blazing sun; when rations were scanty, the bacon maggoty or the hardtack more adamant than usual; when it rained or snowed and we had to lie a-ground in the mud without tents—the orderly was always to blame and upon his unlucky head the men emptied their vials of wrath. The only redeeming features of his existence were the fact that he did not have to detail *himself* to go on guard, or chop

wood or load the colonel's wagon ; and his chance for promotion when a vacancy occurred among the officers. Then he would clap on shoulder-straps and resign his place as orderly to some other fellow. I speak from experience, for the sleeves of my blouse were decorated with the chevrons of an orderly for a year. A cloud of witnesses will testify to the truth of these averments.

The following were the first to undergo the experience of being ground between the upper and the nether millstones, as orderly sergeants :

Sixty-fourth—Company A, Thomas H. Ehlers ; Company B, Thomas E. Tillotson ; Company C, Jacob H. Shancks ; Company D, Henry H. Kling ; Company E, Thomas R. Smith ; Company F, Thomas J. Clark ; Company G, Dudley C. Carr ; Company H, David Cummins ; Company I, Samuel A. English ; Company K, George Hall.

Sixty-fifth—Company A, Oscar D. Welker ; Company B, Zachariah Allerton ; Company C, Samuel H. Young ; Company D, Asa A. Gardner ; Company E, Wilbur F. Hinman ; Company F, Andrew J. Stiffler ; Company G, Dolsen Vankirk ; Company H, Samuel L. Cunningham ; Company I, Philip H. Bader ; Company K, Peter Markel.

Sixth Battery—Aaron P. Baldwin.

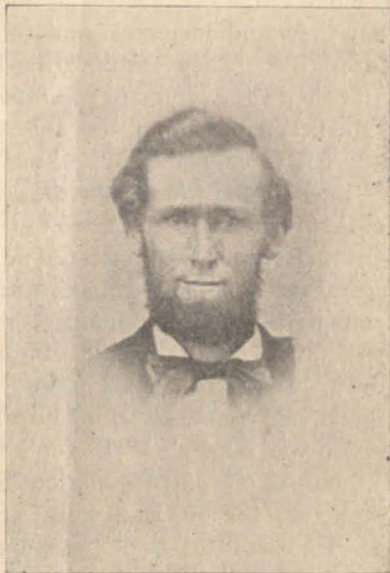
Squadron—Company A, John L. Skeggs ; Company B, John Dalzell.

The members of mess number eight, of Company E, Sixty-fourth, put on a good deal of style in their domestic arrangements, as may be judged from the following invoice of their tent equipment : one hundred and fifty feet of pine flooring, one cook-stove, one table, eight camp stools, one water pail, one wash-dish, one candlestick, one dish-pan, one looking-glass, two brooms and one cuspidor. A bible and a daily paper graced the center-table. Major Granger, as inspector, paid the mess a high compliment for this reform in camp life. Such articles of furniture as were not allowed transportation were sold at auction when the regiment broke camp.

About the middle of November the battery received its guns—four ten-pound Parrotts and two six-pound brass pieces—with caissons and all other appurtenances necessary to a complete out-

fit. The men were proud of their guns and entered, with zeal and enthusiasm, upon the work of learning how to use them. The officers studied the tactics night and day, under the excellent tutelage of Captain Bradley, and made such rapid progress that they were soon able to instruct their men in the discharge of their respective functions. Their drill in "going through the motions" of loading and firing was a spectacle of novelty and interest to the infantry soldiers, few of whom had ever before seen a battery equipped for war. About the first of December the horses were received, and the mounted drills, as the battery went through the various field evolutions, were viewed with curious eyes, not only by the denizens of the camp, but by people from town and country, who came from far and near to witness the inspiring scene.

The battery numbered about one hundred and fifty men; of these nineteen were above the age of forty and more than a hundred were under thirty. Twenty-four were mustered as being "eighteen," which meant all the way down to sixteen. Under the regulations, which were then more or less strictly adhered to, no person could be received in the military service under the age of eighteen. But there were plenty of boys, whose span of life had not reached the limit of youth, who were crazy to go to the tented field, and many of them managed to slip through the meshes of the net and get in. True they had to follow the example of Ananias and tell fibs to the recruit-



GEORGE N. HUCKINS,
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Died at Nashville, April, 1862.

ing officers, satisfying their consciences with the argument that in such a cause deception was justifiable.

It was the same in the infantry. In the ranks of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth there was many a fresh, sturdy, rosy-cheeked lad, the record of whose birth in the big family Bible at home was greatly at variance with the figures on the muster-roll. When one of these lads wanted to enlist the recruiting officer "sized him up" and if the inspection was satisfactory he winked slyly as the boy gave his age "Eighteen, sir!" and signed his name to the list. Most of these boys made prime soldiers. They grew and developed rapidly under the fructifying influence of army life. They endured the hardships of the service much better than the average of men above the age of forty. Animated by the fiery enthusiasm and ambition of youth, their courage in battle fairly challenged that of their older comrades.

Later in the war, when the wave of excitement that during the first year swept hundreds of thousands into the army had spent its force, and enlistments were a little slow, the recruiting officers stretched the regulations and received thousands of these youngsters. We all remember the division of the Twenty-third corps, during the Atlanta campaign, commanded by General Hovey. It was composed mostly of new troops from Ohio and Indiana, and contained so many below the age of eighteen that the division was known as "Hovey's Babies."

Some of our officers, anxious to fill their companies, made the mistake of receiving men who were fifty and even sixty years of age. In such cases there was more fibbing, for they had to go upon the rolls as "forty-five," which was the prescribed limit. Most of these old men proved to be but an incumbrance. However great their zeal and patriotism, they were physically unable to stand the service. Within a few months nearly all of them were left in hospitals and we saw them no more.

During the first few days in camp the members of the two cavalry companies were instructed and drilled on foot, as a starter, but they were as impatient for their "mount" as were those of the infantry for their muskets or the battery-men for their guns. They wouldn't be cavalry until they had horses. These were supplied early in December, together with sabers and everything

else necessary for their complete outfit. Then the boys were in high feather as they began to drill on horseback. There was the usual awkwardness at first, for many of the men were but little accustomed to horses, and both were equally untrained. Under the zealous instruction of Major McLaughlin, however, they got on famously, and the troopers were soon charging over the drill-ground in fine style, cleaving the air with their sabers in a way that was quite terrifying and impressive. Each man was especially schooled in the first duty of a cavalryman—to care for his horse, and the animals were daily fed, watered and groomed with punctilious regularity.

The health of the men was generally good at Camp Buckingham and the doctors did not have much to do except to stand around in their new uniforms. Death began his inroads upon us, however. Second Lieutenant John T. Hyatt, of Company D, Sixty-fifth, died December 10th, after an illness of but two or three days. He was a young officer of bright promise, greatly beloved by his comrades.

On pleasant days, and particularly on Sundays, the camp was visited by throngs of people. The evening dress-parade was the crowning feature of each day's exercises, and was usually witnessed by hundreds of spectators. The imposing lines were never again so long. A year later neither regiment could muster half so many men. When the weather permitted, divine service was held each Sunday in camp. Some of the companies attended church in town, morning or evening, in a body. The chaplains gave each man in the brigade a testament, some of which—only a very few—were carried to the end of the war.

From the day we received our arms and were fully equipped for the field there was a constantly increasing desire to get away and be

“Down among rebels and contraband chattels.”

Our impatience for marching orders became excessive—very much greater than it was in after years. We wanted to go down south and have a fight, and a big one, right off. We yearned to shoot somebody, eager to take the exciting chance of being shot ourselves. After the first of December rumors that we would go to the front floated constantly through the camp. Friends came

from far and near to bid us God-speed and many were granted short leaves of absence to go home and say farewells.

On the 1st of December Colonel John Sherman bade adieu to the brigade. It had been his intention, as it was his earnest desire, to take the field with the troops he had labored so zealously to prepare for active service, and the secretary of war had tendered him a commission as brigadier-general. President Lincoln, however, placed a veto upon this, declaring that Colonel Sherman could not be spared from his seat in the senate.

"I can make a brigadier with a stroke of the pen," said Mr. Lincoln, "but I can't make a statesman and a financier! Mr. Sherman must remain in the senate."

There was as great need for good men in congress as for good soldiers in the field. None can doubt that Colonel Sherman would have won distinction in arms, as did his brother, General "Tecumseh," but his path of duty in the crisis seemed so plain that he yielded to the many urgent solicitations and reluctantly sheathed his sword. When about to leave for Washington, to resume his duties in the senate, he resigned his commission as colonel and issued the following farewell address:

The colonel commanding deems it proper, in taking leave of this force, to express his grateful acknowledgments to all the officers and men composing it, for their prompt response to the call of their country in its time of need. He will ever remember with the warmest feelings of gratitude, the assistance rendered in recruiting this force by every man connected with it, and will take pride in its achievements. He feels assured that they will reflect honor upon the state from which they come and upon the country they serve. He leaves them with more confidence in that they will have the active service of experienced officers, who, he is certain, will temper military discipline by the forbearance due to citizen soldiers, voluntarily assuming the duties of military life. He also takes this occasion for himself, and, as he believes, for this entire command, to return his acknowledgments to Major Robert S. Granger, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., for his valuable services in organizing this force.

JOHN SHERMAN.

On December 12th, a beautiful silk banner was presented to the Sixty-fourth by the citizens of Mansfield. After the entire brigade had marched in review, it was formed in a hollow square, within which the presentation took place. The speech in behalf of the donors was made by Hon. T. W. Bartley, and was re-

sponded to for the regiment by Adjutant Wilbur F. Sanders. The latter said in his remarks:

"If you hear that this flag has been trailed in the dust, you may know that you have given the parting hand for the last time to every member of this regiment."

These be brave words, but they were justified by the record of the Sixty-fourth. Its flag was more than once shot down in battle, but it was never "trailed in the dust."

CHAPTER III.

OFF TO THE WAR.

MARCHING ORDERS AT LAST, WHEREAT THERE IS GREAT REJOICING—
THE SIXTY-FOURTH STAGGERING UNDER PONDEROUS KNAPSACKS
—WHIRLED AWAY TO LOUISVILLE—THE SIXTY-FIFTH AND THE
BATTERY FOLLOW—DOWN THE OHIO RIVER—AT CAMP BUELL—
A GOOD TURN THAT DESERVED ANOTHER.

AT THE middle of December it was noised through the camp that we had been ordered to Kentucky immediately. Official notice to this effect soon confirmed the rumor. For two or three days the hot blood leaped through our veins and our hearts were thumping with excitement. The generous people of Mansfield and vicinity gave the brigade a sumptuous farewell dinner. Long tables were loaded with everything conceivable that was good to eat, and a multitude of fair maidens and matrons, with ready hands and smiling

faces, ministered to our robust appetites. The memory of that dinner remained with us for many long months.

Quartermaster Brinkerhoff, of the Sixty-fourth, was sent in advance to Cincinnati to provide transportation from that point, and to Louisville to make the necessary arrangements there. He had recently received from the president a commission as captain and assistant quartermaster of volunteers, and in that capacity was soon afterward assigned to duty as post-quartermaster at Bardstown, Kentucky. He was not again directly associated with our brigade.

The authorities seemed to fear the effect of launching such a body of enthusiastic volunteers all at once; so we were sent forward by installments—the Sixty-fourth and the cavalry one day; the Sixty-fifth the next, and the battery bringing up the rear the day following. On the morning of December 17th the long roll sounded in the Sixty-fourth and that regiment was ordered to break camp immediately. It took half a day for the men to strike tents and pack up their mountains of regimental, company and personal baggage, for each man was determined to take along everything he had. As we of the Sixty-fifth looked on we almost turned green with envy, because our comrades of the Sixty-fourth were to enjoy one day more of actual soldiering than we were. We thought it wasn't fair.

All things being ready, at tap of drum the men formed in company and then regimental line, staggering under their enormous knapsacks, each of which was enough to break the back of a mule—but that was the way all the soldiers started out. The mounted officers pranced around, cleaving the air with their swords and shouting their commands with tremendous vehemence. With arms at a "right shoulder shift" the regiment, amidst a tempest of yells and shouts, bade adieu to Camp Buckingham and filed out upon the road. At the railway station there was a great crowd of people to see the boys off. As soon as they and their baggage could be stowed in the cars the train rolled away. The boys yelled and swung their caps from the car windows while the crowd cheered and wept and waved hats and handkerchiefs. The

Sixty-fourth was off to the war! The squadron followed, the transportation of both requiring two trains of twenty cars each.

An incident at the station will illustrate the patriotic feeling which prevailed. As the aged father of Harrison Lawrence, of Company C, bade him farewell, he exclaimed, as the tears flowed freely down his cheeks: "Harry, don't be shot in the back!" Young Lawrence was very severely wounded, but not "in the back."

At Cincinnati the command embarked on the fine mail-steamer Jacob Strader and the next morning reached Louisville. After the debarkation the column was formed and the Sixty-fourth, keeping step to the tune of "Dixie" by the band, marched through the city and about a mile southward to the place assigned for its camp. As the men stepped proudly along the streets they were the constant target of questions fired at them by the people that thronged the sidewalks. "What army is that?" "Whar'd ye come from?" "Whar you-all gwine?" The camp was at cheerless spot, very different from the one at Mansfield, but as soon as the baggage arrived the men fell to, pitched their tents and made themselves measurably comfortable.

On the 18th the Sixty-fifth left Camp Buckingham, duplicating the wildly exciting scene of the previous day. Our knapsacks were just as big as those of the Sixty-fourth, and before we started we were just as confident as the other fellows that we could "tote" them to the ends of the earth. But even before we had finished the short tramp to the town our shoulders ached as they never ached before. Hercules would have groaned under one of those knapsacks. We consoled ourselves with the idea that it would be easy enough after we got used to it. It was nearly night when we got away. The most tumultuous hilarity prevailed. At every station the greetings of the people were answered by shouts and cheers, and the waving of a flag or a kerchief from a farm house never failed to evoke a vigorous response. The boys yelled till they were hoarse. About midnight we passed through Camp Dennison and exchanged shouts with the soldiers there.

We reached Cincinnati at one o'clock in the morning, and marched directly to the steamboat landing. As we passed



THOMAS J. WOOD,
MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDING DIVISION.

through the streets, by the dim gaslight, our band seemed to take delight in blowing its loudest notes, arousing the people from their sleep. All along the route forms clad in white appeared at cautiously opened windows, and night-capped heads were thrust out to see what it was all about. Some patriotic citizens, notwithstanding their condition of dishabille, waved handkerchiefs and little flags in welcome, and shouted words of kindly greeting, to which the regiment responded with tremendous cheers. The people evidently felt that, the Sixty-fourth having already passed, now that the Sixty-fifth had come, all danger was over, and the country might be considered safe. We embarked on the steamer *Telegraph*, with our enormous heaps of baggage, and just at daylight cast off our lines and steamed down the river.

The day was fine, and the trip was enjoyed as much as could be expected under the circumstances. The boys were in good spirits—and, to some extent, in more senses than one, for a careful inspection of canteens would have detected in not a few the presence of a beverage many degrees stronger than water. Laugh and jest were freely indulged; but there were some who sat sober and thoughtful, casting anxious glances toward the "dark and bloody ground," along the border of which we were passing. To most of us it was our first sight of southern soil. It seemed like being upon the confines of "that undiscovered country." And how many were to realize the fullest meaning of the remainder of the quotation—"from whose bourne no traveler returns!" The occasion was certainly one to afford food for saddening thought, to one who might be disposed to yield to his emotions. But it was best, perhaps, that the great majority flung all such reflections to the winds, and conducted themselves as though upon a pleasure excursion. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" was a good text for the soldier.

The boys cheered on the slightest provocation. Every Union flag that appeared on either side of the river—and there were many of them—every hat or kerchief that was waved in greeting, elicited the most vociferous volleys. The trip fully proved that there would be no lack of lung power in the Sixty-fifth, whatever might be its yet unwritten record in other respects. Groups of young ladies were saluted with prodigious cheers. Gallantry

comes naturally to the soldier; military display has an irresistible fascination for the gentle sex; and the feeling is generally mutual. Two or three years later, when sometimes we did not look upon a woman's face for months at a time, the sight of one in any degree comely or attractive never failed to arouse the greatest enthusiasm.

At one place, only, a group of men on the Kentucky side defiantly waved a rebel flag and shouted for Jeff Davis. Some of the boys manifested their indignation and zeal by asking permission to try their muskets on them, but it was not granted.

We reached Louisville just at dark. As we had not yet learned to pitch a camp in the night, it was thought best for us to remain on the boat until morning. Guards were posted to allow no one to go ashore—except some of the officers—and we disposed ourselves for sleep, of which we had been wholly deprived the night before. We filled the state rooms, and covered the floor of the cabin and the lower deck. Wherever there was room for a man to lie down, there was one rolled up in his blanket.

At an early hour we debarked and were drawn up in line before a curious crowd of people who had assembled to witness our "invasion." They did not greet us with much warmth; in fact, most of them looked as if they thought we ought to have stayed at home. Colonel Harker's eyes flashed with martial pride as he shouted:

"By platoons, right wheel—March! Right shoulder shift—Arms! Forward! Guide right—March!"

And away we went through the streets of Louisville. The band played patriotic airs, and the soldiers cheered whenever the slightest token of recognition by any of the people gave them an excuse for doing so. We halted several times, and did not reach camp till past noon. We found the Sixty-fourth already settled, with tents pitched in order, and looking as natural as they did at Camp Buckingham. The whole regiment turned out to welcome us. They cheered and so did we—as to which cheered the loudest, the honors were easy. The officers and men of the Sixty-fourth did us of the Sixty-fifth a kindness that was never forgotten, and which we were glad of an opportunity to repay some weeks later.

Anticipating our arrival, they had prepared a bountiful supply of coffee, and as soon as we had stacked arms, each company received an invitation to a picnic, as the guest of the corresponding company of the Sixty-fourth. Bread and meat in abundance completed the bill of fare. With grateful hearts—and stomachs—we ate and were filled. As each company arose from its repast it testified its appreciation by giving three cheers and a "tiger-r-r-r" that would have aroused the Seven Sleepers. This cemented the ties, formed at Camp Buckingham, which linked together the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth. They grew stronger and stronger, month by month and year by year, as these regiments stood side by side through

"Days of danger, nights of waking."

They were the "Siamese Twins" of the Army of the Cumberland.

By this time our baggage had arrived. We laid out the camp and pitched our tents after much labor, for as yet we were a great "awkward squad" in all such matters. The fields were dotted with tents to the right and left, as far as the eye could reach. It was called "Camp Buell," in honor of the general commanding, who was rapidly organizing what was first known as the Army of the Ohio. We were located near the residence of the rebel General Buckner. At this time he was collecting a force at Bowling Green, with which he proclaimed his intention to capture Louisville and eat his Christmas dinner at home. He missed connection, however, and two months later surrendered to General Grant at Fort Donelson.

Our stay at Louisville was not a protracted one, but Camp Buell contained a great deal of misery to the square inch. The details, as far as they need to be told, will be found in the next chapter. It was very different from Camp Buckingham, and still more different from being at home. But at first we were all full of ginger, excited over our first experience of army life, and we gave little thought to the future. Indeed, we had our hands full taking care of the present.

CHAPTER IV.

ROMANCE GIVES WAY TO REALITY.

CAMPING IN KENTUCKY MUD—FIGHTING AGAINST HOMESICKNESS—
FIRST TASTE OF ARMY RATIONS—IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS
CONCERNING HARDTACK—TOM CLAGUE'S STORY AND THE IRISH-
MAN'S GOOD ADVICE—OUR OLD FRIEND, THE ARMY MULE—
BATTLES OF THE TEAMSTERS—JOHN BUMBAUGH AND HIS "MOOLS"—
VISITED BY "FAKIRS"—A SOLEMN CHRISTMAS—ORDERS TO MARCH.

THE weather, during our few days in camp at Louisville, was as disagreeable as the most ardent rebel could have wished for us. The mercury was most of the time uncomfortably near the freezing point, and hardly a day or night passed without rain. The soil was soft clay, the ground flat, and the camp became an ocean of mud. It was scarcely possible to step outside of a tent without sinking over shoe tops. The adhesive power of that mud was something wonderful. "Spalding's Prepared Glue" was nothing to it. One of the boys observed, after his comrades had pried him out of the mud, that he was satisfied that, at least as long as the rain lasted, Kentucky would "stick" to the Union.

A storm has ever been a favorite theme for writers of both prose and poetry. It may be full of grandeur, and beauty, and all that sort of thing, when one can sit in his comfortable chair, before a cheerful fire, listen to the roar of the tempest and watch the drops as they dash against the window panes; but there isn't half so much romance about it when he crouches shivering upon the

ground, in a frail canvas tenement, shaken by the wind. From his point of view the subject has a very different aspect.

We all tried to endure bravely our many discomforts, but few were able to avoid, now and then, a touch of "the blues." Thoughts of home would sometimes come to the stoutest heart. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that there were many clear cases of homesickness. There were times when in every mess the boys sat around in moody silence, or lay curled up in their blankets trying to keep warm. Nobody spoke except to growl because the government didn't furnish houses on wheels, with all modern improvements, for the soldiers to live in. There were a few fortunate "Mark Tapleys" in every company, who took everything as it came in a philosophical way. They managed to keep up their own spirits and their cheery laugh and jest were all that saved the whole crowd from dying in the dumps.

The doctors in the army recognized homesickness as a distinct and well-defined disease. In their learned way they called it "nostalgia." It was exactly what ailed many who went to the hospitals. Some died of this malady. It was often developed, among raw soldiers, under just such conditions as those which surrounded us at Camp Buell.

The matter of rations became an exceedingly practical question with us. Up to this time we had been plentifully supplied with "soft bread," as we afterward called it, to distinguish it from the stuff that was now played off upon us under the seductive name of "bread." We had never seen that article of alleged food which universally took the name "hardtack." When we reached Louisville we plunged down, at one fell swoop, alighting upon the hard-pan of army rations—and our fare at Camp Buell was a sumptuous banquet when compared with what we lived on, for weeks at a time, months and years later!

The first day they gave us a loaf apiece of good soft bread, but this was only a weak attempt to "let us down easy." The next day came the boxes of hardtack. This was officially called "hard bread," and we bear cheerful testimony to the fact that the adjective part of the name was not misapplied. Others spoke of them as "crackers" probably because if a man was not careful they would crack his teeth. Some of the commissary people, with

a bitter irony that was most exasperating, spoke of them tenderly as "biscuits."

But they were just as hard by whatever name they were called. When handled and tossed about they rattled like so many blocks of dry wood, or stones. We happened to get, in the first issue, an extra hard lot. The baker must have gone to sleep, or his watch must have stopped, and the stuff been left in the oven or dry-kiln too long. It is no exaggeration to say that some of them were so hard that the stoutest teeth in the brigade could make no impression on them. It was like trying to eat a stove-lid. There was an old army song, in which poor Schnapps was represented as telling his tale of woe after his "fraulein" jilted him and drove him off "mit der war." One quatrain ran like this:

"Dey gifs me hard pread tuffer as a rock,
It almost preaks mine shaw;
I somedimes shplits him mit an iron vedge,
Und cuts him oop mit a saw!"

These lines put the case very fairly. It was a good while before we knew what to make of the hardtack. They were unlike anything "in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." Ingenuity was taxed to its utmost, and every culinary scheme that could be devised was tried on those hardtack. They were fried, roasted, boiled and stewed, but most of the experiments resulted in failure. If we got a piece in such shape that it could be chewed it had no more taste than a chip. It was but natural and reasonable to suppose that soaking would soften them, but anybody who acted on this theory made a mistake. Our mess soaked some—soaked them all night, and found in the morning that they had been turned into leather. They would have made a prime article of half soles for army shoes.

Two or three years after that, when the boys of our company were telling yarns around the campfire, Sergeant Tom Clague said that he did half-sole his shoes with two of those soaked hardtack at Louisville, "and," said he, "they hadn't worn out yet when we got to Shiloh! Fact, boys!"

We tried the plan of breaking them up with a stone or a club, and stewing them in a pan, with salt, pepper, and other condiments, but it was like a stew made from the parings swept

up around a shoemaker's bench. This manner of preparing the hardtack did, however, come into quite general use in the army. The stew was everywhere known by a familiar name. Although the fact seems somewhat anomalous, it is true that the only way to soften a hardtack was by toasting it before a hot fire. It might be supposed that this would only make it harder, but it went by contraries. The hardtack was a contrary thing, anyway.

In Company I, Sixty-fifth, there was an old Irishman—one of Captain Christofel's "jewels"—who had "sailed the seas over," and had eaten hard bread for years. He said to his comrades one day, after they had tried all these processes:

"B'yes, jist let me tell ye. Ye want to quit monkeyin' wid that stuff and jist ate her as she comes out av the box! That's the bist way intirely, an' ye can well belave me, as ye'll foind out fer yerselfs atter a while!"

The old weather-beaten Hibernian was right. The hardtack was better "straight" than in any other way. All the devices for cooking it proved a delusion and a snare.

There were many suggestions of different practical uses for the hardtack. One thought that a shirt lined with them would be an excellent armor, as it would be impervious to bullets. Another said that in close action they might be stuffed into cannon, half a bushel at a time, and fired at the enemy instead of grape. A third thought he now fully understood why the doctor examined his teeth so carefully when he enlisted, under the pretense that if they were defective he would not be able to bite "cat-ridges."

But, despised and reviled as it was at first, the hardtack became the soldier's best friend. There were times when it tasted better than the daintiest morsel that ever passed our lips, before the war or since. One indispensable feature of the hardtack was that it would "keep" forever and a day. I have kept one, as a souvenir, more than thirty years. It looks now just as it did when I laid it away on that Texas prairie to "take home." I have no doubt it would taste just the same as then. The hardtack was a most important factor in army life, and I have deemed it worthy of these random observations.

There is another old acquaintance that comes before us when we recall the camp at Louisville, and deserves recognition at our hands. It is the Army Mule. It may be considered a just tribute, and will hardly compromise the truth, to say that the mule put down the rebellion. At least, without the mule the war would have been a failure. Very soon after we reached Louisville, each regiment received thirteen six-mule teams and wagons—one for each company and three for headquarters and general purposes. For several days the teamsters were the busiest men in camp, "breaking in" their mules. In fact some of them had



JOSEPH F. SONNANSTINE,
MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.

more than they could attend to. The mules were as raw as ourselves, and a good deal more intractable. Some of them were extremely wild and vicious. They were "business" at both ends, using teeth and heels, according to circumstances, in an equally effective manner. It required about as much courage for a man to go among those mules as for a lion-tamer to enter a cage of wild beasts.

Many of them had never been broken to harness; and while we were being instructed in the "school of the soldier" the teamsters were putting their animals through the school of the mule. They were stubborn pupils. Long and persistent effort was necessary to render them even measurably docile and obedient. The stubbornness of the mule long since passed into a proverb. It has been unkindly said of woman:

"When she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And when she wont, she wont, and there's an end on't."

This I believe to be a slander upon the sex, but it may, with all justice and truth, be transferred to the army mule. When he planted himself and made up his mind to stay there, nothing could move him. The lash had no more effect than if applied to a log. Even the most sulphurous profanity was powerless. The mule would just stand and kick, and lay back his long ears, and wink, and utter that heart-rending, ear-torturing, "yee-haw," while the teamster vainly used up his whip, his strength, and his temper. Sometimes he would get his mules all geared up and in their places, and begin to feel that at last he had conquered. Suddenly, as if moved by a common impulse, those six mules would begin to bray and kick and twist and turn themselves around, until they would be all tied up in a knot, standing with their heads and paint-brush tails at all points of the compass, and the harness in a hopeless tangle. Then the man would just sit down and swear.

John Bumbaugh, the muleteer of Company E, Sixty-fifth was a fair sample of that useful but profane contingent of the army. In some respects his abilities were of a superior order. He was a burly German, six feet high and broad in proportion, with eyes that looked in opposite directions at the same time. He could swear with great fluency in Dutch and English, and generally mixed the two in about equal parts, with paralyzing effect. He entered upon the campaign with his "mools" with an avowed determination to "break" them or kill them. He had a persuader in the shape of a club four feet long and two inches thick. The blows he administered in his battles with the mules could be heard all over the camp. John had no faith in moral suasion. He went upon the theory that the animals were totally depraved and could only be regenerated through the agency of severe corporal punishment. It must be confessed that the weight of evidence was in favor of John's theory. The army mule was not in the slightest degree susceptible to kindness. He used his heels upon friend and foe, without any discrimination whatever.

It was no uncommon thing to see Bumbaugh smite a mule between the eyes with his cudgel, and the animal would fall like a bullock under the blow of the butcher. As he lay there, in a half stunned condition, John would read him a lecture in two

languages, warning him, with terrific imprecations, of the fate that would befall him if he did not mend his ways. I saw John one day, when his mules had turned themselves around and twisted up the harness, in the manner before mentioned. He was speechless with rage. Even his well-stored vocabulary failed him and he couldn't think of anything to say that would give relief to his feelings. While the mules stood there, kicking and braying, John got an armful of straw, lighted it, and threw it under them. As they felt the heat, and the hair began to singe, they made a wild rush, one being carried along sidewise and another backward, until they finally all went down in a kicking, struggling heap, breaking the pole of the wagon. John thought it was great fun and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. It took him an hour to get those mules untangled.

But John finally subdued his mules, the "wheelers," the "swings" and the "leaders"—the three pairs constituting a "team" being so designated in the parlance of the drivers—and as he bestrode his saddle mule, and guided his menagerie with the long single line over their backs, cracking his whip and firing furious adjectives, interjections and pronouns in chaotic English, he was as proud as a brigadier-general. It was his boast that he had "six von de pest mools in dot whole prigade!"

I have briefly sketched some of the leading points in John's experience, as they illustrate what all the muleteers went through. John was a representative man of his class. The drivers were a happy-go-lucky set of men. They were better provided than the soldiers. They usually slept in their great canvas covered wagons, and were thus assured of a good shelter. They had abundant facilities for the transportation of blankets, foraged provisions, and cooking utensils, and many of them lived in sumptuous style. Their chief weakness was in "trading off" their crippled or unruly mules. If a teamster had one that was lame, spavined, glandered, balky, a chronic kicker, or in any way particularly undesirable, he would pick out some fine animal in another regiment or brigade. Then at night he would lead over his own miserable beast, untie the one he had selected and take it back, leaving the discarded one in its place. The driver who found next morning that he had been imposed upon would get

even the next night by exchanging with some other fellow who was asleep. They said it wasn't stealing, because the brutes all belonged to Uncle Sam, anyway.

But the much abused mules, ridiculed and despised, cursed and "beaten with many stripes," how badly we would have fared without them! After they were brought into subjection, and fairly settled down to their work, they patiently toiled and plodded day by day, drawing enormous loads, in heat and in storm, through mire and over logs and stones and up steep hills, often starved until all their bones could be counted. By thousands their carcasses marked the track of our armies, and were left for the buzzards to devour. The army mule had his faults, like the rest of us, but the glorious fabric of our reunited nation is a monument not less to his faithfulness and patient endurance, than to the valor and sacrifices of those who went upon two feet instead of four.

While we lay at Louisville we were daily visited by "fakirs" who were trying to sell all sorts of contrivances which they endeavored to make us believe were indispensable to our safety, health and happiness. Many will particularly remember the steel "breastplates," intended to be worn under the clothing to protect the wearer, on the same principle as an armored gunboat. We were told that these things were impervious to bullets, and that thus shielded we could just wade through the rebel army and win imperishable renown. A very few of the boys were beguiled into buying breastplates, but their comrades continually rallied them on their deficiency of "sand" and made so much sport of them that the things were thrown away. Some soldiers did go into battle wearing them, for I remember to have seen two or three of them on the field of Shiloh. Through each of them was a bullet hole, which proved their utter worthlessness.

Christmas eve found us lying deep in the mud of Camp Buell, bringing thoughts of home and loved ones. We didn't hang up our stockings, as we had no faith in Santa Claus visiting such a wretched place; but they were full in the morning, because we slept with them on. It was not a pleasant Christmas for Private Tuttle, of Company F, Sixty-fifth, who was the first man in the regiment to get hurt with a bullet. He lost the forefinger of

his right hand by the accidental discharge of his gun while on guard. We all thought it was a terrible casualty.

The day was dismal indeed. There was a general effort to get up the best dinner possible, but this was frugal enough, when our only resources were hardtack, bacon, coffee, and bean soup. Marching orders for the next day came as a Christmas present to the Sixty-fourth, and the Sixty-fifth was directed to be ready to move the following day. We felt that we had had as much as we wanted of Camp Buell, and the prospect of a change was hailed with delight. We thought it impossible to find a worse place, wherever we might go.

We did little drilling at Louisville. A few times we were ordered out, just for exercise, and went "sloshing around" through the mud, but the conditions were not favorable, and the military instruction we received there did not benefit us to any extent worth mentioning. There was great activity in the work of organizing and supplying the army, and putting it in effective condition for a forward movement. Regiments from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois arrived almost daily, and sat down in the mud—just as we did.

We had entered upon the long and painful process of seasoning by which we were to be made soldiers, capable of enduring the utmost exposure and fatigue. We thought it pretty hard, but we had as yet no conception of what was in store for us during the coming months and years. The altogether wretched December weather at Louisville had its effect upon the health of the novices in soldiering. The daily sick-call was largely attended, and fully a hundred men of the brigade were so prostrated that they had to be sent to hospitals.

CHAPTER V.

OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE AS ROADSTERS.

ON THE WAY TO BARDSTOWN—WE START OFF BEAUTIFULLY, BUT—THOSE MOUNTAINOUS KNAPSACKS AND HOW THEY WERE LIGHTENED—THE ACHES, THE PAINS, THE LIMPS, THE BLISTERS!—BADLY USED-UP PILGRIMS—A BONANZA FOR THE NATIVES—CAMPING IN THE SNOW—NO CONFISCATION, BUT THE QUARTERMASTER FURNISHES STRAW—TWO WEEKS AT CAMP MORTON—A WRETCHED TRAMP TO LEBANON.

OUR FIRST day's march! It was only ten miles, but will any ever forget the aches and pains, the blistered feet and the limbs that tottered from weariness? Out in the mining camps and towns of the far west, when a fresh young man from "the states" makes his appearance, they call him a "tenderfoot." That is just what we were at this time. Perhaps we didn't know it before we started—we thought we could march just like old campaigners—but we found it out pretty thoroughly during those three days of tramping from Louisville to Bardstown!

The Sixty-fourth marched the day after Christmas. It started in fine style, with band playing and colors flying, just as our regiment did the next day. The boys loaded themselves down like pack mules, as we did, and to write of our own experience will describe theirs equally well.

The reveille sounded through the camp of the Sixty-fifth early in the morning of December 27th. Everybody turned out

promptly. That day a new leaf in our army life was to be turned. Thus far it had only been lying in camp and drilling; **now** we were to take the road. Breakfast over, and a few sick sent to the hospital, we broke camp at eight o'clock. The sun came out and smiled, as if to give us a good send-off. We would have thought better of him if he had shown his face a little more during the week previous. It took us two hours to get the wagons loaded and ourselves in order for marching. At ten o'clock we shouldered knapsacks—and *such* knapsacks! They were crammed to their utmost capacity with extra articles of clothing, books, and notions of every conceivable sort that we had brought from home. We didn't know how heavy they would get—that before night every pound would seem to weigh a ton. There were few who did not have extra quilts rolled up with their blankets and strapped to their knapsacks. As one of the boys expressed it that night as he sat by the fire looking ruefully at the great blisters on his feet, we "bit off more than we could chew." But we cheerily buckled on our cartridge boxes, strapped our loads upon our shoulders, hung on the canteens and haversacks, seized our muskets and stepped briskly into line. While the regiment was forming Colonel Harker laughed as he said:

"Those knapsacks will not be so large tomorrow, and the next day they will be still smaller."

Even during the few minutes we stood in line awaiting the "Attention—Battalion!" the knapsacks began to feel a good deal heavier than we supposed they were. Shoulders ached, and the boys would furtively slide their muskets around and brace them under their packs to ease the strain. But nobody said anything, and directly we were off, to the stately tune of "Hail Columbia," followed by that quick stepper, "Yankee Doodle." The knapsack was by no means all of the soldier's burden. There were the haversack with three days' rations, the canteen full of water, the cartridge box with forty rounds of ammunition, and the musket, which before night seemed as heavy as a bar of railroad iron.

Before we had gone a mile we began to hitch up our knapsacks and hump our backs, leaning forward to relieve the shoulders, until we looked like a procession of camels. It was not long till many began to "weaken." The jokes that had been so

freely bandied when we started, gradually ceased, and conversation flagged. If anything was said, at all, it was usually something that sounded like "Amsterdam," but they all forgot to put on the "Amster." The boys were loth to yield, but pluck finally gave way to discretion.

At the first halt, two or three miles out, a few unstrapped the rolls on their knapsacks, took out the quilts that were made by loving ones at home, and tossed them into the fence corners. The quilt is a good thing in its proper sphere of usefulness, but when a soldier is forced to make choice between it and an army blanket, there can be no question as to the result. Nobody else wanted those castaway quilts, for every man had as much as he could stagger under—and more. They were left to be picked up by people who followed the regiment for miles for that very purpose. I remember seeing one perspiring man take out his long bowie knife, cut his quilt into strips, and stamp them into the mud.

"My mother made that," said he, bitterly, "and if I can't have it myself no blasted Kentuckian is going to sleep under it."

But the rattle of the drum tells that the "rest" is at an end. With sighs and groans we again sling our knapsacks, not without many misgivings as to our ability to lug them all day. "Forward!" says the colonel, and we plod along the flinty pike. But few milestones, that mark our progress on the road to military glory, are passed before many begin to walk with a limping gait. One says he cannot march further, and the surgeon gives him a pass to ride in an ambulance. Others are permitted to put their knapsacks on their company wagons. An hour later and the ambulances are full of men who find marching so much harder than they expected, and the wagons are covered with knapsacks, hanging from every available point. Some of the boys tramp along bravely, determined not to give in, and a very few are able to hold out to the end.

The march was slow, to favor the men as much as possible. Our speed was scarcely more than two miles an hour, and frequent halts were made for rest. Yet it was more than most of the men, with their loads of from forty to sixty pounds each, could endure. Large numbers dropped out by the wayside, notwith-

standing the orders against straggling, and many did not reach camp till hours after dark.

At four o'clock we turned into a field, weary and footsore, and were ordered to pitch camp. Scores threw themselves upon the ground, completely exhausted, caring nothing for tent, fire or food, and only wanting to rest. Others, with better self-command, stirred around, pitched the tents, built fires, and made preparations for supper. There was a large straw-stack near the camp, which was a great temptation to the soldiers. Confiscation was, however, as yet unknown. Every citizen claimed to be loyal whenever his property was threatened, and the strictest orders were issued against trespassing in any way. But the quartermaster was told to get the straw, giving a receipt to the owner, and after some little parleying we were permitted to "go in." In five minutes that stack had entirely disappeared. Supper and a few hours of rest had a reviving effect, and good cheer prevailed around the camp-fires. But when those whose "turn" it was were detailed for guard duty that night the grumbling was loud and deep. I believe Job would have "kicked" had he been one of them.

Reveille beat at five and we were ordered to march at seven. Breakfast was soon disposed of, and then each man addressed himself to the task of reducing the weight of his knapsack. Books, articles of clothing, and odds and ends of all sorts were considered for a moment and then flung aside. Scores threw away the testaments the chaplain had given them at Camp Buckingham. Bibles and blisters didn't go well together. Chaplain Burns felt in duty bound to remonstrate with the boys for such reprehensible conduct, but the fact that he had a horse to ride detracted somewhat from the value of his reproof.

"I don't believe he'd lug many bibles," said one, "if he had to hoof it 'long with the rest of us!"

When we marched away it looked as if a cyclone had caught up half a dozen notion stores and dumped their contents promiscuously in that field. It is no exaggeration to say that two or three wagon loads could have been gathered. In fact they were, by the people, of all ages and colors, who took possession of the field upon our evacuation. Many, when discarding their superfluous

articles, threw them directly into the fire, sharing the sentiment of the man who destroyed his quilt the day before.

Everybody started on the second day's march feeling about twenty years older than when he left Louisville. Joints were stiff and seemed fairly to creak as we put ourselves in motion. This passed off as we warmed up, loads were very perceptibly lighter than before, and the first half of the day's travel was gone over with head erect, and elastic step.

The march was four miles longer than that of the previous day. During the afternoon the aching and limping and groaning were even worse than before. The boys seemed to "go to pieces" all at once. We finally reached the camping ground, in a driving snow-storm. Before our tents were up the snow was two or three inches deep. Abundance of straw was again provided by the quartermaster and we passed the night with a fair degree of comfort.

On the morning of the third day the regiment was very sore of foot and stiff of limb. A second and more careful inventory of the contents of the knapsacks was taken, and fully another wagon load of "traps" were cast aside. The sun shone brightly, the snow soon melted and the day was so warm as to be uncomfortable. We made fifteen miles, but there was much straggling, and the ambulances and wagons were again loaded to their utmost capacity with men and baggage. We went into camp near Bardstown, in the fair grounds of Nelson county. The Sixty-fourth awaited us there, having arrived the night before. Most of them were lying around nursing their aches and blisters. Like ourselves, they didn't seem to have much interest in anything that was going on around them. We had all learned that

"Lugging knapsack, box and gun
Was harder work than farming."

There was no overwhelming display of loyalty or enthusiasm along the line of our march from Louisville. Soldiers were yet a novelty, and at every farmhouse and cross-road the people turned out to see the regiment pass. There were few demonstrations of welcome except by the negroes, who, at this early day in the war evidently had an idea that they were what the trouble was all about—that while the north and south were shaking the tree so vigorously, they would get the fruit.



ALEXANDER CASSIL,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH.

December 30th both regiments broke camp, marched through Bardstown and three miles south of that place, where we found a large number of troops already encamped. It was a "camp of instruction," with constant drilling, and all that the name implies. It was named "Camp Morton," in honor of the Governor of Indiana. General Thomas J. Wood was in charge. Subsequently he became very familiarly known to us as "Tommy" Wood, as he rode at the head of the Sixth division, part of which we became.

There is but little in connection with our stay of two weeks at Bardstown that need enter into this narrative. In fact I might almost condense it into two words—drill and diarrhea—and then pass on to Lebanon. The weather was of all sorts. There was a good deal of rain, a little snow, and a few pleasant, sunshiny days sandwiched between the showers. We had plenty of mud, but it was neither so deep nor so exasperatingly sticky as that at Louisville. The protracted struggle to adjust our internal organisms to army rations was continued here. Feeble efforts were made to supply us with soft bread, but it was sodden and sour, and in every way unpalatable. Perhaps this was done to reconcile us to the hardtack. If so the scheme was in a good degree successful. Flour and corn meal were issued to us in considerable quantities, and the mess-cooks concocted all manner of "flapjacks" and doughy substances which they called bread. It was this stuff that proved so unhealthy for the troops, and caused such a prevalence of bowel complaints that at times fully half were unfit for duty. At sick-call the pale, cadaverous men tottered up to the hospital tent, almost by whole companies. We were not long in learning that hardtack was the most wholesome form of bread, and after that we never wanted any more flour. We used it sometimes, but it was only when we could not get anything else. By the time we left Bardstown we had suppressed all our rebellious feelings, and had fully surrendered to the diet prescribed in the army regulations.

One day while the regiment was upon a flour diet Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong, then commanding Company B, Sixty-fifth, "treated" the company to soft bread. He sent to town and bought, on his own account, a day's supply for the boys. It was

a novel feast, but it was highly appreciated, and the members of Company B never forgot this act of Lieutenant Armstrong.

While at Bardstown Company B, Sixty-fifth lost one of its best men,—Corporal Thomas McGowan, who died of disease. He was in all respects a most excellent soldier and worthy citizen and his early death was sincerely mourned by his comrades. His home was a short distance north of Alliance, where his friends still live.

New Year's Day passed with us very much as did Christmas. With such surroundings there was a cruel sarcasm in wishing one another "a happy New Year," and this social formality was only observed to a very limited extent. Regular drills began on that day. Here might be seen a company exercising in the manual of arms; yonder one deployed as skirmishers, bravely striving to dislodge an unseen enemy from behind a rail fence; another loading and firing—making the motions—as if for dear life, standing, kneeling, and lying; still another, with triumphant shouts, charging with fixed bayonets upon an imaginary intrenchment. Battalion drill once each day, dress parade in the evening and the routine of camp duties filled well the time. One pleasant day we were excused from further duty after the morning drill, and ordered to make it a "wash day," for clothing and the person—and both had need of it. As Mrs. Grundy would say, we were not "at home" that day. The little stream that ran near the camp was lined on both sides with soldiers in all stages of dishabille, splashing and scrubbing with great energy, while hundreds of kettles were brought into requisition for the cleansing of underclothing. Then we would use the same kettles in which to make coffee and bean-soup. During the last few days of our stay hard-tack took the place of flour, the weather was bright and pleasant, and the health of the command showed a very marked improvement.

On the 14th of January we broke camp and started for Lebanon. Just before marching an order was read declaring the formation of the Twentieth Brigade, Army of the Ohio. It consisted of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio, Fifty-first Indiana and Nineteenth Kentucky regiments. General Wood was assigned to its command. The Fifty-first Indiana was then with us

at Bardstown. The Nineteenth Kentucky was near Stanford, whither we were tending.

At eight o'clock the three regiments formed and passed for the last time the confines of Camp Morton. No ties of attachment bound us to the place, and we left it without a pang of regret. It was not a good day for marching. The sun shone brightly in the morning, but before noon dark clouds overspread the sky, the air became keenly cold, and snow began to sift down upon us. In consequence of the extreme inclemency of the weather we camped early, after a march of nine miles. We raided a straw stack with great zeal, orders to the contrary notwithstanding. A young negro ventured to remonstrate, telling us we had better "leff be dat ar straw." We told him we only wanted to borrow it for the night, but as we would be busy in the morning he could tell his master that he might come over and gather it up. We did not propose to lie in the snow as long as straw could be had. A strict embargo was laid upon the fences, but under cover of the storm and darkness a good many rails were smuggled into camp and furtively hidden away in the tents for fuel, whence they were brought forth as they were needed.

The next day we tramped through snow in the morning and slush in the afternoon, fourteen miles, camping at Springfield. The feature of the evening was the charge of half the brigade, the instant arms were stacked, upon an immense heap of straw. The charge was led by Chaplain Burns, who was the first man to mount the pile. Colonel Harker dashed to and fro in a state of



WILLIAM H. FARBER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

unusual excitement, ordering the men to desist, reminding them that they were disobeying the most positive and peremptory orders. But the tide could not be stayed. It was too large a crowd to arrest. So the colonel gave it up, and riding back, laughing heartily, he told those who had not joined in the raid that if they wanted any straw they had better hurry up and get it. They all went, and two thousand men were soon trailing toward camp, each with as much straw as he could carry.

Just before dark a small party, having obtained permission to be absent for a short time, took a stroll and were invited into the house of a wealthy farmer. He entertained us with the utmost cordiality, insisting upon our staying to supper, which he ordered Dinah to prepare immediately. He had a charming daughter of about eighteen, who sat engaged upon a bit of crochet work, taking an active part in the conversation. It was probably her presence, as much as the promise of a good supper, that prolonged our stay. We hadn't been as close as that to a pretty girl for two months, and it gave us something to think and talk about for a week.

The third "heat" of this march was the most trying we had yet experienced. A cold rain, which a high wind drove furiously into our faces, fell continuously, and we were drenched to the skin. We reached Lebanon by the middle of the afternoon, and went into camp a mile west of the town. The rain was still falling, we were thoroughly benumbed, and the ground was covered with water and mud. Other troops had but recently camped upon the spot and there were no fences or straw in sight. We were obliged to fell trees for fuel, and the kindling of fires with wet, green wood was sorry work. Lying upon the limbs of trees to keep our blankets out of the mud, we passed a wretched night indeed. Private Keefer, of Company K, Sixty-fifth, died during the night from the effects of the exposure. In the morning the ground was frozen hard, and ourselves were in much the same condition. Our stay was limited to four days and we were glad when marching orders came. The camp at Lebanon was an excellent place to get away from.

Early in January, Quartermaster Lorenzo D. Myers, of the Sixty-fourth, severed his connection with that regiment, having

been commissioned by the President as captain and assistant quartermaster. In this capacity he served nearly three years, with marked ability, as division quartermaster, on the staff of General Wood. Lieutenant Tip S. Marvin was appointed regimental quartermaster, the duties of which position he discharged for three years. His genial disposition, not less than his faithfulness to duty, made him universally popular, not only in the regiment but in the entire circle of his army acquaintance.

CHAPTER VI.

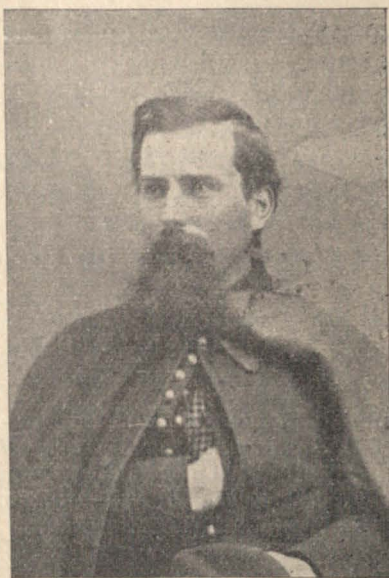
HALL'S GAP AND ITS MUDDY HORRORS.

SITTING DOWN IN THE WILDERNESS—A FORTNIGHT OF RAIN AND MIRE—
—"ZOLLICOFFER IS DEAD."—WE BUILD A CORDUROY ROAD, OR
TRY TO—A WAGON TRAIN STRIKES IT, WITH CALAMITOUS RESULTS
—TRIBULATIONS OF THE MULE-DRIVERS, AND EVERYBODY ELSE—
ONCE MORE ON TERRA FIRMA.

ON THE 21st of January we took up our line of march for Hall's Gap, against which we have made a longer and blacker mark than against any other place that ever fell to our lot. We led off with a brisk march of fifteen miles. By this time we were beginning to get accustomed to the road, and marching had lost the terrors of our first experience. We encamped at three in the afternoon and the tents were soon up—except those of Company E, Sixty-fifth. Hour after hour passed and night came, but there were no tidings of its wagon. It finally arrived about nine o'clock, but with its contents in a greatly damaged condition. It appeared that old John Bumbaugh had

procured a canteen of whisky and, giving way to his weakness, reached an advanced stage of inebriety. The mules, perhaps remembering John's treatment of them at Louisville, thought it was a good chance to get even. They walked off the road and capsized the wagon down an embankment. A party of stragglers assisted in righting the vehicle. One of them climbed into the saddle as charioteer and drove the team to camp, John following behind on foot, like a dethroned king. Captain Whitbeck threatened to give him a gun and put him into the ranks, but he manifested so much contrition and made such vehement promises that he "wouldn't do so no more," that his offense was overlooked.

Fifteen miles on the 22d brought us to Danville, the prettiest town we had yet seen. It appeared to be flavored with loyalty to an unusual degree. Union flags were flying from many buildings, public and private. Matrons and maidens smiled upon us and waved their kerchiefs as we passed. This inspired the brass bands and they blew patriotic airs with all the wind they could raise. When we reached our camping ground, before ranks were broken a dispatch was read announcing the victory of General Thomas, at Mill Springs, near Somerset, over the rebels under Zollicoffer, the latter being among the killed. This news was received with great cheering. That evening Colonel Harker left for a short absence. During this march Colonel Forsyth was, at his own request, relieved from the command of the Sixty-fourth and had no further connection



G. STANLEY POPE,
SERGEANT-MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.

with it. The command of the regiment devolved upon Lieutenant-colonel Isaac Gass.

On the 23rd we reached Stanford and on the following day, ascending a very long hill, we were at Hall's Gap. A few days later the boys changed the first part of the name by substituting "e" for "a" and called it "Hell's Gap." Strictly speaking this was not quite correct, judged by the standard of the thermometer, for it was *cold* rather than *heat* that caused us so much discomfort, but the revised name fairly expressed the general feeling of disgust and it "went"—as everything did in the army.

In the midst of a perfect wilderness of trees and underbrush we were ordered to clear away the rubbish and police a spot for our camp. For the information of the non-military reader I will explain that to "police" a camp did not mean to stock it with policemen, but to clean up the ground and make it habitable. This was done by sweeping with boughs, or brooms made by tying together a bundle of twigs or sprouts.

Everybody wondered what we were there for, but the question was soon answered. The pike stopped at that point, and from there to Somerset, where General Thomas's army lay, the road was almost impassable. It was one great channel of mud. Up the hill behind us came several wagons loaded with picks, axes, and shovels. We were told that for a while "spades were trumps," and we would have a job of building "corduroy" road. We learned that the Nineteenth Kentucky, the fourth regiment of our brigade, which we had not yet seen, was a few miles ahead, working out its road tax. It was expected that after fulfilling its mission here, the brigade would join the forces of General Thomas.

The next morning we entered actively upon the business in hand. All the available officers and men of the three regiments were turned out for duty. The men were to do the work and the officers the "bossing." Only the sick and the necessary guards remained in camp. The mire in the road was of almost fathomless depth. Our unsoldierly job promised to be both tedious and disagreeable, and the promise was abundantly realized. The process was to fell trees, cut the trunks into lengths of twelve feet, split these into sections, and lay them transversely, covering them with

a few inches of earth. General Wood, on horseback, went splashing around to see that the men got started right in the enterprise before them.

The weather was extremely unpleasant. Frequent and copious rains drenched the camp, and interfered with the progress of our work. In four days we only made a mile and a quarter of road, at which rate it would have taken four or five months to reach Somerset, the distance to which place was about thirty-five miles. The exposure began to tell upon the men. Hospitals were established in Stanford, and every day dozens were sent there. No one felt well and everybody had the blues. The force of effective men that went out day after day to flounder in the mire grew constantly smaller, and the work advanced more and more slowly. There was no straw for the tents. Men slept with little to protect them from the dampness of the soaked ground. Our life, night and day, was utterly and irretrievably miserable. There was not a single redeeming feature. It was very like the Slough of Despond described in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." The slough was certainly there, and we were the desponding pilgrims.

On January 31st, an ambulance containing the body of General Zollicoffer passed on its way to Nashville, where his family lived. It was under a flag of truce, through military courtesy. We had already seen "live" generals, but no dead ones of either side. There was a great rush to get sight of the coffin containing all that remained of Zollicoffer. A few succeeded in gratifying their curiosity, but more did not. During the entire remainder of the war the death of this celebrated rebel was the subject of a harmless jest. Whenever anybody inquired what the news was he would be gravely told, "Zollicoffer's dead!" I think this was due to the fact that in the army the air was generally full of the wildest and most absurd rumors—"grapevines" we called them—concerning the military operations in our own and other departments. We learned that not a tithe of what we heard could be believed. But we *knew* that General Zollicoffer had been gathered to his fathers. We had seen the hearse that was bearing his body to the grave, and some had seen the coffin itself. So when we informed an anxious inquirer that Zollicoffer

was dead we were telling him what we knew to be true--and about the only thing we did know.

The same day, toward evening, the stability of our new road was tested by a train of wagons loaded with supplies for the troops at Somerset. I think it must have been winterset before they got there. The train wound gayly up the hill. The driver of the first wagon had a knot of red, white and blue ribbons fastened to the butt of his whip, and was singing in a high key as he let go his long lash, with unerring aim, and tickled the ears of his "off leader." Pretty soon the "farrard" wheels of the wagon struck the corduroy, displacing several of the slabs, and when the hind wheels attempted to follow they sank nearly to the hubs. The driver now ceased singing and began to swear, keeping it up, hardly stopping to take breath, for two days and nights—for those mule drivers who had to pass over, or under, or through our corduroy road at Hall's Gap continued their profanity right along after they went to sleep. They swore continually all day and got under such headway that they couldn't stop.

Colonel Streight, of the Fifty-first Indiana, who was standing near that first wagon when it went down, felt his soldierly pride touched at the apparent failure of our road. "Come, boys, let's give 'er a lift!" he exclaimed to the soldiers who were sitting lazily around, for we were working by reliefs that day, and half the men were in camp. They got some long timbers and pried up the hind "ex"—the short word for "axletree"—the colonel throwing his one hundred and eighty pounds of Hoosier flesh upon one of the levers, with immediate effect. Others lifted at the wheels, the driver cracked his whip and launched at the mules some of those blood-curdling oaths that all army teamsters held in reserve for such extraordinary emergencies. Forty or fifty bystanders who couldn't help in any other way stood and yelled at the mules, which were straining until their eyes almost leaped from their sockets. This combined vocal and physical demonstration was successful, and the wagon went on with bumps and thumps and jumps and slumps for a few rods, when another yawning chasm opened in the road and the wheels went down again.

Each successive wagon left the road in a worse condition

than those that had gone before. Here and there the rails and logs were jammed in a heap, some were turned at all angles, and others were sailing around in the mud. As the train toiled on, with sometimes a dozen wagons "stuck" at the same time, the working party was called in and the able-bodied men of the whole brigade betook themselves to the task of prying out the wagons and helping them on their way. We were told that Thomas's soldiers were suffering for food. It was plain that if the teamsters were left to themselves starvation would destroy that army before those supplies could reach Somerset.

General Wood rode along the scene of action, the mud and water squirting out from under the hoofs of his horse. His mind seemed to be in a high ferment, for he shouted with extraordinary vehemence as he endeavored to direct the labors of the soldiers. Once while riding on the corduroy the fore feet of his steed went through into the abyss. In the floundering that followed the general narrowly escaped being unhorsed. As soon as he recovered himself he gave the men around him a "red-hot" lecture for building such a road. His words almost singed their hair. In fact, during those days General Wood delivered a regular course of lectures, full of fire and brimstone.

After each wagon passed the soldiers tried to repair the damaged places, by re-laying the logs and shoveling on a little earth, but the next one that came was pretty sure to go down. If it didn't there it would break through in some new place. Often a mule would sink all the way to his body, and then the men would get levers and ropes and pry and pull *him* out, as he floundered and kicked and splashed the mud in every direction. Sometimes a mule would get discouraged and just lie down in the deepest mud he could find. After much unbuckling of harness and persuasive effort he would be turned up on his feet and another start would be made. Now and then a harness would break, and as soon as mended in one place would give way in another.

So it went on, through the closing hours of that drizzly January day. The leading wagon of the train had not advanced a mile from the top of the hill, and all along in front of the dreary camp others were hopelessly bemired, the wheels sunk to abysmal depths. Next morning the exercises were resumed, and all day

the soldiers pried and lifted and yelled and pelted the mules with sticks and stones, advancing the train scarcely more than a mile. Several times wagons went down so deep in the chaos of timbers and water and mud as to be absolutely immovable, and they had to be unloaded before they could be extricated. At dark we returned to camp, wet to the skin, and our clothing splashed from head to foot with mud. We were convinced that our road was a failure. We didn't think such things were part of a soldier's business, anyway.

I feel moved to say that the picture I have given is not in the slightest degree overdrawn. In proof of this, if my own word be considered not sufficient, I call to the witness stand any or all who spent those two wretched weeks at Hall's Gap, even the memory of which is like a nightmare. No language can go beyond the reality of our actual experience.

In the "Articles of War," then and now governing the United States army, it is provided (Articles 2 and 3) that "any non-commissioned officer or soldier who shall use any profane oath or execration shall forfeit one-sixth of a dollar," with other penalties, "for each offence." Just why they drew so fine a point as to fix the price of a good satisfying "swear" at "one-sixth of a dollar"—sixteen and two-thirds cents—passeth all understanding, but it is there, in black and white, as anyone may see. It is not laid down whether payment must be made in gold or greenbacks. Adherence to the gold standard would, in those days, have made it much more expensive. No doubt there were times, however, when a man would have thought it cheap at any price. In the case of commissioned officers this luxury came higher, as the turpitude of the offence was considered greater. The Article provides that every officer so offending "shall forfeit and pay for each and every such offence, one dollar." It would appear that the United States government made a mistake in permitting these regulations to fall into what Grover Cleveland would call "innocuous desuetude." Had they been rigorously enforced from 1861 to 1865 the government would not have found it necessary to borrow money and issue bonds. Its income from this source would have enabled it to pay all the expenses of the war as it went along and it would have had "money to burn" besides; there wouldn't have

been any national debt. Stimulated by our wonderful corduroy road at Hall's Gap the mule-drivers would have contributed millions to the national treasury. It might be suggested to some of the survivors of the Sherman Brigade that it is not yet too late to pay up their arrears on this account, in accordance with the Articles of War, and augment the "conscience fund" in the United States treasury.

We worked away for a week longer, after our wrestle with the wagon-train, repairing the breaks as best we could and extending the corduroy in all about six miles from camp. It took half the day to march there and back. Every day an increasing number of sick were sent down the hill to Stanford. The companies were smaller at roll-call on each succeeding morning. It seemed that Kentucky had welcomed us with not "bloody" but muddy "hands to hospitable graves."

On the morning of February 8th we turned out as usual, and shouldering axes and shovels started for the scene of our daily toil. We had not gone more than a mile when a messenger came riding out with orders for us to break camp and march immediately. When the nature of the order was made known the woods rang again and again with cheers. Our destination, whatever it might be, was a matter of perfect indifference to us. We didn't care a rush—although that is not exactly the word the boys used—where we were going, only so that we might get away from Hall's Gap. We felt very much as General Sherman did once about a company of cavalry that was in his way a good deal and did not move fast enough to suit him. He summoned the captain of the company and ordered him to gallop.

"But where shall we gallop, General?" said the captain.

"Just gallop! Gallop anywhere, but, d—n it, gallop!"

We just wanted to march—march anywhere. The work of preparation was rushed with extraordinary alacrity. Invalids flung away their blue mass pills and went to pulling up tent pins with the greatest vigor, inducing the belief that some of them had been "playing off" on the doctors. In an hour nothing but the debris of the camp remained. There was quick response to the drum as we formed for the last time along that awful road. We were rejoiced to learn that we were not to flounder through the

mud toward Somerset. We turned our toes the other way and started down the hill with nimble feet, cheering and singing "Out of the Wilderness" with tremendous effect.

As we passed through Stanford scores of the boys waved farewells at us from the doors and windows of the hospitals. Poor fellows! Many of them we never saw again. We left there from the three regiments more than four hundred men, of whom a hundred died within the ensuing three months, and fully half of the remainder never rejoined their regiments. They were discharged, utterly broken in health. Our two weeks' stay at Hall's Gap cost us as many men, who died or were disabled by disease, as we lost at either Stone River or Chickamauga. Among those who died soon after we left, was First Lieutenant Horace H. Justice, adjutant of the Sixty-fifth. He was a young officer of great promise, prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duties, whose soldierly instincts and personal virtues had greatly endeared him to his brother officers of the regiment.

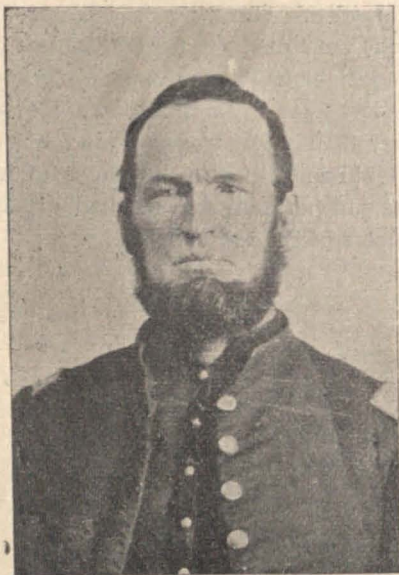
CHAPTER VII.

PREPARING TO ADVANCE.

BACK TO LEBANON—BY RAIL TO MUNFORDVILLE—A CORNFIELD CAMP
—A FEW DAYS OF DRILL—FIRST VISIT FROM A PAYMASTER—
WE DRAW FINANCIAL RATIONS IN GOLD—AN "OFFICERS' DRILL"—
THE SIXTH DIVISION ORGANIZED.

FROM Stanford we retraced our steps to Lebanon. The march thither was without feature of special interest. On the second day Colonel Harker rejoined us, and was most cordially greeted. The reason for Colonel Harker's three weeks absence soon became known to the regiment. It appeared

that up to that time the authorities at Washington had not consented that Harker be detached from his regiment in the regular army to become the permanent commander of the Sixty-fifth Ohio. The secretary of war strenuously opposed the detachment of regular officers to command volunteer regiments. It was only by the greatest effort that Senator Sherman had secured the services of Captain Forsyth and Captain Harker to organize and drill the troops at Camp Buckingham. When our campaigning in



CHAUNCEY WOODRUFF,
ADJUTANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Kentucky began it had not yet been fully determined whether either of these officers would continue with his regiment. The question regarding Forsyth solved itself, as has heretofore been told. Harker's absence, while we were at Hall's Gap, was in consequence of an order which he had received to report back to his regiment—the Fifteenth United States infantry—for duty. The officers of the Sixty-fifth had already learned to know and appreciate his worth, and they united in an earnest appeal for his retention as its colonel. This request, strongly indorsed by General

Wood and General Buell, was granted and Harker's position as colonel of the Sixty-fifth was made permanent. The result of the controversy gave no less pleasure and satisfaction to the officers and men of the regiment than to Harker, himself.

At Danville the Sixty-fourth was introduced to a new colonel—John Ferguson—who had been commissioned by Governor Tod to the vacancy created by the resignation of Colonel Forsyth. At first there was some feeling because the vacancy had not been

filled in the usual way, by promotion within the regiment, which would have advanced six or eight persons one rung higher on the ladder of military name and fame. The "soreness" soon disappeared, for Colonel Ferguson, like Absalom of old, "stole the hearts" of his soldiers. He was a man of fine presence and military ability of a high order, and was a most excellent officer. He had a singularly resonant voice for command. We all remember his "*At-ten-tion! Bat-tal-ion!*" every syllable as clear as the stroke of a bell. Now, in the case of Colonel Harker we came to learn that when he shouted: "*——shun! ——yun!*" he meant "Attention! Battalion!" but he threw all his force into the last syllable of each word and the others were never in the faintest degree audible.

The first night after leaving Stanford James P. Mills, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, while on guard, shot and killed one of that company's mules, which had broken loose and was tramping around in the darkness just outside the line. Mills thought it was a rebel, or something, that was approaching him. He challenged, but there was no reply. As soon as he could dimly see the object he fired, hitting the mule squarely between the eyes. There were a few farewell kicks and that mule was forever at rest. Bumbaugh had but five mules to drive during the last two days of the march.

We reached Lebanon at noon on February 11th. The afternoon was chiefly devoted to vaccination. Two or three cases of small-pox had appeared in the brigade and every officer and man was ordered to report to the surgeons for examination. All whose arms did not show marks of recent vaccination were required to have the operation performed. It "worked" on a large number, and a few days later sore arms were numerous. This was a good foundation for a plea to be excused from drill and other duty, and the boys played it for all it was worth, just as long as it would last.

Our stay at Lebanon was brief. That evening an order was read on parade, stating that our destination was Green river, and directing us to be ready to move the following day, with two days' cooked rations. Reveille aroused us at four in the morning, and at six we were ready to go. We did not get off, however,

till noon. The weather was exceedingly raw and cold, and we spent the time shivering around the fires. We were to go by cars, and marching a mile to the railroad we waited five hours longer, with blue faces and chattering teeth. It was nearly dark when we were informed that our train was ready. In order to make it as inconvenient as possible the train had been stopped upon a high embankment. After a deal of scrambling and climbing and "boosting" one another we were stowed away within and upon the roofs of ordinary freight cars. Fully a third of the men were compelled to ride on the top of the train, and suffered keenly from the cold, to say nothing of the smoke and cinders. Sleep to them was wholly impossible. We reached Lebanon Junction at ten o'clock, and rolled southward on the Louisville and Nashville railroad.

At two in the morning we halted at Munfordville. After unloading ourselves and our baggage we were tumbled promiscuously into a cornfield for the remainder of the night. We lay down on beds of cornstalks and slept soundly till the sun was shining full in our faces. The ground was laid out in camp style and we pitched our tents half a mile from Green river. A large force had gathered at this point for an advance upon Nashville. There were camps everywhere—infantry, artillery and cavalry. Tents covered every field and hill for miles. The army was estimated at forty thousand, and more were arriving daily. The troops were drilling constantly. The greatest activity and bustle prevailed on every hand. General Mitchel, with twelve thousand men, made a forward movement toward Bowling Green the day of our arrival, and it was understood that the whole army would soon follow, in conjunction with the operations of General Grant on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The bridge over Green river was a superb structure of iron, resting upon massive piers nearly a hundred feet high. The enemy partially destroyed it, by blowing down one of the piers, but as soon as our forces obtained possession the gap was speedily filled with a substantial trestle, built by the First Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. A large force was engaged in repairing the railroad beyond the river. Here we saw for the first time the graves of men killed in battle—twelve or fifteen of the Thirty-second Indiana, who fell in an engagement at this point a few days before,

We remained ten days at Green river. We began to drill the morning after our arrival, and kept it up whenever the weather would permit. Our rations were good and abundant. The health of the regiments was better than at any time since we left Ohio. We had scarcely more than half as many in our ranks as when we marched so gayly out of Camp Buckingham two months before. But those who had safely weathered Louisville and Bardstown and Hall's Gap were composed of good, physically speaking, and were now generally in fine condition of health and spirits. True, there were some very wet and dismal days at Green river. Our cornfield was decidedly too muddy for comfort. So many troops were there ahead of us that we "got left" entirely on straw and everything else needed for camp use. We were obliged to resort to some desperate shifts to keep ourselves at all comfortable. But even this was a paradise when compared with Hall's Gap, and not a murmur was heard.



NAHUM L. WILLIAMS,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Kennesaw, June 27th, 1864.

While here we first made the acquaintance of one of those officials who were always welcomed with enthusiasm—a paymaster. We had been in the service nearly four months. We had heard there were such functionaries as paymasters, and had begun to wonder whether we had not been entirely forgotten. The generally small amounts of money the men had brought from home were long since exhausted. On the 20th a bustling and pompous stranger appeared in camp. His clean uniform and shining brass buttons were ample proof that he had never spent a fortnight

building corduroy road. He moved about with that air of importance always assumed by a man who pays out money to his fellow men. The long roll was beaten and the regiments were ordered to be mustered for pay. After due observance of prescribed forms the welcome lucre was dispensed to one company after another, the ceremony occupying a day for each regiment. All were paid from date of enlistment to December 31st. Each officer and man received his stipend in gold—

"Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Heavy to get and light to hold,"

as Tom Hood wrote about the seductive metal. We jingled the "yellow boys" in our pockets and felt like millionaires. They had indeed been "heavy to get," in view of the hard work we had done to earn them. The boys also found them "light to hold," for they didn't last a great while. That was the first and only gold we saw in the army, for we were not again paid in money that chinked. After that we had greenbacks, with fractional currency, or "shinplasters," for small change—little bits of paper, good for five, ten, twenty-five or fifty cents each, very handy for poker and "chuck-a-luck." This paper money depreciated in value, lower and lower, until the end of the war came in sight, when it went up. For more than two years it was worth less than fifty cents on the dollar, gold standard, but it was considered "good enough for the soldiers." At any rate they had to take it and were glad to get it.

Most of the men sent home from Munfordville part of their money; others, within the next few days, kindly let their comrades have theirs, as the result of certain mysterious operations with pieces of pasteboard, covered on one side with curious pictures of men and women, and spots of various shapes. Pay day was devoted wholly to financial business. We were excused from drill and a number improved the opportunity to explore a large cave not far from the camp. By the light of candles and torches they wandered about through a labyrinth of subterranean passages.

Two days after our arrival there was a great blowing of bugles and beating of drums. Early one morning McCook's entire division started for "the front," and all the rest of the troops



SAMUEL L. COULTER,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH,

turned out to see it off. The long column, with its bands and banners, presented an imposing spectacle as it filed out upon the railroad and across the bridge. Thousands of voices united in prodigious cheers, that were taken up again and again, by the moving column and by the vast crowd of spectators.

"We'll be there in time!" shouted one of the latter, alluding to the universal belief that a general battle would soon occur near Bowling Green.

At all ordinary times and places the soldiers were permitted to cheer to their hearts' content. It was only suppressed when it would be a breach of military decorum, or when engaged in movements requiring silence, in the immediate presence of the enemy. Cheering always had a good effect upon the spirits of the soldiers, and had a tendency, according to its vigor and volume, to discourage the enemy, if within hearing. So, through all the weeks and months and years, the boys cheered and shouted and yelled whenever anything occurred to afford an excuse. Nor did it take much to do this. The starting of a rabbit from its cover would set a whole division to yelling like lunatics. One regiment would cheer because another did, without knowing, or caring what it was for.

There was great enthusiasm through the camps at Green river, and with good reason, on the 18th. The regiments were called into line and dispatches were read conveying the information that Grant had captured Fort Donelson, with thirteen thousand prisoners; that Bowling Green had been evacuated and was occupied by Mitchel; and in the east Burnside had gained a brilliant victory at Roanoke Island, capturing three thousand prisoners. The soldiers threw their caps in the air and cheered till they were hoarse. No such broadside of good news had been fired since the war began. Our only cause of grief appeared to lie in the fear that there wouldn't be any rebels left for us to capture; that the war was about over and we would soon be ignobly marching home, without having seen a fight. What would we say in after years, to our children and our children's children, when they should climb upon our knees and ask us how many rebels we killed in the great war? We would have to give it up! We might tell them that we built six miles of the most atrocious cor-

duroy road that mortal eye ever saw or foot of mule ever trod, but that would hardly suffice to make us heroes. It is true that this apprehension, more or less malignant, prevailed quite generally that night through our camp, and was the subject of frequent conversations. Many expressed regrets, which I have no doubt were sincere, that we were not going to have any chance to smell powder in a state of combustion.

One day we had a novel drill. The officers and non-commissioned officers were formed into a company, somewhat after the plan of the company which Artemas Ward proposed to raise, consisting wholly of brigadier-generals. The officers acted as sergeants and corporals and the "non-commish" as privates. The colonel was the captain, and the lieutenant-colonel and major the lieutenants. This imposing body was exercised for two hours in the manual of arms and the various movements of company and skirmish drill. It was noticed that the officers handled their guns as awkwardly as anybody else.



WILLIAM H. MASSEY,
ADJUTANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Mortally wounded at Stone River,
December 31st, 1862.

Washington's birthday—February 22d—was celebrated by a national salute of thirty-four guns at noon, by a battery near our camp. An order was read announcing the organization of the Sixth division, Army of the Ohio, the Twentieth being one of its brigades. General Wood rose to the command of the division and Colonel Harker was designated to command our brigade. At this time Colonel Harker was personally superintending the relaying of a pontoon bridge across Green river, it having been broken by a freshet. He suc-

ceeded in restoring the bridge, but the water rose again rapidly, and on the night of the 22nd fifty men of the Sixty-fifth were on duty at the bridge the entire night, to prevent the lodgment of driftwood against the pontoons. All efforts were unavailing, however, and toward morning the bridge gave way near the center, the sections swinging around to either shore.

Company A, of the Sixty-fourth, was detailed as provost guard at division headquarters, in the discharge of which duty it continued for several months, Captain McIlvaine serving as provost marshal. In the following year this position, on the staff of General Wood, was filled by Captain Keiser, of that company. At Chattanooga, in September, 1863, the latter suffered the fracture of a leg by the fall of his horse, which long disabled him and from the effects of which he never wholly recovered.

One day while at Green river, a prank was played upon Corporal Isaac N. Thompson, of Company E, Sixty-fourth, which for a long time furnished much amusement to his comrades. Thompson was fully up to the average of the boys in his susceptibility to the charms of the gentle sex, and took a prominent part in the frequent debates in the company in regard to the relative attractiveness of the girls at home in Ohio, with many of whom one or another of the boys was in correspondence. It appears that one of the girls had unconsciously struck Thompson, and hit him hard, but their acquaintance was not sufficient to justify him in opening up a line of communication by mail, much as he desired to do so. A conspiracy was hatched by Robert McFarland, John Hersh and Lieutenant Chauncey Woodruff, of his company. Hersh, who was an expert penman, wrote a letter to Thompson, counterfeiting a lady's hand, and appended the name of the girl in question. The missive was couched in tender phrase, setting forth the admiration and regard she felt for him and expressing the hope that a correspondence might be mutually agreeable. They "doctored" an envelope to give it the appearance of having come directly through from Ohio, doing this so skillfully that none but a critical eye would detect the fraud. When the mail arrived they put the letter with those for Company E, and it was duly delivered to Thompson. The latter opened it, glanced at the signature, and his heart, presumably, gave a great

bound as he went off by himself and sat down to read it. The shot hit the bull's-eye; Thompson was a "goner." He answered it immediately. What he wrote we do not know, nor is it any of our business, but there can be no doubt that the person who received it was a very much surprised young lady. Thompson thought so when her reply reached him; it almost made his hair stand on end. Of course Hersh and Woodruff and McFarland couldn't keep the story and Thompson's burden of army life was rendered doubly grievous by the nagging of his comrades. All of which illustrates the means resorted to by the soldiers to make "fun" for themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

OVER THE "KNOBS."

WE CROSS GREEN RIVER—OUR CAMP STRUCK BY A CYCLONE—DE-
LUGED BY RAIN—THE PIKE IMPASSABLE—WE TAKE TO THE HILLS
—THREE DAYS OF TUGGING AND YELLING—DISASTER TO THE
BAKERY ON WHEELS—KENTUCKY PIES—WE REACH BOWLING
GREEN.

ON THE morning of February 24th Wood's division received orders to march immediately. Camp was quickly broken, but, as usual, we waited six or eight hours and did not fall in till late in the afternoon. We only moved to the south side of Green river, crossing by the high railroad bridge which had been planked. The mules were exasperatingly perverse, and it was only after much coaxing and whipping that they consented to make the passage. The Sixty-fifth crossed at dusk and pitched its tents on a high knoll near the south end of the

bridge. During the evening the camp was swept by a terrific hurricane, accompanied by a flood of rain. The storm burst suddenly, with scarcely a moment's warning. In five minutes half the tents were prostrate, and the men were vaguely groping around trying to find out what was the matter. The water ran down the hill in rivers. Everything was thoroughly deluged. Very little sleeping was done that night, with this advantage, that we were already awake when the reveille sounded at four o'clock.

The storm interrupted the crossing of the troops, it being impossible to go over the bridge until it had abated. The Sixty-fourth had a perilous trip in the darkness, making the passage by the feeble light of lanterns. The teams were led over only with the greatest difficulty and danger. The regiment did not reach the south bank until past midnight. The wagons were unable to reach the place chosen for the camp, and for the first time the regiment bivouacked without tents. The men made such shifts as they could to keep themselves out of the mud, during the brief time allowed them for sleep.

We were off early, but found the road in a terrible condition, almost wholly impassable for artillery and wagons. It was stated that the enemy had plowed up the pike for miles south of the river. Its condition gave color of truth to the story. After floundering along four or five miles in as many hours, that route was decided to be impracticable. It was learned from the inhabitants that along the summit of a high range of hills called "Green River Knobs," to the right of the pike, there was a rough country road sometimes used during the rainy season. It was determined to try this road. A wide gap was opened in the fence and we filed off through the fields, followed by the wagons. We soon reached the foot of the hills and found the ascent long and steep. It was impossible for the teams to go up unaided. They were directed to halt and remain until our return. We climbed to the top, stacked arms, unslung knapsacks, and went down to help and encourage the mules. Teams were doubled on the wagons, but with twelve mules to each, and forty or fifty men with ropes and poles, pulling and lifting, and of course everybody shouting, it was only with the greatest difficulty, and by slow stages, that they reached the top. By the time the wagons were

all up it was nearly dark and we were ordered to go into camp.

We had this sort of thing for two days longer. There was no road that deserved the name, and the teamsters picked their way, each for himself as best he could. In some places the ground was desperately rough and stony, and in others so soft that the wheels sank almost to the hubs. There was no pretense of order in marching. Each company was directed to attend its wagon—details being made for the regimental teams—and get over the distance as fast as possible.

At some points the road-way was so much lower at one side than the other that it was necessary to fasten ropes to the upper side of the wagons, and only the pulling of a dozen men prevented disaster. As it was, a number of wagons in the brigade were capsized, some being badly broken and the contents of all thrown into a condition of chaos. Several became so immovably "sot" in the soft earth that they had to be unloaded, pried out, and then reloaded. Ropes and levers were in constant use.

All day long the woods resounded with the braying of mules and the wild yells of the men. The scene was one of indescribable confusion. When, at the close of the third day, the straggling column filed down from the hills to the solid pike, there was great rejoicing. Mules and men were about equally used up. The whole length of our detour over the "Knobs" was but twelve miles, but we were two and a half days in making it.

Shortly after reaching the pike we went into bivouac by the roadside. Many of the wagons had left part of their loads at



CHARLES E. BAKER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

points along the route over the "Knobs," and were obliged to return. During the greater portion of the night these wagons came rumbling along the pike with the belated baggage of their companies. That evening, February 27th, we learned of the evacuation of Nashville and its occupation by General Mitchel. This elicited more shouting, and increased the apprehension that the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth would have to go home after having seen vastly more mud than blood.

One of the vehicles in our caravan when we left Louisville was a bakery on wheels. Some inventive genius had evolved this machine and foisted it upon the government. One was given to each regiment, in furtherance of a benevolent but Utopian scheme to supply the fastidious soldiers with "soft bread" in the field. It was one of the spasmodic efforts made in this direction during the first three months of our service, all of which ended in failure. At the end of each day's march the big perambulating bake-shop would be put "in battery," and the baker would fire up and in a few hours turn out by the hundred, loaves of what he called bread. It was mostly wretched stuff, heavy and sour, that severely taxed our digestive apparatus. Two or three times our baker got drunk during the day and then, if we didn't have hardtack, we had to cook our own flour as best we could. When the roads were bad, the ponderous machine would stick fast in the mud and not show up at all. We managed to drag ours around until the trip over the "Knobs." That finished it. Capsized and wrecked, it was abandoned and we never saw it again. We didn't want to. The experience of other regiments with them was much the same and about this time the traveling bakeries disappeared from the army. The scheme was a failure.

On the 28th we pushed on to Bristow station, a few miles from Bowling Green. Here we were obliged to halt and remain several days to await the laying of bridges over Barren river. Fully twenty thousand troops were encamped in the vicinity. It rained most of the time and but little was done in the way of drilling. Nobody regretted this, as it took us a week to recover from the fatigue of our trip over the "Knobs."

While here our camps were often visited by lank Kentuck-

ians of both sexes, with cakes, pies (so called), corn bread, and other articles of domestic commerce. They knew the soldiers had recently been paid, and also that they were always hungry. They coupled these facts together, with an eye to business, and laid upon their wares the most enormous prices. The result generally was that the soldiers got the eatables without paying anything for them. One day a man entered the camp of our brigade with an ox-cart loaded with such articles as I have mentioned. He also brought along his wife and the entire family. I say "entire family" because there could not well have been any more of them, although I have no means of knowing how many of them "got away." The man began immediately to negotiate with the boys. At the prices he charged it was evident that he expected to buy a farm out of the proceeds of that cart-load. Probably while on his way to camp he had laid his plans for the investment of the proceeds, after the manner of the gay milkmaid in the old spelling-book. But sales were slow. The boys wanted what he had to sell, but not at such exorbitant rates. They thought the problem would solve itself presently, and it did. They vainly remonstrated with him on his greed for money, and finally, at a given signal, strong hands seized one wheel of the cart and turned it over in an instant. There was a lively scramble for the plunder and in less than a minute the last pie had disappeared. After standing a moment in speechless amazement the man righted the cart and loaded the children all in a heap. Then he climbed in over one wheel while his wife climbed over the other, and started his oxen for home, evidently glad to escape with his life.

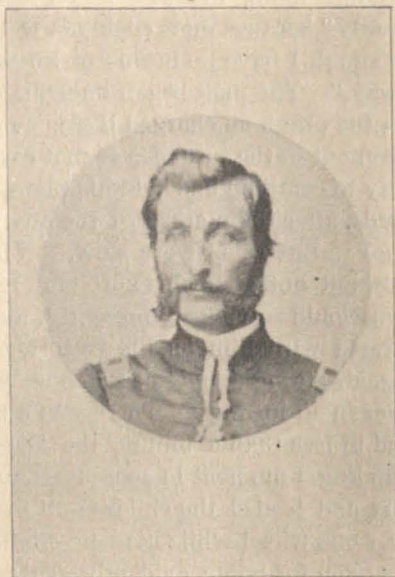
The "pies" which these people brought into camp were fearfully and wonderfully made. It was a very natural inquiry that one of the boys propounded after two or three fruitless attempts to bite one which he had just bought from a woman, when he asked her whether her pies were "pegged or sewed." These natives were always glad to trade their truck for coffee, sugar, or salt.

One day a man came into camp with a mule tied with ropes and strings to a sort of cart on which he had a barrel of good hard cider, which he undertook to sell out at ten cents a drink. It did not take the boys long to flank that scheme. One of them

got an augur, and, while a dozen of his comrades crowded about the proprietor, who was managing the spigot, he crept under the cart and bored a hole in the bottom of the barrel. The boys passed their canteens to him and they were filled in a twinkling. In about fifteen minutes the barrel was empty. The surprise of that man when the cider ceased to flow may be imagined, for he had probably not sold more than a dozen glasses. He made an inspection, and when he discovered the game that had been played on him he started away in a highly inflamed state of mind, declaring that it was the "orneriest" crowd he ever saw.

March 5th we were up before daylight, having received the night before orders to cross Barren river. We left camp in the midst of a furious rain. As we neared Bowling Green we passed the deserted fortifications and camps of the enemy. The Confederate army had lived in what we judged to have been very comfortable huts, with fireplaces and chimneys. On leaving, the rebel soldiers set fire to them, and forests of blackened chimneys alone remained.

The enemy had destroyed the railroad and wagon bridges. General Mitchel had found three small steamboats on the river, and using these as a makeshift, he contrived, with the aid of a few pontoons, a passable bridge. The banks were, however, extremely precipitous, and fully forty feet in height. Except for the fact that there was no such word as "impossible" in the army lexicon, we would not have thought that wagons and artillery could be drawn up. We marched over the bridge and to



JACOB G. BITTINGER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

the top of the hill, where we stacked arms, and returned to bear a hand at the wagons. We took them one at a time. At the foot of the hill two ropes seventy-five feet long were fastened to the end of the pole and run out ahead of the team. A hundred men seized these ropes and at the signal started with a blood-curdling yell, while the teamster belabored his mules, and the bystanders lent the aid of their shouts. Thus, by a grand rush, the wagon was fairly lifted to the top. It took two hours to get up the wagons of the brigade.

After a brief rest, for the men to recover their wind, we fell in and marched to College Hill, just south of town, where we encamped within the fortifications. * Very strong works had been built by the enemy on all the hills which surround Bowling Green. They did a vast amount of work to no purpose, just as we did so many times. Several of the finest buildings in the city had been burned, including the warehouses containing such military stores as the enemy could not carry away in his hasty flight immediately after the fall of Fort Donelson. We obtained plenty of good fuel from the timber used in the construction of the works. A quantity of salt beef that fell into our hands was issued to us, but its quality was so bad that we could not eat it.

We were kept constantly at high tension. Hourly excitement was caused by rumors, more or less authentic, that reached our ears. Language cannot describe our impatience to push forward. We were eager to find somebody who wanted to fight, and our hearts sank when we learned that the rebels had—to use an army word—“skedaddled.” We did not know, but we presumed that it was the approach of the Sherman brigade that caused them to choose discretion as the better part of valor. We did find them after a while, as will appear in the course of this narrative, but it was a long, long chase.

CHAPTER IX.

ON TO NASHVILLE.

THE MARCH FROM BOWLING GREEN—LOST RIVER—IN THE CAPITAL OF TENNESSEE—DISLOYALTY OF THE CITIZENS—OUR FIRST PICKET DUTY—CORINTH OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE POINT—STRIPPING FOR A LONG MARCH—EXTRACT FROM AN ORDERLY SERGEANT'S DIARY.

SOON after noon on the 6th of March we set our faces toward Nashville. The weather was bitterly cold, and as we marched our line was enfiladed by a biting blast that set every nerve to tingling. Seven miles on our way we turned into a large field and camped in two inches of snow. There was a furious rush for rails and the entire fence around the field quickly disappeared. Colonels and staff officers made a great deal of fuss trying to stop the raid, but it was no use and they gave up in despair. It was noticed that a little later they, themselves, stood about big piles of burning rails, and seemed to enjoy and appreciate the convenient fuel as much as we did. The night was wild and stormy. Sleep was well-nigh impossible, and we spent the slowly dragging hours in hovering around the fires.

Next day we advanced to Franklin, Kentucky, a few miles from the state line. One of our halts was at Lost river—a singular freak of nature. Not far from the road is a deep basin. At the bottom, a rapid stream, twenty feet wide, makes its appearance at one side, rushes across the basin, enters the opposite



HORATIO N. WHITBECK,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH,
AND BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

bank and is seen no more. The water is clear and cold and most excellent for drinking.

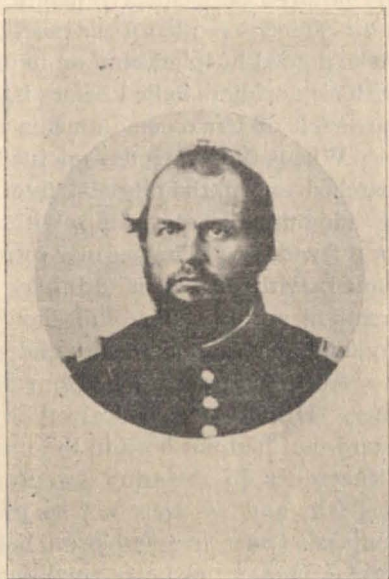
When ready to march the next morning we were informed that the road for half a dozen miles was in an almost impassable condition. It was determined to divide the loads and have the wagons make two trips. Marching in column was not attempted. Half of each company remained with part of the baggage while the other half assisted its wagon, lightly laden, over the stretch of bad road. We found the latter even worse than had been represented, and it was only after five hours of severe labor that we reached solid ground. It was nearly night when the second relief arrived with the remainder of the baggage. After an hour for supper and re-arranging loads we pushed on six miles farther, bivouacking, near midnight, on the soil of Tennessee.

A very fatiguing march of twenty-two miles on the 9th took us within seven miles of Nashville. We had been kept at a high speed, with few halts, and not half the men were with the colors when we stacked arms. Hundreds fell out of ranks and came straggling in, weary and footsore, till after midnight. Next day we did not move, nor the next. The tired soldiers were obtuse enough to think that it would have been much better to spread out the march over two days, instead of crowding it all into one and then lying idle in camp the next two. But we came across a great many things that were past finding out, and we finally quit trying to solve the puzzling questions that presented themselves.

We broke camp on the 12th, and again it was our misfortune to start in a hard shower that lasted an hour and thoroughly soaked our clothing. We soon came in sight of Nashville. The fine state house is on a commanding eminence and can be seen for miles, from all the approaches to the city. We passed through Edgefield, on the north side of the Cumberland, and at ten o'clock reached the river. The bridges had been entirely destroyed by the rebels and none had yet been laid by our forces. Troops, artillery and wagons were being ferried over by steamboats. The wire suspension bridge, for the passage of wagons, was one of the finest structures of its kind in the United States. Its destruction was a needless and wanton act. It did not delay for a single

day the advance of the Union troops that took possession of the city. After waiting some hours we were ferried over, and, leaving a detail from each company to assist the wagons, we marched to the public square and stacked arms.

We found few fortifications around Nashville. For its safety the rebels had depended upon the army at Bowling Green, and Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river. When Donelson fell, and Grant's gunboats were already steaming up the Cumberland, the break came. There was a wild rush from Bowling Green, and there was no time then to do anything that could save Nashville. Citizens told us that Johnston's army went through the city southward in a condition closely bordering on panic. The abandonment of the city took place on Sunday, amidst a scene of the wildest confusion. It was like that other Sunday, three years later, when, sitting in his pew in church at Richmond, Jefferson Davis received that fateful dispatch from General Lee, telling him that the Confederate capital must be evacuated immediately.



JACOB CHRISTOFEL,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Stone River, December
31, 1862.

A small portion of the citizens followed the rebel army in its flight. The majority were sensible enough to remain, take care of their property, and submit to the fortunes—or misfortunes—of war. From that day to this the Union flag has floated from the state house at Nashville. The enemy loudly boasted that the invaders would soon be driven out, but they had come to stay, and they stayed.

There were many strong secessionists in the city. Nearly all the wealthy and influential citizens ardently advocated the cause of rebellion. At the time our forces occupied the place the feeling was very bitter. There, as elsewhere, none were so relentless as the women. A finely dressed lady, when passing General Buell's headquarters, walked in the mire of the street to avoid passing under the flag that hung over the sidewalk. She even spat upon it as she passed. General Buell happened to witness the occurrence. Quickly mounting his horse he followed her until she entered her residence. He thought the house would make a good hospital, and an hour later several ambulances laden with sick soldiers halted before it. The lady was directed to prepare some of her rooms immediately for their occupancy.

When the wagons rejoined us in the public square we marched out of the city and five miles to the southward. Here we laid out a pleasant camp, with a prospect of remaining at least for a few days. The regular routine of camp life was at once resumed, with incessant drilling. We began to feel the warm breath of spring. The sun shone brightly, the ground became dry, and general good health and spirits prevailed.

At this camp we had our first experience in regular picket duty. Hitherto we had always maintained the invariable camp guard, but had not been in the immediate presence of the enemy. Picket duty in the army was pleasant enough when the weather was fair, and we were not so near to the other fellows that the temptation was irresistible on both sides to shoot at anybody in sight. Under the latter conditions it was "business," indeed. The boys went, but it was because duty called, not that they liked it. Vigilance on the part of the pickets was of the utmost importance to the safety and well-being of an army in the field. The pickets were its safeguard against surprise, by night and by day, and their watchfulness often detected movements of the enemy, knowledge of which was of the highest value. In sunshine and darkness, under the twinkling stars or through the wild storm, those eyes that never slept kept watch and ward over the army that lay behind implicitly trusting in their faithfulness. No fire cheered and warmed the vidette during his lonely vigil. In the chilling air of winter, amid snow and frost, or in

the pelting rain, he must stand his allotted time upon the outpost, with eye and ear ever alert. He knew not what moment a bullet from an unseen foe might strike him to the earth.

But our first experience here was not of this sanguinary character. A regiment from each division was sent out daily, for twenty-four hours of duty. Our first "trick" was on March 17th. With one day's rations in haversacks we marched to the outposts, two miles from camp, relieving the Fortieth Indiana, of Wagner's brigade. We were stationed, four men on each post, covering a front of more than a mile. One from each post occupied, two hours at a time, an advanced position as vidette. Those in reserve were permitted to rest at ease, but without removing their accouterments, and all were cautioned to alertness and vigilance. Just at dusk a delegate from our post stealthily followed a large turkey for an hour, but was unable to effect a capture. There was a barnyard very near us, where we saw a lot of cows being milked by wenches. Toward morning one of the boys slung our four canteens over his shoulder and in a few minutes returned with them full of milk, all of which he said he "pumped out of one cow." In the morning, when the dusky milkmaid began her customary operations upon that cow, she was sadly nonplussed at the lack of the usual results. After trying in vain she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"Sumfin' wrong wid dat ar critter, *shuah!* Cain't git no milk out o' her dis mawnin', no how!"

When the regiment was relieved one of the companies of the right wing brought in three prisoners which they had captured during the night. They were negroes, and they were almost pale with fright. One of them implored to be released as "Mars'r would whip him, sartin!" The two others said they had come all the way from Shelbyville; that the rebels were impressing the negroes to work for the army and they "run'd off." Upon reaching camp they were released by Colonel Harker, after being closely questioned for information. The one who was in such fear of the lash was given a pass to go home and the others were hired as servants by officers of the regiment. That evening, however, a man came in who claimed them as his "property"—as they then were by law—and they were surrendered to him.

The fugitive rebels did not stop after leaving Nashville till they reached Corinth, Mississippi. They announced their determination to fight there, which appeared to please the boys who, at Green river, had so bewailed the prospect of a speedy close of the war. Everything indicated an active spring and summer campaign. Corinth is about one hundred and forty miles southwest from Nashville. General Albert Sidney Johnston, one of the ablest leaders in the armies of the Confederacy, who commanded that department, repaired thither in person, determined to make a "stand" with all the forces he could muster. General Grant had transported his army up the Tennessee river and planted it, forty-five thousand strong, on the west bank, at Pittsburg Landing. Johnston was daily receiving reinforcements, and gave clear indication of his settled purpose to fight at or near that point. That it was the intention of the Union army to accommodate him was apparent from the hostile attitude of Grant, and the menacing advance of Buell. It became evident that a battle must soon take place, and it was determined to reinforce Grant with the greater portion of Buell's army.

By the 20th of March it was definitely known that we would ere long be on the road again, with a good prospect of business ahead. The news fell upon willing ears, for if the truth be told we had not a little anxious curiosity to see for ourselves what a battle was like. For three months we had been tramping and camping, and doing, as it seemed to us, more than our share of hard duty, but we felt that we could not consider ourselves full-fledged soldiers until we had heard the whistle of bullets. It will not be out of place to observe here that during the ensuing three years we were more than gratified in this respect. We got all we wanted. It was just the same with the recruits who came to us from time to time during those years, or a new regiment, with brightly burnished guns and enormously swelled knapsacks. These were always valiant in word and spirit. Their ears longed to hear the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. Their nostrils were keen to sniff the smoke of battle. But after one experience they became suddenly quiet on the subject. Again and again they went into battle, with splendid courage, but it was from a sense of duty, and not because there was any fun in it.

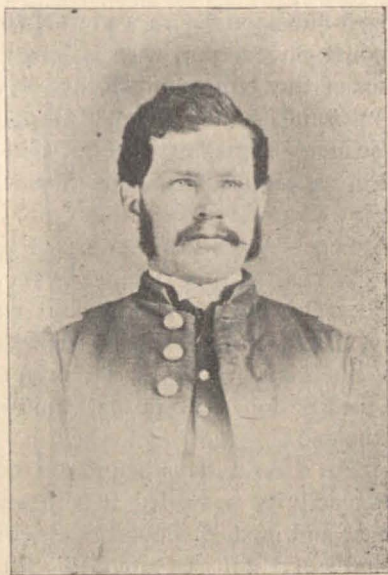
So it was that nobody grumbled when, on March 28th, we received orders to "pull out" on the following day for the Tennessee river. We were to strike for Savannah, one hundred and twenty miles from Nashville—by far the longest continuous march we had yet undertaken.

Buell's army at this time had an aggregate strength of ninety-five thousand men, the rolls showing seventy-four thousand present for duty. Nearly half of this force was stationed at numerous points in Kentucky and Tennessee, to protect the lines of communication. The

Third Division, under General Mitchel, was engaged in making things lively along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, between Decatur and Chattanooga. Five divisions were mobilized for the advance to the Tennessee river, viz: First, Thomas; Second, McCook; Fourth, Nelson; Fifth, Crittenden; Sixth, Wood. McCook took the advance, breaking camp on March 15th. The divisions of Nelson, Crittenden, Wood and Thomas followed in the order named, at intervals of one or two days. It was considered that there was no occasion

for haste, and the movement was thus made that the road might not be encumbered by the troops, artillery and trains of the entire army marching in a solid column. Had there been a little more speed the result of the first day's fight at Shiloh would in all probability have been less disastrous to the Union army.

The advance divisions were delayed several days near Columbia, the bridges across Rutherford's creek and Duck river having



JOHN C. MATTHIAS,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

been destroyed by the enemy. Pontons, which afterward proved so valuable, had not then come into general use; nor had the soldiers themselves yet learned the art of building bridges in a hurry, at which they became so expert during the later years of the war. In 1864 Duck river, though a deep and rapid stream, would have been considered so trifling an obstacle as scarcely to have caused a halt. The first regiment of a division to reach the stream would have thrown a bridge across and marched over it singing "John Brown's Body," almost by the time the rear regiment had "closed up."

A few days before we left Nashville the Thirteenth Michigan, Colonel Shoemaker, was assigned to the Twentieth brigade, in place of the Nineteenth Kentucky, which we had left stuck fast in the mud beyond Hall's Gap. As our thoughts now recall, after more than thirty years, the fathomless mire of that awful place, we cannot help wondering whether the soldiers of the Nineteenth Kentucky have all got out yet. Our own experience there affords good ground for at least a reasonable doubt.

We had at this time no battery regularly assigned to the brigade. Our Camp Buckingham companion, the Sixth Ohio Battery, had been temporarily separated from us, doing duty with Boyle's brigade, and did not rejoin us until some days after we reached Shiloh. From that time we shared each other's fortunes to the end.

For several days before we received definite marching orders great activity prevailed in the quartermaster, commissary, ordnance, and medical departments, in preparing for the campaign. Wood's division was provided with a supply train of one hundred and fifty wagons, all of which were loaded with food, clothing, and other munitions of war. The supplies were sufficient for fifteen days. All men unable to march were sent to hospital. All surplus baggage was ordered to be stored, that the division might be in the best possible condition for rapid movement. As a matter of fact we never saw again the great mass of stuff that we left behind in obedience to this order. It was probably not intended that we should. It was only a way the generals had of gradually getting us down to the bed-rock of army life. Two years later we counted ourselves rich in wordly goods if each had

a suit of clothes on his back, a blanket, a poncho, a "pup" tent, and a haversack full of "hardtack and sow-belly."

But, according to instructions, every man took a careful inventory of his personal possessions, sorted out such things as he did not absolutely need, and packed them up for storage—to be forwarded to us at some uncertain day in the future which never came. Notwithstanding the vivid experience we had already had, up to this time we had clung to many of the articles provided by the loving hands of wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. These things were very nice and handy to have around in camp, so long as a fellow didn't have to "pack" them all over the country on his back. In these matters affection had to give way to discretion. It was not to be wondered at that when the soldier anticipated the aches and blisters of the next few days, he should even cast away the parting gift of "the girl he left behind him," unless it was her picture. He always stuck to that through thick and thin.

Every company could stock a picture gallery. The many types of beauty represented were often the theme of animated controversy. In many cases albums were given with the pictures, but sooner or later these were very likely to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the service. The pictures went through the war, barring accidents. They became faded and soiled by much handling, and water, and wear, particularly after the knapsack, itself, had to go, and they were carried upon the person. But the worse they looked the more the boys seemed to prize them, although one glance at some of them would have well nigh driven their originals to suicide.

So it was that the knapsacks were pretty thoroughly cleaned out. Even Pete Weigel, the stubborn Dutchman of Company K, of the Sixty-fifth, abandoned the sheet-iron stove which he had carried strapped to his knapsack through all our previous marches. He said it was getting to be warm weather, anyway, and when it came winter again he would get another.

The very considerable number who at one time or another wore the chevrons of a first sergeant—"orderly," as he was usually called—or who served even temporarily in that capacity,

will appreciate a few lines which I find in my diary, covering the night before we started upon this march:

"Last night I followed the advice of Ben. Franklin and retired early—not that I expected to be made in any degree 'healthy, wealthy and wise' thereby, but that I might be in as good condition as possible for the march today. I had slept scarcely an hour when the sergeant-major routed me out and ordered me to detail a guard for forage. This done I again composed myself, but my eyes were barely closed when one of the men on camp-guard thrust his head into the tent, and with awful groanings declared he had colic or something and would have to knock off. Having detailed a substitute who went swearing to his post, I once more curled under my blanket, hoping to pass the remainder of the night in peace. Half an hour later came a couple of convalescents, just discharged from hospital, who wanted a place to turn in. With as much patience as I could command I arose and made such arrangements as were necessary. Then I once more stretched myself out, invoking dire calamities upon him who should again disturb my rest. Before I was asleep I heard the wild yell of the commissary-sergeant: 'Orderlies, turn out and draw three days' rations!' It seemed to me that these rations might have been issued sometime during the previous day, but the commissary-sergeant always did take a fiendish delight in doing such things at midnight. So I turned out half a dozen men to assist me, all of whom kicked like mules at being disturbed. By the time we got through it was one o'clock. I had but three hours left for sleep, as the reveille was ordered at four."

CHAPTER X.

PIGS, CHICKENS, STRAW AND RAILS.

SOME REMARKS ABOUT FORAGING—EARLY RESTRAINING INFLUENCES—
 "HANDS OFF" IN KENTUCKY—ORDERS MUST BE OBEYED—HOW IT
 WAS IN TENNESSEE—TWO SIXTY-FOURTH RAIDERS ENCOUNTER GEN-
 ERAL WOOD—THEY CARRY RAILS FOR TWO HOURS BUT SUP ON
 CHICKEN—SKETCHES OF SOME GIFTED FORAGERS—"BILL" WEIGLE
 AND DOCTOR ANDERSON.

UP TO the time of our march from Nashville to Savannah, upon which we are about to enter, foraging as an art had been but feebly developed among the Camp Buckinghammers. This was not from any lack of talent in that direction, for there was in them a latent power which, as soon as it had a fair chance to assert itself, gave abundant proof that our men deserved a place in the front rank of the foragers. Nor was it from a want of disposition to make individual requisitions upon the country for whatever could assuage their griefs and woes by promoting the comfort of either the outer or the inner man. The truth is that the ideas of the soldiers upon the subject of "confiscation" were, during the first months of the war, a long way in advance of those held by the double-starred generals, and the statesmen at Washington who were steering the ship. It was about two years before the latter caught up with the procession.

During our campaigning in Kentucky the most stringent orders against the private and personal appropriation of anything

by the soldiers were published to the army, with a frequency that did not permit anybody to forget them. We had "line upon line and precept upon precept." This was not wholly without reason, for Kentucky was a loyal state. She furnished more than sixty thousand soldiers for the Union army. It is true that very many of her people were bitterly disloyal, but so many of them lied about it that it was difficult to separate the sheep from the goats, and, on the whole, it was right and proper to restrain the impulses of the soldiers. Guards were uniformly stationed to protect whatever they would be likely to take. In spite of all this the desire to eat forbidden fruit, inherited from Mother Eve, was continually cropping out. When, after a hard day's march, perhaps through rain or snow, we went into a cheerless camp, with only the wet ground for a bed, the desire was very strong in the breasts of the men who carried muskets to charge upon straw stacks and rail fences, and even to impress such chickens and vagrant pigs as were within reach.

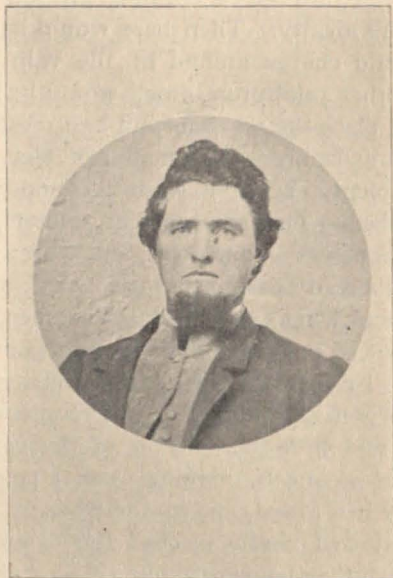
Another restraining influence at this early period in our career was the feeling that we must "obey orders." From the beginning we had been impressively exhorted to remember that this was the first and greatest duty of a soldier. So, in our simplicity, we allowed chickens to bite us and pigs to squeal for Jeff Davis with impunity; we wouldn't disturb a feather or a hair. Under these conditions it is not a matter of wonder that we were as well-behaved as a prize Sunday school class. But the innate forces were only slumbering and gathering strength for future months and years.

When we crossed the border of the Southern Confederacy and entered Tennessee we began to think that things were different. It was hard to convince the soldiers that they should not be turned loose upon the country and allowed to "go in." But under the dispensation of General Buell the orders continued to be issued just the same. It was on the march to Shiloh that we first came squarely down to hardtack, week in and week out. The soft bread nonsense, with its delusive schemes and experiments, had been abandoned. We had accepted hardtack as a military necessity, although not without some internal insubordination, for we had not yet learned to appreciate its value. So it

was not strange that during that long pilgrimage the boys began, in an earnest and systematic manner, to devise ways and means to circumvent the generals, and they were usually successful. They often fell into sore temptations, which, in spite of strict orders and the vigilance of guards, could not be resisted. If the truth be told—and this may safely be done after the lapse of so many years—the guards were not always as vigilant as they might have been. A "fellow feeling" made them "wondrous kind," and they often managed to be looking the other way when a comrade approached the line from without, laden with spoil. Quite likely the successful raider belonged to the same mess as the guard, and the latter well knew, in that case, that he would come in for his full share of the toothsome plunder. So he turned his back and solemnly strode away to the other end of his beat while the forager dodged into camp with his supplies, to fill the aching void under the blouse.

Yet, the soldier who sought the fatlings of the field and barnyard did so at his peril. Terrifying or-

ders, prescribing the pains and penalties to be visited upon those who indulged in these pernicious practices, were almost daily read on parade or disseminated through the camps. But the pigs and chickens disappeared, and choice bits judiciously distributed among the company and regimental officers, generally did much to avert threatened punishment. It is safe to say that most of the officers, even up to the colonels and brigadiers, shared to a great extent the feelings of the soldiers on this subject. They thought



WILLIAM H. MOZIER,
HOSPITAL STEWARD, SIXTY-FIFTH.

it was all right so long as the boys didn't get caught. But the orders of General Buell must be obeyed, and these same officers would lecture their men in words of thundering sound. Then they would go to their tents and with keen relish, gnaw "drumsticks" and "spare-ribs" which they had little reason to think had been bought and paid for in coin of the realm.

Frequently, in the early morning, a citizen who had suffered from a nightly visitation, would come into camp and pour his tale of woe into the ears of the "gin'ral," with vehement protestations of his loyalty. Then there would be a breeze in camp; staff officers would charge around in the vain effort to detect the culprits; another sulphurous order would be issued—and at the next camping place the pig-pens and hen-roosts would yield up their victims just as before. As a matter of fact we did not find these things as plenty between Nashville and Savannah as we could have wished. Three divisions of soldiers, with the same appetites and weaknesses as ourselves, and who were tempted like as we were, had already passed that way. We had to exercise much diligence to find what we wanted. The men of Thomas's division, which followed us, must have found a painful leanness along the route.

I remember witnessing a spirited interview between our division general and a couple of foragers. The latter, after a successful raid into the suburbs of the camp, were cautiously making their way back, carrying upon a pole a plump yearling pig which they had killed, and in their hands were two or three fine fowls. They had nearly reached the camp of the Sixty-fourth Ohio, to which they belonged, when they suddenly came face to face with General Wood, who was riding about with an eye to business. The men instantly dropped their load into the bushes, but they had not been quick enough to escape the sharp glance of the general. "Tommy"—as we always called him among ourselves—was small of stature, but few men of twice his size could make more noise, than he, when he fairly set himself about it. This seemed to him a fitting occasion for a display of fireworks, and he pounced upon those hapless men in a spasm of fury.

"Where did you get them things?" he thundered, with much greater force than grammatical accuracy, and in tones that fairly made the offenders quake in their shoes.

There was no answer to be made to the terrible conundrum, and the boys were evidently disposed to give it up, as they stood speechless in the august presence. The carcass of that slaughtered pig, and those fowls with their heads wrung off, told the whole story. "Though dead, they yet spake," and there was nothing more to be said—or at least nothing that the unlucky boys could think of. They would have been glad enough to compromise by an even divide with the general, giving him half the plunder for his own mess, but negotiations for a settlement of the trouble on this equitable basis were not to be considered.

Ordering them under arrest the general directed a couple of soldiers standing near to guard them with fixed bayonets, and the procession started for the Sixty-fourth headquarters. In his most impressive manner General Wood told the colonel the story of their offending, and ordered that each should promenade in front of headquarters with a rail on his shoulder for two hours, the sentence to be carried into effect immediately. Of course it was done, and those hungry patriots marched to and fro as an awful example. General Wood ordered the colonel to have his commissary sergeant take possession of the plunder and restore it to the owner, provided he could be found. But the cream of the affair was that when the sergeant went with a squad of men to carry out the order he could find nothing but a few drops of blood upon the ground and here and there a feather or two. As soon as "Tommy" had started away with his prisoners the latter's comrades made off with pig and chickens, and so adroitly concealed them that they were not found. It is possible that the sergeant did not try very hard, but that was the substance of the report he made. When the men had expiated their crimes by carrying the rails the full two hours they were released. They went straight to their tent and enjoyed a royal supper of pig and chicken which their messmates had prepared for them. Incidents of this kind, with all possible variations, were of daily occurrence during that march.

Notwithstanding the difficulties under which they labored, there were not wanting plenty of men who gave great promise of future usefulness in this department of military industry—promise,

I may add, that was more than realized as the months and years passed. By some occult means known only to themselves these gifted men could capture and take the life of a pig or a fowl so quickly and skillfully that it scarcely uttered a sound. John Yarham, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, was, one of the most accomplished foragers I ever knew. He did everything in a quiet, artistic way that commanded our warmest admiration. The boys gladly excused him from helping to pitch the tents at night, and from such menial offices as getting wood and water. He was a good marcher, and was always up with the colors. As soon as arms were stacked he would "light out," and rarely failed to come into camp, safely running the guards, well laden with the proceeds of his forays. He supplied us with much to vary the monotony of regulation fare. Of course there were many of us who, in our innocence, still felt that orders should be obeyed. When Yarham began to lay these things before us we never asked him where or how he got them. In such a case ignorance was wisdom. We took it for granted that he bought them, and we ate and were thankful. I once saw that man—a year later, when the orders were less strict—get permission to leave the ranks to fill his canteen at a spring near a farmhouse. In the yard were several beehives. He quietly tipped one of them over, and with his naked hands scooped out honey, bees and all into a pail which he pressed into the service, regardless of the swarm which buzzed around him. He carried it during the remainder of the day's march, and at night divided it among his comrades. Yarham had his match as a forager in "Dad" Wheeler, of Company D. They often went out together and it was indeed "a cold day" when they did not return "bringing their sheaves with them." Poor Yarham! he was captured at Chickamauga, and died in prison at Salisbury.

Colonel Brown writes of two celebrated foragers of the Sixty-fourth: "I presume no member of our regiment has forgotten William Weigle, of Company C. On almost every march he would drop out of ranks, in defiance of the most stringent orders from his captain, and take his own course across the country, coming into camp late at night laden with supplies, in proportion as the day had been propitious. The whole command soon learned

Bill's tricks, but no one could ever see him leave the ranks or find out just how he managed to disappear. One morning the non-commissioned officers of Bill's company arranged to watch him closely that day and take him into camp at night. Not many miles had been made when it was discovered that, as usual, there was a vacuum in his place in the ranks. Soon after his disappearance he was observed by Dr. Anderson, hobbling along at the tail-end of the regiment. The kind-hearted doctor asked him what was the matter.

"My feet are so sore," said Bill, "that I can't get along at all!"

"Get on my horse and ride awhile," replied the doctor, with a benevolent, sympathetic smile, "and I'll walk and carry your gun a piece."

"Of course the kind offer was instantly accepted, with a profusion of thanks. Bill climbed into the saddle while the doctor, with the musket on his shoulder, trudged along with the boys. After an hour or so the doctor began to get a little weary and thought it about time for him and Weigle to resume their former relations. So he turned around to propose an exchange, but neither man nor horse was in sight. Nothing more was seen of either during the march and the doctor lugged the musket all day, going into camp with two or three beautiful blisters on his feet. Bill turned up late at night, the horse loaded down with a cargo of choice eatables. He "whacked up" liberally with the doctor, in consideration of which the latter condoned his offence. But it was a great joke on the doctor!"

"There was another highly successful forager, a strapping fellow by the name of William Halm, of Company K. He got away so often from his home in the ranks that his acquaintance had a wide range. He used to come into camp with enormous loads of truck. He never took a partner with him, probably for the reason that he could, himself, carry all the plunder to be found on any one plantation. An inventory of one of his loads would be indeed a curiosity in these days. As his well-known figure was seen approaching in the distance, from a hundred throats would come the cry 'Bill Halm! Bill Halm!' This would be taken up by one regiment after another and he never failed to receive a vociferous greeting, which did not cease until he reached

his quarters. I have seen that man, on different battlefields, take from his comrades as many canteens as could have been piled on an ox-cart, hasten to a spring or stream, and soon return to the thirsty soldiers with their canteens full of much-needed water."

The matter of wood and straw was of no small importance to the comfort of the soldiers when on the march. The army started out on the theory that everything must pass through the hands of the quartermaster and be regularly accounted for. This plan worked but indifferently, however. It was altogether too tedious a process, and the supply thus doled out was too meager to meet the demand. It made a great difference to the tired soldier whether he could secure a nice bed of straw, or was compelled to lay his aching bones on the hard ground, or upon rails to keep him out of the mud. There were times, when the men went into camp weary and footsore, that they would go for all the straw stacks in sight, in utter defiance of orders. Indeed, from this time forward it seemed that there was a gradual relaxation of these irksome restrictions. Now and then there would be spasms of rigid enforcement, but from month to month they became less violent, and the soldiers were not slow to take advantage of the greater latitude that was given, or rather permitted, in this respect.

The change came by virtue of necessity. It was impossible to stamp out the prevalent heresy that the soldiers ought to have whatever the rebellious country afforded that could contribute to their health and comfort. The average soldier did not stop to consider fine questions of moral philosophy, and if his conscience was sometimes disturbed, it was so much the worse for the conscience. It did not generally trouble him very long. The generals accepted the inevitable, and the farther we went the more rapidly did the straw piles and rail fences disappear. In the case of the latter we were permitted, when the need was urgent, to "take only the top rail." It will be remembered how, under a few successive applications of this simple formula, the bottom rail was speedily reached and miles of fence went off "like hot cakes." The posting of guards to protect property from depredation always caused a great deal of vigorous grumbling. The volunteer soldier reserved to himself the right to "kick" when things did not go to his liking. It was a privilege which he

would yield under no circumstances or conditions. The guards over fences and hen-houses gradually disappeared, and, indeed, they became at length wholly useless, as there was scarcely anything left to guard.

I do not deem it necessary to ask the pardon of the reader for this somewhat lengthy digression. The subject is one which personally interested every soldier, and it was during this march that we took our first lessons in the school from which graduated ere long so many finished scholars. Probably the highest state of development was attained by the "bummers" of Sherman's army during the march to the sea. But it may truthfully be said that few of those famous raiders could excel the daily exploits of some of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio foragers.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARCH TO SAVANNAH.

ON THE ROAD FOR A LONG PULL—A FRESH CROP OF ACHES AND BLISTERS—GENERAL GARFIELD TAKES COMMAND OF THE BRIGADE—A SUNDAY OF EXCITEMENT—THE "CANNON'S OPENING ROAR" AT SHILOH—WE STRIP FOR A SWIFT MARCH—A FEARFUL NIGHT—STUMBLING ON THROUGH A TERRIFIC THUNDER-STORM—HALF DROWNED, WE WELCOME THE DAWN.

AT FOUR o'clock on the morning of March 29th, the drums and bugles sounded through the camp of the Sixth division. The soldiers responded with alacrity and all were astir betimes. Hundreds of fires gleamed in the early dawn. Breakfast was hastily prepared and eaten. Every-



SAMUEL C. BROWN,
MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20, 1863.

body was in good spirits at the prospect of something new, in the near future, in the way of experience and adventure. Wagons were loaded, blankets rolled, and knapsacks put in readiness to be "slung." But there was much delay in getting the column in motion. Ours was the rear brigade that day, and it was nine o'clock before the "Fall in!" was heard. But at last we pulled out and bade farewell to Nashville. As we left camp that morning, if some prophet had told us that five months later we would be scampering through Nashville with our heels toward the south, and that we would scarcely stop to breathe till we reached Louisville, we would have thought him a fit subject for a straight-jacket. But that is what we did!

We crossed to the Franklin pike and turned our faces toward the Tennessee river, marching at a brisk gait. The division, with its long trains, stretched out upon the pike for a distance of four miles. Besides the Twentieth brigade, Colonel Harker commanding, the division consisted of the Fifteenth brigade, Colonel Milo S. Hascall commanding—Seventeenth and Fifty-eighth Indiana, Twenty-sixth Ohio, Third Kentucky, and Estep's Eighth Indiana battery; and the Twenty-first brigade, Colonel George D. Wagner commanding—Fifteenth, Fortieth, and Fifty-seventh Indiana, Twenty-fourth Kentucky, and Cox's Tenth Indiana battery. At the head of the column rode the Third Ohio cavalry, Colonel Zahm. The division numbered about eight thousand men.

Our first day's march was short—only eight miles, but we were glad enough to go into camp about the middle of the afternoon. The day was very warm, and the air was heavy with clouds of limestone dust which was at times almost suffocating. Being in the rear we had the full benefit of the smudge made by the two brigades ahead of us. The dust settled thickly upon our perspiring faces, and it was scarcely possible for anyone to recognize his most intimate friend. If he had had a mirror to look into he would not have known himself, and could easily have believed it to be somebody else. The streams of perspiration plowed fantastic furrows through the deposits of dust, giving us more the appearance of Sioux Indians, tattooed and painted for the war-path, than of civilized beings. Few marches as short as that,

during all our four years of campaigning, gave us greater discomfort than the first day's tramp toward Shiloh. We camped by a beautiful stream of water, in which thousands of men were soon splashing with great enjoyment.

The next day—Sunday—General Wood thought he would see what kind of stuff his division was made of. He put us through nearly twenty miles. Now this would not be a prodigious undertaking for a man without the encumbrances of a soldier, but with the load of forty or fifty pounds apiece which we carried in those early days of our military experience, it was too much for us. The rests were brief and infrequent. Long before we reached camp hundreds were obliged to fall out of the ranks. Both sides of the road were lined with exhausted men, whose aching limbs and blistered feet refused to perform their functions. All who could do so climbed into the ambulances and upon the wagons, but not a tenth of the sufferers were thus fortunate.

We passed through Franklin, and some eight miles beyond that place, where our camping ground had been selected. Not more than a third of the men were with their colors when the march was over. The Sixty-fifth had less than a hundred in line, and some of the companies not more than half a dozen each. After stacking arms the men flung off their accouterments and threw themselves upon the ground, chafed and sore, scarcely able to move a limb. For hours the stragglers came hobbling into camp. Many of them did not arrive till far into the night. Few were able to do much toward getting up the tents, preparing supper and making arrangements for the night. Some did not pitch their tents at all, preferring to sleep in the open air rather than endure the labor of putting the camp in order. There was much fervent profanity when the usual details were made for guard duty that night.

We passed the fine plantation of General Gideon J. Pillow, a celebrated Confederate officer, who a few weeks before had slipped out of Fort Donelson to avoid being made prisoner. The plantation was in charge of his brother. There was a fine spring back of the house and some of our soldiers visited it to fill their canteens. Pillow ordered them away, but they did not get a move on

themselves with as much alacrity as he wished and, like the old man in the spelling-book fable who had failed to dislodge the youngsters from his apple tree by the use of words and grass, began to "try what virtue there was in stones." While he was heaving rocks at the boys Quartermaster William M. Farrar and Lieutenant Asa M. Trimble, of the Sixty-fifth, rode up to slake their thirst. Farrar took in the situation and was so much incensed—for the soldiers were committing no depredations beyond taking water from the spring—that he arrested Pillow and compelled him to tramp along with the column the rest of the day. The old fellow did not at all enjoy the marching, the heat and the dust. After reaching camp, Farrar reported the facts to Colonel Harker, who sent Pillow to General Wood. The latter passed him along to General Buell, who released him and ordered Quartermaster Farrar under arrest, much to the latter's disgust. When, a few days later, General Garfield took command of our brigade, and the guns of Shiloh were booming in our ears, Farrar offered his services as a volunteer aide on Garfield's staff. The offer was accepted and he was released from arrest. He continued to serve on staff duty until his resignation in 1863. Lieutenant Trimble succeeded him as regimental quartermaster and discharged the duties of that position most acceptably for nearly three years.

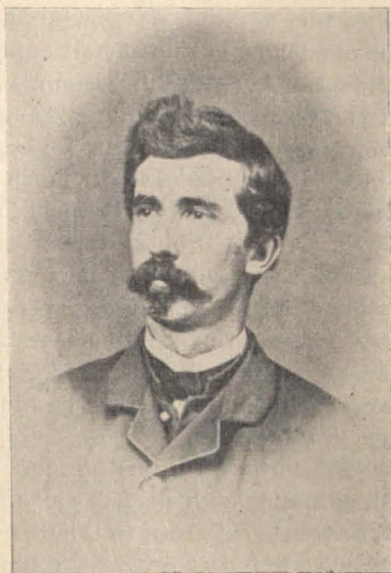
The rattle of drums at reveille next morning fell upon unwilling ears. With dismal groanings we obeyed the summons, and as we stirred about to "limber up" every joint in our bodies seemed to be out of gear. We began to wonder how many years we could stand that sort of thing. We were still but novices, and had yet to learn the wonderful power of human endurance. The orderlies had all the business they could attend to in getting the boys up in time for roll call. After breakfast many took still another inventory of their possessions and lightened their loads by throwing overboard articles which up to this time they had considered indispensable. Not a few cast away even their overcoats and surplus clothing, determined to trust to luck to supply themselves when they should be in need. After a moderate march of twelve miles we went into camp not far from Columbia.

April 1st we marched through this pretty but very rebellious

town. The people looked upon us with sour faces, while our bands tickled their ears with "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Red, White and Blue" and "John Brown's Body." By way of diversion one of the bands played "Dixie," whereat some of the butternut-clad people swung their hats and cheered as loudly as they dared. We bivouacked a short distance beyond Columbia, some repairs being necessary to the temporary bridge which had been thrown over Duck river by the advance of Buell's army.

So day after day we plodded on, and night after night we bivouacked, each mile bringing us nearer to our first experience of the bloody horrors of war. Two days after leaving Columbia we bade farewell to the hard, smooth pike which we had traveled since breaking camp at Nashville. Our route took us over rough and muddy country roads, that were particularly obnoxious to the mule-drivers. One day our course for ten miles lay along the summit of a range of low hills. Descending by a very rocky, precipitous road numerous accidents, more or less serious, befell the wagons. Several were overturned, and reached camp at a late hour, with their cargoes in a sadly demoralized condition.

On the morning of April 4th a new officer appeared at the head of the Twentieth Brigade—General James A. Garfield. He was then thirty years of age. Entering the service as lieutenant-colonel of the Forty-second Ohio, he soon became its colonel. For his brilliantly successful campaign against the rebel forces under



JOSEPH H. WILLSEY,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Humphrey Marshall, in eastern Kentucky, he had been promoted to brigadier-general. His subsequent services gave abundant evidence that the star was most worthily bestowed. Having, by order, reported to General Buell for duty, he was assigned to the command of our brigade. The distinction he attained, in both military and civil life, made it an honor to have served under so gallant an officer. Colonel Harker—whose ability to command a brigade was not doubted, and was afterwards so gloriously shown—was a little disturbed at being superseded when just entering upon an active campaign with an excellent prospect of a battle, but he was too good a soldier to give utterance to his feelings. He returned to the Sixty-fifth, in command of which he continued until again placed at the head of the brigade, a few months later, General Garfield having been called to other duty. Garfield was an ideal officer. Brave, chivalrous, and soldierly, of commanding appearance, his very presence was, as he, himself, once said of Phil. Sheridan, "an inspiration." No general was ever more considerate of the comfort and well-being of his soldiers. Within a fortnight from the day he assumed command he possessed the confidence and esteem of every officer and soldier in the brigade.

At four o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 6th, the reveille aroused the soldiers of Wood's division to a day of unwonted excitement. For more than a week we had been marching daily and all were more or less stiffened and crippled. It was hard work—the hardest we had ever done in our lives. Could we that morning have foreseen the hardships and privations of the next three days our hearts would have sunk in utter despair. Garfield's brigade was to lead that day and there was no time to think of aching limbs. Scarcely had the sound of fife and drum and bugle died away till the soldiers were astir around the gleaming fires, and the air was filled with the hum of busy preparation for the day's march. In an hour breakfast was over, tents were struck and wagons loaded. Soon after daylight the column was in motion. We were at this time about thirty-five miles from Savannah. We jogged along at an easy pace for two or three hours, when our ears were startled by the distinct reverberations of distant artillery. There could be no mistaking the ominous sound.

Involuntarily every man straightened up and quickened his steps. We knew that the expected battle had begun.

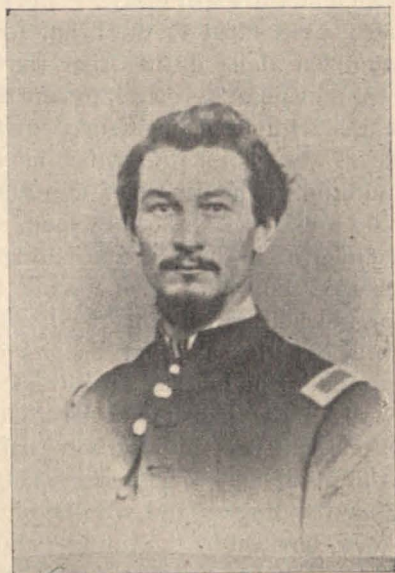
Soon after noon a courier, riding in mad haste, his horse white with foam, dashed up and delivered dispatches to General Wood. Then, procuring a fresh horse, he galloped on to meet General Thomas, whose division was ten miles behind. It was not difficult to imagine the purport of the message General Wood had received. A halt was instantly ordered. Every man knew in a moment that there was business ahead. We were quickly directed to strip down to light marching order. Knapsacks, overcoats and even blankets were heaped by the roadside and left in charge of a guard of two men detailed from each company, to be loaded upon the wagons. Cartridge-boxes were examined and filled to the full complement of forty rounds. Each man was ordered to carry twenty additional rounds in his pocket. Haversacks were hastily crammed with three days rations, and canteens were filled from a stream near by. It was a scene of wild turmoil and commotion. Half an hour was sufficient to accomplish all this. Then the "fall in" was sounded, the command "Forward! Quick time—March!" was given, and away we sped, followed only by the artillery, ammunition train, hospital wagons and ambulances.

All that Sunday afternoon we pushed on at a rapid pace with only brief halts for rest. The sound of cannonading continued, louder and clearer as we approached the scene of conflict. We talked bravely to each other, and tried to feel that way, as we moved along with hurrying feet. Faces wore a serious look, and the accustomed jest was rarely heard. There seemed at last to be a prospect that we would see what we had so long been looking for—a fight. We appeared to be chiefly distressed by the fear that it would be over before we could get there—at least, each man seemed anxious to impress his comrades with the idea that this was what ailed him. I doubt if the world has ever seen more heroic battalions than were ours—at that distance from the field.

Toward evening another courier was met who delivered orders from General Buell for the division to press on during the night, and spare no effort to reach the field at the earliest possible moment. We were told that a great battle had been raging since

early morning, that the issue was doubtful, and Grant's army was in the greatest need of reinforcements. Every man was inspired with the supreme duty of the hour. Disencumbered of our heaviest burdens we marched with comparative ease, and, stimulated by the excitement, had little thought of weariness.

About sundown we halted half an hour at a small stream called Indian creek, to refresh ourselves for the night march. Fires were lighted and each man prepared a liberal allowance of strong coffee, to fortify himself for what might be before him. As the twilight gathered we again fell in and moved rapidly on through the fast deepening shadows. Our route lay through a wild and desolate stretch of country—one of those regions so frequently met in the south, best described by the favorite expression "God-forsaken", the word being used without irreverence. The very rough road, full of ruts and stones and stumps, led up and down, over and around clay hills, covered by a stunted growth of trees, with here and there a piece of lowland heavily tim-



HARRISON LAWRENCE,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

bered. The darkness came on apace. The weather grew colder, and ere long, black clouds overspread the sky, entirely veiling the dim light of the stars that had twinkled feebly through the trees, barely enabling us to see our way. There was no moon, and if there had been it could not have pierced the dense masses of clouds that hung over us. But on and on we groped our way, through darkness so absolute that no one could see his nearest comrade.

It was, perhaps, ten o'clock when our ears were saluted with the rumbling of thunder, betokening the storm that was at hand. After half an hour of preliminary skirmishing the elements burst upon us. It seemed as if they were trying to outdo the artillery of man that all the previous day had thundered upon the bloody field of Shiloh. Peal on peal shook the very earth. Flashes of lightning, blinding in their intensity, followed each other in quick succession, and the rain fell in torrents. Only once in years is such a storm experienced. The reservoirs of the skies seemed to have been filled to the brim, to be emptied upon us as we stumbled along during that fearful night; for through it all we kept on as best we could, toward the goal. The rain fell for three hours without a moment's cessation. The road was flooded. There were holes into which men sank to their knees in water and mud. The flashes of lightning disclosed to view for an instant a mass of struggling men, drenched and drenched again, floundering in the mire and falling over rocks and stumps which impeded the way. Such a scene cannot be adequately described, nor, indeed, scarcely imagined. Those who passed through that awful experience are not likely ever to forget it.

Before midnight the movement of artillery and vehicles of every kind was abandoned as wholly impracticable. The cannon wheels sank deep into the soft earth and were hopelessly bemired. At first, attempts were made to help them along by putting a score of men to tug at the wheels, but without avail. Many of the horses, terrified by the thunder and lightning, became unmanageable. It was at length ordered that the infantry should move on, leaving the artillery and wagons to follow by daylight. All the officers were compelled to dismount and trudge along with the boys, for riding was no less difficult than dangerous. Horses stumbled and fell, and in their demoralization could scarcely be controlled. Some of them broke away in their fright, dashed off in the darkness, and were never heard of more.

Two hours after midnight there came a lull, when the storm had spent its force. The rain resolved itself into a dismal drizzle, that continued till morning. Still on we pushed, splashing through the mud in the dense darkness, now not even relieved by the lightning. It was a long, a very long night. For hours we

watched eagerly for the daylight, which it seemed would never come. But at last the faint gray of dawn began to streak through the dripping and gloomy woods. Surely it never looked upon a more sloppy and disconsolate procession of mortals than the eight thousand men of Wood's division who all night had been slowly and painfully toiling on through that Tennessee wilderness. For twenty-four hours we had not thought of sleep. Our clothes, wet through and through, were besmeared with clay. As nearly as I can recall our state of mind that wretched morning—and my recollection is sufficiently vivid—we were considerably in doubt whether the Union was worth saving or not.

We had eaten nothing during the night, save an occasional nibble at a half soaked cracker or a bit of raw bacon. As soon as it was fairly light we halted for an hour's rest and refreshment. It was not easy to find anything that would burn, but by pulling down fences and a deserted shanty we succeeded in getting some fires started. Through some oversight no guards had been placed over them. The morning air was raw and chilly, and the shivering men, blue and benumbed, hovered around the fires with their little kettles for making coffee. The warmth soon began to exert its mellowing influence, and draughts of steaming coffee aided greatly in diffusing good cheer among the exhausted men that fringed the road on either side for a mile. As our spirits, which had been at a very low ebb, began to rise we even indulged in a few feeble jokes at each other's expense, upon our dilapidated appearance.

Of some incidents of this march Adjutant Chauncey Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, writes: "On the eighth day the halt was ordered two hours before dark, and directions were given to 'clean up'—to have the arms, which had been generally neglected for a week, put in order for inspection the next morning. Sunday demanded a clean showing of guns. When the order was read, grumbling was general; and it did seem like an unnecessary burden, in view of the exhausted condition of the men. It occurred to me, temporarily in command of Company E, to offer some plausible excuse. I recited the fact that they had the best arm in the service; that they had hitherto received the commendation of all inspecting officers for good care of their fighting im-

plements; that a soldier in battle with a useless gun would but invite death and defeat. I said that we were approaching the enemy, and they would need them very shortly. For this I was laughed at, for the scare was 'too thin.' I presume that not a man in Buell's army thought the enemy in force was within sixty miles of us.

"Very soon after daylight next morning, my apparently visionary observations took on a new feature, when all were startled by the sound of artillery, telling of the battle that was in progress. What a change in a brief space of time! No laughing, no swearing, no complaining now of gun cleaning! The solemnity of this day was not on account of its being the Sabbath. Men were canvassing in their own minds the fate of friends or relatives they knew to be in the engagement; or it may be the prospect of themselves soon taking part in the work of carnage.

"Passing along the ranks of my command, when the artillery discharges must have averaged more than a hundred a minute, I overheard one of the men ask another :

" 'How do you suppose the lieutenant knew last night there was going to be a fight so soon ?'

"His comrade replied: 'He didn't; it was all put on !'

"A third answered, 'I don't believe it; these officers know a heap more than they tell us.'

"Probably a dozen times during the day I was appealed to for more prophecy, but knowing that my own inspiration came from oracles as unreliable as their own, I could only tell them to wait for the morrow.

"The scenes along the route did not add to our cheerfulness. The inhabitants for miles on each side of the road had turned out en masse to see the long column pass. The battle then raging was as unexpected to them as to us. They had sons, brothers, husbands and fathers in the Confederate ranks. Anxiety, fear and sorrow were depicted on their faces. Many of the women were crying bitterly. Most of them were too much affected to express themselves in words. Groups were collected at every house. At one point where we halted, I observed a large number of old, gray-haired men and women. I inquired what brought so

many of this class together, and was told they came there to hold a prayer-meeting, but that they had to give it up, as everybody's thoughts were on the battle. One old patriarch could only say, 'God give the victory to the right!' That prayer was answered the next day; though I doubt if it was in accord with his hopes and wishes.

"I was considerably amused on passing a cross-road where quite a crowd was assembled, late in the afternoon. A tall, lank, sorrel-haired southern specimen was continually exhorting the passing soldiers to hurry up or they would be too late to share in the glorious victory which he knew was floating on every breeze. His reasoning was conclusive. His manner of speech indicated that he was a local auctioneer. He said Grant had with him three hundred thousand troops, by actual count. He, himself, had seen the boats that took them up from Fort Donelson. Now he had for two days seen Buell's men passing, and not a soul less than two hundred thousand of them were ahead of us. No effort was made to verify his figures."

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

THE BATTLE RENEWED—UP AND AWAY TO SAVANNAH—A SCENE OF WILD EXCITEMENT—GHASTLY PICTURE OF WAR—UP THE RIVER BY STEAMBOAT—A HURRIED DEBARKATION—DOUBLE QUICK TO THE FRONT—WE ONLY SEE THE ENEMY'S HEELS—ANOTHER AWFUL NIGHT—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

OUR HALT was brief. While yet engaged in drinking our coffee there came to our ears through the murky air

"The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more."

Savannah was now only four or five miles away, while by a di-

rect line we were but a dozen miles from the field where the deadly strife was being renewed. Clear and distinct came the roar of cannon, and we could even hear the volleys of musketry. Moved by a common impulse, the soldiers hastily emptied their cups, seized their guns, and, scarcely waiting for the word of command, fell into line.

"Attention—battalion! Shoulder—arms! Right—face! Right shoulder shift—arms! Forward—march!" and off we went at quick time, through the mud, making all possible haste to reach the river. The rain was still falling at intervals, and we had neither blankets nor overcoats. We halted but once or twice, arriving at Savannah about 10 o'clock.

Here was a scene of the utmost confusion and excitement that it is possible to imagine. All through the night steamboats had been running to and from Pittsburg Landing, carrying up troops, artillery and ammunition for Buell's army, and returning with hundreds of wounded men from the first day's battle. All the buildings in the little straggling village had been taken possession of for hospital purposes. Here and there, on porches and in yards, lay the bodies of those who had died during the night. In almost every house surgeons were at work dressing wounds and amputating shattered limbs. As we marched down the main street toward the river we could hear on every side the groans of the suffering. To us all this was a revelation. We were looking upon the ghastliest picture of war.

The town was full of stragglers, who, in the demoralization of the previous day, had found their way hither. Officers and men on horseback were dashing about engaged in gathering up these fugitives and organizing them into companies—they were from scores of different regiments—for their return to the field. Staff officers and orderlies were hurrying to and fro, conveying orders for pushing troops and ammunition to the front. As I write, the scene of that dull April morning comes before me as clear as though it were but yesterday. So it will be with many who may read this sketch. Time cannot efface, nor scarcely dim, the impressions made by such events.

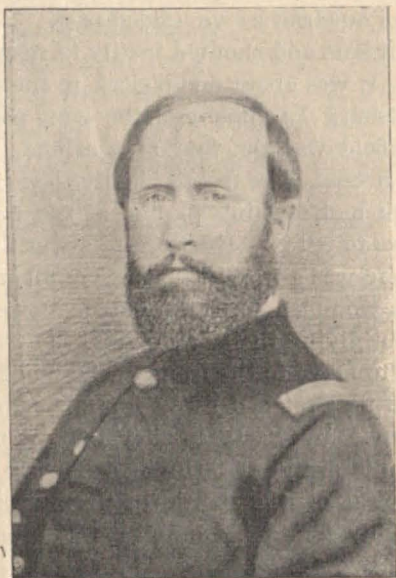
At the landing we stacked arms and were obliged to wait half an hour before taking passage for the field, ten miles up the

river, where the battle was raging. The steamer on which we were to go had arrived shortly before, filled with wounded, who were being carried on shore as fast as possible. There were scores with bleeding arms and legs, hobbling along as best they could, while others were borne upon stretchers to the various buildings and placed in the care of the surgeons. I remember a brave fellow, one of whose legs had been frightfully mangled from the knee downward, by a piece of shell. As he was carried past us he raised himself upon one elbow and exclaimed:

"They want ye there, boys! Hurry up, and when you get there just give the rascals h—l. That's what they gave me yesterday. We're going to lick 'em like blazes today."

The boys gave him a hearty cheer in recognition of his pluck, and as he was borne up the hill he waved his hand in response. Three or four corpses were carried ashore from the boat, the men having died during the short passage from the field. These scenes made us look rather sober, nor, I think, did our looks belie our feelings. Yet we chafed under the delay, and anxiously awaited the moment when we should reach the scene of conflict.

As soon as the wounded were removed from the boat we took arms and went on board. The decks were everywhere stained with blood. Our own artillery had not yet come up, but a battery which had been waiting was hastily run in upon the main deck, some two hundred boxes of ammunition were carried on board, and, casting off the lines, we steamed up the river. The boat was



THOMAS R. SMITH,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

crowded to its utmost capacity with men, horses, cannon and caissons. Every available foot of space was occupied. The roar of battle was incessant, becoming more and more distinct as we neared the field. Half way up we met a steamer coming down, filled with freshly wounded.

"How is it going?" shouted a dozen voices.

"It's bully today!" was the answer. "We're drivin' 'em all along the line. I reckon you'll have to hurry if you want to take a hand before the game is over!" And a mighty shout went up from our boat as we glided past. Many of the wounded waved their hats and shouted lustily in response.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when we tied up at Pittsburg Landing and the gang-plank was run out. General Garfield was the first man ashore, with Colonel Harker close at his heels. The troops hastily followed, clambering up the steep bank and forming in line at the top, in little more time than it takes to tell it. Everything about the landing was in utter chaos. There was a frantic throng, numbering thousands, of stragglers and wounded, on foot and on horseback; officers were dashing about giving their orders; and the troops just arrived were forming to move to the front. The wildest excitement prevailed. Before us stretched away for miles the battlefield of Shiloh. We learned by hasty inquiry that, reinforced by three divisions of Buell's army, the Union lines had gradually advanced since the renewal of the battle in the morning. The enemy had been steadily forced back, and it was believed he would soon be in full retreat.

A staff officer was in waiting to direct our movements, and we delayed not a moment after we were formed.

"Double-quick—March!"

Away we went over the field thickly strewn with the dead and dying. All the terrible scenes of the three succeeding years did not obliterate from my memory the picture of the first ghastly corpse I saw. It was that of a Union soldier who had been struck by a cannon ball, which carried away one leg and the lower part of his body. He lay where he fell, a short distance away being the mangled limb.

As we advanced, on the run, the dead lay about on every

side, the blue and the gray often closely intermingled, showing how desperately the ground had been fought over, as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. Hundreds of stretcher bearers were carrying the wounded from the field, and ambulances were hurrying to and fro on their errands of mercy. We could not look upon these scenes then, nor can we think of them today, without a shudder.

As we neared the point of actual conflict the air was filled with smoke. Now and then we heard wild shouts and yells which we correctly judged to indicate the continued success of the Union forces. The roar of battle was abating. Our lines appeared to be constantly advancing. Men with bleeding wounds who were able to help themselves streamed past us to the rear.

"We've got 'em on the run, boys!" they shouted, "Go for 'em! Give 'em the best you've got in the shop!" their sufferings wholly lost in the all-pervading thought of victory.

More saddening were the sights that met our eyes upon the field, as we reached the ground that, within an hour, had been the scene of the last mighty grapple between the contending armies. The dead lay thickly about, and among them were the desperately wounded, screaming and moaning with pain, many of them near to death. Some of these even smiled feebly and uttered faint words of cheer as we passed.

The victorious shouts of the lines in front grew louder and louder, and then came a few terrific volleys of musketry. General Garfield spurred his horse and dashed ahead at a gallop, while we, already panting and well-nigh breathless, followed at our greatest speed. Soon we came in full view of the line of battle, and stray bullets from the enemy, away beyond, began to fall around us. A few of our brigade were struck by these spent missiles and received slight wounds, but none were killed.

General Garfield came dashing back and we halted a few moments to see that our muskets were in order, for they had been drenched by the rain the previous night. Hastily wiping out our pieces we obeyed the command "Load!" and then away we went again, on a double-quick, with arms at a right shoulder shift. But now our whole line was charging, with a prodigious cheer.

The rebels gave way at all points and fled in confusion. The battle was over, and the day was won.

"Well, boys, I guess it's your turn now!" said a good natured "butternut" who sat leaning against a stump, with a bullet in his leg, "We took all the tricks yesterday, but I reckon you Yanks hold too many bowers for us today. But we'll get even with you sometime."

We pressed on, joining in the pursuit for two or three miles, when we were recalled. We did some heavy shouting and yelling with the rest, for we felt that we had at least earned the right to do that. It was not our fault that we did not get a chance to use our muskets. No one will dispute the fact that we tried hard enough to get there in time. There was a feeling of genuine disappointment throughout the brigade that, after all our efforts, we had only reached the field in time to see the enemy's heels.

The lines were established for the night, our position being about two and a half miles from the river, at a point that had been fiercely fought over during the two days. We were considered "fresh" troops, because we had not been engaged in the battle, yet none have forgotten how utterly exhausted we were, after the fatigue of two days and a night of the hardest possible marching, without sleep. But we were in for a night of duty at the extreme front, only the cavalry outposts being in advance of us. The soldiers who had been fighting during Sunday and Monday were withdrawn to the rear and permitted to bivouac for such rest as they could get—for men can sleep even under such circumstances, and with such surroundings. We thought we had about as much need of rest as anybody, but the front must be guarded by sleepless eyes and we nerved ourselves for another awful night.

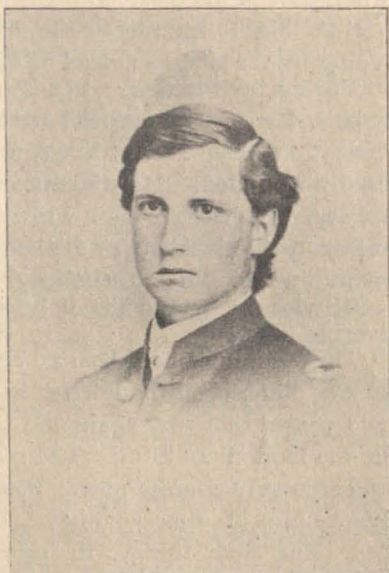
The wounded had nearly all been carried to the rear, but the ground about us was thickly strewn with the dead. Until morning we stood nearly the whole time in line of battle. Although an attack was not looked for, the fullest precautions were taken to guard against a possible dash by the enemy. But the rebels did not molest us. They had had enough for one day, and no one knew it as well as themselves. Two or three times during the night there was a sputtering fire on the outposts, which caused us to prick up our ears, but it amounted to nothing.

It was another long, long night, longer, if possible, than the preceding one, when we were stumbling through the storm and darkness. A cold rain fell continually. Every thread of our clothing was saturated, and we were chilled to the very marrow. Our teeth chattered, and every muscle quivered as with a Maumee ague. Blankets and overcoats—our own had been left back the previous day—were gathered from the field. They were stripped from the dead, who needed them no longer, to cover and warm the living. Three or four would stand together, or squat upon the muddy ground, throw a blanket soaked with water over their heads, and thus by close contact seek to infuse into each other a little warmth.

I have in mind a picture of General Garfield and Colonel Harker as I saw them that night. They sat together upon a log, shivering with the cold, with one dripping blanket covering their shoulders. They fared no better than the rest of us, and bore their discomforts bravely and without a murmur. Staff officers and orderlies stood around,

all on the alert for any emergency that might arise. It was a night that put patience, patriotism, and physical endurance to the severest test.

While all the men were directed to hold themselves in readiness for instant response, part of them at a time were permitted to find such comfort as they could, without standing at arms. Some time during the night Captain Orlow Smith, of Company G, Sixty-fifth thought he would have a little rest, even if he had to lie



BREWER SMITH,
ADJUTANT AND CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH,
AND BREVET MAJOR.

down in the mud. Sergeant "Zeke" Moores, of his company, had been fortunate enough to secure a blanket, and the captain essayed to find him and share it. He poked around in the darkness among the prostrate forms, living and dead, until he was sure he had found the man of whom he was in search. He gently lifted the blanket and crept under and was soon asleep. Two hours before daylight all were aroused to stand in line. Captain Smith tried in vain to awaken "Zeke," and was not a little surprised to find the sergeant in his place with the company. When the daylight permitted him to investigate the matter he found that he had been sleeping by the side of a dead rebel!

During the evening, when the men were looking about for blankets, I witnessed an incident that has always remained in my memory. At the foot of a large tree reclined a rebel soldier, mortally wounded. He was unconscious, and apparently at his last gasp. He was covered with a United States blanket, which some sympathetic friend or foe had thrown over him. Two soldiers in blue stood near, *waiting for him to die* to get his blanket. "I wish he would die if he is going to!" said one of the shivering men.

They were not hard-hearted enough to take it while the poor man was alive, even though he had been an enemy. An hour later I passed that way again and the blanket was gone. I bent over the motionless form. The man was dead. These true tales sound strangely enough now. Possibly they may shock the sensitive feelings of some who have not been through these experiences. But such things, thousands of them, happened on the great battlefields of the war.

The last two hours of that terrible night we spent on the color-line, at parade rest, with pieces loaded and capped. Never was daylight more heartily welcomed than on that raw, dismal morning of the 8th of April. And yet our hearts ached as the dawn revealed to us anew the frightful picture of death and desolation upon that field of conflict, for we had not yet become hardened to such scenes. As far as the eye could reach, in every direction, lay the silent forms of those who went down before the storm of battle. On every hand the trees were scarred by bullets, and rent by shot and shell, giving mute evidence of the fierceness of the struggle.

Near us was the body of a fine looking man in full officer's dress. On a slip of paper pinned to his coat was written "Chaplain Forty-third Illinois." His clothes were open at the breast, and a small hole, encircled with blue, told where the messenger of death had entered. He was doubtless killed at the first charge of the enemy. A few feet away was a rebel who had been instantly killed by a bullet through the head, while in the act of loading his musket. He lay upon his back, still holding, with the grasp of death, his gun in one hand and his ramrod in the other. Such scenes became very familiar to our eyes on the later battlefields of the Army of the Cumberland.

We seemed more dead than alive that morning. No fires had, of course, been allowed during the night on the line we occupied, and very few had slept at all. Stiff and sore, chilled through and wet to the skin for thirty-six hours, we were scarcely able to move hand or foot. Not far from our position was the camp of a portion of Grant's army, from which its occupants had been driven by the swift onslaught of the rebels on Sunday morning. In and around the tents were many dead, of both armies. Here we found a few camp-kettles, and details were sent some distance to the rear to make coffee. No water was to be had except such as had gathered in pools on the battlefield. But the coffee was made, and had its usual cheering and reviving effect.

It should be remarked, for the information of some who may not be familiar with the circumstances, that the engagement here fought is usually styled the battle of Shiloh, taking this name from a rude building for worship, the name of which was Shiloh church. Around this took place some of the severest fighting. The battle of Pittsburg Landing means the same thing, it being sometimes so called. The battle of Corinth was fought at that place in the early part of October of the same year, six months later, when General Rosecrans repulsed a desperate attack by the rebels under Van Dorn. We were at that time chasing Bragg in Kentucky.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ESCAPADE AND A RECONNOISSANCE.

THE BRIGADE LEAPS INTO FAME—AN IDIOTIC FUSILLADE THAT AROUSES THE WHOLE ARMY—GENERALS AND COLONELS IN A FRENZY—WE HAVE A SHAM FIGHT, IF NOT A REAL ONE—OFF ON A RECONNOISSANCE—GARFIELD EXHORTS TO VALOR—NO CHANCE TO BE BRAVE THAT DAY—BACK TO THE REAR—REST AFTER SIXTY-EIGHT SLEEPLESS, TOILSOME HOURS.

ABOUT eight o'clock Tuesday morning, April 8th, we were drawn up in line and directed to put our muskets in order, many of them having been thoroughly wet during the night. We were ordered to "draw" the loads. A screw or "worm" to be attached to the end of the ramrod for this purpose, was a part of every soldier's "kit."

Then followed an exploit on the part of Garfield's brigade which had no parallel during our four years of service. A thoughtless soldier, instead of extracting the bullet from his gun as ordered, imagined that he knew a better way. So he put a fresh cap on the nipple, held his piece up and pulled the trigger, to see if it would "go off." It went! Several others immediately tried the same experiment, with like result. It quickly became contagious and ran along the whole line until a good part of each regiment was engaged. Many of the men, as they afterward de-

clared, actually believed we were attacked, and began loading and firing with might and main. Having "got left" in the battle the day before they now thought they had one on their own account, and for a little time they supposed it was the genuine article. It was a most idiotic thing to do, and nobody could give a reason for his part in the singular freak except that he did it because the rest did. Howbeit, for a few minutes the boys blazed away with great energy at an imaginary foe, the real enemy being miles away, splashing through mud and water in his haste to get to his intrenchments at Corinth.

A number of men from the brigade had gone some distance to the front, for one reason or another, before the firing started. As soon as the bullets began to whistle over their heads these came back at a tearing gait, in a decidedly panicky condition. Those who were loading and firing so zealously supposed that the fugitives were being driven in by the rebels and redoubled their efforts for the rapid distribution of lead.

In vain the officers tried to stop the senseless fusillade. Some of them were wrought up to a wild frenzy of excitement and indignation. They dared not go in front of the line, for the bullets were streaming out in every direction, as most of the men, on account of their physical condition, were somewhat shaky and indiscriminate in their aim—even upon the supposition that they were shooting at anything. The officers danced along in rear of the line, but in the noise and excitement half the men, who were yelling too, supposed they were only urging them to stand up to the rack and do their duty like men, and so they loaded and fired with undiminished ardor. It seemed odd that nobody was getting killed or wounded on our side, while in the woods in front of us the invisible foes were being slaughtered in heaps.

This was the only time we ever heard Colonel Harker swear, from the day he took command at Camp Buckingham till he fell at Kennesaw. At the first discharge he mounted his horse and dashed along the line, ordering the men to "cease firing," and as the racket increased he launched profane expletives at the top of his voice. He evidently felt, and it must be admitted most justly, that no ordinary language could do justice to the occasion. Colonel Ferguson was more successful than anybody else in mak-

ing himself heard. His penetrating voice sounded above the din as he endeavored to bring the men of the Sixty-fourth back to their senses, for they, like us of the Sixty-fifth, seemed to have gone clean daft. The affair lasted ten or fifteen minutes, before the officers were successful in checking the outbreak. The brigade at length realized that it was making a very big fool of itself, and rested from its labors. It should be said that there were many in each regiment who did not lose their heads. These took no part in the firing and did what they could to stop it, but more than half the men caught the contagion and fired from six to ten rounds each.

The immediate effect of the escapade upon the army in the rear may be imagined by the reader, if he was not there. Those who were present during that brilliant engagement do not need any effort of the imagination. No sooner was the firing fairly under way, and the boys were warming to their work, than far and near were heard the roll of drums and the piercing blast of bugles, calling the troops to arms. Judging from the noise we were making it was imagined that Beauregard's whole army had suddenly turned about, for the purpose of sweeping the Union forces into the Tennessee river. The unexpected alarm came near throwing the army into a panic. It is a fact that some of the soldiers in the rear were stampeded and sought the shelter of the gunboats at the Landing.

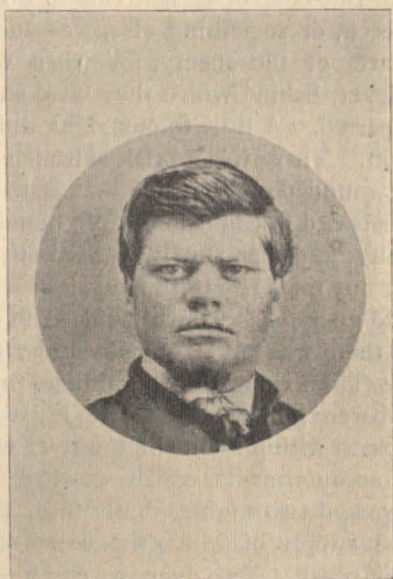
Generals and staff officers came riding out at a mad gallop to see what it was all about. Soon whole brigades were moving to the front in line of battle to engage the foe. When the ridiculous truth was known, our regiments were the target for such a volley of profanity as the ear of man has seldom heard. General Wood was there, charging around on his black horse, and contributing his full share to the music. General Garfield's robust voice was also heard. He never used profane language, but on this occasion he seemed to enjoy hearing others who were proficient in the art of swearing. It may be doubted whether we ever received so much attention, before or afterward. Colonel Harker improved the occasion by giving us a brief but very forcible lecture on the subject, closing with the assurance that condign punishment would be meted out to any who should offend in that way again.

As a scare the performance was an unqualified success. Of course, under the circumstances, nobody was punished. An effort was made to find who fired the first shot, that an example might be made of him, but it was not successful. He was probably too much ashamed of his folly to make himself known, and it is likely that consideration for his personal welfare further led him to act the part of wisdom by holding his peace. In after years this masterly achievement was discussed and laughed over around many a camp fire. It was always agreed that if there was ever in the history of man one single emergency that justified the use of profanity, this was that particular case, and that the recording angel ought not to score it against Colonel Harker. The latter always good-humoredly insisted that the affair proved the pluck of his regiment. The boys thought they were fighting the whole rebel army, and not one of them broke to the rear.

Company C of the Sixty-fourth, Captain Robert C. Brown, did not share in the glory of this exploit. When the brigade started

on that swift march to Savannah, that company was detailed to assist the ammunition train and did not rejoin the regiment for several days.

The excitement of this bloodless battle warmed us up to a point of comparative comfort. While we were talking it over, we were ordered to fall in and be ready to march immediately. General Wood was directed to make a reconnoissance with two brigades, of which ours was one. We went at a brisk gait five or



ANDREW HOWENSTINE,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

six miles to the front, where the skirmishers developed the presence of the enemy. It was presumed to be only a small force stationed for observation, and we were ordered to attack at once. After the sham contest of the morning we began to think we might get a taste of real fighting, after all. While the dispositions were being made General Garfield rode out in front of the brigade and made a stirring speech, urging every man to do his duty, and, if need be, meet death bravely.

But none of us had this to do that day. The effect of the speech, or something else, was such as to carry dismay to the hearts of the enemy, for when we went tearing through the thicket, behind which they were supposed to be posted, they had departed. A little to our right they showed some disposition to fight. There was a brisk skirmish in which a number were killed or wounded on each side. It lasted but a few minutes and the rebels fled in confusion. We remained for some hours in the vicinity, and then slowly wended our way back to camp, re-entering our lines late in the evening. The expedition proved to be a wild goose chase, but it sufficed to completely "use up" what little there was left of our physical vigor.

Then came the glad tidings that we were relieved from duty and were going to the rear to bivouac for the night. We marched back to within a mile of the river where we stacked arms, threw off accouterments which we had carried continuously for three days and two nights—built fires, made coffee, toasted bacon, a fresh supply of which was issued to us, and ate our suppers with keen relish. This over, we cast about for sleeping arrangements. It was midnight of Tuesday, and since four o'clock Sunday morning, sixty-eight hours, most of us had not even so much as closed our eyes. To say that we were tired but feebly express our condition. No longer sustained by the excitement that during all this time had kept us up to a high tension, a state of utter exhaustion followed that no words can portray. Very fortunate were the few who had picked up blankets or overcoats on the battlefield. Only a small portion of the men were thus provided, the majority having no protection but the sodden clothes they had on, which had for two days and nights been soaked with water. Many sank upon the muddy ground and were soon lost

in sleep. During the night the pitiless rain beat down upon us again; but through it all we slept soundly, until aroused half an hour before daylight to stand in line of battle.

While returning from our reconnoissance on Tuesday we saw that the work of interring the three thousand dead had already begun. This was, in fact, a necessity for sanitary reasons, not less than a duty under the dictates of humanity. In the humid air decomposition was rapidly doing its work. The field of carnage was miles in extent, and from every part of it arose foul odors that were scarcely less dangerous to the living than the bullets of the enemy. The carcasses of hundreds of horses lay scattered about, filling the air with their noxious and deadly exhalations. Some of these were buried, while others were destroyed by burning, with great heaps of wood which were piled upon and around them.

The bodies of the slain were gathered at convenient points and buried in long trenches. Side by side they were laid, generally wrapped in blankets, and tenderly covered with the earth upon which they had so bravely fought and yielded up their lives. In each case where identification was possible a board was placed at the head, on which was rudely inscribed the name and regiment. The rebel dead were buried in separate trenches. Very few of these could be identified in any way. During the whole of Tuesday and Wednesday the burial parties were engaged in their mournful task, scouring the field beyond the actual fighting ground. Many of the mortally wounded had crawled away into the woods and thickets where their bodies were discovered. Indeed, for weeks decayed remains were occasionally found, as the army gradually advanced toward Corinth.

The wounded were sent away upon steamboats as rapidly as possible. Thousands of them filled the hospitals at St. Louis, Cairo, Cincinnati, and other points. From all the northern states represented in the armies of Grant and Buell, came volunteer surgeons, nurses and Good Samaritans of every sort, to render such service as they might in ministering to the sufferers. At various points were the field hospitals, filled with men whose limbs had been amputated, or who were otherwise desperately wounded, and who could not yet be moved. At these hospitals deaths were

frequent, and for many days after the battle funeral dirges were often heard as the bodies of those who had vainly struggled with death were borne to the places of burial. Hundreds of the enemy's wounded who were unable to follow the retreating army, fell into our hands. They received no less care and attention than our own. A brave man stricken in battle ceases for the time to be a foe. A considerable number of Confederate surgeons remained in the field hospitals of that army, to assist in caring for their sufferers. The number wounded in the action on both sides fell little below fifteen thousand.

Wednesday found us in a badly used up condition, after the excessive hardship and exposure of the previous three days. By order of General Wood, commanding the division, a generous ration of whisky was issued to each officer and man. This was done not more than six or eight times during our entire four years of service, upon occasions similar to this, when the men had suffered from extraordinary exposure and had been pushed to the limit of human endurance. Many very excellent people will no doubt say that this was all wrong. I shall not argue the question but simply state the fact. There were few that wretched morning at Shiloh who did not drink their rations of "fire water." The few traded theirs for coffee to some of their comrades who were only too glad to get a double quantity. The ration was one gill per man.

It was not a matter of wonder that many gave way entirely under the strain, and that our hospital accommodations were soon taxed to the utmost. During the month of April death made sad havoc in our ranks. It is probable that as many of our brigade died from the effects of those terrible days and nights as would have fallen had we faced the leaden storm during the two days of battle at Shiloh.

CHAPTER XIV.

CREEPING TOWARD CORINTH.

A "SIEGE" AT LONG RANGE—CAMPING IN A SEA OF MUD—RATIONS OF "COMMISSARY"—LUGGING SUPPLIES FROM THE LANDING—SICKNESS MAKES MUCH BUSINESS FOR THE DOCTORS—BLUE-MASS AND QUININE—REVOLTING SCENES ON THE BATTLEFIELD—AN ORDER TO PROMOTE EARLY RISING—PICK AND SHOVEL—ADJUTANT WOODRUFF TELLS SOME STORIES.

WHEN General Buell reached Pittsburg Landing, near the close of the first day's fight, matters looked very blue for the Union army. He asked General Grant if he had made provisions for a retreat in case the battle went against him on the following day. Grant replied that he had not even thought of that; he had come there to stay and had no intention of changing his purpose. He did stay, and we all stayed with him, for two months, April and May, engaged in what may be facetiously called the "Siege of Corinth." Most of the time it was at rather long range for a siege. Preparations were made on an enormous scale for the advance upon Beauregard, who had succeeded to the command of the rebel army upon the death of General Johnston during the battle. There was a gathering of forces on both sides. It was known that Beauregard was receiving reinforcements from every quarter, and no effort was spared to swell the Union army. General Pope, who had

been operating around Island Number Ten brought up twenty-five thousand men. All the troops that could be spared from any point in the western departments were hurried to join the forces before Corinth. By the latter part of April General Halleck, who had assumed personal command, had more than a hundred thousand men in the lines which were gradually being advanced toward the town. This vast force was organized as Right Wing, Center, Left Wing and Reserve. We were in the Center, which was composed of the divisions of McCook, Nelson, Wood and Crittenden, and commanded by General Buell.

For weeks a much greater battle than Shiloh seemed hourly imminent. Our part in the two months siege will be told in this and the succeeding chapters. There were in reality few startling events, the days and weeks dragging tediously along, in the monotony of drilling and picket duty.

Our wagons, which had been left back, with knapsacks, blankets and overcoats, when we started on our Sunday night

scamper for Savannah, did not reach us for more than a week. During that time we just lay around in the mud, enduring all manner of physical discomforts. During and after the battle a very large amount of rain had fallen. The ceaseless tread of thousands upon thousands of men and animals had converted the soft earth into mud, almost equal in quality to that at Hall's Gap. For miles the field was little else than a vast quagmire. The wagon roads were simply tortuous channels of mud, in

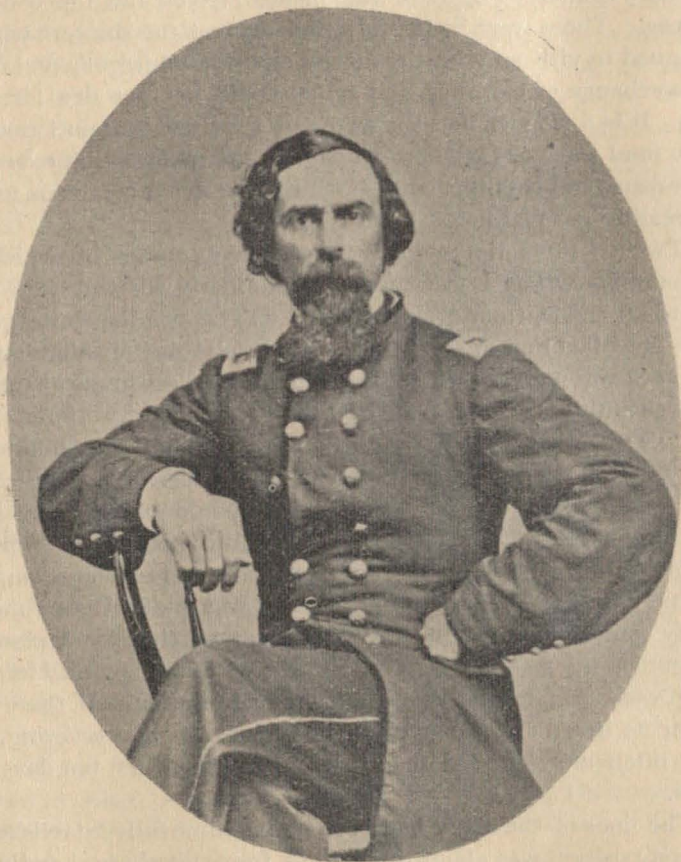


THOMAS L. THOMPSON,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

which the wheels sank to their hubs. Camping on such a spot was bad enough under the most favorable conditions. While waiting for our wagons we were wholly without shelter, except such as was afforded by rude huts made of poles and the boughs of trees. These were little protection against the showers which continued to visit us with the most preposterous frequency. We had no change of clothing, and actually did not get dry for ten days. It is a wonder that we were not required to tramp around in the mud three or four hours a day, in the invigorating exercise of company and batallion drill, but this was saved up for us until the weather got real hot.

Two or three times during these days rations of whisky, or "commissary" as it became more familiarly known, were issued to all hands, from colonel to cook. The opinion quite generally prevailed that at such times a judicious use of stimulating beverages was a good thing. It is almost needless to say that this idea was enthusiastically shared by the great majority of the soldiers. The ration was not large enough to produce very hilarious results. Nobody got drunk except here and there one who contrived to get an extra supply. Some secured double doses by negotiating for the rations of the few who did not drink. There were men in every regiment whose canteens were seldom empty of whisky. How they managed to get it was one of those things nobody could find out. But they got it, at all times and places, even under the most adverse conditions, with an ingenuity in devising ways and means that challenged admiration. If there be any virtue in whisky, as an elixir to alleviate human suffering, it is not often more needed than it was during our first ten days at Shiloh.

The lines of the army had been by this time fully established. Our first position was about three miles from Pittsburg Landing, and a short distance to the eastward of the direct road to Corinth. Each company had its regular "trick" of picket duty, but this was decidedly more comfortable than sloshing around in the mud that was everywhere within the lines. One of our periodical diversions was to trudge to the Landing after rations. All the roads leading from the river to the numerous camps were absolutely impassable for teams. The goaded mules, floundering in



ORLOW SMITH,
MAJOR SIXTY-FIFTH, AND
BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL.

the mire, could scarcely pull an empty wagon, while to move a loaded one was not to be thought of. April 13th five companies were detailed from each regiment to "tote" three days' rations out to our bivouac. We made a grotesque procession, as we plodded along through the mud with our burdens. Here were two men with a box of hardtack which they carried by turns upon their shoulders, or suspended from a pole with a piece of rope. Yonder were two more, staggering and stumbling along with a load of bacon. Others carried sacks of coffee or sugar. These four articles were our staples; beans and rice came in handy for a change now and then. But nothing could supply a lack of the former; when we had plenty of them in our haversacks we were thankful and content.

The three miles tramp was a most wearisome one. Frequently a man would get hopelessly stuck in the mire, from which he could only extricate himself by calling assistance to relieve him of his burden. We reached camp about dark, tired and covered with mud. Those who had remained were anxiously awaiting our arrival, for their stomachs were as empty as our own, and "the cupboard" was as "bare" as that of Mother Hubbard in the nursery rhyme. The rations were issued at once, and in a few minutes coffee was boiling and bacon "sizzling." We were glad enough to get rations even at the cost of so much fatigue, but we still had a preference for mules and wagons as a means of transportation.

On the evening of April 16th our eyes were gladdened by the sight of our wagons, and our ears by the familiar yells of the mule drivers. For eleven days we had been without tents, overcoats or blankets, exposed to storm and sun, and not having in that time changed a single article of our clothing. Our baggage was in bad condition. A considerable portion of it had been lost or stolen, and what remained was damp and mouldy. But by this time we had learned to make the best of everything. We pitched tents, unpacked our "traps," and felt that at last we had a home again, such as it was. It was certainly "humble" enough.

The weather began to improve and the mud to dry up. There was a corresponding improvement in our health and spirits. The daily sick-call was, however, still a regular matinee, attended

by large numbers who went for their doses of quinine and blue-mass. These articles were the "stand-bys" of the doctors. In fact there did not seem to be much else in the regimental pharmacy. It didn't seem to make any difference what ailed the men—the doctors just filled them up with blue-mass or quinine, or both. If there was irksome fatigue duty in prospect, the men had a way of putting on doleful faces, wabbling up to the doctor's "shebang" at sick call, receiving rations of medicine and getting excused from duty for the day. Then they would go back to their tents, throw the medicine into the fire, and spend the day in playing seven-up. This worked nicely for a time, but when the doctors "caught on" they would prescribe doses of castor-oil or ipecac and compel the groaning invalids to swallow them then and there. This proved something of a dampener on the "playing off" scheme. Since we left Savannah more than a hundred men from each regiment had been sent to hospital. Many of them, whose condition was such as to unfit them for duty for days or weeks, had been sent north by steamboats. Of these, scores died, others were discharged, and but few ever rejoined their regiments.

On April 18th there was a general advance of the Union lines. We struck tents and moved some three miles to the front. As we might have expected, it rained all day and we had another thorough soaking—but we were getting used to that. The air was raw and chilly and the day and night were most dismal and uncomfortable. The pleasant weather of the week previous was followed by three or four days of wetness, with an amount of rain that seemed to us wholly unnecessary. Our camp was badly located. There was no spring within reach, and our only water supply was a small, sluggish stream that crept lazily over the battlefield, and pools made by the rain. The water of both was villainous. The ground everywhere was covered with the foul debris of great armies, and the earth was poisoned by the decaying bodies of thousands of men and animals. Most of the country between the river and Corinth is flat and marshy, affording little water suitable for use. It is probable that impure water was the chief cause of the sickness that prevailed among the troops there. After a brief experience with it we rarely

used it for drinking purposes, except when made into coffee.

The day after we moved camp, Garfield's brigade was ordered out, with two days' rations, to take a turn of duty at an advanced post, which it was desired to hold in force. Leaving the sick in camp, we took only our arms, haversacks and blankets. We started about nine o'clock and moved rapidly two and a half miles toward Corinth. Here we halted, threw out a line of sentinels, and sat down to await developments. Every man was required to keep his accouterments on and remain within instant reach of the stacked arms. But the only thing that developed was another preposterous rain storm, which began soon after noon and continued without cessation through the whole night. Without shelter, our clothing and blankets became saturated and sleep or comfort was impossible. We could only huddle together under the dripping trees and sit, shivering and benumbed, watching for the dawn. No fires were allowed till daylight. As soon as morning broke we succeeded, after much tribulation, in getting fires started, for there were no fences or old buildings at hand, and it was not easy to find anything combustible.

Shortly after daylight the tinkling of a cow-bell was heard a short distance in our front. There was a current tradition that this means had more than once been used to decoy soldiers into an ambush. There were men, however, who would run almost any risk for the sake of getting a little milk to flavor a flagon of coffee. So an armed reconnoissance of a dozen men was sent out



CHRISTIAN M. GOWING,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

to investigate. They returned after a short absence and reported that there was no fraud about that cow-bell. A couple of canteens full of milk proved the truth of the assertion. We remained quietly at our post, without shooting or being shot at, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were relieved by a brigade of Thomas's division, and returned to camp.

In moving about over the field, days and weeks after the battle, revolting scenes were witnessed. Many of the rebel dead were placed in very shallow graves. Indeed, some of them could hardly be said to have been buried at all. It seemed as if only a few shovelfuls of earth had been thrown over them as they lay upon the ground. The beating rains washed many of them partially bare, and it was by no means an uncommon thing to see a ghastly head or limb protruding from the mire. In many instances the unmarked graves had become indistinguishable and wagons had passed repeatedly over them, sinking deep in the soft earth, crushing and mangling the corpses in a shocking manner. Few men can ever become so steeled as to look upon such things without a shudder.

About this time an order was issued requiring all the troops to stand in line of battle every morning, from half past three o'clock until the day had fully dawned. This cheerful morning exercise was continued for five or six weeks, until the "siege" was over. It caused a vast amount of grumbling, but the boys turned out at the call of the orderly, just the same. It was either a determined attempt to force us into habits of very early rising, or a precaution against a recurrence of the scenes of that Sunday morning at Shiloh, when some of the regiments were aroused from their slumbers by the sweep of the rebel line through their camps. It is certain that at no time after the 20th of April would the army have been caught napping. But Beauregard did not repeat the attack of the 6th, and the only advantage we derived from this order was the practice which seemed likely to fully confirm us in the habit of getting up early.

On April 22d we moved our camp a short distance, to higher ground. It is worthy of note that for some reason it forgot to rain. For a long time it had appeared that we always moved because it rained, or it rained because we moved. We were not

quite clear which was the cause and which the effect, but it was none the less true that the two events rarely failed to connect. We occupied our new camp but a few days, for on the 29th we pulled up stakes again and hitched along nearly five miles toward Corinth. At this time there was a general advance of our wing of the army and a complete readjustment of the lines. Our march was through a most desolate section of country and over execrable roads. It rained again during the entire movement. Just before going into camp in our new position we emerged into a pretty spot, fertile and cultivated. As we halted the band played:

"Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness,"

the boys cheering heartily in response. When we left our old camp a large number of sick from the two regiments and the Sixth Battery—which had joined us a few days before—were sent to hospital, still further reducing our already much depleted ranks.

The siege of Corinth afforded but meager opportunity for foraging. There were altogether too many men in that neighborhood for the very limited product of the country. There were not nearly enough pigs and chickens to go round. In fact, the rebels had evidently eaten up pretty much everything there was. But our company struck it rich on the last day of April. We were on picket. For some unknown reason our meat rations had been short for several days. When three or four fine hogs deliberately approached our post that afternoon, what did we do? What would General Wood or General Buell have done had either or both of them been in our places? We could not, of course, discharge our pieces, but bayonets had been thoughtfully provided for such occasions. We flanked and surrounded those pigs and bayoneted two of them. They supplied the company with meat for three or four days. A section was quietly sent to regimental headquarters, for Colonel Harker's mess. His cook privately informed the boys that the colonel never asked where the fresh pork came from, but said it was excellent. His verdict fully justified our own.

As we drew closer to Corinth the probability of a general engagement increased daily. There were occasional collisions, when heavy firing broke out at the points of contact, and almost in a moment the whole army would be in line ready for action. Hitherto the spade had been considered an ignoble weapon. The

want of intrenchments had been sorely felt at Shiloh. A new policy was adopted in this respect, and miles of works were built. At first our men did not take kindly to the shovel, but it was observed that all those who had faced that rebel cyclone on Sunday morning at Pittsburg Landing, unprotected, dug and chopped with alacrity and enthusiasm. They had learned by bitter experience the value of such defences. So it was that after the soldiers of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had been promiscuously shot at a few times, they, too, began to scratch gravel on every occasion, with great ardor. If they couldn't get shovels they would make use of bayonets, sticks, and even their hands in digging rifle pits. It was always a wise thing to do, and not in the least inconsistent with the highest development of personal courage. We had to do our share of the digging before Corinth. During the latter part of the siege an almost unbroken line of intrenchments extended for a distance of eight or ten miles. The rebels had no delicacy about throwing up heaps of logs and earth to get behind. We found after the evacuation that their lines of rifle-pits were fully equal to our own. The battle of Shiloh promoted the shovel from a menial implement of toil to an honorable and indispensable weapon of warfare. †

Adjutant Chauncey Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, relates this good story: "A few days after the battle of Shiloh I was placed on the picket line, about three miles to the front of that famous battlefield. The day was cold and stormy and there was an utter absence of anything to awaken interest, save the wit and stories indulged in by a few whose spirits were never dampened by the weather. A member of the Fifty-first Indiana was one of this kind. I heard him relate his experience to a much older member of his regiment whom he called 'Jim.'

" 'Jim' said he, 'do you know that I was the meanest boy ever raised in Indiana?'

" 'Why, no,' said Jim, 'how is that?'

" 'Waal,' said he, 'I'll tell you how it was. My father was a Presbyterian minister, and my mother—if there ever was a Christian she was one. When I was twelve years old my father died and left us poor. I went around town picking up small jobs to help a little. One cold, wet day, just like this, when I started out

I told my mother I wished she would make some nice warm biscuit for dinner. She could make good biscuit, too. She replied that she would. I tramped all over town and didn't strike a job, and went home cross and crabbed. There, sure enough, on the table was a nice plate of biscuit. The table stood near the window. I sat down, took one and bit a mouthful out of it. There was a piece of soda in it which made my mouth smart, and I threw the biscuit out of the window. I looked at mother, but she never said a word, and that made me still madder. I just took the plate and threw the whole lot out upon the ground. Jim, what do you think she done ?

" 'I think,' said Jim, 'she ought to have throwed you out, too.'

" 'Waal, all she said was, "William, I hope the time will come when you will be glad to eat such bread as that." Taking from his haversack a section of the hardest kind of hardtack, he exclaimed in a solemn tone, as he held it out :

" 'Jim, that mother's prayer has been answered!'



JOHN KANEL,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Here is another that Woodruff tells, on himself : "While the regiment was enjoying a temporary rest behind its first constructed breastworks, a few miles from Corinth, our attention was attracted by rapid artillery firing some distance to the left, which continued only for a short time. This noisy spurt occasioned considerable anxiety to ascertain what occasioned it. Being a little ambitious to develop the mystery upon my own responsibility, I undertook a pilgrimage for a mile along the line of breastworks.

Coming to a battery that showed evidence of having been recently used, I halted and interviewed a sergeant, the only person in sight. I asked him if his guns had done the firing we had heard. He replied that they had fired a few shots. I inquired of him what they were shooting at. He answered by asking me what in sheol I *supposed* they were shooqing at! I told him artillery was sometimes used against the enemy, sometimes for practice, and probably sometimes without any definite object. His lip curled up, and without making any reply he left, but shortly returned in company with a corporal who carried his bayonet on the end of his musket, and who was kind enough to inform me that the officer at headquarters would like to see me.

"The headquarters were about twenty rods to the rear around a small fire, where the officer, a lieutenant-colonel of a Kentucky regiment, and a half dozen others, were trying to adjust the temperature of their extremities to their comfort. My prospect of reporting discoveries that day to the Sixty-fourth was not inspiring. I tried, however, to maintain a cheerful attitude by inquiring of the colonel if I could do anything for him. He asked me if I had a pass; as I had none, I told him where I belonged, and that it was curiosity only that prompted me to that visit. He appeared to discredit my statements and tried to entangle me by cross questions, such as: 'Whose division is your regiment in?' 'Wood's.' 'Whose division is on your right?' 'Sherman's.' 'Who raised your regiment?' 'John Sherman.' Thinking he had cornered me, he exultingly inquired if I undertook to say that General Sherman didn't command his own regiment. I replied that there was not a private in our regiment who did not know that John Sherman was not General Sherman. Seeing his own mistake, he tried to be a little more personal, by asking what business I had so far from my own quarters. Looking at the sergeant who had caused my arrest, I replied that I had sometimes been taken for a fool, but never before for a spy; that I had been seeking information to impart to my friends, and I would be glad to include him with the rest. He said I need not be at the trouble of coming so far to do it, and told me that I was at liberty to report my observations to my own regiment at once. Thanking him for his courtesy, I told him that the next time that battery

made so much noise I hoped they would have something to show for it."

The adjutant, who is full of reminiscences, also relates this incident: "General Garfield one evening ordered a detail of a lieutenant and ten men of the Sixty-fourth, to report to his headquarters at sunrise the next morning, for instruction relative to some duty on the picket line. The detail was there on time and found the general in bed, sleeping soundly, and his servant out getting breakfast. While waiting, some of the boys discovered a healthy female 'possum in a ravine a few yards away and one of them brought it in front of the general's quarters. She had a full litter of young, clinging to her like links in a chain. The captor held up the entire family as our commander emerged from his tent. The general began giving his instructions, when his eyes caught sight of this novel equipment. Apparently with the deepest interest, he stood for ten minutes in his night clothes, discussing the Divine wisdom in the adaptation of animal life to its condition, stating that the kangaroo and opossum were the only species of animals having a safe or pouch provided to store for a season their helpless offspring. Being reminded that we were awaiting orders, he apologized for his unmilitary talk and appearance, and closed the interview by telling us in a few words what to do."

One more incident of the field of Shiloh is also from Woodruff's pen. It illustrates one of the sad features of war—the unknown dead: "Some days after the battle a part of the Sixty-fourth was on the picket-line, where a victim of that memorable engagement had been left to die under a hastily constructed booth of bushes. Decomposition was far advanced, and we were compelled to remove or bury the body to protect ourselves, as the weather was hot, and the ground in that locality was saturated with water. Sending back to camp we got two shovels and dug a grave as deep as the water which rushed in from all sides would permit, and covered the remains from sight. The body was dressed in the regulation butternut, except the under clothes, which were of the finest cashmere. The boots were of the most stylish pattern, fit for a dancing party. The pockets were empty, having been turned out, and the only clue to the man's name or

history was the letters "J. B." cut on his gun-stock and cartridge-box. We called him "James Buchanan," and hunting up a board from a crackerbox, cut the initials on it and set it up for a head stone. Evidently he came from a family of refinement and luxury. He was quite small in stature and young in years, and probably had relatives who were deeply anxious then, and may be yet, to know how and when he died and where lies his dust."

CHAPTER XV.

THE SIEGE CONTINUED.

DRILLING 'NEATH A BLAZING SUN—CAPTURING UNSEEN BATTERIES—
PRODIGIOUS FEATS OF VALOR—CAPTAIN ORLOW SMITH'S WIG—
PAID OFF AGAIN—"THE ACCEPTED TIME" FOR THE SUTLERS—
ADVANCING THE LINES—SOME EXCITING DAYS—OUR FIRST WOUNDED—
LAST NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES.

THE Union army was generally well supplied with food, clothing, and everything needful. No effort was spared to bring it up to the highest point of efficiency. Frequent and careful inspection by company, regimental and brigade officers required the men to keep their arms, clothing and accouterments in good condition. Toward the end of April, when the sun began to beat down his merciless rays, daily drills were prescribed for all the troops, when not engaged in picket or other duty. Each day there was company and battalion drill, with an occasional brigade drill thrown in as something majestic.

Colonel Harker seemed to be deeply impressed with the be-

lief that in the economy of Providence the members of the Sixty-fifth were created for the especial purpose of capturing forts and batteries situated on the summits of hills. Believing that a glorious future was before us in this particular line of warfare, he felt that all we needed was a little practice. Fortunately there were two or three hills in a piece of open woods near our camp which made all the conditions perfect. Usually choosing the hottest days for these exploits, he would march the regiment out, divide it by wings, give the command, "Take a battery!" and then, with a look of joyful pride in his flashing eye, watch the result. Dashing off at double quick, with a wild shout of enthusiasm, we would charge madly through the brush and up the hill, the wings meeting at the top, covered with glory and perspiration. We never failed to get the battery. Everybody displayed the greatest bravery, rushing forward with prodigious yells, wholly indifferent to the grape and canister that those imaginary guns were supposed to be pouring into us by bucketfuls. Then Colonel Harker would tell us how well we had done it, and we would sit down on the scene of our valor to rest and pant and wipe our streaming faces. Day after day we charged these invisible batteries; now and then, for a change, sweeping over an imperceptible line of rifle-pits, routing the enemy with awful slaughter, while the officers brandished on high their reeking swords and waded around through seas of imaginary gore. Like the



JOHN BODY,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

schoolboys in the rhyme who charged upon the flock of geese :

"We routed 'em, we scouted 'em,
Nor lost a single man !"

Had the rebels heard of our exploits it would be little wonder that they evacuated Corinth.

Captain Orlow Smith, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, is occasionally mentioned in these pages. This is because he unconsciously furnished us so much amusement. He had a fine head of hair, swelling into a beautiful roll at the bottom, of which he was very proud. One day while we were "taking a battery," charging like mad through a dense thicket of brambles, Captain Smith's hat flew off and a brier snatched from his head—a wig ! It landed on the ground several yards away. His head was as bare and smooth as a door-knob, and glistened in the sun like the gilded ball on Drum-major Critchfield's staff. There wasn't a sign of hair except a little *cheval-de-frise* around the back of his neck. How the boys screamed with delight as they saw him scratching to recover his wig ! I doubt if a man in the regiment knew before that he wore one. We all supposed that his beautiful hair grew there.

With our gradual approach to the enemy's lines, matters looked more and more serious. There were frequent alarms by day and by night. Each of these was the signal for the immediate "fall in" of a hundred thousand men. Indeed, it may be presumed that our neighbors on the other side were similarly affected by these spasmodic fusillades. With two great armies lying so near to each other, a general action was liable to be brought on at any moment. On May 1st the Union army was ordered to have three days' cooked rations constantly in haversacks, and to keep everything in readiness for sudden and rapid movements. This certainly had an appearance of business, and we lived in hourly expectation of a mighty conflict.

May 2nd was pay-day. The visit of the paymaster was always an interesting and important event. Major Lowrey and his packages of crisp new greenbacks were received with great enthusiasm. For some time the boys had been short of money, most of them entirely out, in fact, and the various sinful games by which money is transferred from the pocket of one to that of

some other fellow, had languished. Now they were all in full blast again. Wherever two or three were gathered together were heard eager discussions concerning "pairs," and "flushes" and "jack-pots"; and out under the trees, day after day, were scores of "lay-outs" for the seductive but exceedingly uncertain games of "chuck-a-luck" and "Honest John." Great activity in this branch of industry always followed in the wake of the paymaster. You could always tell when a regiment had been recently paid.

Most of the money that was not disposed of in this way went to the sutlers. Drennan and Horner, the "skinners"—as the boys affectionately called them—of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, always came up smiling at the paymaster's tent, to collect the amounts due them for "checks" issued to the boys during seasons of financial famine. As soon as they received their pay the soldiers rushed to the big tents of the sutlers and laid in a stock of canned fruit, pickles, cheese, sardines, etc., at prices which took away one's breath as well as his cash. For a few days they abandoned themselves to riotous living. The money didn't last long and when it was gone they would settle down, go to buying checks again "on tick" and wait for the next pay-day. The sutlers had to look out for themselves. When there was danger ahead they hugged the rear, but when it was over they would gear up their mules, drive to the front, and open up their seductive stock. Now and then an outfit would be captured and looted by the "Johnnies," who reveled in the spoil. Then the sutler would get a fresh load, put up the prices, and thus recoup his loss.

On May 3rd there was another general advance. Reveille sounded at three o'clock and we were ordered to be ready to move at daylight. We marched four miles and encamped in a beautiful sassafras grove. It was the most pleasant camp we had seen for many a day. Soon after noon there was heavy firing on the left which called us into line for an hour. On account of the bad condition of the roads our wagons did not reach us till dark. As usual it rained all the afternoon, and we were thoroughly drenched.

A somewhat singular order was promulgated at this time, to



AARON P. BALDWIN.
CAPTAIN, SIXTH-BATTERY.

the effect that until further notice no mail matter would be permitted to leave the army. We were quite at a loss to understand the object of such an order, but it was strictly enforced for two weeks.

May 6th our brigade was ordered two miles to the front to repair a road, probably on account of the experience we had had in such work at Hall's Gap. We left our camp standing, in charge of a few invalids, taking with us arms, implements, blankets and haversacks. The road was an old corduroy, in a sadly demoralized condition, requiring much labor to make it passable for artillery and wagons. Muskets were loaded and stacked near by, and pickets were carefully posted to give warning should anybody come that way with a design to molest us. Then we fell to with axes and shovels, wearing our accouterments that we might be ready to spring to our arms at a moment's notice. We toiled diligently till nearly night without an alarm. Once a picket shot caused a sudden dropping of tools and seizing of arms, but it proved to be only a scare. We did not return to our camp as we expected, but fell back half a mile, posted a strong picket and bivouacked for the night.

A notable incident next morning was the slaughter of a dozen hogs which made their appearance near our bivouac. It was strange enough that they had thus far escaped the ravage of war. Probably their continued existence was due to the fact that they were midway between the two armies. But now their time had come. Not less than two hundred men instantly surrounded them. No attempt was made to check the onslaught, and they were bayoneted, to the last pig.

We did not resume our work on the road, but were ordered to police a camping ground where we were, being informed that the wagons would soon bring up our tents and baggage. The day was excessively warm, but after we had worked and perspired for a couple of hours it was discovered that we were too far to the front. We marched back a mile and did our work all over again.

Two days later we were thrown into excitement by the sound of heavy artillery and musketry firing at Farmington, a few miles east of Corinth. It sounded more like a battle than any-

thing we had heard since Shiloh. It proved to be a severe engagement between one of General Pope's divisions and a strong column of the enemy.

At dress-parade that evening orders were read announcing the capture of New Orleans by Admiral Farragut, which threw the whole army into a paroxysm of cheering. It was also stated that McClellan was making good headway toward Richmond and the speedy capture of the Confederate capital was confidently expected. The bands played all the patriotic tunes they knew, and everybody yelled himself hoarse. Captain Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, told Company G that he believed the war would soon be over and they could all go home in a few days; which called forth an extra vocal effort from the boys of that company, who were overjoyed at the prospect of a speedy return to their homes, even though they hadn't killed any rebels yet! There was no mistake about New Orleans, but it was three years before, in the wilds of East Tennessee, we shouted and screamed like lunatics over the fall of Richmond; and nearly four years passed before the few that were left of Company G, or any other company of the Sherman brigade, stacked arms for the last time.

We moved again May 10th, this time four miles in the direction of Farmington. We spent that day and most of the next in wandering about, in a vague sort of way, trying to find where we were wanted. Half a dozen times we moved after having been ordered to fix our camp. We finally came to anchor during the afternoon of the 11th. On the 15th the Sixty-fifth was ordered on picket, after tearing through the brush under a burning sun from seven to nine on brigade drill. We marched rapidly two miles to the picket-line, which we reached in a melting condition. We relieved the Sixty-fourth, from members of which we learned that some of the videttes had been exchanging compliments with the rebel pickets. The day passed quietly, however, and we felt that so long as they didn't shoot we would rather be on picket than drilling in camp. But soon after midnight a very spirited firing suddenly broke out a short distance to our right, which brought everybody up standing. The firing continued, and in a few minutes we heard the drums and bugles far in the rear, arousing the whole army from slumber. The camps of the enemy

were also astir. A scattering fire was kept up till daylight, but nothing came of it except to scare the two armies. During the morning a fine deer ran past our line. Yielding to the impulse, several men fired but without bringing down the game. He dashed off toward the enemy's lines and directly we heard shots which indicated that the rebel videttes were practicing on him. Toward noon we were relieved by the Fifty-first Indiana.

May 17th was an exciting day. We arose at three, and after standing in line till daylight were dismissed with orders to prepare breakfast at once, strike tents, and be ready to march at six. When the drums beat to the color line Colonel Harker made a speech to the Sixty-fifth beginning with: "If we get into action today," which caused a general pricking up of ears. He expressed the hope, and the belief, that every man would do his duty and the regiment acquit itself with honor. Pending the arrival of orders to move, he put us through three hours of battalion drill. We captured several batteries and lines of intrenchments, and went through all the evolutions that Hardee or any other man ever conceived. About ten o'clock we were marched back to camp and ordered to unload wagons and pitch our tents again on the same old spot. We learned that we had been directed to be in readiness to support the planting of some heavy seige guns, in case the enemy should seem disposed to argue the question.

Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon there was a loud burst of cannonading directly in our front. Almost in a moment we had formed and were on our way at double-quick. The narrow road through the woods and swamps was literally choked with regiments eagerly pressing forward and batteries dashing off at a gallop. Before we could reach the scene of action the firing had ceased, but we pushed on and at length brought up in a dense thicket of oak bushes, panting, breathless, reeking with perspiration, and almost suffocated with the heat and dust. After loading our pieces we were directed to rest till further orders. Shortly after dark we "boxed the compass" for an hour, crashing through the dense brush in every direction until we appeared to have reached the right spot. Then we were told to lie down in our tracks, sleep on our arms, and be ready to spring at any moment. We lay there that night, the following day, and the next

night. On the morning of the 19th we were moved half a mile and set to building breastworks. We spent the day hard at work, and pitched our camp two hundred yards in rear of the line.

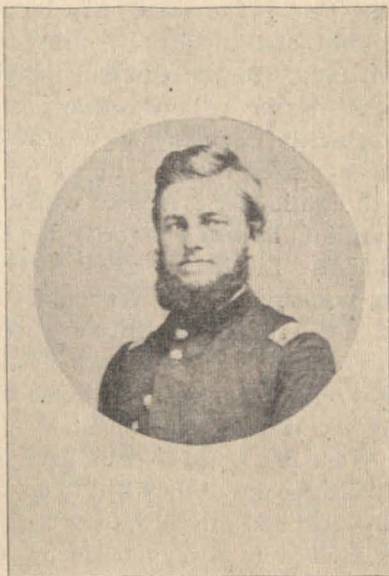
We were now getting at close quarters with the enemy. One more advance, such as we had made from time to time, would bring us squarely against his intrenchments. Picket firing and skirmishing became an everyday matter. We began to get accustomed to the whistle of bullets, but as scarcely anybody seemed to be getting hurt we did not mind it. May 20th we lay all day in the trenches, the men only being permitted to go to camp by reliefs for their meals. During the afternoon the rebel pickets made themselves somewhat too numerous. They kept up a steady fire and wounded several of the Thirteenth Michigan, which was on the outposts. General Wood rode up, took a survey of the situation and quietly remarked that he would show them a thing or two. Ordering up the Sixth Ohio battery, he posted it on an eminence a short distance in rear of the works and directed the gunners to shell the woods through which ran the rebel picket line. They responded noisily, and for a time there was a liberal distribution of explosive hardware which gave the Johnnies something to attend to besides peppering our videttes. A rebel battery feebly returned the fire for a few minutes but it was soon silenced. The rebels disappeared in our front and gave us no further trouble that day. May 21st the Sixty-fifth was on picket again. The line was advanced half a mile, to secure a better position. The pressure upon the enemy elicited a spirited protest. During all the afternoon there was very active skirmishing. No man on either side could show himself without being the instant target for a dozen bullets. Richard and John Wolfe, brothers, of Company K, were wounded, the former in the arm, and the latter severely in the body.

During the next three or four days comparative quiet reigned along the lines. There were occasional picket firing and, now and then, a few artillery shots, which kept us constantly on the alert, but no aggressive movements were attempted on either side, in our immediate vicinity. One regiment from the brigade was detailed each day for picket duty, the others alternately occupying the trenches, night and day. One evening a forlorn squad of half

a dozen deserters entered our lines. They said Beauregard was showing signs of weakening, and expressed the belief that he was intending to evacuate Corinth. Events a few days later showed that they were correct in their opinion.

May 24th another paymaster appeared in our midst. He distributed two months pay, squaring accounts to the first of May. Two days later the chaplains of both the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth went to Ohio, carrying with them several thousands of dollars for the families and friends of the soldiers.

During the 27th, 28th and 29th the rebels showed unusual activity all along the line. The pickets skirmished continually, and heavy firing at various points kept us in a constant state of alarm. We slept but little, and half a dozen times during each twenty-four hours we were called into line at the intrenchments. It was a good deal like keeping a railroad hotel, with "warm meals at all hours" for the wayfaring public. It turned out that all this extraordinary fuss on the part of the enemy was only a ruse to divert



ROBERT S. CHAMBERLIN,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

General Halleck's attention while Corinth was being evacuated; for during these days and nights of constant skirmishing and standing at arms in the trenches, Beauregard was fast making his preparations to "jump the town." Train after train bore south by railroad the heavy artillery, munitions and baggage. During the night of May 29th the rebels quietly folded their tents, or left their huts, and "silently stole away." In the evening of that day, and up to midnight, while the evacuation was in progress,

their pickets were very noisy, keeping us in a constant stew. But that was the last night we spent in the trenches before Corinth.

Soon after we left Nashville both regiments were bereft of officers by death from disease. On March 30th Lieutenant Thomas McGill, of Company I, Sixty-fourth, died at Nashville. He was a worthy man, ardent and zealous in the discharge of his duties, but physically delicate and unable to endure the hardships of the field. The same may be said of Lieutenant George N. Huckins, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, who died at Nashville April 2nd. He was born and raised in Canada. At the time he entered the service he was near graduation, in the college at Berea, Ohio, where Company E was raised. Huckins intended to become a citizen of the United States and believed the country worth fighting for. Blessed with a singularly sunny and lovable disposition, he was a favorite at college and in his company and regiment. Lieutenant Clark S. Gregg, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, was stricken with typhoid fever on the field of Shiloh. He died May 11th on a steamboat while being conveyed north. He was a young man of education and culture, whose future was bright with promise. His home was at Sandusky, whither his body was taken for interment.

None of the old soldiers have forgotten how much unpleasant "fatigue duty" they had to do, and the remarks, full of ginger and pepper and mustard, they used to make about it. Details of this kind were always made by the orderly sergeant, and he kept a list to show who came next; for details were made alphabetically through the roll, and every man, unless he was sick, had to take his turn. The orderly was presumed to show no partiality in these matters. While some of the boys always responded without a murmur, there were others who were chronic and constitutional kickers. They couldn't help it. If they happened to be detailed for some particularly obnoxious duty, or at night, or when the weather was bad, they rarely failed to question the correctness of the orderly's book, declaring in sulphurous language that it wasn't their turn. Now and then one became so obstreperous that he landed in the guard-house.

Everybody remembers "Joe" Weir, of Company B, Sixty-

fifth. He was a prime soldier. There was not a man in the regiment who did better or more faithful service, nor was there one who kicked harder about doing it. Joe was a master in the use of language. He had a wonderful vocabulary of expressive words, and could use them on every occasion with a fluency and emphasis that were the envy of many of his comrades, who wished they could talk as he could. Late one night an order came to the Sixty-fifth from brigade headquarters for a detail of a dozen men to guard a lot of rations and forage. The weather was cold, raw and rainy, and it was almost impossible to step anywhere without going over shoe top in mud. Joe Weir, from Company B, was aroused from sleep and ordered to turn out. He kicked off the blanket and began to pour out a stream of his pet words, with a vehemence that aroused the whole mess. He declared that he wouldn't budge an inch, launching all the maledictions in the calendar upon everybody, from the president down to the colonel and the orderly. But all the time Joe was scratching around to get his traps on, and he was the first man to step into his place when the corporal in command of the squad ordered the men into ranks. Joe kept his tongue going all night.

At another time Joe was one of a large detail sent to the Landing after rations. The men had to assist in unloading the supplies from a steamboat. The captain of the boat was something of a talker, himself. He was fully equal to the average mule driver, and that is saying a good deal. After listening to him with admiration for a few minutes, Joe went up to the captain and offered him his cap.

"Take this, captain," he said, "I've found a man at last who can beat me!"

In a towering rage, the captain poured upon Joe a torrent of epithets and expletives, and told him that if he didn't get off the boat he would throw him into the river. Joe went ashore and stayed there.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SIXTH BATTERY.

ITS SERVICE BEFORE JOINING THE TWENTIETH BRIGADE—BLOCKADING THE CUMBERLAND RIVER—LIFE IN CAMP GREEN—MUD AND MISERY—NEW WAY TO ROAST TURKEY—ORDERED TO NASHVILLE; THEN TO SHILOH—THE BATTERY COMPLIMENTED—ASSIGNED TO WOOD'S DIVISION—AN AKRON JUDGE AT THE FRONT.

ABOUT the 1st of May we were rejoiced to greet our old friends of the Sixth battery, whom we had not seen since leaving Louisville. The battery had served in another part of the field but was now permanently assigned to our brigade. In this chapter will be given a sketch of its haps and mishaps while separated from us, written by Captain Aaron P. Baldwin:

"The Sixth battery was the last of the Sherman brigade to leave Mansfield, taking its departure on the 19th of December and reaching Cincinnati soon after midnight. The men embarked on the steamer General Buell. The guns, caissons and horses were loaded upon barges which were taken in tow by the steamer. The men having been supplied with three days' rations at Mansfield, they only required hot water for coffee. This was supplied by the steamer's steward, and all settled down to what seemed a picnic excursion. We soon left Cincinnati and during daylight all were engrossed with the changing scenery. We looked over Kentucky's hills, and the general remark was 'Well, that is cer-

tainly a tough looking country and hardly worth the sacrifice probably in store for us to reclaim.' We landed in Louisville on the morning of the 21st of December and with wonderful promptness the battery was disembarked. Noon found us in Camp Gilbert, located on the fair grounds, some three miles northeast of the city, and known as the artillery camp. The Sherman brigade was speedily broken up by General Buell. The infantry went to the infantry camp and the cavalry into eastern Kentucky. The latter was seen no more by the battery during the war. Our hope of serving as a brigade under the eye of General Sherman, brother of Senator John Sherman, was dashed to pieces.

"Three weeks were occupied with daily drills, foot and mounted, and in completing our outfit for the field. We drew a forge, wagons and teams and a full supply of ammunition for the battery. This consisted of percussion shells, case shot—which were fired with a paper fuse—and canister for the Parrott guns.

For the bronze guns we received solid shot, shells and canister. The battery was inspected by General Gillman, General Buell's chief of artillery, and was selected by that officer to proceed south to the Cumberland river for the purpose of blockading the river and preventing supplies from passing up from Nashville to the rebel General Crittenden's command, then encamped near Mill Springs, Kentucky. Having received orders to proceed by rail to Lebanon, Sunday, January 16th, 1862, found us at the depot, and in a drizzling rain we commenced our first movement with prom-



THOMAS POWELL,
CAPTAIN, AND AFTERWARD
CHAPLAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH,

ises of glory and all the accompaniments that active service and the field of battle furnish. At eleven o'clock we left the depot, the train pulling away slowly, giving us time to note the difference in the people and to contrast it with our departure from Mansfield. We had been led to believe through the press that Kentucky was largely loyal to the government, and we expected to be received in Louisville with something of an ovation. As we saw none, and the depot and grounds on that Sunday were deserted, we concluded that we or the newspapers had drawn largely upon imagination. We found that there was a big difference in managing railroads between the north and the south, as it took thirteen hours to reach Lebanon, scarcely sixty miles distant.

"As the day passed away the drizzling rain turned to sleet and by night everything was covered with a coating of ice. We reached Lebanon at midnight, and then we saw for the first time what we might expect from service in the field. The night was dark and cold, mud and sleet were everywhere; by persistent effort, however, we got matters in shape for the night. Daylight and reveille turned out the command. Breakfast over, the battery was put into marching order, and with an escort of the famous Wolford's cavalry we proceeded southward toward Columbia, Kentucky.

"Just as we were ready to move, a medical officer called Captain Bradley's attention to the fact that he missed several cases of 'medical stores' from his stock in the depot and was afraid that some of the battery men had been drawing supplies without the usual requisition. Captain Bradley assured the doctor that his men were all temperance men and consequently some other command had done the irregular drawing. We immediately moved forward. The road that we followed led directly south to Columbia and then on to the Cumberland river. As we went south the country became more hilly. When we reached the river we found that the bluffs upon the northern shore were three hundred feet above the water. Before reaching camp on our first day's march a part of the supplies that had been drawn from the medical department at Lebanon began to show up. It was found that to properly cover the same it had been put into the guns; in other words the guns were loaded with the 'wet ammu-

dition' drawn in the morning, and slyly issued on the march.

"The battery was supplied with Sibley tents, one to twelve men, and wall tents for the officers. Our horses being unused to the new life, the width of Kentucky roads and the depth and quality of the mud, our progress for a day or two was very slow and tedious. Reaching Columbia, Captain Bradley reported to General Boyle, a Kentucky officer, from whom we received our final orders. One section, the bronze guns, under the command of Lieutenant McElroy, was detained at General Boyle's headquarters. The remainder of the battery, the four Parrott guns, was ordered to the Cumberland river, with directions to report to Colonel Thomas E. Bramlette, Third Kentucky infantry, which with the Nineteenth Ohio, Colonel Sam Beatty, and the battery, was to blockade the river. We reached the hills overlooking the stream about two o'clock. The road made a sharp turn close to the river and until the bend was reached the stream was under cover. On rounding the point several horsemen were seen on the opposite bank, who proceeded to mount and leave southward at a lively gait. We afterward learned that they were a rebel cavalry picket belonging to General Crittenden's command at Mill Springs.

"The battle at Mill Springs was at that moment being fought. Intelligence of our appearance at the river was carried to General Crittenden, and he, understanding that we were crossing with artillery and infantry, expected we would reach Somerset and cut off his line of retreat. He at once ordered a retreat of his forces from Mill Springs, leaving General George H. Thomas master of the battlefield. We always believed that our appearance at the river gave the turning point to General Thomas, and that we should have the credit due us, although we did not hear a gun or fire a shot. The battlefield was visited by Lieutenant Ayres and others of the battery, and our entire command got the benefit of their visit, which furnished material for talk for weeks.

"The success of General Thomas at Mill Springs left us nothing to do. The rainy season set in and for several weeks it seemed to rain day and night. We found drilling impossible, and it was very difficult to keep up a supply of forage for our horses. The few people living among the hills around us claimed to be loyal, but we secured corn blades and other supplies by hard

work. Soon came the glad news of the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, below Nashville, and it was generally believed that our occupation was gone; the war would be ended and we would not have a chance to fire a gun.

"Camp life began to tell; the radical change of living and the continuous wet weather, brought on much sickness. A log hospital was built and was soon filled with the sick. Here we lost our first men by death, Corporal James M. Walton and Private George Neir. The battery was not supplied with a surgeon and we depended upon the surgeon of the Third Kentucky. The medicine issued was apparently all of a kind, and it depended upon a man's feelings whether he got one powder or ten powders, for they all came out of the same box.

"The six weeks that we spent in Camp Green were the most tedious of our entire military history. It rained constantly. The infantry was unable to drill, to any great extent, but as usual, when in quarters for a long time, the men found something with which to while away the time. They started laurel root pipe factories and visited the river and gathered up mussel shells, making finger rings and other articles which they sent to their friends at home. There was a good deal of visiting between the battery and the infantry regiments. Captain Bradley invited Colonel Bramlette and staff to dine with the officers of the battery. The writer was caterer of the officers' mess and it was proposed to have a northern dinner. The camp was daily visited by hucksters, to one of whom was given an order for a turkey, to be roasted, and it was delivered in due time. When all the party were gathered for dinner it was discovered that the turkey had simply been bereft of its feathers and roasted in that condition; and when brought to the table, although wingless, it soon found its way to the rear. The incident, although undiscovered by Colonel Bramlette and staff, was a standing joke in the battery.

"On March 15th we were ordered to Nashville. Boats were sent up the river for the battery, the infantry, in part, marching overland. Every eye was on the watch for the steamboats, and the first intimation we had of their coming was the familiar tune of "Hail Columbia," played by a steam calliope. Immediately everything was in commotion. Soon the boats came around the

bend in the river and we at once broke camp and proceeded to embark, having a detail from the Third Kentucky for an escort. We reached Nashville on the 18th of March, and were ordered to report to Colonel James Barnett, commanding artillery. We had a splendid camp, and the rain having ceased the weather was as fine as could be wished for. Everybody was pleased with the change of climate and our ten days stay in Nashville was enjoyed by all.

"General Buell's army took up its line of march for Pittsburg Landing the latter part of March. The battery moved with the reserve artillery under the command of Colonel Barnett, going out on the Columbia pike, which was in strong contrast with the muddy roads along which we had struggled in Kentucky. The country through which we passed was a rich farming region and there were evidences of prosperity on every hand. We passed many a planter's home, which as a rule was some distance from the pike, and in the rear could be seen the negro

quarters, neatly whitewashed, and all seemed contented with their condition in life. So long as we had the pike to travel on, all went well. After leaving Columbia, we traveled on dirt roads to the Tennessee river.

"The 6th of April came and the battle of Shiloh was being fought, but the battery was still many miles from Savannah. Orders came to push forward with all possible dispatch, but toward night rain set in and continued several days in succession; con-



EBBEN BINGHAM,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed on Atlanta Campaign, June 18,
1864.

sequently instead of being able to quicken our movement, we were going slower and slower. We reached Savannah on the evening of the 7th of April. Steamboats were rushing the infantry up the river with the greatest possible speed all night long.

"On the following morning everything was in confusion—wagon trains with swearing drivers, mules braying, infantry and artillery very badly mixed up and all pushing for the steamboat landing. The emergencies on the field of Shiloh required infantry and they were pushed forward while everything else had to wait. This gave us time to canvass our chances as to having a hand in the battle. About midday a general movement by every one was made toward the landing. No one seemed to know why, but all were going to see what was up. Soon we saw a large arrival of the enemy. As they were under guard none seemed to be afraid of accidents and pressed close up to see what a 'reb' looked like when a prisoner of war. They were a sorry looking crowd, with all kinds of uniforms, apparently no two alike, yet they in a measure stood up under difficulties and urged us to hurry over, as Beauregard had enough men to 'chaw us up' as fast as we landed. Many retained their side arms, but as they consisted of home-made butcher knives, of every conceivable style and length, they were not thought very dangerous. The provost guard considered differently and they were relieved of their weapons. The night was passed in comparative quiet; scarcely a shot was heard. The following day we moved to the landing, embarked on a steamer, and soon found ourselves on the famous field of Shiloh, camping on the hills near the river.

"The following morning, April 9th, we moved forward. Although we had been impressed with the idea that no mud could equal the mud of Tennessee, we found that Mississippi was ahead. We toiled slowly along and finally passed Shiloh church, a log structure built in the woods, and here we began to see evidences of the battle—abandoned guns, wagons and other debris, trees shattered and torn, or scarred by hundreds of bullets.

"We went into the reserve artillery camp and the following day was given over to a general reconnoissance by the battery, each man on his own hook going over the battlefield. A few

days afterward, owing to the imperfect burial of the enemy's dead and the fact that continued rains had washed off what little covering of earth had been put over them, the stench of the putrefaction filled the air. It became unbearable, and a detail from the reserve artillery was ordered to re-bury the dead. The bodies were found in every conceivable condition. In some instances men had fallen near logs and an attempt had been made to cover them where they lay. This duty was exceedingly unpleasant and will never be forgotten by any of the detail.

"A few days passed, when the battery was inspected by General Gillman, General Buell's chief of artillery, and a report was made to army headquarters that one of the best organized, equipped and drilled batteries in the army was in the reserve. General Thomas J. Wood, commanding the Sixth division, being at headquarters, overheard the report and he immediately applied to General Buell to have the battery assigned to his division. This he succeeded in accomplishing and the following day found us enroute to Wood's command. Upon our reporting to him he stated that from what he had heard, he felt that he was very fortunate in securing the battery, and that he had no doubt we would see that the report was warranted. We trust that we never disappointed General Wood in his estimate or his confidence. We served through the entire war either directly or indirectly under his command. We were assigned to the Twentieth brigade, General James A. Garfield commanding, and were heartily glad to be once more with our cherished comrades of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio."

During the siege of Corinth the battery was frequently engaged—or rather did its full share of the desultory and often purposeless firing which was so conspicuous a feature of Halleck's alleged "campaign" against Corinth. Bradley's guns may or may not have hurt anybody, but they made a deal of noise. The effective strength of the battery became so reduced by sickness that some twenty-five men were detailed from the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Fortieth Indiana for temporary service as artillerymen. An infantry soldier was complete in himself. If he were the only one left of his regiment he could still blaze away on his own account. It was not so with the artillery. A certain number of

mén were indispensable to work the guns, and it was no uncommon thing for a decimated battery to be reinforced by a detail from the infantry.

Captain Baldwin tells this story of a judge who went down to see the boys: "One day when on the line of battle and under fire, we received a visit from a member of the sanitary commission, the Honorable E. P. Green, of Akron, who brought some of the members of the battery souvenirs from friends at home. The judge was anxious to see the enemy, and no sooner were their earthworks pointed out to him, than a rebel battery opened. As a shell came whizzing over toward our position, singing 'Whar is ye? Whar is ye?' the judge mounted his steed, and we afterward learned that the horse was kept on a gallop nine long miles until it reached the steamboat landing. This was the last we saw of the judge. We heard that he returned home and was the observed of all observers, being full of news 'from the front.'"

The captain writes as follows of a gentleman who for several months was associated with the battery: "Early in May we were visited by a young man in citizen's attire who said he was an artist and had joined the army in the interest of 'Harper's Weekly' and, showing proper vouchers, stated that he desired to become a member of our officers' mess. This arrangement was easily and speedily consummated and Henry Mosler became a member of our headquarters mess. He sketched the battery in camp, on the field of Shiloh, sent the sketch to Cincinnati and had it lithographed, and nearly every member of the battery secured a copy. These lithographs are highly prized to recall the faithful reproduction of the command. Mr. Mosler remained with the battery during the summer and was a great addition to our mess. The sketches he sent to 'Harper's Weekly', when we had a chance to see them, had at least a hundred or more witnesses to their faithfulness. Mr. Mosler left us at Stevenson, Alabama, when we started on the Bragg campaign, and while the war lasted we never had the pleasure of again meeting him."

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

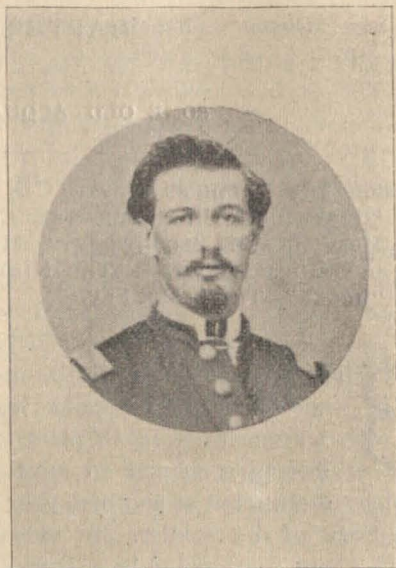
WHICH THE SOLDIERS NEVER CAN FORGET—THE PEDICULUS, OR "GRAYBACK"—HE "TOOK THE CAKE" AMONG THE PESTS—THE MUSICAL AND BLOODTHIRSTY MOSQUITO—THE QUIET BUT INDUSTRIOUS WOODTICK—THE NIMBLE FLEA—THE EXASPERATING "JIGGER"—THE BLACK FLY.

BEFORE entering Corinth, and bidding adieu to the field of Shiloh, where we spent two such uncomfortable months, I deem it not out of place to pause in the narrative, and devote a chapter to some of the numerous little pests which, of one kind or another, year in and year out, foraged upon the body of the soldier. In every new locality, wherever we went, there appeared to be a fresh assortment of ravenous bugs and insects, to cause bodily misery and drive away sleep. There was one species in particular which stayed by the soldier continually and under all circumstances—his close and intimate companion, through summer's heat and winter's cold, in camp and hospital and prison, on the march and the battlefield. Bullets and screaming shell were not pleasant to any of the senses, but as a rule they came to us only now and then, while the bugs and insects, in every form that creeps or flies, were with us always, and were a very considerable factor in making up the sum of life in the army. Many of them, though annoying, were harmless, while others seemed to have been created for the express purpose

of spoiling men's tempers, and getting them into the habit of using bad language. It is my purpose in this chapter to recall a few of those which were most obnoxious to the soldiers. I am persuaded that a familiar sketch of these old acquaintances, with brief mention of their leading characteristics, will not be devoid of interest. It was before Corinth that we first seriously experienced their ravages.

There can be no question as to which is entitled to first place on the list. Every soldier who marched and scratched will cheerfully accord the post of honor to an insect that the scientific men call *pediculus vestimenti*. To speak in the phrase of the present day, it was the "boss." It may fairly be presumed that few of the old soldiers will recognize it by this high-sounding name, for that is not what we used to call it in the army. The scientific people gave it this big Latin title probably because it may be used in any company of polite people with comparative safety, as not one person in a hundred can have any idea what it means. To call it by its other name, which is spelled l-o-u-s-e, would be shocking to sensitive ears.

The savants have the classification down to a fine point and designate this variety of the louse as the *pediculus vestimenti*, thereby indicating its habit of browsing around upon the body and making its home in the clothing of its victim; while the other fellow, that lives in the jungle of hair upon the head, and is only exterminated through the persuasive efforts of a fine-tooth comb,



EZEKIEL MOORES,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

is called the *pediculus capitis*. If doubt exists in the mind of any respecting the identity of the *pediculus vestimenti*, it will be removed by the following extract from an article on this cheerful theme in the American Entomologist—a magazine in which the wise men tell all they know or can guess at, about bugs and insects. It says:

"This is the species which, during the late war, infested so grievously both Union and rebel soldiers, from whom it received the characteristic name of grayback."

This is the name that strikes the ear of the veteran. It has the old familiar sound and there can be no mistake about it. The learned writer just quoted goes on to discuss the subject in this way:

"The reason that it was so prevalent in the late war was that the soldiers, from the necessities of the service, were unable to wash their clothing as often as they would have done at home, and nineteen out of twenty had nothing but cold water to wash it in. Now, almost every species of insect will revive after an immersion of several hours in cold water, whereas water of such a temperature that you cannot bear your finger in it for one second, will immediately destroy any insect whatever that is immersed in it."

A million or two of men in this country who have had more or less experience—generally more—with the *pediculus*, will agree that this is a true and logical statement of the case. It makes us think that the person who wrote it must have "been there." We always found it useless to try to drown the grayback. A cold bath, even prolonged for hours, seemed only to invigorate and give him a fresh start. In fact he rather liked it, and always came up smiling after it, with an appetite sharpened by his abstinence. The boiling scheme was the only thorough and effective means of putting the *pediculus* in such a condition that he would cease from troubling. It not only disposed of him, together with all "his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts," but it also brought to an untimely end all the eggs or "nits," thus preventing the birth of a new generation to join the devastating forces. Herein lay the great advantage of very hot water over that sanguinary and universal but less effective weapon, the thumb-nail. Although the latter slew its hundreds of millions, and was a good deal better than nothing, the process was slower than the boiling, requiring much time, zeal and perseverance. You always had to hunt for

your *pediculus* and catch him first. It is true that there was generally little difficulty in finding plenty of game without a long hunt. When you really had him sandwiched between the thumb-nails you were pretty sure to "get the deadwood" on him. But one at a time, when there were so many, was a tedious method; and the thumb-nail could not, like the foaming camp-kettle, reach out into the future, as it were, and cut off myriads yet unborn. If you killed all in sight and left the nits, the new crop would be swarming in every seam in a week.

How to get rid of the grayback was one of the absorbing problems of the war. It was most decidedly a personal and practical question, and interested the soldier far more than those other questions of state sovereignty, confiscation, finance, and the negro, which put the statesmen at Washington to their best trumps. Indeed, the minds of the soldiers were exercised with far greater activity in planning campaigns against the *pediculus*, than in thinking about those which were directed against Lee, and Bragg, and Hood, and Joe Johnston.

This arch enemy of the soldier was no respecter of persons. Like the rain, which falls alike upon the just and the unjust, the *pediculus* preyed incessantly upon Union and rebel. But for this fact it might have been imagined that he was a diabolical invention of the enemy. As it was, he feasted and fattened, with equal enjoyment, upon those who wore the blue and the gray. Nor had he any reverence for rank. Those whose shoulders were decorated with bars, and leaves, and eagles, and stars, seemed to taste just as good to the *pediculus* as did the corporeal juices of the private soldier. It may not be an entirely pleasant circumstance to recall, but it is true that thousands of men who are now occupying high positions in law, theology, medicine, and politics, or in commercial life, ornaments to polite society, thirty odd years ago used to be sitting around under the trees in the south, "skirmishing" for the *pediculus*, or crowding the fires under the camp kettle to "get the bulge" on their tormentors. I may remark here that it is not easy to imagine a more picturesque and spirited scene than the army presented at certain times and places, when the conditions were favorable to the operations of the *pediculus*. I will not attempt to paint the picture. It will present itself to

the old soldier at the merest suggestion, while it might do violence to the sensibilities of some whose eyes may fall upon these pages.

We were introduced to the grayback before we had been a month in active service. At Bardstown, Lebanon, Hall's Gap, Green River and Nashville we became somewhat acquainted with him, but we never *knew* him, in all his length and breadth and height and depth, so to speak, until we joined the great army in front of Corinth. I well remember seeing, one day, a celebrated, robust brigadier-general, who was afterward President of the United States, engaged in chasing the *pediculus* along the seams of his nether garment, which was spread out upon his knees in regulation style. The general had wandered some distance back of his headquarters, and getting behind the largest tree he could find he applied his energies to the work of "skirmishing," while the setting sun cast a mellow glow over the touching scene. Not far away, behind other large trees, were two of his staff officers similarly engaged—cracking jokes and graybacks.



JOEL P. BROWN,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

But in all our experience I do not think we ever found the *pediculus* quite as numerous and active as during that terrible midsummer march from Bridgeport to Louisville, in August and September of 1862. For the grayback, that campaign was a continual picnic. For weeks not one man in ten had a change of clothing, or even two shirts. We tramped through the heat and dust, sometimes night and day, with but rare opportunities for washing either our clothes or our persons. Water, soap and leisure

time were all about equally scarce. We had no tents, and scarcely anything else—except graybacks. In spite of our utmost efforts to curtail his enjoyment, the pestiferous little insect had a prolonged season of riotous living. We had hardly a camp kettle to a regiment, and there was little chance to do any boiling. When a squad of afflicted men were fortunate enough to secure the use of a kettle they generally wandered about *in puris naturalibus* above the latitude of the waistband, while the boiling water was doing its perfect work. All have heard of the urchin whose shirt was drying upon a bush while he ran about without any. When a passer-by questioned him respecting his scanty apparel, he replied by asking: "What does a boy want of a thousand shirts?" The soldiers on this march might well have given a similar answer, although we did feel as though *two* of these intimate garments would not be an over-supply.

The experience of a fresh and tender recruit in forming the acquaintance of the *pediculus* was often amusing to the tough-hided old veterans. In the fall of 1862 there was a chap who joined our regiment soon after we left Louisville. He was one of your real nice young fellows, who, evidently, when a lad, had always been a good boy; whose mother had kept his face clean and his head well harrowed by the fine tooth comb. He had not been with us more than a week when one day his eye discovered a *pediculus* vaguely rambling about on the sleeve of his blouse, apparently on the lookout for an opening by which to reach the department of the interior. He had never seen one before in his life, and probably did not know till that moment that there was such a thing in the whole realm of animated nature.

"What sort of a bug is that?" he asked a tall, brown corporal who was famous as a grayback fighter.

"That's a grayback!" said the corporal.

"A what?"

"A grayback! Hain't ye never heerd tell of graybacks?"

"No, I never did!" said the recruit solemnly.

"Well," said the corporal, "ye'll know all about 'em pretty sudden, sure's ye're born. They're the darndest things ye ever saw. One o' these days ye'll take off yer clothes and lay 'em down and they'll just crawl right away before yer eyes! Man

alive, that's a louse! Ye'd better get behind a tree somewhere and peel yerself, and go to skirmishin'!"

No one who saw it can ever forget the look of supreme and unutterable disgust that spread over the face of that nice young man as he turned and walked sadly away. He went as far as he could get, where he thought nobody would witness his disgrace and humiliation, and there he spent an hour in communing with himself and examining the innermost recesses of his garments. When he returned he looked as if he were ready to sell his share in the old flag for a mess of pottage, or anything else he could get, and quit. But it may be said of him that he developed into a most excellent soldier. A year later he didn't make any fuss about shedding his clothes and boiling them whenever he had a chance, as the necessities of the case required. But we all felt as he did when we first met the *pediculus*, that was destined to stick to us "closer than a brother."

Perhaps too much space has already been given to this part of our theme, but I cannot pass to the next without mentioning two interesting facts, the first bearing upon the wonderfully rapid increase of the *pediculus*. It used to be a perpetual conundrum to the boys "where in thunder" they all came from. In a book now lying before me it is stated that a German naturalist—whose name nobody could pronounce if I should give it—has brought his mathematics to bear on the question and finds that two female *pediculi* will, in eight weeks, become the mothers and grandmothers of a posterity numbering not less than *ten thousand*! Some people might not believe this, but no old soldier will for a moment doubt the correctness of the statement. If there is any mistake in the figures he will say they are too small rather than too large. Indeed, if required to give his opinion under oath, remembering the multitudes that came like the plague of lice that was visited upon the Egyptians, he would place the product of eight weeks at nearer ten million than ten thousand.

It may be a source of satisfaction to some to know by what particular mechanical process the *pediculus* used to imbibe his nourishment from their bodies. The book to which I have alluded says that he inserts a little tube and then draws the blood and juices from the body by means of a perfect suction pump.

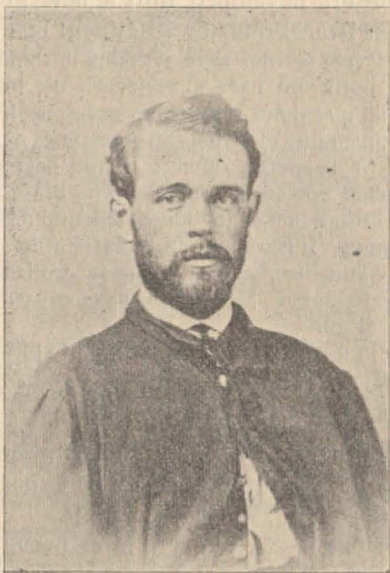
If this be true, the amount of pumping done during the four years of the war was prodigious. We may now consider these things calmly, and perhaps with some degree of interest, but then we knew little and cared less about the scientific questions involved. We only knew that, whether the *pediculus* satisfied his appetite by pumping or chewing, or some other process, he rarely failed to "get there."

Doubtless there will be very little difference of opinion as to what insect deserves to stand next to the head in this class of army pests. I am sure I will be justified in giving this place to the mosquito—more familiarly known as the "skeeter;" the scientific men call him *culex pipiens*, but we prefer the former. The other name of the grayback was only used for the sake of politeness. The mosquito was often quite as numerous as the *pediculus*, and nearly as universal. It was rarely that his song was not heard, during the greater portion of the year, on the march and around the camp-fire. In low, damp regions, when the weather was warm, swarms of these bloodthirsty insects drove the soldiers to the very borders of distraction. They sometimes came literally in clouds that filled the air, the hum of a million wings swelling in maddening chorus. The book says a mosquito's wings vibrate three thousand times a minute. The soldier who has heard them buzzing in and around his ears will certify that this is not an over-estimate. Time and again he found sleep possible only by curling up under his blanket and covering every inch of his head, hands and feet, at the imminent risk of being smothered. Not always could the mosquitoes be baffled even in this way, for they would sometimes prod their bills through a thick blanket, and pierce their victim. Then the latter would rush madly out of his tent and heap on the fire something that would make a great smudge. Sitting down in the thickest of the smoke he would weep, and cough, and sneeze, and strangle, and swear—even this deplorable condition being preferable to the torments of the "skeeters." This picture is not overdrawn; such experiences were common in many localities, from the Chickahominy to the Rio Grande.

Nature does not make a mosquito all at once. It is hardly a thing to brag of to make him at all. He is the result of a gradual

process of development, or evolution, as the learned men say. The female lays her eggs on the water. It were a good thing if they would all drown, but they don't. From the eggs are hatched little "wrigglers" that grow and flop around in the water a few days, when they change to a wholly different form. They are then called *pupæ*—whatever that means. For three or four days they lie around with their humped backs at the surface of the water, contriving to swim a little by quick jerks of the tail, like a shrimp or a lobster. Then they stretch themselves out and burst, and the mosquitoes come forth with sharpened beaks and wings attuned to melody. It would seem that the result of so much effort ought to be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, but the fact is that the product is not worth the labor.

Professor Riley, the government entomologist, says it is only the female mosquito that bites, and that the same is true of all the tribe of insects. We must accept this statement as true, for Professor Riley is paid his salary for finding out such things; but it must be confessed it is a little hard on the gentle sex. If it is not true, Mr. Riley should be sued for libel. We usually look for beauty and perfection and all that in the female sex, and it is not pleasant to have our ideal so rudely destroyed. It is strictly orthodox, however, to fix upon the original woman in the Garden of Eden a large part of the responsibility for all our woes in this world, and the female mosquitoes appear properly to share this odium. The males just fly around and sing and buzz, but never bite



MOSES H. QUINN,
ASSISTANT SURGEON, SIXTY-FOURTH.

anybody. In accepting this theory as correct we are forced to believe that Mormonism prevails largely among them. Judging from our experience, each of the males must have a very large family of wives, who are always hungry. The long black mark which we are unwillingly compelled to score against the tender sex is made still longer and blacker by the fact that the female mosquitoes not only do all the biting, but they produce all the eggs to keep up the supply of wrigglers, which in the fullness of time are developed into a new generation. The following extract from Professor Riley will be appreciated:

"Those who have traveled in summer on the lower Mississippi, or in the northwest, have experienced the torments which these frail flies can inflict; at times they drive everyone from the boat, and on the Northern Pacific, railroad trains can sometimes only be run with any degree of comfort by keeping a smudge in the baggage car, and the doors of all the coaches open to the fumes. The bravest man on the fleetest horse dares not cross some of the more rank and dank prairies of northern Minnesota in June. It is well known that Father De Smet once nearly died from mosquito bites, his flesh being so swollen around the arms and legs that it literally burst. Mosquitoes have caused the rout of armies and the desertion of cities."

The gnat is simply an abridged edition of the mosquito. They are almost identical, except as to size, and it is the female gnat that makes all the trouble. She does the best she can to equal the mosquito, and our experience tells us that she comes as near to it as could possibly be expected of her. If her bill isn't quite so long, she can't help it.

The flea is a very nimble insect. He is sometimes called, by a slight paraphrase of scripture, "the wicked flea," as will be seen by reference to Proverbs, chapter XXVIII, verse 1. The peculiarity of the flea is his marvelous jumping ability, and the consequent difficulty of catching him. He can jump quicker and farther in proportion to his size than any other created being. Sometimes you want him, and want him *bad*, but like the Irishman, you "put your finger on him and he isn't there." In this respect the flea is wiser and smarter than his fellows. Most of the bugs and insects that pester the human family are so intent upon their biting and blood-sucking that they are wholly oblivious to personal safety. While they are gorging themselves they

think of nothing else, until there comes a well-directed blow, and they go to join the innumerable caravan. But it isn't so with the flea. He is a believer in the Hudibrastic theory that:

He who bites and jumps away
May live to bite another day.

He keeps the danger flag flying when upon his forays, and whenever his quick eye detects a hostile demonstration he takes one of those jumps that have made his name a proverb. The trouble of catching a flea appears to have been recognized in the ancient days. Let the reader refer again to his Bible—I suppose every old soldier has one—and read 1 Samuel, chapter XXIV, verse 14, and chapter XXVI, verse 20.

Referring to our scientific book we find that there are ten distinct varieties of fleas. We have to do with the one known as the "human flea," which is very fastidious in his tastes, and preys only upon the human race. The flea that was such a close companion of the army mule was altogether a different species. We need not trouble ourselves about him, for we can trust the mule to do his own kicking. It is not often that the human flea gets so good a chance as the war afforded him. At some times and places the fleas were exceedingly annoying, infesting clothing, blankets and straw, and biting and hopping around in a way that effectually prevented sleep, and was most trying to the temper. It was their agility in always getting away that made a fellow mad in spite of himself. Even after the lapse of all these years, it is hardly possible for any old soldier to think of the pestiferous army flea with any degree of calmness.

Now let us address ourselves for a moment to that industrious bug, the woodtick. He will be vividly remembered by all who slept in the leaves before Corinth. We found him occasionally at other points in our devious wanderings, but nowhere so numerous and robust as on the field of Shiloh. The woodtick never made any noise or fuss. In the most quiet way imaginable he carried out the purposes for which, in the economy of nature, he was designed. You could always tell when there was a mosquito around, but it was not so with the woodtick. He had a most exasperating way of getting under our clothes when we were asleep. The woodtick never slept, and access to our bodies was

not difficult through the holes in our garments—either those that belonged there or those resulting from the wear and tear of the service. Then he would look around to find some tender spot and settle down to his work. As a general rule you didn't know he was there until he had burrowed nearly or quite under the skin. He could do this in a very short time. On getting up in the morning you would feel, perhaps on the arm, or the succulent part of the leg, an itching sensation, something like that which was excited by the *pediculus*, only a good deal more so. Applying the hand to the spot, your touch, if at all sensitive, would detect a small lump which was not there before. After a little experience you would know right away that you had a woodtick, or that he had *you*, according to the view you took of the matter. So you would at once prepare for inspection by taking off such portion of your clothing as the case might require, depending on the location of the lump. If it happened to be around where you couldn't get at it, you would ask a comrade to diagnose the case and apply the remedy.

The industry and persistence of the woodtick rendered it desirable to dispose of him as soon as possible, for there was no telling where his travels would end if you let him have his own way and carry out his little campaign. If the tick had only his head under the skin it was not a difficult matter. A grasp with thumb and finger, and a quick jerk would separate the blood-distended body from the head, leaving the latter to be removed by a little heroic treatment with a jack-knife. The woodtick never let go, and you couldn't draw him out whole any more than you can a fish-hook after it has entered your finger past the barb. It seemed as though he had a perfect screw in his head, and sometimes he was removed by a regular unscrewing motion. The more frequent method, however, was by pulling him in two and getting rid of him in sections. I remember one morning finding three of them boring into the juicy parts of my system. One of them had made such progress that the knife of a surgeon was found necessary for its removal, and I wore a plaster on the spot for a month. As I have said, the most troublesome ticks we ever found, lived—and a good many of them died—in the woods between Pittsburg Landing and Corinth. The woodtick is not

venomous. It is not likely that he ever killed anybody, but he was responsible for a very large amount of profanity. In size and appearance he was not unlike the bedbug.

The "jigger" was as great a nuisance considering his size, or rather lack of size, as any of the pests that disturbed the peace of mind and body of the American soldier. The jigger is very small, often not more than half as large as the head of a pin. But when we remember how much he could do, small as he was toward making life a burden, our hearts are filled with gratitude that nature didn't make the jigger any bigger. The only redeeming feature about him was that he was confined to certain localities, and was content with what he could do to annoy us while we were there. He did not insist on sticking by and traveling right along with us, like the *pediculus*. When we rolled up our blankets and moved away he stayed behind and patiently lay in wait for the next soldiers who might come that way.

The jigger lived chiefly among the leaves and in the bark of old logs. If the camp was kept thoroughly policed there was comparatively little trouble from this source. If we lay upon the leaves, the annoyance from both jiggers and woodticks was sometimes insufferable. The truth is, there were two or three wholly different species of insects which we were accustomed to group under the convenient name of jiggers. One of them was of a bright red color and so small that you had to look twice before you could see him. But you had no difficulty in feeling him



MELVILLE C. PORTER,
MUSICIAN AND SECOND LIEUTENANT,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

after he had made his way under the skin, causing a keen, smarting sensation. If you had half a dozen of them at once, distributed over your body, the pain would almost drive you frantic. The boys often got up in the night and lighted a candle or a torch to hunt jiggers.

The scientists say the correct orthography of the word is "chigoe." The dictionaries also give it in that way, but allow "jigger;" into which, by common use, the word has degenerated. Our book on entomology says that in Cuba and other tropical countries the chigoe is venomous and exceedingly troublesome to man and beast. It burrows under the nails of the toes and fingers, often producing ulcers, with very serious results. The female lays her eggs there, fifty or sixty at a time, and in a few days has a large family ready for business.

The "black fly" is very small, not a quarter of an inch in length, but gifted with great ability as a pest. These flies were rarely found in the open country, but in the swamps and canebrakes of Mississippi and Alabama they were terrible. Their peculiar method of torture was to get into the ears and nose, and the mouth, if it was not kept tightly closed, and bite and buzz until the victim was well nigh crazed. Horses and mules were sometimes so beset by countless thousands of these tiny insects that they became almost unmanageable in their desperate efforts to escape from their tormentors. A few times, circumstances compelled us to bivouac for the night among the black flies, but nobody slept any to speak of. They were, if possible, worse than mosquitoes. We did not find them often, but when we did, they made the most of their opportunity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BLOODLESS VICTORY.

THE UNION ARMY OCCUPIES CORINTH—AFTER A TRICK ON PICKET WE MARCH, MARCH AWAY—OUR TOES TURNED EASTWARD—MUD, MALARIA AND MOSQUITOES—THE TRAIN STALLED—"I-U-KY-SAH!"—GENERAL WOOD'S "SHIRT ORDER"—HOW TOM KELLEY OBEYED IT—A BATH IN BEAR CREEK—CAPTAIN BROWN CATCHES A TARTAR.

"D EY'S all gone, boss, shuah! Ole Burygard and his army done lef' las' night. If dey hadn't I couldn't neber hab come heah! You-uns can jess walk right into de town ef 'yer wants to!"

This was the form in which we received our first tidings of the evacuation of Corinth. The information was given by a jubilant old darkey, who, in a high state of excitement, had made his way to one of our picket posts before it was yet fairly light, on the morning of May 30th. He had seen enough of war to have a vague idea about a flag of truce, and as he approached the lines he vigorously waved a large white cloth, in token of the pacific nature of his errand. A soldier escorted him back to the main line, and thence to brigade headquarters.

We were not surprised, however, to learn that Corinth had been abandoned by the enemy, and we heard the news from official sources very soon after the arrival of the negro. General

Beauregard managed the evacuation well and succeeded in getting away in good shape, leaving behind little that was any loss to him or of value to us. For several days uncertain rumors that the rebels were preparing to retreat had been current in the Union army, but a most emphatic denial seemed to be found in the unusual activity, all along their front, during the last days and nights of their occupancy. The thin veil of smoke that arose from their picket line effectually concealed from General Halleck the activity of a different sort that was going on behind it. Unquestionably Halleck's force largely outnumbered that of his adversary, and it is in the highest degree probable that a more active and aggressive policy on the part of the former would have resulted in a very important victory for the Union arms. Corinth, itself, was nothing. It had positively no military value save in its railroad connections. The rebel army, the real and only objective point of the campaign, remained intact. But the tidings of a "great triumph" were flashed northward over the wires, and while the Union soldiers were marching into the fortifications of Corinth, the people of the north were firing cannon, ringing bells, and shouting themselves hoarse.

During the latter part of the night of the 29th the firing had ceased, as the enemy had withdrawn his outposts. The unusual sounds in and around the city aroused the suspicion that an evacuation or movement of some kind was in progress. At three o'clock in the morning, as had long been our habit, we were in the trenches. Before daybreak the sky was illumined by the glare of fires; and frequent explosions, as of bursting shells, told that the work of destruction was going on. With the earliest dawn we saw dense volumes of smoke arising from numerous points within the enemy's lines. So it was that we were not wholly unprepared for the news brought by the contraband. It was yet early in the morning when General Garfield rode up and informed us that Nelson's division occupied the rebel intrenchments. There was no reason for our remaining longer in the trenches and we were at once relieved from duty for the day.

In our simplicity we all supposed that it must, of course, be a great victory, and the army spent the major part of the day in making as much noise as possible, the occasion being in the na-

ture of a jubilee. We did our full share of yelling and prancing around. Some of us congratulated each other upon the unquestioned fact that now the war *was* about over, and there was little more to do except to pack up and go home.

Toward evening we received orders to prepare to march at daylight next morning, with three days rations in haversacks. A few of the boys seemed really to believe we were going to start for Ohio—but we traveled a very long and tedious route before we got there. Whatever the future might have in store for us, it was a relief to lie down to sleep, for the first time in nearly two months, without fear that our slumbers would be disturbed by whistling bullet, braying horn or rolling drum.

There was a prompt response to the reveille. Almost before it was fully light, Wood's division was on the march toward Corinth. A mile and a half brought us to the intrenchments of the enemy. Far and near the ground which had been occupied by the troops was covered with the debris of the deserted camps. They had lived chiefly in huts, which the men had wholly or partially destroyed on leaving, and the ruins of these rude habitations were strewn upon the ground for miles. One feature, not seen later in the war, was the large number of patchwork quilts, which had been sent to the soldiers from southern homes, and which they were unable to carry with them. We had no use for them, being comfortably supplied with blankets, and, besides, we had serious doubts as to their condition.

While walking through the deserted rebel camp I picked up three or four letters. One of them was an unfinished epistle from a Confederate soldier to his wife. The zeal and warlike ardor of its author were evidently far in excess of his knowledge of orthography. This extract found its way into my diary: "Weel fite the yangkies as long as goddlemity gives us breth!" "Johnny's" struggle with the name of the divine being must have been heart-rending.

Corinth may have improved since 1862, but it did not then deserve to be called a city. It contained scarcely half a dozen buildings that were in any way attractive to northern eyes. In Ohio it would have been no more than a straggling village. It was made suddenly populous by the presence of Beauregard's



ALEXANDER M'ILVAINE,
COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Killed at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., May 9th, 1864.

army, but its residents did not exceed twelve hundred in number. The Tishomingo Hotel had been badly splintered by our artillery shots, and many other buildings showed marks of the siege. The fires which our troops found burning when they entered the town the previous day had been extinguished. The buildings to which the retreating rebels applied the torch were such as contained provisions and other stores which they were not able to remove. Churches and other buildings had been used as hospitals for the sick and the wounded from Shiloh. A considerable number of the latter yet remained, it having been found necessary to leave them behind in the haste of departure. During the evacuation the rebels were in great trepidation lest they should be attacked while in the confusion of retreat. Most of the Corinthians of the better class packed up their household goods and gods and went south with the army, preferring to take their chances by following the wandering flag of the Confederacy, rather than pass again under the stars and stripes. Many of the colored people and nearly all the poorer class of whites remained, because they had not the means to get away. These people regarded the "Yankee" army with curiosity and amazement. Children, in particular, were at first in mortal terror of the fate which they expected at the hands of the invaders.

"I thought from what our soldiers told us," said a boy of eight or nine years, "that you-all were great beasts that would eat us up, but you look just like we-uns!"

After resting for an hour with arms stacked in the main square of the town, the Sixty-fifth was ordered on picket, a mile out on the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Near our post was the house of a planter, left in charge of a miscellaneous company of negroes—still slaves at that time. "Mars'r" had removed his family south. These negroes, like all the rest we met, were overjoyed at the success of the Federal army. They appeared to have a somewhat foggy idea that they were the bone of contention between the north and the south, and that the Union soldiers were their friends. Many of them were fully possessed of the belief that in some way they would be liberated from bondage, as a direct result of the war.

A white-haired patriarch, told us that when the rebels came

hurrying back from Pittsburg Landing they all declared they had given the Yankees a sound whipping.

"Why did they come back if they had defeated us?" we asked.

"Dat's jess what I'd like fer to know!" said the old darkey, who seemed to have a fair idea of the proper relation of cause and effect.

Half of Company E was stationed on one of the principal roads leading out of Corinth. All was quiet till about midnight, when we heard the sound of a horseman approaching from the westward, at full gallop. At the word "Halt!" he reined up so suddenly as to throw the horse back upon its haunches. To the inquiry, "Who comes there?" he answered, "A friend." He proved to be a deserter from the Sixth Tennessee cavalry, and said he had ridden twenty-five miles that night to reach the Union lines and give himself up. Disarming him of a double-barreled blunderbuss and an enormous revolver, we sent him under guard to Colonel Harker's headquarters.

Toward noon the Sixty-fifth was relieved by the Tenth Ohio. We marched into town and stacked arms to await orders. Nobody seemed to have any very definite idea of what was going to be done next, or who was going to do it, or how, or why, or where, or when, or anything else. General Pope, with the left wing of Halleck's army, forty thousand strong, had been sent in pursuit of the enemy as soon as his flight was discovered. His windy reports of enormous captures of prisoners and guns come floating back through the air, which was filled with the most wild and improbable rumors. The shrinkage of Pope's prisoners was as marked as in the celebrated case of "the three black crows." The ten thousand he reported dwindled to a bedraggled squad of a few hundred stragglers and deserters, ragged and lousy. We judged from the appearance of some of them that Beauregard was glad to get rid of them.

In the afternoon, having nothing else to do, we marched back to our old camp behind the intrenchments. Some plan of future operations having been apparently decided upon, we were ordered to march early next morning.

We were astir betimes—June 2nd—and by eight o'clock the

long column was trailing through the woods and fields and swamps around Corinth by the left, and then off to the eastward. Our route took us along the whole line of General Pope's strong position at Farmington—a village only in name—during the last days of the "siege." The works were very heavy and before the evacuation were being daily extended for the envelopment of Beauregard's right flank. Near Pope's headquarters, in the top of a tall tree, accessible by ladders, was a well-constructed, bullet-proof observatory, from which to view the position and movements of the enemy. It had been a favorite target for the rebel cannoneers, who managed to hit it several times.

Bearing still more to the east, our march was through a wild and desolate region, forsaken of God and man. There were only barren sand-hills, with a few lonely, stunted pines, and bogs and marshes, full of stagnant water and infested with reptiles; while myriads of insects swarmed about us, and the hot, stifling air was heavy with foul, miasmatic odors. Through these swamps the



THOMAS CLAGUE,
SERGEANT COMPANY E, AND SECOND
LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

road was of the corduroy style, but in some places the logs were swimming about, and men and horses plunged into unmeasured depths. We were glad enough to find a passably good camping ground, after a jaunt of eleven miles. Long and vainly we waited for the wagons. Darkness settled down over the bivouac, and no tidings of the train had reached us. Those who had carried their blankets were fortunate. The many who, with a lack of foresight, and thinking only of present comfort, had piled

them on the wagons, spent the night in shivering and almost sleepless repentance. For we everywhere found it peculiar to the climate of the south that, however warm the days might be, the nights were always cool, with heavy, chilling dews that often completely saturated clothing and blankets.

Daylight came, and still the sound of the mule driver had not been heard in the camp. A detail of eight men from each company was sent back to pry the wagons out of the mud, while the brigade waited. The wagons were found four or five miles in the rear, stuck fast in mire. Teamsters and mules had given up in despair. Covered with mud, they were strung along the road for miles, waiting for assistance. Some of the wagons had to be unloaded before they could be extricated. At length, after several hours of lifting and tugging and yelling and swearing at the mules, the forlorn procession reached us, and at noon we resumed the march. Then for eight miles we had the other extreme—a dry, sandy desert, without a stream or spring of fresh water in the entire distance. The air was like the scorching breath of a furnace. The suffering from thirst became frightful. Many sank by the wayside, parched and panting, to be gathered up by the wagons and ambulances. These were not sufficient for the exhausted men, and scores were left behind. Immediately upon reaching camp, vehicles, with supplies of water, were hurried back to gather up those who lay here and there for miles, more dead than alive.

Owing to the straggling, on account of the extreme heat, soon after we left Corinth an order came down from General Wood's headquarters which created no end of amusement. It was intended to ease the fatigue of a long march, and directed that the men should get rid of all surplus incumbrances. Its author intended to say that each man would be allowed but one extra shirt. The staff officer who wrote it omitted the word "extra" and the order was read to every regiment:

"Each man will be allowed but one shirt, *which shall be carried in the knapsack!*"

Of course it was known to be a mistake, and the intent of the order was explained to the men. Tom Kelly, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, who had an Irishman's love for a joke, the next morn-

ing started out without any shirt, having only a ragged blouse to cover his nakedness above the top of his trousers. General Wood often rode along the flank of the column, and Tom thought he might do so that day. Sure enough, the general came trotting along while the troops were resting, his staff trailing behind, a procession of brass buttons. Kelley took a position where the general would be sure to see him and carelessly threw open his blouse, rendering the absence of his under-garment so obvious that "a wayfaring man though a fool could not err therein." He caught the eye of the general and the latter instantly reined up his charger.

"See here," he thundered, "haven't you got a shirt?"

"Yessir!" answered Kelley, saluting, "but I've got it in my knapsack, 'cordin' to order!"

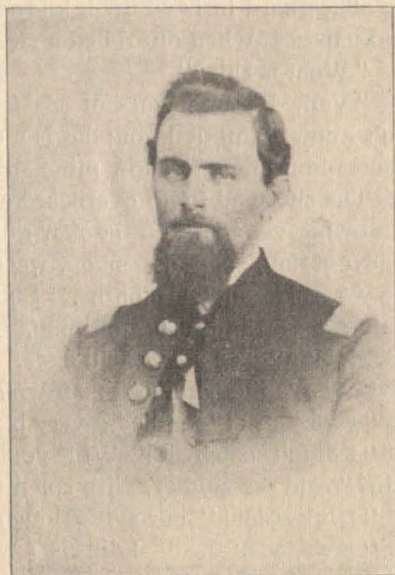
The general opened the floodgate and let out a freshet of words which, according to the Articles of War, cost a dollar apiece. Then, addressing the orderly sergeant of Tom's company, who was standing near, he said:

"Sergeant, does this man belong to your company?"

"He does, sir."

"Well, when you get to camp have him carry a rail for two hours!"

The general rode on, but when his wrath was abated he concluded it wasn't a bad joke, and sent back an orderly with a message revoking the order for Tom's punishment. It was a long time before the "shirt order" was forgotten.



BENJAMIN F. TRESCOTT,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

The rear-guard was ordered to prod up the stragglers and to search the knapsacks of any who seemed to be carrying more than their proper allowance. Captain Baldwin, of the battery, tells of hearing an argument between a guard and one of the stragglers, who was of German extraction. The guard said:

"What have you got in your knapsack?"

"The infantryman replied: "Vell, dot is none of your pizness. I guess I know vat I got. You shust go 'long. I komes to camp pretty soon after a v'ile."

The guard insisted upon knowing, and proceeded to examine the knapsack, when out rolled a twelve pound solid shot.

"What is this?"

"Vell, I guess you can see for yourself vat it is. If you don't know I can dell you; dat is a drophy, a relic you calls him. I dakes him home to show mine shildren."

The shot had to go overboard and the soldier finally moved on, vowing vengeance on the rear-guard.

Next day, soon after noon, we approached the prettiest village we had seen for months. Standing by the roadside, with shining faces and arms akimbo, were several neatly dressed, smart looking wenches, of all ages.

"What's the name o' this town?" asked one of the boys.

"I-u-ky-sah!" replied a very black woman, with a curtsy.

"I didn't catch it! Will you be kind enough to say it again?" said the soldier, with solemn politeness.

"I-u-ky-sah!" curtsying lower than before.

"Boys, what the d—l did she say?" remarked the questioner, as he turned to his comrades. Somebody who had learned the name of the village told him it was Iuka.

"But she said something besides that!"

"The woman was trying to answer you very politely, 'Iuka, sir!'" said his comrade.

"Oh!" Mebbe that was it. Why didn't she say so?"

This was an exceedingly trivial circumstance, but the "I-u-ky-sah!" of that plump wench was never forgotten, to the last day of our service.

We were told that there were mineral springs at Iuka, possessing medicinal virtue, and that it was quite famous as a

pleasure resort for the southern people. There was a young ladies' academy that was still running, and a bevy of pretty girls tripped down to the front gate and watched us as we passed. Some of them smiled and waved their handkerchiefs. The boys responded with hearty cheers, the color-bearer saluted them with the flag, and the band struck up "The Girl I left behind Me." We hadn't seen the face of a young woman handsome enough to look at for three months, and the smiles of those girls fell upon us like a benison. The boys talked about them for a month, and often, in later years, they recalled that vision of beauty at Iuka.

Distances in the south were peculiar in their elasticity. They stretched and contracted like a piece of India rubber. When we inquired of a man or woman how far it was to some place ahead the answer would be, for instance: "'Bout five mile, I reck'n!" After traveling for an hour another question would elicit the answer: "Jest seven miles f'm that thar corner!" The next one would say two miles and the next four, and so it went. We could never tell how far it was until we got there, and then half the time we would go through the "town" without knowing it until informed that we had passed it. Often there was scarcely anything of it except the name—perhaps one or two shanties and a tumble-down blacksmith shop. One day, during the march across northern Mississippi, an inquirer received the answer that the distance to a certain place was "'Bout two sights'n'a half!" This was a puzzler, but it was at length made out that a "sight" was as far as one could see. Somewhere in our wanderings another native said it was "four screeches" to a town which we were approaching, a "screech" being the distance that a yell could be heard. It may be easily imagined that such modes of measuring distance were extremely uncertain and confusing, the length of a "sight" depending upon the point of view and the contour of the ground, while that of a "screech" varied with the lung power and throat caliber of the screecher. But even these vague and grotesque measurements were about as satisfactory to us as when information was given in miles, about which those people knew no more than they did about the transit of Venus or the language of the ancient Chaldees.

We camped three miles beyond Iuka and rested several days,

affording an opportunity for a general washing and boiling. There was great need of the latter. On the 9th we were on the road with two days rations in haversacks, leaving our camp standing. Eight miles at a brisk gait brought us to Bear creek, where we were directed to stack arms and go to work upon the railroad bridge, which was being built to replace the one destroyed by the enemy. A number of the First Michigan Engineers and Mechanics were engaged in the work, but we were to expedite matters by giving them a lift. Some were put to cutting timber, others to removing the debris of the old bridge, and still others to gathering large quantities of stones and casting them into the stream, to make a foundation for a trestle. We worked by reliefs, half the men at a time. When off duty the soldiers were glad to avail themselves of the privilege of bathing in the clear waters of Bear creek. A private of Company I, Sixty-fifth, had a narrow escape from drowning. He was taken from the water insensible, by some of his comrades. On the previous day Lieutenant-colonel Kirkpatrick of the Fortieth Indiana, was drowned at the same place. We bivouacked near the stream, burned fence rails without hindrance, did some successful foraging in the neighborhood, and were happy.

We continued our bridge building the next day, but before noon were relieved by a regiment of Kentuckians and marched back to our camp. June 12th we resumed the journey. The sun was scorchingly hot and we groped along through clouds of dust. At Bear creek we found the bridge still unfinished, and were ordered to prepare to ford, the water being waist deep. Each soldier took off his clothes and tied them into a compact bundle, together with his accouterments, and carried them upon the muzzle of his gun, or by holding them above the water. It was a picturesque scene, and the boys cheered with great gusto as they carefully made their way through the swiftly running stream. When a luckless fellow missed his footing and plunged headlong into the water, with all his "traps," the performance was greeted with shouts of laughter. We thought it fine sport. We were greatly refreshed by the bath, and went upon our way with nimble feet, after stopping half an hour to resume our clothes.

Most of the people through this section we found to be bit-

terly rebellious, and none so hateful in their words and actions toward the blue-coated invaders as the women. Captain Brown, of Company H, Sixty-fifth, whom everybody knew and loved for his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner, rapped at the door of a large house near which we had halted for a brief rest. The knock was answered by a vinegar-faced woman, who looked as if she could bite a tenpenny nail in two. Captain Brown politely asked the loan of a cup, that he might get a drink of water from the spring.

"I have no favors for such as you!" she answered sharply.

The captain made no reply, but stepped within and took a cup from the table. After quenching his thirst he returned it, thanking the woman for its use, and bade her good day. With flashing eyes the irascible dame exclaimed:

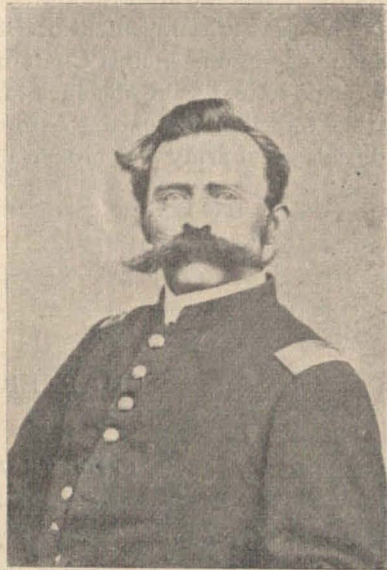
"I wish I had a gun!"

"And pray what would you do with a gun if you had one?" said the officer in his blandest tones.

I'd *kill* you!" was the sanguinary answer.

Taking a revolver from his belt he kindly offered it to her, but she turned aside, livid with rage, and the captain walked away.

Except for the discomfort arising from the extreme heat, our march along the northern edge of Alabama, after getting out of the deadly swamps around Corinth, was a pleasant one, speaking comparatively, for if there was any real enjoyment in marching at all we were never so fortunate as to find it. But there was no occasion for crowding matters, and we made the journey by easy



CHARLES O. TANNEHILL,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

stages. We generally had plenty of rations. The strict orders in respect to foraging were allowed to lapse, to a great extent, and the country through which we passed afforded us frequent relief from the regulation diet. Several cases of sunstroke, two or three of them fatal, occurred in the brigade. The extreme heat was sometimes avoided by taking the road at four o'clock in the morning and finishing the day's march by ten or eleven o'clock, or resting for several hours in the middle of the day, and trudging a few miles toward evening.

The eastward movement of Buell's army was with a view to ultimate operations against Chattanooga. Upon leaving Corinth the rebels retired some distance to the southwest, in Mississippi. In that direction marched the forces of Grant and Pope, when Halleck's great army was broken up after the evacuation.

CHAPTER XIX.

STILL TRAMPING.

BRIEF HALT AT TUSCUMBIA—A WONDERFUL SPRING OF WATER—HEAT THAT MAKES US SIZZLE — BUT WE HAVE FOUR DRILLS A DAY—THE MARCH RESUMED—INCIDENTS BY THE WAY—CAPTAIN VOORHEES'S FANCY BAYONET DRILL—WE REACH DECATUR—FERRYING ACROSS THE TENNESSEE RIVER—LIEUTENANT TOM POWELL GOES FISHING AND CATCHES SOME SALTED MACKEREL.

ON THE 14th of June we reached Tuscumbia and went into camp half a mile west of the town. Our tents were pitched in an open field, without a particle of shade. The sun beat down fiercely upon us and we almost fried. The redeeming feature of our location was the bountiful supply

of excellent water. There was a stream, clear and cold, sufficient in volume to turn half a dozen mill-wheels, that leaped from the foot of a hill and went rushing on like a mountain torrent. But two or three times during our extended pilgrimage through the south did we find water equal to that of the great spring at Tuscumbia.

It was expected that we would remain some days at Tuscumbia, and the next morning after our arrival an order for four drills a day was issued with the usual promptness. For nearly a week we tramped that field, by companies and battalions, wheeling, and flanking, and forming squares, and charging at double-quick, until the perspiration fairly dripped from our clothing. As on all such occasions, the boys made free use of the inalienable right to growl, but they always took their places in line at the command of the orderly, "Fall in for drill!"

The work of rebuilding the burned bridges and repairing the railroad was pushed with vigor. On June 16th the first train of cars arrived from Corinth. The whistle of the locomotive was the signal for loud and prolonged cheering through all the camps. The train brought a company of the Michigan Engineers to work upon the Tuscumbia bridge, and a squad of convalescents for our regiments. It also brought us a large mail, the first we had had for more than two weeks. While here one tent was taken from each company, the full number—six to a company—being considered unnecessary, as the regiments were reduced to less than five hundred men each. This was the beginning of the gradual squeezing process in the matter of tents, which did not stop until it brought us down from the majestic and commodious "Sibley" to the insignificant little kennel of 1864, known as the "pup" tent. Then we would have felt lost in the spacious canvas pavilions of Camp Buckingham, which we dragged around with us for nine months.

Tuscumbia was an attractive place, containing many fine business blocks and residences, and giving evidence of thrift and prosperity unusual for a southern town. The people were generally ardent in their devotion to the cause of secession. Even the young ladies turned up their pretty noses and curled their lips scornfully at sight of the Federal blue, and took a circuit in

the street to avoid passing under a United States flag. The rebellious woman of the south was a "terror."

At one o'clock on the morning of June 24th, without any previous intimation of a contemplated movement, we tumbled hastily out of our tents in response to the long roll, and were ordered to prepare to march at once. Before daylight our bands were startling the sleepers of Tuscumbia by playing national airs as we trod the streets. Colonel Harker was obliged to remain behind for a few days, being a member of a court-martial then in session. Lieutenant-colonel French took command of the Sixty-fifth.

We moved rapidly out on the road to Decatur. At nine o'clock we halted and lay in the shade till three in the afternoon, when we resumed the march. We were soon delayed by a violent thunder storm, and two hours later turned into camp in a very wet and bedraggled condition. By this time in our career the embargo upon rails had been pretty effectually removed, and the cheerful glow of a hundred fires soon put us into a serene frame of mind. The next day we remained in camp—for during this campaign we generally went by jerks, as we often did thereafter. Many will always remember this as the most pleasant spot on which we ever pitched our tents. It was a clean, grassy slope, on the bank of a stream of pure water, and shaded by stately oaks, whose dense foliage completely protected us from the sun's scorching rays. We would doubtless have been ordered to drill, but, fortunately for us, there was no suitable ground in the blazing sun within reach. We were surrounded on every side by immense fields of corn.

It was a good opportunity for one of those fancy exhibitions for which Company F, of the Sixty-fifth, was famous. Captain Voorhees was somewhat of a lunatic on the bayonet exercise, and he had schooled his company in a variety of preposterous motions that were as entertaining to witness as they were useless in the rough-and-tumble of actual fighting. So he got his excellent company out that afternoon, and put his men through the "parry" in "prime," "tierce" and "high quarte," the "advance," "retreat," "leap to the rear," "lunge," etc., etc., to the delight of a large and appreciative audience. The men handled their

muskets with much skill, and leaped to and fro in their movements like so many animated frogs. But they didn't find any use for these gymnastics when they went into battle. Nor did they save Captain Voorhees's leg from being bored through by a rebel bullet at Stone river.

Our camp was on the plantation of a man whom we judged to be much like "Simon Legree" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He owned some two hundred slaves, whose appearance seemed to indicate that they were not strangers to the lash. The planter visited the camp and glowered upon us as he passed silently along the lines. All through this fertile and productive region the land was mostly planted in corn instead of cotton, this being in accordance with orders from the Confederate authorities at Richmond, in view of the supplies needed for the army.

We marched early on the morning of June 26th. On reaching Town creek, Companies F, I, and K, of the Sixty-fifth, were left to guard the railroad bridge, and at Courtland, Companies B and G were stationed for a similar purpose. At noon we halted near one of those fine old country mansions for which, under the slavery regime, the south was so famous. A beautiful sloping lawn extended from the house to the road, and midway was a copious spring of the clearest water, bubbling up in the center of a circular stone basin. For three hours we lay around under the trees and cooled ourselves with draughts from the spring. Five miles beyond, we encamped for the night. We had no more than turned in when we were visited by a hurricane that caused a very general wreck. Ropes snapped like threads, and pins were yanked from the ground. In ten minutes nearly all the tents were lying flat and the men were extricating themselves as best they could, in a somewhat panicky condition. The rain fell in a literal flood, soaking everything and everybody. It was impossible to repair damages while the storm continued. We could only crawl under the prostrate canvas and await developments, while the rain poured down and the wind howled with delight at the ruin it had wrought. The storm ceased about midnight. A general and partially successful effort was made to put up the tents, but at one o'clock the reveille sounded, so that the night was a conspicuous failure so far as rest and sleep were concerned.

We started at two o'clock and marched to within a mile and a half of Decatur, where we went into camp, an hour before noon. The feature of our morning jaunt was the great quantity of blackberries, fully ripe, that were in the fields and by the roadside. Several halts were made to allow the men to gather them, and there was scarcely one who did not have a quart or two by the time we stopped for the day. The noonday and evening meals were plentifully garnished with blackberries raw, and blackberries stewed; and there were even some rude attempts at blackberry pies.

June 28th we entered Decatur. It is situated on the south bank of the Tennessee river, and before the war was a busy town. It was a leading cotton mart of northern Alabama, the river and railroad affording excellent facilities for shipment. But General Mitchel had recently been there, and its deserted streets and blackened ruins told the story of his devastating visit. The railroad bridge at this point was a magnificent structure, seventeen hundred feet long, and supported on fifteen massive piers of masonry. A short time before the evacuation of Corinth, Mitchel appeared on the north bank of the Tennessee river opposite Decatur, with a small force of infantry and a battery of artillery. Warned of his approach, the city authorities had opened the draw of the bridge to prevent him from crossing. Training his guns upon the town, General Mitchel sent word to the mayor that if the draw was not closed in five minutes he would open fire. This had the desired effect, and the city was immediately surrendered to him. He was desirous of preserving the bridge, knowing its importance if the government should retain possession of the railroad. Being attacked by a largely superior force of the enemy, however, he was compelled to withdraw. He burned the bridge by the aid of cotton, tar and other combustibles. Nothing remained but the bare and discolored abutments.

Our only means of crossing the river, a third of a mile wide, was a small, crazy steamboat, the very appearance of which suggested the wisdom of a life insurance policy for the benefit of one's friends, before taking passage upon it. Scarcely fifty men could cross at a time, and all the afternoon the little craft went back and forth, wheezing and splashing and leaking, as if each

trip would be its last. We half expected to swim for our lives, but no accident occurred, and before dark we were once more north of the Tennessee. The ferrying of the teams and wagons extended far into the night, and was attended with much difficulty and danger. Large fires were kindled on either side, by the light of which the work went on, the scene being one of great confusion and excitement. The landing was precipitous, and upon the arrival of the boat a long rope was attached to each wagon. This was seized by fifty men, stretching ahead of the mules. By the combined efforts of men and animals, amidst wild yells that would have crazed a Comanche Indian, the wagons were drawn up the steep bank. By eleven o'clock everything was safely over and we lay down to sleep, without attempting to pitch our tents. We remained here three days, in a wretched camping place, with only the almost tepid water of the river for our use. It was comfortable to bathe in, and passable for making coffee, but bad enough for drinking purposes. Bathing was a popular diversion, and every day hundreds of men disported in the Tennessee. There were two or three narrow escapes from drowning. We were greatly tormented by mosquitoes, which were numerous, vigorous and voracious. At a good many times and places during the war we suffered from these pestiferous sleep-destroyers, but we rarely found them more vicious and aggressive than during our brief sojourn at Decatur. While here Colonel Harker rejoined us and assumed command of the five companies present.

Lieutenant "Tom" Powell, of the Sixty-fifth, was passionately fond of angling. When but a lad in pinafores he used to run away from school and fish for "shiners" with a bent pin. Two miles from Decatur was a small lake which was said to abound in fish. Lieutenant Powell secured from Colonel Harker a pass for himself and a friend, assuring the colonel that he would bring him a fine string of fish for his table. The anglers provided themselves with tackle in town, hired a couple of pickaninnies to dig a can of worms, and away they went. For four hours they sat on a log, holding the rod in one hand and brushing away mosquitoes with the other. They had plenty of "bites," but nearly all of them were from the "skeeters." The aggregate of their catch was two minnows about three inches long. Before

returning to camp they went to Decatur and bought at a store a couple of salted mackerel, in order that Lieutenant Powell might keep his engagement. Early in the evening Colonel Harker sent an orderly to Lieutenant Powell's tent with the following note:

HEADQUARTERS SIXTY-FIFTH O. V. I.

DECATUR, ALA., July 1, 1862.

SIR: You will make prompt report of your operations today, and will kindly send by bearer the fish which I am sure I shall so much enjoy at breakfast tomorrow morning.

I am &c.,

C. G. HARKER,

Colonel Commanding.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS POWELL,

Sixty-fifth, O. V. I.

Lieutenant Powell carefully wrapped up the mackerel and sent them to the colonel with this report:

CAMP SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO INFANTRY.

NEAR DECATUR, July 1, '62.

SIR: I have the honor to report that our expedition was measurably successful, and I take great pleasure in sending you herewith the fish we caught. I beg to express the hope and belief that you will find them both palatable and nourishing. It is proper to say that, the weather being warm, we salted them thoroughly so that they would not spoil.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

THOMAS POWELL,

First Lieutenant, Sixty-fifth O. V. I.

COLONEL C. G. HARKER,

Commanding Regiment.

Colonel Harker, who loved a joke, made the following acknowledgment of the mackerel:

HEADQUARTERS SIXTY-FIFTH O. V. I.

DECATUR, ALA., July 1, 1862.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS POWELL:

I acknowledge with many thanks the fish you sent me, which you say you caught today. I think you told a "whopper," but all the same I invite you to assist me in disposing of them tomorrow morning.

C. G. HARKER,

Colonel Commanding.

Colonel Harker had the mackerel for breakfast and Lieutenant Powell shared them with him.

CHAPTER XX.

THERE IS REST FOR THE WEARY.

TWO WEEKS AT MOORESVILLE—A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION—
 SPEECH BY GENERAL GARFIELD—PATRIOTISM AND PERSPIRATION—
 SALUTES BY THE SIXTH BATTERY—DEMORALIZED DARKEYS—GAR-
 FIELD LEAVES THE TWENTIETH BRIGADE—WOES OF OUR OFFI-
 CERS—THEY DIDN'T MAKE RETURNS—ANOTHER FISHING EXPEDI-
 TION.

ON THE 2nd of July we pulled up stakes and marched five miles eastward on the railroad track to Mooresville—one of those "towns" so numerous in the south that had scarcely more than an imaginary existence. A large grove near a fine spring of water afforded an excellent camping ground. We were directed to lay out our camp in good order, as we would probably remain for some time, and, strange to relate, we did. On the following day the five companies which had been left at Town creek and Courtland rejoined us and the Sixty-fifth again presented an unbroken front. Orders for four daily drills were promptly issued on the 3rd.

During the march of Company B, Sixty-fifth, from Town creek to Decatur, guarding a wagon train, an incident occurred which was never forgotten. The company was in command of Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong, who strictly forbade the men to

discharge their muskets along the route, under any pretext whatever. There were a good many buzzards circling about in the air or roosting upon the trees, and Thomas M. Taylor could not resist the temptation to try his marksmanship. In defiance of orders he took aim, blazed away, and brought down one of the ungainly birds. He also brought down upon himself the wrath of Lieutenant Armstrong, who flew into a prodigious rage at this flagrant disobedience of orders. Armstrong was not habitually profane; indeed, he was usually one of the most amiable and mild-mannered officers in this or any other regiment. Upon this occasion his temper mastered him for the moment and he delivered an address to the company in general and Taylor in particular that was a hair-raiser—pitched in a high key and abounding in sulphurous expletives, the use of which is strictly forbidden by the Bible. When his choleric ebullition had abated the lieutenant was so troubled by the smittings of conscience that at the first halt he formed the company in line and made a full apology for his lapse from self-control and for the language he had suffered himself to use. The boys cheered, and a spirit of "grace, mercy and peace" rested like a benediction upon Company B—but no more buzzards were shot *that* day. It is probable that during the war very few officers, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, ever performed so graceful an act of this kind as that of Lieutenant Armstrong, though there were many thousands of instances when it might with propriety have been done.

We celebrated in a patriotic manner our first Fourth of July in the army. At sunrise, noon and sunset, salutes were fired by the Sixth Ohio battery. Early in the day each regiment assembled on the color line and the order of exercises to be given was read. All drills and other duties not necessary were suspended. In the forenoon the brigade held a "mass meeting," in old-fashioned style. General Garfield, who had few equals as an orator, delivered a stirring address, which was received with great cheering. Colonel Ferguson, of the Sixty-fourth, also made a most eloquent and patriotic speech. Then followed a sort of class-meeting. The boys called on everybody who could make a speech, and a good many who couldn't. Several of them responded, and for an hour the scream of the Eagle was heard in

many keys. Both the British and the rebels came in for their full share of attention. All the orators were vociferously applauded and the Twentieth brigade worked itself into a profuse perspiration of patriotic fervor. Among the audience were a number of colored people, of both sexes and all ages, who had been permitted to visit the camp. None seemed to enjoy the exercises more heartily than they.

The dinner, and in fact all the meals that day, were "a little off" for such an occasion, and yet they were pretty good "considering." For several days the guerrillas had been committing depredations at various points on the railroad, which was our only line of supply, and we had run short of rations. The deficiency was in some degree made up by levying upon the surrounding country. The cornfields were just beginning to yield "roasting ears," and these, with a few vegetables and early fruits, an occasional pig or chicken, and an abundance of blackberries, made up an attractive bill

of fare. The only trouble was that by reason of the large number of yearning stomachs to be filled, there wasn't enough to go round, save in the matter of green corn, of which there was plenty.

Toward evening a laughable incident occurred. Several negroes came into camp with baskets and pails filled with pies, corn pones, and garden truck for sale, and immediately opened up a brisk trade with the soldiers. Suddenly the battery began to



PATRICK R. NOHILLY,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY G,
SIXTY-FIFTH,
Killed at Spring Hill, Tenn., November]
29, 1864.

fire the sunset salute. The first gun threw the negroes almost into convulsions. An old woman, terrified beyond expression, dropped on her knees, rolled her eyes upward, stretched her hands in the same direction and prayed:

"Oh, Good Lawd hab marcy on us po' mizzable critters!"

One of the boys took in the situation and shouted to a comrade, for the negroes to hear:

"We'd better get our guns right off. The rebels have attacked us and there's goin' to be an awful fight!"

This was enough. Almost turning white with terror, the negroes fled in the wildest confusion and dismay, each successive discharge of the artillery increasing their speed. They left all their baskets behind them, the contents of which, it is sad to relate, were appropriated before the affrighted negroes were fairly outside the camp. Next day a very black man came in as a delegate to see what had become of their stock in trade. He managed to gather up two or three empty baskets, and as he started away he said to one of the soldiers:

"Dat's all right, boss! You-uns is welcome to dat truck, whedder yer wants ter pay fer it er not. But dat ar shootin' gits me. When I heah dat I'se gwine ter take to de bush! Niggers aint no so'gers!"

Our stay of two weeks at Mooresville was somewhat monotonous. There was little, save a periodical turn of picket duty, to relieve the daily round of guard-mounting, drill and dress parade. During much of the time the morning sick-calls were numerously attended, in consequence of the free use of green corn. The shortage in the commissary department continued. At no time did we have full rations of coffee, hardtack or bacon. The corn-fields supplied a large part of our living, and when we left there were cobs enough around the camp to build a line of breastworks. Picket duty, so undesirable in the immediate presence of the enemy, was considered as being in the nature of a picnic at Mooresville. The duty was not arduous, and it gave relief from the irksome drill.

One day our company was posted near a large house, the owner of which was a preacher, a planter, and a rebel. He had two sons in Beauregard's army. Upon the approach of Mitchell's

forces he fled with his family, leaving everything behind in the care of the negroes. Our boys "borrowed" several books from his library, and a few articles of domestic use, which they promised to return "after the war." They also secured on the place an assortment of poultry, a capful of eggs, and two or three canteens of milk. At night, having reconnoitered the premises during the day, they made a raid upon the garden, which was surrounded by a high stone wall, bringing off as much as they could carry of fruits and vegetables. At the present time these things would doubtless be condemned, if judged by the standard of the Decalogue; but in those days the precepts of the Bible were, to the average soldier, less potent as a controlling influence than an empty stomach. I do not recall that the members of the Sherman Brigade ever indulged in wanton destruction of property, but it cannot be denied that they were ever ready to supply their actual needs, from any source that presented itself.

One night, while making his round, the lieutenant in charge of a part of the picket line found four men who were stationed at one of the outposts, all sound asleep. Carefully removing their guns and hiding them in the bushes he ran to the post and shouted in an excited voice: "The rebels are coming!" The sleepers sprang to their feet in wild alarm and vainly scratched around after their muskets, only to find that they were being taught a lesson in the duty of soldiers. The officer promised not to report them, and did not, but he gave them a lecture that they did not soon forget. When he reminded them that the penalty for sleeping on post was death, which they seemed to have forgotten, they began to realize that it was something of a serious matter.

Chaplain Burns, of the Sixty-fifth, was not with us much of the time, and when he was he did little in the way of preaching. Our spiritual welfare was much neglected. Lieutenant Powell, who was a minister before he entered the service, could expound scripture and urge his fellow men to flee the wrath to come, equal to any. By invitation he frequently officiated in the capacity of chaplain. He preached both Sundays at Mooresville. There were some faithful and worthy chaplains in the army, but many of them were much more ornamental than useful.

While we were at Mooresville General Garfield's connection with our brigade ceased. He had been for some time in failing health and was granted a sick furlough. He was ordered to Washington a few weeks later, where he was engaged for a time as a member of the court-martial which tried General Fitz John Porter. After the death of Colonel Garesche—chief of staff to General Rosecrans—who was killed at Stone River, General Garfield was appointed to the vacancy. He served in that capacity until after the battle of Chickamauga, when, having been elected to congress, he resigned from the army. Colonel Harker resumed command of the brigade, and continued to ride at its head until his death.

Mails from the north brought us intelligence of the failure of McClellan's campaign against Richmond and the call by the President for three hundred thousand additional troops. This news greatly disgusted Captain Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, who, on a former occasion, yelled so loud when the "grape-vine" was circulated through the camp that Richmond had fallen, and then told his company that they might soon pack their knapsacks and start for home. It is needless to add that we all shared to some extent in his disappointment.

Our company commanders, during the first few months, either did not study the "Revised Army Regulations" with proper industry, or they failed to appreciate the force and importance of certain paragraphs which provided that they must be held responsible and duly account for every article of arms, accouterments, clothing, and camp and garrison equipage in the possession of their men, and even for every round of ammunition issued to them. When things were done "according to Hoyle" company commanders receipted to the quartermaster or ordnance officer for all these things and took receipts of their men for clothing drawn by them. The outfit of a full company was worth some thousands of dollars, and from time to time, as articles were lost or worn out, others were drawn. Quarterly reports, in triplicate, were required to be made, showing the exact number or quantity of everything on hand; and if there had been a shrinkage since the last report, every item must be properly accounted for, even down to the insignificant little tompon—a wooden "dingus" to put

in the muzzle of the musket, worth about a cent. One copy of each report was forwarded to the grand sachems at Washington for their examination, which was usually about a year behind.

For a time few, if any, of the company commanders made reports at all, took receipts for clothing issued, or kept track of anything. Matters went on swimmingly for five or six months, when the officers began to be prodded by impressive notifications from Washington. What a buzzing there was in camp one pay-day, when the paymaster blandly informed the officers that the greenback spigot had been turned off and their pay stopped until their reports were duly made out and forwarded!

The officers were thrown into a panic. Byron very accurately described their condition when, writing of the ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, he said:

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress!"

In this case there were probably no tears, but a great deal of language more or less sheolic was "shed" when the unlucky officers found what a pickle they were in. The paymaster had dammed the flow of greenbacks, and they did the same thing to the paymaster. Company commanders had changed without receipts having been given; from each company twenty or thirty men had died or were in hospitals or on detached service, and their arms and accouterments were scattered all over the continent. How to obtain vouchers for all these things that would "pass muster" at Washington was a most perplexing question. But it had to be done and they set about it. Affidavits were made out by dozens and to these the orderly sergeants did some tall swearing.

At length the tangle was straightened out, but it took many days to do it. By the stoppage of their pay the officers were reduced to a condition bordering on mendicancy. By sending home for money or borrowing of the men they managed to rub along and eke out an existence until the paymaster came again. Thereafter accounts were scrupulously kept and reports were made with as much regularity as the exigencies of active campaigning would permit. The second crop of officers took warning from the woes of their predecessors, and fairly earned the ten dollars a month extra which was allowed each company commander for his respon-

sibility and bother in this respect. None of them ever paid the government for anything that was lost; a way to get out of it was always found.

A short distance from Colonel Harker's headquarters was a small stream in which the soldiers were permitted, and encouraged, to bathe. If a man neglected the opportunity to cleanse his person with proper frequency he was sometimes put in charge of a guard and compelled to do so at the point of the bayonet. Almond Allerton, of Company B, Sixty-fifth, had a singularly dark skin. The hue was so striking that one day when he was splashing in the stream with his comrades Colonel Harker, who, seated upon a camp-stool, at a respectful distance, was watching the bathers, took him to be a mulatto. His indignation was instantly aroused. It was all right for his soldiers, but he wasn't going to have niggers capering about in a state of nudity so near his tent. He dispatched a corporal of the guard, to convey a message of this purport and arrest the offender. When the corporal returned and acquainted him with the facts there was a protracted season of hilarity at headquarters. For months thereafter the remembrance of this incident afforded Colonel Harker much amusement, and he often told it as a good joke upon himself.

Before leaving Mooresville, I am tempted to recount briefly the adventures of a party of twenty officers and men of the Sixty-fifth who went a-fishing. Four miles from camp there was a stream which, according to common report, was certain to yield good results. The party obtained permission to go, taking with them a wagon, and their arms, as these might possibly come handy. We had no hooks or lines, but Horner, the sutler, had a seine which he kindly loaned us. Upon reaching the stream we posted a couple of sentinels and plunged into the water with the seine. Two hours of hard work gave us only half a dozen small fishes. We had brought scarcely anything in the way of rations except coffee, as we fully expected to dine on fresh fish. But we bestirred ourselves, and half an hour's active foraging yielded a bountiful supply of other edibles.

An old darkey who passed that way told us that two miles down the stream the fish were abundant and we could not fail

to get as many as we wanted, so we jumped into the wagon and drove to the spot indicated. We dragged the creek with our seine, again and again, but with no better success than before. We then gave it up and wended our way back to camp. I find in my diary the following inventory of the proceeds of the expedition: Suckers, 4; bass, 2; catfish, 1; turtles, 3; eels, 1; quarters of pork, 4; ditto mutton, 4; bushels roasting ears, 3; ditto potatoes, 2; quarts berries, 20; chickens, 6; mosquito bites, ad infinitum. But we had great sport, and it was vastly more pleasant than drilling under a July sun.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE "SIAMESE TWINS" SEPARATED.

A WILD RUSH FROM MOORESVILLE—LUNACY AT HEADQUARTERS—A JOURNEY BY RAIL—THE SIXTY-FOURTH AND THE BATTERY STOP AT STEVENSON—THE SIXTY-FIFTH GOES TO BRIDGEPORT—FIVE WEEKS OF IDLENESS AND HUNGER—BATHING IN THE TENNESSEE—TRADING WITH THE JOHNNIES—COFFEE FOR TOBACCO—OLD JACK AND THE ORDERLY—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRENCH RESIGNS—RECRUITING DETAILS SENT TO OHIO—MATTERS AT STEVENSON—BUILDING A FORT—SCOUTING AND RECONNOITERING.

WE HAD expected to remain at Mooresville several weeks, and perhaps months, but on the evening of July 17th there was a great racket in the camp. At dress parade an order was read for us to strike tents at three in the morning and be ready to march at daylight. After the parade was dismissed we proceeded leisurely to make the necessary arrangements, but in less than half an hour a staff officer

dashed up with an order for us to pull up stakes and load wagons immediately. Nobody knew what was up, nor were we accustomed to ask any questions under such circumstances, however much our curiosity might be aroused. We all fell to work and in an incredibly short time, amidst much bustle and excitement, tents and baggage were packed on the wagons, and we were waiting for the sound of the drum to fall in. But there did not seem to be at headquarters a very clear idea of what was to be done, or how to do it, for presently came the command to unpack the wagons and prepare to spend the night. Another half hour, when some of the tents were already up, order number four was received. It directed us to reload the wagons and form line immediately.

By this time it seemed that everybody had gone crazy, but we obeyed orders, and at last managed to get started. We moved almost on the run a mile and a half to Mooresville station, where a train of thirty freight cars stood waiting for us. Tents, camp equipage, ammunition and stores were hastily loaded, the empty wagons being left to follow at their leisure. The soldiers were directed to stow themselves on board the train as best they could. Half of them entered the cars, filling up the space that remained, and the rest clambered to the top and took "deck-passage." After lifting and scrambling and shouting for two hours the work of stowage was finished. Just before midnight the engine screamed and we started in the direction of Chattanooga.

The night ride was most tedious and disagreeable, particularly to the several hundred men who occupied the roofs of the cars. The road was very rough, and the constant jerking and rocking rendered sleep alike difficult and dangerous. Our eyes were filled with smoke and cinders, the air was raw and damp, and our blankets did not suffice to keep us comfortable.

At daylight we stopped half an hour at Huntsville, where General Buell then had his headquarters. There were evidences here of a "scare" of some kind, for at that early hour hundreds of soldiers and negroes were at work throwing up intrenchments around the town. We sought diligently for information respecting the cause of all the trouble, but without success. The soldiers at Huntsville seemed to be as much in the dark as ourselves.

We were soon off again, and after a brief halt at Stevenson, reached Bridgeport, Alabama, about eleven o'clock. Casting our eyes ahead we saw that we were again upon the bank of the Tennessee river, having passed over a great bend of that stream which we had already twice crossed—at Pittsburg Landing and at Decatur. Stretching across the river was a long row of bare and blackened piers, where the bridge had been, and it was evident that our excursion by rail had come to an end. We unloaded ourselves and our baggage and pitched our camp a short distance south of the railroad, and a quarter of a mile from the river. It was a very bad location, nearly a mile from the nearest spring, and this fact led us to think it very probable that we would remain there for some time. Only the Sixty-fifth Ohio, of the Twentieth brigade, went to Bridgeport. The other regiments and the Sixth battery stopped at Stevenson. The only regiment at Bridgeport when we arrived was the Thirty-ninth Indiana, of McCook's division. The latter was mostly at Battle Creek, six miles up the river, where at this time lay a very considerable fraction of Buell's army—some seventeen thousand men.

We remained at Bridgeport five weeks. Our life there had its measure of discomforts, but was not wholly unpleasant, as "soldiering" goes. After a week's stay where we first pitched our tents we moved the camp to a much more desirable spot, occupying a hill on the opposite side of the railroad track. Bridgeport was to us a sort of "watering place," the river affording facilities for bathing that were daily improved. The rebels were in force at Chattanooga, twenty-eight miles distant. They occupied the intervening territory and their outposts dotted one side of the river, while we picketed the other. During most of the time a spirit of comity brooded over the hostile lines. The rebels appeared to be as fond of bathing as we were, and an almost continual truce existed, by mutual consent. It was tacitly understood, if not actually agreed, that the pickets should not fire at one another across the river. It was a game that two could play, and the occasional killing or wounding of a soldier on either side would be but wanton cruelty, and could have no possible effect upon the armies. The truce was very rarely violated. Often a hundred men were splashing in the water on either side, at the

same time. There was more or less badinage constantly going on between the bathers. One day a rebel, who may have had an inkling of future movements, shouted across the river:

"I say, Yanks, you'd better, look out; there'll be the d——l to pay one of these days! We're goin' ter make you sick!"

"All right" was the answer, "we're ready fer ye, and if ye ever give us a chance we'll lick ye out o' yer boots!. You fellars keep runnin' all the time and don't give us any show for a fight!"

"You just keep yer eye skinned fer a fight and yer 'll see a right smart un 'fore long! But, I say, when ye goin' ter take Chattanooga?"

"Some fine morning, 'fore breakfast!"

"I allow ye'll git mighty hungry if ye wait fer yer breakfast till yer git Chattanooga!"

And in fact it was more than a year before we "got there."

At this time the stream was low and the water so shallow that a man could wade most of the way if he wished to cross. About midway there was an island that was duly respected as neutral ground. Here they often met, Union and rebel, to have a quiet smoke and chat together, or to do a little in the way of barter. The rebels were always glad to get coffee and salt, for which they would give tobacco, of which they had plenty, and which our boys were not always able to get in sufficient quantity to satisfy their desires. Our supply of coffee was rather short at this time, but if a soldier was real hungry for tobacco he would manage to scrape together enough to make a dicker. The transaction would be carried on about in this way:

"Hello, Johnny, want to trade?"

"Yaas, what you got?"

"Coffee! Got any terbacker?"

"Dead loads of it!"

"All right fetch it along!"

Then they would start for the island, where these commercial negotiations were concluded. If it was necessary to swim they would keep their goods dry by a contrivance for carrying them over the head and held by the teeth, or by putting them in a can or vessel of some sort and floating them across the deep water on

a board. The trade would soon be made on an equitable basis, and after a pleasant chat they would bid each other goodbye in the most friendly way and return, each to his side of the river. For two or three weeks the soldiers intermingled in this way. The practice was, however, regarded with disfavor by the officers in both armies, and it was finally stopped. One day in the early part of August there came a shout from the rebel side:

"Hello, Yanks, can't trade any more!"

"Why, what's up now?"

"Oh, nothin' I reckon, only we got orders ag'in' it!"

A day or two later "orders ag'in' it" were issued on our side of the river, and that was the last of the trading, unless it was done "on the sly." But the bathing continued without molestation, almost up to the day of our departure.

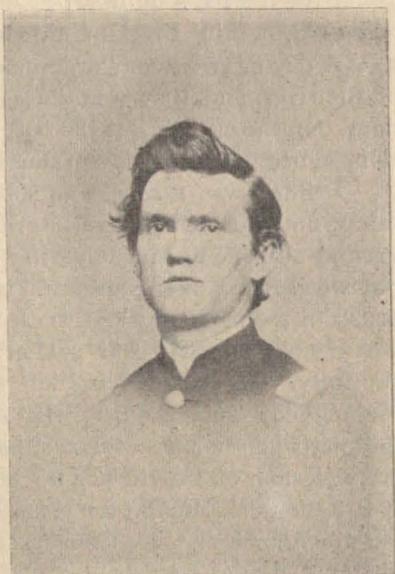
Drilling was resumed as soon as we were fairly settled in camp, notwithstanding the extreme heat. There was very little ground suitable for maneuvering, particularly for battalion drill, but we charged over logs and stumps and crashed through the brush in the most reckless manner. Lieutenant-colonel French was an old Mexican war soldier, and could handle a regiment skillfully. He resigned and left for home early in August, and Major Olds succeeded to the command. The major was a thorough gentleman, a scholar, and a patriot, but in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence he was not built for a great soldier. A battalion drill among the stumps and bushes at Bridgeport was too much for him. He tried it once or twice, carrying open in his hand Hardee's "School of the Battalion," to find out what to do next, how to do it, and what commands to give. He usually succeeded in getting the regiment tangled into a knot that was only straightened out by each company commander rallying his men to the colors on a new line. Then Major Olds gave it up, and we had no more battalion drills while we lay at Bridgeport.

We revived the habit, which we had formed in front of Corinth, of getting up every morning at an absurdly early hour and standing at arms until daylight. There were occasional alarms which caused a general scramble to get into line. During the last two weeks of our stay, when both armies began to show symptoms of activity, these were of nightly occurrence. Once we were

thrown into a high state of inflammation by a report that Colonel Harker had fought a large force of rebels at Stevenson, with the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Fifty-first Indiana, and had defeated them, with great slaughter on both sides. It turned out to be only that a picket had shot a pig.

One night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, the cry of fire ran through the camp. We all turned out and discovered that a small building near the depot was in flames. The fire was imagined to be a scheme of the enemy, and we were hurried under arms and into line, where we stood like a row of stoughton-bottles while a detail of men went down and extinguished the fire. Then we turned in again.

Our greatest cause of grief here was the alarming and protracted deficiency in the commissary department. For weeks our long and slender line of supply was the special object at which the efforts of the rebel cavalry were directed. They were successful to a much greater degree than we could have wished. They tore up the railroad track, burned bridges, and captured trains loaded with supplies, destroying what they could not carry away. As the inevitable result of these constant raids our haversacks were most of the time in a state of collapse. We were put on half rations very soon after our arrival, and by the 10th of August we were reduced to one quarter of the regulation allowance. Then it was found necessary to dole out the meager pittance each day. If an issue was made for three or five days, as had been the custom, the soldiers, thinking



CHRISTIAN M. BUSH,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

only of the present, would eat the whole in one or two days and be left entirely without visible means of support. There were many days when the men really went hungry. When the rations fell so low the drills were considerably reduced to two, and finally to one each day—just enough to afford needed exercise. The scanty stores were strongly guarded, but in spite of the vigilance of the sentries, now and then a box of hardtack or a side of bacon would be abstracted at night, carried to camp, and divided among the friends of the purloiners.

There were some organized attempts at foraging, and more or less was done in an individual way. That region had, however, been so long occupied by troops that there was little left to appease the hunger of either man or beast. Once a detail of men accompanied a train of cars several miles beyond Stevenson, where a quantity of green corn, by this time pretty well hardened, and vegetables of various kinds was obtained and brought to camp. We bewailed the almost total lack of fresh meat, which we only saw at long intervals and in very small quantities. Once a few sheep were brought in, slaughtered, and issued to the regiment. They were chiefly bones, and our whole company only had one small quarter, weighing six or eight pounds. Whenever memory recalls Bridgeport, the leading thought is of a long-continued desire to eat something, akin to the yearning of the children of Israel for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

One day a flag of truce appeared on the Confederate side of the river. Its object was to obtain permission for a lady and her servants to pass through the lines, enroute to her home in Tennessee, with the body of her husband, who had been killed in one of the battles in Virginia. This reasonable request was granted and the party crossed the river in boats. The distress of the lady in her affliction aroused the sympathies of all who witnessed the scene. She was permitted to continue her journey by rail, after an officer had exercised the legitimate and proper precaution of opening the coffin, to ascertain that it contained nothing contraband of war.

The soldiers put in a good deal of their leisure time in fashioning rings, charms and other trinkets from clam and mussel shells which were found in abundance in the river. Many of



JAMES A. GARFIELD.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, COMMANDING TWENTIETH BRIGADE.

these articles were very pretty, evincing no small degree of skill. Most of them were sent to friends at home as mementoes.

Captain Whitbeck, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, had picked up at Mooresville a burly negro named Jack, and taken him along as his servant. He was a great strapping fellow, and as faithful as a watch-dog. The company desk, with all the books and papers, was kept in the captain's tent, and the orderly sergeant had, of necessity, free access. One day two mischievous members of the company took Jack aside and told him very seriously that the stripes on the arms of the orderly were worn as marks of disgrace, indicating the number of times he had been convicted of theft, and that he must watch him closely and see that he took nothing from the captain's tent. Jack had no idea of rank and took it all as truth. Soon afterward the orderly had occasion to use one of the company books, and entered the tent, the captain being absent. Jack was on hand instantly, and in a gruff voice commanded the orderly to "Lef be dat ar book!" The orderly looked at him in perfect amazement.

"Put dat book down and g'way f'm heah. Yer kaint steal nuffin when ole Jack's lookin' at yer!"

Failing to recognize his authority in the premises the orderly started to go out with the book under his arm, when the negro planted himself squarely at the entrance and said:

"Now jess look a heah, boss, I done tole yer to drap dat book, and ef yer doan' do it yer's gwine ter git hurt!"

The orderly could bear it no longer. Drawing a revolver he pointed it at the darkey's head and forcibly informed him that if he didn't get out of the way he would blow the top of his head off. This put the boot on the other leg and Jack beat a hasty retreat. As the orderly went out he saw the two chaps who had put up the job almost bursting with laughter. The orderly—in other words, the present writer—owned up that it was a very good joke; but he was never able to get on good terms with old Jack. The negro always eyed him with suspicion.

Company B, Sixty-fifth, was deprived of all three of its officers while at Bridgeport. Second Lieutenant John R. Parish—commissioned and acting in that rank but not mustered—died in camp July 31st, after a sudden illness of but a few hours.

Captain Henry Camp and First Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong resigned and left for home in August.

By this time a good many officers of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had resigned and the vacancies had been filled by promotion. In being able to get out of the service, officers had an advantage over those who carried knapsacks and muskets. When an officer's health gave way, or if he felt that he had got enough or had not been rightly treated, he could just resign and quit. The enlisted man had no such option. He could not resign. He had to remain in service until his time expired, or till he was killed or so disabled by wounds or disease as to be of no further value in the field. Before we had been a month in active service the officers began to "get in out of the wet." During the year 1862 no less than sixteen of the Sixty-fourth and eighteen of the Sixty-fifth resigned and we saw them no more. There remained barely half the officers who left Camp Buckingham.

The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth lost their brass bands early in August. They were mustered out by order of the War Department. But Chaplain Burns came back to us, after a long absence, and had a chance to preach to us once before we started to Louisville. That sermon had to last us three or four months.

As heretofore stated, all of the brigade except the Sixty-fifth halted at Stevenson, as the terminus of the excursion by railroad from Mooresville. It remained there until the beginning of the retreat into Kentucky, Colonel Harker being in command of the post. The first enterprise in which the troops engaged was the building of a large fort, on a commanding eminence. The work, which was a strong one, was named Fort Harker. In it were placed the guns of the Sixth battery.

There was frequent annoyance from marauding bands of the enemy which were sent across the river. They prowled around, harassing the pickets, gathering in unwary foragers, and making themselves a nuisance on general principles. Colonel Harker frequently sent reconnoitering parties to scour the adjacent region and especially to watch the river, but the Johnnies were too sly and very few of them were caught. Once, while Company C of the Sixty-fourth, Captain Robert C. Brown, was on picket in a dense wood, private Jacob Ridenour, at one of the outposts, was

fired upon. The rebel made a line shot, but fortunately a trifle high, the ball passing through Ridenour's hat and just furrowing the scalp. Later in the war our men became so thoroughly accustomed to being shot at that they thought nothing of it, but in those early days of our military service such an incident had a startling effect, and was for days the talk of the camp.

It having been reported that the rebels were crossing cattle to the south bank of the Tennessee river, the Sixty-fourth, under Colonel Ferguson, accompanied by a section of the Sixth battery, was dispatched to see what, if anything, could be done in the premises. The objective point was a ford twelve or fifteen miles to the southwest, where the cattle trade was said to be flourishing. While *en route* information was given by a guide that a rebel captain, at home on leave, was in a house a short distance from the line of march. Company C was detailed to capture him. Captain Brown had not yet developed into the soldier that he afterward was, nor had anybody else, for we had not had the chance. Company C surrounded the house in fine style, but Brown, who in the kindness of his heart was loth to hurt anybody, had not told the boys to load their guns, and probably none of them had thought of it, either. The captain moved upon the house by way of the front door. His rap was answered by a woman who, with the diplomacy of her sex, skillfully avoided direct answers to his questions. Meanwhile the rebel officer, reconnoitering from the back of the house, watched his chance, slipped out and broke for the timber. He was commanded to halt but refused to obey, and before the boys could load their muskets he was out of sight. But some of them were at least able to say that they had seen a live rebel, and an officer at that.

As the regiment approached the ford Companies E and K were thrown out as skirmishers. Proceeding through the woods, a man was discovered with something on his shoulder which was imagined to be a musket. He was challenged, but instead of halting he started to run. He was fired upon and killed. His supposed musket proved to be only a harmless hoe, with which he had been at work in a "truck" patch. No person could be blamed for the killing except the man himself, who was probably too much frightened to obey the command to halt.

No traces of the cattle business could be found. The

regiment bivouacked at the ford, except companies C and H which were sent three miles up the river to another ford. These companies spent the night on the large plantation of one Colonel Coffee, of the Confederate army. The men foraged liberally and for once had all they wanted to eat, a condition which was rare during the five weeks at Stevenson. The artillerymen expended a little ammunition, throwing a few shells into the woods across the river, where there were symptoms of a camp. The regiment marched back the next day. About the only tangible result of the expedition was a stalwart "contraband" named Wesley, from the Coffee household. Captain Brown took him as his servant and he remained with the Sixty-fourth for more than two years. He was a trusty, faithful fellow, and a general favorite despite his black skin.

The stomachs of the Sixty-fourth suffered from the same paucity of rations that pinched the Sixty-fifth at Bridgeport, although the foraging in the region around Stevenson yielded better results.

A large number of negroes were brought into Stevenson from the surrounding country to work upon the fortifications. Many of these were adept in the art of stealing. The quartermaster and commissary officers were much annoyed by their predatory forays at night. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the guards, articles of food and clothing constantly disappeared, creating deficits in stores which made sad havoc with the officers' returns. The post or brigade commissary was Captain Eaton, of the Thirteenth Michigan. Eaton was a theoretical philanthropist and an inveterate foe to slavery. Indeed, his hobby was an abiding charity for the dark-skinned children of Ham and a child-like faith in their integrity. He did not believe they would steal and insisted that all the pilfering was done by the soldiers. He had a red-headed darkey as his personal servant, and in him the captain had boundless confidence, pointing with pride to him as a model of faithfulness and honesty—a shining example of the high moral standard to which the negro could be elevated by the influence of proper precept and example. Eaton's ideas on this subject were well known to all his fellow officers. One evening while Quartermaster Tip Marvin, of the Sixty-fourth, was sauntering about, he peeped into a building in which the commissary stores

were kept and saw Captain Eaton's auburn-haired darkey laying in a supply of sugar, coffee, and bacon. He had effected an entrance by crawling under the building and forcing an opening in the floor. Without disturbing the marauder, Marvin went on a gallop to the quarters of Captain Eaton and told him to "come along, quick," as he had something to show him. They hurried back to the building, where Eaton, through the peep-hole, discovered his dusky protege on the point of making his exit with a sack full of plunder—stolen from the captain, who was personally responsible for every pound of stores in his custody. The thief was caught and punished; while Eaton's beneficent theories received a set-back from which, it is to be feared, they never recovered.

On the 21st of August details from the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth—consisting of two officers from each, and one non-commissioned officer from each company—were sent to Ohio on recruiting service. The officers of this detail were: Sixty-fourth, Lieutenant A. S. Campbell, Company C, and Lieutenant Bryant Grafton, Company B; Sixty-fifth, Captain Alexander Cassil, Company A, and Lieutenant Thomas Powell, Company E. It was hoped to fill up the ranks which had been so sadly depleted by the exceedingly hard service through which we had passed. Nearly a hundred officers and men of each regiment had already died from disease resulting from excessive hardship and exposure.

More than three hundred others from each were absent, sick, or had been discharged for disability. And all this without a man having yet been lost in battle! Generally speaking, scarcely more than half of those enlisted in any regiment were physically able to endure such service as fell to the lot of most western regiments. These had very much more hard marching and exposure to weather than did the soldiers of the eastern armies. A man never could tell until he tried it whether he could "stand the service" or not. So it was that most regiments, even though they had no fighting, were within a year reduced to five hundred men or less. These made the *soldiers* who marched and fought through the long campaigns and put down the rebellion. The other half had no less patriotism and willingness, but they were taxed beyond their strength and fell by the way.

[August,

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BEGINNING OF A LONG SCAMPER.

THERE WAS A "HEN ON."—BRAGG STARTS FOR THE OHIO RIVER—WE START AFTER HIM—THE BRIGADE REUNITED—CROSSING THE MOUNTAIN—A LONG, HARD PULL—OUR TENTS AND BAGGAGE BURNED—A NIGHT MARCH ON THE PLATEAU—"ROASTING" THE OFFICERS—IN ELK RIVER VALLEY.

"**B**OYS, I'll bet my boots there's a hen on 'over yonder!" This profound observation was made by one of our soldiers about the 20th of August, as he came in one morning from picket duty. For twenty-four hours he had occupied a post on the bluff commanding a view of the opposite side of the river, and the country for some distance beyond. He had seen, miles away, indications of troops moving in large bodies, and the Confederate sentinels appeared to have almost wholly disappeared from the opposite bank. The events of the next few days fully justified the opinion of the picket. He was, however, safe in offering to "bet his boots," in any event; as his feet were encased in an old and well worn pair of number 10 army brogans. But there was no question as to the "hen" being "on," and she was then hatching out a scheme that had not entered into our wildest dreams. General Buell's eyes were opened, and hastily abandoning the line of the Memphis and Charleston

railroad he moved his headquarters from Huntsville to Decherd, on the Nashville and Chattanooga road. As a matter of fact he soon moved them again, and continued to do so until he was quartered in Louisville.

There was something prophetic in the yell of that rebel picket across the river, warning us to "look out," quoted in the preceding chapter. As one might say in these days of base-ball, the rebels were now going to have an "inning." For six months they had been "out," wandering all over the field, and at last they were going to the bat.

During those lazy summer months Bragg had been busy, behind the curtain of his outposts, in collecting an army of forty thousand men. His headquarters were at Chattanooga, and his troops were scattered all through that country, extending as far as Knoxville. The word was given, and his army rapidly concentrated for the great projected flank movement into Kentucky. To his eye the future was even big with possibilities beyond the Ohio river. The southern people rejoiced with exceeding great joy at the prospect of carrying the war into the enemy's country—into Ohio and Indiana, that the people of the North might "feel what they had felt." Bragg's enthusiastic scheme was unfolded in an order to General Van Dorn, commanding the rebel forces in the District of Mississippi, dated Chattanooga, Tenn., August 27th, 1862. The order closed with these words:

We shall thus have Buell pretty well disposed of. Sherman and Rosecrans we leave to you and Price, satisfied you can dispose of them and we confidently hope to meet you on the Ohio river.

BRAXTON BRAGG,

General Commanding.

And again, this order was sent to Van Dorn from Bardstown, Kentucky, September 25th:

We have driven and drawn the enemy back to the Ohio. Push your columns to our support and arouse the people to reinforce us. We have thousands of arms without men to handle them.

Nashville is defended by only a weak brigade; Bowling Green by only a weak regiment. Sweep them off and push up to the Ohio. Secure the heavy guns at these places and we will control the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. All depends on rapid movements.

Trusting to your energy and zeal we shall confidently expect a diversion in our favor against the overwhelming force now concentrating in our front.

Preliminary to the grand advance Bragg had sent Kirby Smith from Knoxville by way of Cumberland Gap, with fifteen thousand men, and he was already in Eastern Kentucky while we were yet picketing the Tennessee river at Bridgeport.

General Buell's forces were very widely scattered, in the attempt to hold a large extent of territory. As soon as the plan of the enemy was disclosed, Buell saw the necessity of immediate concentration. It was evident that he must be ready to fight or chase, according to circumstances. The movement began about August 20th, and that was what kicked up such a lively dust on the roads of Northern Alabama and Middle Tennessee.

I have said thus much, to recall the situation of affairs when we broke camp at Bridgeport and Stevenson and started on our long scamper. I am disposed to tell the story of our part in this foot-race between the two great armies, with some fullness of detail. It was beyond comparison the longest and most arduous march that ever fell to our lot. It was one prolonged test of physical endurance. It did as much to "season" us as all our previous service. I believe the survivors of the Sherman Brigade will go over again with interest that long, dusty trail, with its daily incidents of hardship and excitement, and I confidently indulge the hope that the story will not be found tedious—in any event it will not be half so wearisome as was the march itself.

At two o'clock on the morning of August 20th we were aroused and ordered to prepare to march immediately, with two days' cooked rations. As we had but little to cook, the latter part of the order was largely superfluous. The only article requiring preparation was a small allowance of fresh beef, which came from nobody knew where. The hillside was soon aglow with fires and the camp was in a whirl of excitement. Then we were directed not to strike tents until further orders. Daylight came, and noon, and night and still we waited for the word to go. Our neighbors of the Thirty-ninth Indiana managed to get off, leaving in the afternoon for Battle Creek. In the evening our sick, some twenty-five in number, were sent by rail to Nashville.

Toward night General Buell and staff arrived by train and galloped off to Battle Creek. We were ordered to march, positively, early the next morning. About midnight General Buell

and his party returned. As they dashed up to the picket line they were brought to a sudden halt by the sentinel:

"Who comes there?"

"A friend. I am General Buell and must pass immediately!"

"Stand! Advance one and give the countersign!" said the picket.

"I have not the countersign," said the general, "but you must surely recognize me. I passed through here a few hours ago! My business is urgent and you must not detain me!"

But, like all soldiers when they chanced to get a "grip" on a general in this way, the vidette was inexorable. In fact, he rather enjoyed it, standing at a "charge bayonet," with the general of the army at his mercy. Perhaps he relished the idea of revenging himself upon the officer for some of those orders about chickens, and rails, and straw. The advantage of the situation was wholly with the vidette, for he had the laws of war and the army regulations entirely upon his side. The impatient general finally showed a disposition to "run" the post, but desisted when his ear caught the click of the trigger as the soldier cocked his piece. It is probable that the latter would have shot General Buell, if he had attempted to force his way, and would have been justified in doing so.

"Call the officer of the guard!" said the general, petulantly.

This was done and the waiting horsemen were of course, suffered to pass. In justice to General Buell it should be said that he told the officer that the vidette had done right, and complimented him on his faithfulness.

The next day we did some more heavy waiting around. Orders to strike tents were received in the morning, but an hour later they were countermanded. In fact, we did not pull out till the day following—the 22nd. Reveille sounded at four, but it was nearly noon when we started. Two hours brought us to Battle Creek. The large camps there were almost deserted, only the Second and Thirty-third Ohio and Edgerton's battery remaining. We expected here to rejoin our brigade, which had marched the previous day from Stevenson, but we learned that it had gone, an order from Colonel Harker directing us to follow as rapidly as possible. Before resuming the march we were confidentially told

by our officers that there were rebels about, and that we must keep "well closed up," and our eyes and ears open.

A mile further we approached a dark piece of woods. Before entering it we halted and loaded our muskets to be ready for whatever might happen. About five o'clock we were met by a courier with an order for us to halt, as the whole force ahead of us was marching by the "right about." It appeared that the troops from Battle Creek and Bridgeport had been directed to march up the Sequatchie valley. McCook found the road effectually blocked by a large and strongly entrenched body of the enemy, and it was necessary to seek another route. After waiting till dark we faced and flanked and countermarched and floundered among the thick bushes for two hours, wondering where we were "at," and finally bringing up for the night in an old stubble field. A violent storm visited us, and amidst the wind and rain and pitchy darkness we groped about for wood and water. We lay down to sleep without making any effort to put up the tents.

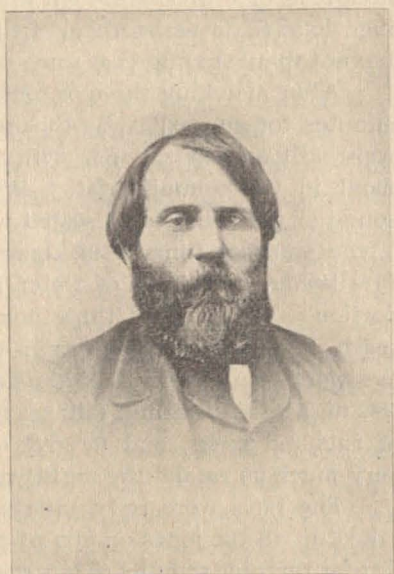
Soon after setting out the next morning we rejoined the brigade, from which we had been so long separated—or rather two regiments of it, as the Thirteenth Michigan had been left for a few days at Stevenson to garrison Fort Harker. The bright eye of Colonel Harker flashed a kindly greeting as we filed past, to which officers and men responded with tempestuous cheers. Gusty shouts of welcome were also exchanged with the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Fifty-first Indiana. We hitched along three miles and went into camp.

August 24th was Sunday, and a day not soon to be forgotten. We started off considerably out of temper, because we were routed out at one o'clock after scarcely three hours sleep, with orders to march at two, and then lay around seven long hours before we took the road. After marching five miles we found ourselves at the foot of the great plateau of the Cumberland mountains which we were to cross. We learned that our delay the previous day was caused by the difficulty of getting the trains of the advance division up the hill. The ascent was very steep and the road exceedingly rough and stony. The distance to the summit was half a mile, and the rise about twelve hundred feet. We waited three hours while two or three batteries of artillery

were being hauled up. This was only accomplished by doubling teams, and putting twelve horses to each gun and caisson. In some cases the further aid of a swarm of men at the wheels was found necessary.

At one o'clock we got the right of way, and having taken the precaution to fill our canteens at a large spring that gushed from the foot of the mountain, we began the toilsome ascent. The sun was extremely hot. As we climbed the rugged hill many of the men sank to the ground, overcome with fatigue. Only our ambulances and the wagons containing ammunition and hospital stores attempted to follow us.

When about half way up we stacked arms and went back to give the ammunition wagons a lift. Each had a cargo of forty boxes, weighing some four thousand pounds. Long ropes were attached upon either side and seized by a hundred men. A dozen more laid their hands to the wheels. Then the teamster began his wild yells, lashing the jaded mules, while the men pulled, and pushed and tugged, all shouting in the highest key possible to the human voice. In all such emergencies the yell was recognized as a most powerful and indispensable auxiliary, while profanity addressed to the mules was believed to endue them with supernatural strength. Slowly, a few rods at a time and then stopping for men and animals to breathe, the wagons crept up the steep. It was found necessary to partly unload some of them and distribute the boxes among the ambulances. After an hour of



JAMES OLDS,
MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.

the severest labor the top was reached. The men had been relieved at frequent intervals, one company taking the place of another, but there was no such blessing for the mules. When the tug was over they stood panting and trembling, while some of them fell to the ground in utter exhaustion. Men took off their blouses and wrung from them streams of perspiration. We returned for our arms, once more climbed to the top, and after a brief rest, continued our march. Our baggage wagons, with hundreds of others, were left at the foot of the hill, a brigade being detailed to assist them up the mountain. We indulged in fervent thanksgiving that some other fellows had this work to do.

After marching three or four miles we halted and "Twenty minutes for supper!" was the order. It was a frugal meal. We were still on half rations, with no prospect of a speedy improvement in the commissariat. Without waiting for the gong to sound or the ladies to be seated we plunged into our haversacks. There was not time to make coffee. A single cracker, a bit of raw bacon, and a sip of water from the canteen was each man's portion. We had still three hours' travel before us in order to reach the only spring of water on the road across the plateau. We were soon enveloped in the darkness of a moonless and starless night. A drizzling rain set in, the road was slippery and full of ruts and rocks, and for five or six miles we stumbled along very much as we did the night we marched to Savannah.

The boys were in a mischievous mood that night. They raked up all the jokes on any of the officers that had accumulated during the nine months of our service and reproduced them in the form of questions and answers, with great gusto. A member of one company would shout at the top of his voice a conundrum regarding some officer, perhaps touching a tender spot, and somebody in another company would yell the answer. Some of the victims did not relish the jests at their expense and allowed their tempers to get the better of them. One or two rushed along the line vainly trying to find out who the offenders were. The utter darkness baffled their efforts and the fun went on fast and furious. It was nearly midnight when we filed off the road and bivouacked. The tired soldiers dropped upon the ground, and rolled themselves in their blankets.

We had scarcely lain down when there was a prodigious commotion in the bivouac. A great yelling was heard some distance away, and it was taken up by one regiment after another until the entire division had broken loose. It was all caused by a runaway mule team, which galloped furiously along the rough road, the wagon bumping and thumping against the stumps and stones. A short distance beyond our bivouac the mules brought up against a tree and went down all in a heap.

At the top of the mountain John Kauffman, driver of the hospital wagon of the Sixty-fourth, found himself and his team so much fagged that he declared, with a wealth of teamsters' vigorous language, that he couldn't and wouldn't go another step. But when the order to march was given his familiar "Gee up, Jinny!"—which had come to be a by-word in the regiment—was heard and caught up by a hundred tongues. John kept along with the procession, but during the evening he ran upon a hornets' nest, the disturbed occupants of which attacked his mules and threw them into a paroxysm of plunging, rearing, kicking and braying. The whole concern narrowly escaped wreck. With fighting hornets and trying to manage his mules, Kauffman had a very lively time of it. While it lasted he had more business on his hands than any other man in the brigade.

We started next morning at seven o'clock and by eleven had reached the descent of the mountain. The road was as rough and precipitous as at the other side, but it is easier to go down than up a hill, and we reached the bottom without extraordinary fatigue. A mile further and we stacked arms in the woods near Elk river. Five or six brigades were encamped near us and the country seemed to be fairly swarming with soldiers. Our supply of food was getting very low, but we drew some sweet potatoes—by the tops—stripped the ears from a field of corn, and enjoyed what was to us a bountiful supper. Toward evening our wagons arrived but we looked in vain for our tents and baggage. It had been found impossible to get the loaded train over the mountain. Rebel cavalymen were hovering unpleasantly near, and an immense bonfire was made of all the tents and company baggage of every kind except a few indispensable articles. A large amount of property was thus destroyed, that it might not fall into the

hands of the enemy. The wagon of Company K, Sixty-fifth, broke down and was burned, with all its contents except the company books. Regiments having horse teams fared even worse than ourselves, most of them barely saving their empty wagons. Nearly three months elapsed before we again slept under canvas.

We remained here two days. Elk river valley was like a garden in its fertility, and a week before our arrival had been rich in fruit and field crops of all kinds. But twenty thousand soldiers, who had been marching for days on half rations, came down from the mountain "like a wolf on the fold," and almost in a day that beautiful valley was swept by the besom of destruction. There was no guarding of property now, except in rare cases of undoubted loyalty. So long as the men did not resort to deeds of violence or wanton pillage and destruction, they were permitted to forage about as they pleased. Near our bivouac was a very extensive orchard of peach and apple trees, which had been loaded with fruit; now they were as barren as in mid-winter. One of the boys was led to observe that the owner would get left on his usual supply of peach brandy and applejack.

Half a mile away lived the owner of a large plantation. At his solicitation General McCook, on his arrival, posted guards to protect his place from pillage. Next day the general sent an officer to wait upon him and administer the oath of allegiance to the United States government. The planter refused to take it. This fact being reported to General McCook he promptly ordered the guards to be removed. This was done, whereupon the soldiers "went in" and literally swept the place of everything eatable. It did not take them long to do it, either. When the storm broke upon him the planter mounted his horse and galloped to McCook's quarters and begged that he might be permitted to swear allegiance to the government. But his sudden spasm of loyalty was "too thin." The gates of mercy were closed and he went away in a great rage. The negroes told us that he had three sons in the rebel army, and was one of the most ardent supporters of the Confederate cause in all that section. No place was ever more thoroughly cleaned out than his. Our company had a goose from his flock, which, its captor said, hissed defiantly at him when ordered to take the oath. The fowl was well stricken in

years, but by dint of long boiling was softened so that we were able to pick its bones.

One day two companies from each regiment of our brigade were sent on a foraging expedition with wagons, and ordered to bring into camp anything that could be issued to the soldiers for food. The region had been so well scoured that we were obliged to go nine miles. We obtained a good part of our plunder on the place of one Reynolds, who was a captain of cavalry in the Confederate army. His wife, a comely woman of perhaps twenty-five, sat on the porch smoking a cob pipe and watching the enforcement of the confiscation act. Her eyes flashed fire as an officer approached the house.

"I wish my husband was here!" said she.

"I'm sure I regret his absence!" was the reply.

And that was all that was said. We loaded our wagons with grain, bacon, vegetables and fruit, driving along "on the hoof" half a dozen fine cattle. Our triumphant entry into camp was greeted with stentorian shouts.

Our brief stay here was somewhat in the nature of a picnic—much more so than anything that fell to our lot for a long time thereafter. The proceeds of our foraging gave us plenty to eat for the time, and after our partial abstinence for so long at Bridgeport and Stevenson, we ate and were duly thankful. The commissaries could not fill the aching void in the stomachs of the soldiers. The demand for something to eat was so imperative as to break down the barriers against confiscation, and these were never again so high and so strong as they had been up to this time in our wanderings. In fact, it was not a great while until they almost wholly disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AS WE GO MARCHING ON.

TRAVELING "BY JERKS" DAY AND NIGHT—A BABEL OF CONFUSING ORDERS—A GYPSY LIFE, WITHOUT TENTS—IN SUN AND STORM—THROUGH NASHVILLE WITHOUT A HALT—WE WIN A FOOT-RACE—A NIGHT MARCH WITH FLYING FEET—AT BOWLING GREEN AGAIN—"WILL YOU WAIT?"—A COMPANY IN A SORRY PICKLE.

WE HAD just gone to bed, in the evening of August 27th, when the adjutant went around and stirred up the orderlies, informing them that the drum would beat at eleven and we would march at midnight. Everybody turned out and went to cooking, but the order to fall in did not come. All night long and the next day and night we waited, expecting every moment to be called into line. We finally got away at noon of the 29th, marched a mile, and went into bivouac. We were ordered to police the grounds thoroughly and build unto ourselves such shelters as we could, as we would probably remain there several days. Then we felt certain that we would soon be on the march again, for nothing ever went more "by contraries" than the orders regulating our stops and starts on this campaign. But we all worked like beavers for two or three hours, building huts of boards, rails and bushes, and putting the camp in prime order. This work was still in active pro-

gress when the long roll proved the correctness of our surmise.

"Pack up; march in twenty minutes!" said the adjutant.

Near this camp was the finest spring, without exception, that we ever found. The water, beautifully clear and cold, rushed in a copious stream from the base of an immense overhanging rock. We were loth to leave this, but filling our canteens, and hastily drawing four days' half rations, we were hurried into line and started off at a rapid gait. After a dusty and tiresome march of ten miles we bivouacked, an hour after dark, three miles from Hillsboro. At this point Major Olds, of the Sixty-fifth, left us, having resigned his commission, and Captain Horatio N. Whitbeck, of Company E, assumed command of the regiment.

Next morning we went scurrying off at daylight. There were flying rumors of rebels ahead, and "positively no straggling" was the order. After covering four miles, however, we took to the woods, with orders to police another camp, where, we were told, we would certainly stay a while. Again we "felt it



PHILIP P. M'CUNE,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

in our bones" that we wouldn't do anything of the kind. Marching orders came promptly next morning. Half an hour later we were groping our way through clouds of suffocating dust. The Sixty-fifth was detailed to guard the train and was scattered along the road for a mile. We passed through Manchester toward evening and camped a mile beyond.

This being the last day of the month there was the regular inspection and muster in the evening. The night set in rainy

and cool. As long as the weather was fine it was all very fair to live without tents, and sleep in the open air, with the stars winking and blinking in our faces, but a storm very quickly took all the poetry out of such a life. During the next few weeks we learned to make all imaginable shifts to protect ourselves from inclement weather. It became a matter of wonder that men could make themselves so comfortable under such adverse conditions.

Reveille beat at midnight. An hour later we drew out on the Murfreesboro pike, in a dripping and sloppy condition. We halted in half an hour and the word "Prepare to wade!" was passed along the column. Being already well soaked we had no preparations to make, so we plunged in, fording a stream three feet deep and ten yards wide. We went swishing along in our wet garments, through the rain and darkness. We were glad enough when day dawned, although the sun rose upon a sorry looking procession. Toward noon there was a drenching shower, after which the sun took a hand in the game, and beat down fiercely upon us, with blistering effect. It was a hard day's march, our bivouac being twenty miles from our starting point. The boys had keen appetites and there was furious foraging that evening. Some of them struck a still-house, and confiscated several gallons of "tangle-foot." A few attempted to carry too much in the wrong place, and at a late hour were brought in under guard, in a most hilarious state of mind and wabby condition of body.

On the 3rd of September we passed through Murfreesboro, took the Lebanon pike, marched ten miles, forded Stone river and went into camp. We stayed two days, our time being mostly given to foraging—and eating. Captain Brown, of the Sixty-fifth, went out with three companies and brought in thirty bushels of sweet potatoes. On the 6th we struck out for Nashville. Under a scorching sun, we swept over the hard, limestone pike a distance of twenty-two miles, past the Hermitage—the home and burial place of Andrew Jackson—and camped three miles from the Tennessee capital. It was a day of great severity. Hundreds of men fell by the wayside, unable to keep up. Many of the companies stacked arms with less than a dozen men in ranks. With aching bones and weary limbs we threw ourselves upon the ground,

The next day was Sunday. Tired and footsore we would have been glad to rest, or even to go to church. Long before daylight the inexorable drum sounded in our ears. Not a few of the men found themselves unable to march without absolute torture, owing to the condition of their feet, which the previous night had been blistered and bleeding. Before starting the cripples were taken to the doctor's tent for inspection, where the worst cases were given passes to ride in the ambulances and wagons.

Among those who interviewed the surgeon was "Jimmy" Houlihan, of Company I, Sixty-fifth, who had declared that he couldn't march that day "at all, at all."

"Well, Jimmy," inquired the orderly, when he came limping back, "did he give you a pass to ride?"

"Pass be blowed!" said Houlihan. "Phat kind of a doctor is thot; he niver looked at me sore fate but jist said, 'Show me yer tongue!'" Jimmy had to walk.

We started at dawn, passed through Nashville without halting, and turned our faces northward, on the same road by which we had entered the city six months before. The friends of the rebel cause in Nashville—and they were many—made no attempt to conceal their satisfaction at the change in the aspect of affairs. Nor, it must be confessed, did we feel so "brash" as when, with streaming banners, exultant shouts and "gay and gallant tread" we marched into the captured city with our faces to the south.

From late newspapers we gathered that the north was in a state of active fermentation. Pope had been overwhelmed at Manassas and Lee's army was almost at the gates of the national capital. All over Ohio, Indiana and Illinois the drums were calling the people to arms to repel the expected invasion of Bragg and Kirby Smith. Those were the dark days of the war, for the Union cause. It is not strange that the spirits of the soldiers sank to a low ebb, as Buell's army went galloping back to the Ohio river. It was evidently intended to hold on to Nashville if possible; some twelve thousand troops, under General Negley, being charged with that duty. Thousands of negroes were at work with pick and shovel, strengthening and extending the fortifications. We were glad to see the postman again. The

brigade received almost a wagon-load of mail, the first for more than three weeks.

On the 9th we passed through Gallatin. In the outskirts of the village a lordly appearing man stood at the gate of his residence, watching the troops as they marched by. Near him were several colored people, evidently his slaves—for emancipation had not yet been proclaimed. One of our officers, who wanted a servant, beckoned to a smart looking fellow of twenty. The latter was quick to respond, and when the officer asked him if he didn't want to "come along," he fell into the ranks without so much as casting a look behind. To him, at least, had come "de year ob jubilo." His master, in great consternation, called after him to return, but "Rufus" kept on his way. He remained with us for several months.

From this time until we reached Louisville we were kept in continual agitation by hourly rumors of rebels ahead and upon our flanks. On the following day, when three miles from Mitchellville, at which point we were to strike the Bowling Green pike, it was ascertained that another division of Buell's army was approaching from Nashville by that road. We determined to get ahead if possible, and, taking the double-quick, we made excellent speed. The weather was extremely warm and the dust was fearful, but in the excitement of the race we thought of nothing else. Our leading regiment was just in time to get possession of the road. With loud cheers we slackened our pace to "common time," the other division being forced to wait till ours had passed.

We were now in Kentucky again. We had traveled this road before—going the other way—and many familiar objects met our eyes. But the pike was just as hard, and the milestones just as far apart, as then. After a very fatiguing march of twenty-two miles we turned into a stubble field, where we flung off our accouterments, expecting to spend the night. Ten minutes later we were directed to get our suppers immediately and be ready to march in an hour to Bowling Green, sixteen miles distant. We were told that a detachment of Bragg's army was rapidly approaching that place, and it was in the highest degree important that we should get there first. We had already made more than

an average day's march, and it seemed a physical impossibility for us to almost double the distance. We had had one foot-race, and now, with the prospect of a more exciting one, and possibly a fight, we managed to "brace up" for the ordeal. Fully a hundred men of the brigade were, however, wholly unable, from blistered feet and exhausted bodies, to continue the march. They were excused by the surgeons and permitted to ride on the ambulances and wagons. Supper and a short rest, and the drum called us into line. It was just nine o'clock as we passed from the gleam of the bivouac fires into the dim moonlight, and moved swiftly along the pike.

It was a pleasant night for marching. The air was deliciously cool, and a heavy dew settled the dust. But the hours were long through that September night. Whenever we halted a few moments for rest, half the men would be asleep in an instant, to be aroused at the tap of the relentless drum and go plodding on. Men slept while walking, and tumbled against each other, or against the fences by the roadside. Scarcely a word was spoken. Now and then a feeble jest was heard, but it fell upon unappreciative ears. The column swept almost noiselessly along, for those smarting feet trod tenderly upon the stony way. Cries of pain and weariness were extorted from the unwilling lips of brave men as they pressed forward with faltering steps. It was a terrible march. When, half an hour before daylight, we halted in the edge of Bowling Green, men sank down in their tracks, without even removing their accouterments, and gave themselves to slumber. The sun rose and looked into the faces of the sleeping soldiers, but his hot rays waked them not. They slept on till aroused at nine o'clock by beat of drum. We passed through the city and encamped a mile west, near a large spring that afforded us most welcome refreshment. Strange to say, no orders for drill were issued. We were only too glad to spend the day in undisturbed quiet. The report about the rebels was only another scare.

We remained four or five days at Bowling Green, enjoying a much needed rest. We found here two of our musicians who were mustered out at Bridgeport. They told us that almost the entire party were captured by the rebels, only these two making

their escape. Their instruments were all appropriated by their captors.

The Sixty-fifth having no field officer present, Lieutenant-colonel William H. Young, of the Twenty-sixth Ohio, was detailed for temporary command, Captain Whitbeck acting as major. One evening at dress-parade, while exercising the regiment in the manual of arms, Colonel Young gave the command "Right shoulder shift!"—and made the customary pause before giving the word of execution, "Arms!" During the pause two or three heedless men anticipated the order and poked their guns up into the air. The colonel, who was a strict disciplinarian, was somewhat nettled at this carelessness and shouted to the offenders in tones of thunder:

"*Will you wait?*"

The boys picked up this expression, and to the day of our discharge kept it in active service as a catch-phrase. Colonel Young returned in a few weeks to his own regiment, but thereafter, whenever, under any circumstances, the Sixty-fifth caught sight of him, a dozen voices would shout the exasperating question, "*Will you wait?*" It always annoyed him, and that is probably the reason the boys kept it up.

The evening before we left Bowling Green an order was read at dress-parade to stand at arms each morning from three o'clock till daybreak; and to drill four times daily. There was loud murmuring about the drilling, as the blisters on many feet from the hard marching were yet unhealed. But we only had the privilege of drilling once and then were upon the road again.

One day, during a halt, our company pressed into the service a large iron caldron which the boys found lying in a barn. We put in half a barrel of water and about forty shirts, and built a roaring fire under the kettle. It is not necessary to explain why we did this. We knew that our stay was uncertain, and that we were liable to march at any moment, but the temptation for revenge upon the graybacks was too strong to be resisted, and we hoped to have time to complete the process. Just as the water had fairly begun to boil the drums sounded the "fall in," and five minutes later the regiment started off almost at a gallop. All who read this will appreciate the pickle we were in, and can im-

agine the grotesque figure we presented as we hastily fished our steaming garments out of the caldron and carried them along on sticks until they were sufficiently cooled for us to wring out. Most of the boys' backs where the graybacks had been pasturing for weeks, looked like illuminated war maps. Some had blouses, while others were fain to cover their nakedness with blankets or ponchos. Not till the first halt, an hour later, did we succeed in getting ourselves into presentable condition. Our predicament afforded great fun for the other companies of the regiment. And we had only just warmed up the graybacks and made them lively!

CHAPTER XXIV.

KICKING UP MORE DUST.

WE FORD BARREN RIVER—PUSHING TOWARD THE NORTH STAR—A WATER FAMINE—GREAT SUFFERING FROM THIRST—TOTAL DISAPPEARANCE OF HARDTACK—RATIONS OF FLOUR—THE AWFUL "BREAD" WE MADE—AN ORDERLY VICTIMIZED—DEATH WOULD HAVE BEEN MILD PUNISHMENT—"THERE IT COMES, NOW!"—CAPTAIN SMITH AND "COMPANY G."

ON THE 15th of September we turned out at three o'clock under arms, stood till five, and then charged around a big field from five to six on battalion drill, which gave us a ravenous appetite for breakfast. Orders came to march at once. We got off by two in the afternoon, which was doing

pretty well. We only marched a couple of miles and stacked arms on the bank of Barren river. Next morning we were ready to move at daylight, but stood around till three in the afternoon. The bridges over the river had been destroyed and we took a very long and circuitous route to reach a ford. Our march was through a rough, hilly country, over a trail that could scarcely be called a road at all. Night closed down upon us, but we stumbled on till ten o'clock, when we reached the ford.

"Battalion! Prepare to wade—knee deep!"

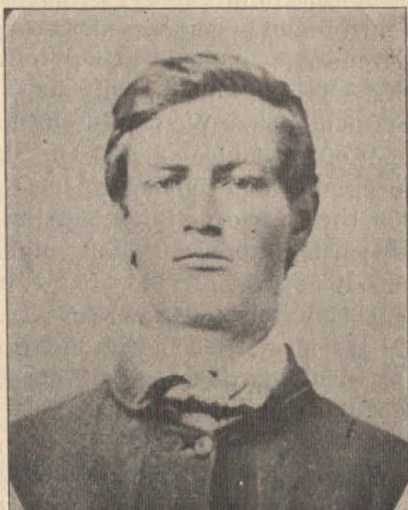
This unique and original order was shouted by Colonel Young. Trousers, shoes and stockings were quickly removed, and, carrying these in our hands, we plunged briskly into the water. The stream was about eighty yards across, with a level, sandy bottom. The bath for our feet and limbs was most refreshing, and we wished the river were a mile wide. Fifteen minutes were allowed to "dress up." Then we fell in again; the old familiar command "Right face! Forward, route step—March!" was given, and we moved swiftly on through the darkness, over the rough and stony path. Six miles brought us again to the pike. There was no water at hand, and, faint and weary, we threw ourselves upon the ground, at two in the morning, for a short rest. The night was cold, and when we were aroused at daylight a white frost covered our blankets. Chilled through, stiff and sore, we reluctantly turned out for roll-call, receiving orders to march in an hour.

We were off promptly and made a most exhausting journey of sixteen miles, without a drop of good water in the entire distance. The country between Barren and Green rivers is mostly flat, with scarcely a spring that flows during the dry season. Here and there, however, are large natural basins, some of them two hundred feet in diameter. In most of these we found water, but it was wretched stuff, dead and stagnant, and covered with a vile, green scum. Yet we were obliged to wet our parched mouths with it for there was no other source of supply for our canteens. For hours we suffered from a consuming thirst. In a small village through which we passed there was a distillery—that necessary auxiliary of every Kentucky town. A small quantity of "*spiritus frumenti*" was found and two dozen can-

teenfuls of it were hailed with joy by our brigade. To many this was like a draught from the fountain of eternal youth; and some drank whisky that day who had never tasted it before. I do not believe it was marked down against them on the slate of the Recorder.

During the rainy season the water collects in these natural reservoirs of which I have spoken, but the heat and the accumulated impurities of the summer render it so nauseous to both taste and smell that even the mules turned away from it in disgust. We would have been glad to fill our canteens with coffee for such a march, but our supply was so scanty that we had barely enough for a cupful morning and night.

At no time during this campaign did we have more than half rations, and much of the time between Bowling Green and Louisville the mercury in the commissary thermometer ran down almost to zero. We could only eke out our scanty hoard with such food as could be gleaned from a region, not fertile at best, and now overrun by



JOHN O. BARTLETT,
CORPORAL CO. D. SIXTY-FIFTH,
Killed at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept.
19, 1863.

a multitude of half starved soldiers. The enemy, between us and Louisville, made frequent dashes upon the railroad, destroying bridges and capturing supply trains. Hardtack and bacon finally disappeared entirely from our daily *menu*. For several days we had little besides flour. This we could only use by making it into dough with cold water and drying it on flat stones before the fire. It was abominable stuff, for those lumps of dried dough were more fit to be used as artillery ammunition than as food. But it was dough or starve, and we naturally chose the dough, making the best of dire necessity.

At the close of this day's march our brigade, in a driving rain storm, turned into an immense corn field. The water and the soft earth mingled readily, and we were soon tramping around in mud, ankle deep. The prospect for the night was dismal enough. Two or three old buildings were torn down, and with the boards, and rails and cornstalks, most of the men provided themselves with shelters, beneath the protection of which they laid them down and slept with a good degree of comfort.

The 18th was a day of unusual fuss and excitement. We stood at arms in the muddy cornfield for an hour before daylight and then began preparations for breakfast. But before our coffee had even come to a boil a chorus of drums through all the camp, and shouts of "Fall in, without a moment's delay!" caused a great commotion. We moved out upon the pike immediately and started off at double-quick. On either side of the road troops were forming and moving to the front—wherever that was—in line of battle; two or three batteries were dashing forward at a gallop; staff officers were riding hither and thither, trying to find somebody to give orders to—in fact it looked more like real business than anything we had seen since Shiloh. As usual at such times the most wild and absurd rumors were constantly flying as to what the riot was all about. Nobody had any clearer idea of the real situation than if he had been a thousand miles away.

We forged ahead on the pike, expecting at every turn to bump against Bragg's whole army. At length we descried, on a hill a mile to the right, two or three men on horseback. The generals aimed their long-range field glasses at them and pronounced them rebels. And this is what caused all the stir! The cavalymen soon vanished, and we saw them no more. They were doubtless as badly frightened as we were. But the sight of these vagrant horsemen caused our army instantly to halt. Two lines of battle were formed, a few hundred yards apart, stretching half a mile on either side of the pike. Artillery was posted in commanding positions; skirmishers were deployed in front of the line; and a few companies of cavalry went ahead at a leisurely trot to reconnoiter. While awaiting the return of the troopers, to find out whether there was anybody over there who wanted to fight,

the troops lay down upon their arms, no man being permitted to leave the line under any pretext.

But as the hours passed, and the cavalry did not seem to find anything to shoot at, the great scare gradually wore itself out. The men began to clamor for a chance to eat something, as the panicky condition of things in the morning had cheated them out of their breakfast. About noon it was considered that the country would still be reasonably safe if the hungry soldiers were permitted to make some coffee, and this privilege was granted them. Once the report of a single gun, a mile distant, set everybody to charging around again, but in a little while it was "All over!"

By four o'clock in the afternoon it was thought the little squad of rebel riders were far enough away so that our army might safely move. We advanced six miles, going into bivouac near Cave City. A cavalry force of the enemy had occupied the place in the morning, but kindly retired on our approach. There were about a hundred ragged and forlorn rebel prisoners and deserters, under guard of our advance cavalry in the village.

Toward evening another lot of flour was issued to us, which we were directed to put into eatable shape at once. We had not seen a hardtack for nearly a week. Every man appointed himself a committee on ways and means. Culinary skill and ingenuity were focused upon that flour. Every conceivable device for baking was resorted to, and masses of awful "bread" were stowed away in haversacks for the days to come. Two companies from each regiment were detailed for picket, four of the best cooks in each being left in camp to wrestle with the flour question. Our company was stationed in a large orchard which, strangely enough, had an abundance of fruit. Near midnight Captain Brown, of Company H, Sixty-fifth, who was in charge of the line, came to the reserve and said in a suppressed voice:

"Lieutenant, take a small squad of men and come with me immediately!"

Lieutenant Tannehill, who was then in command of Company E, promptly obeyed. We followed Captain Brown a short distance when he stopped and told us to examine our pieces and be sure that they were duly loaded and capped. Then he pointed

out some suspicious objects that were moving about among the bushes under a large tree a short distance away. He said he had been watching them for some time and believed they were rebels.

"Shall we fire on 'em?" asked Tannehill, with suppressed excitement.

"Better wait a bit," said the captain, "till we find out who or what they are."

At the captain's suggestion the men were deployed and gradually approached the tree from all sides. This cautious proceeding developed the fact that it was only a couple of innocent mules that had taken up their quarters there for the night. For many months Lieutenant Tannehill never wearied of rallying Captain Brown on his mules.

The next morning the boys of Company H found an old hand cider-mill on the premises. They brought it out to our post in the orchard and we ground out cider enough to fill all our canteens, besides two or three pailfuls that we took with us to camp. We were relieved from our trick of picket duty just in time to take our place in the regiment for brigade drill. For two hours we had plenty of sham fighting. We could always have that, however long and vainly we sought for the genuine article.

Contrary to expectations we did not move on the 20th. We had a minute inspection of arms and ammunition, followed by battalion drill. Colonel Young made a patriotic speech to the Sixty-fifth, telling the men that they would soon be led against the enemy, and exhorting them to acquit themselves with honor. In the evening we drew more flour and were ordered to march at daylight, with three days' cooked rations in haversacks. With nothing but flour and water, there was a ghastly humor about such an order. Fires were replenished and the soldiers began to hustle around, engaged in preparing their sumptuous fare.

Right here I have a little private matter to settle with some soldier, probably of our own regiment. I know not who he is, or was, or whether he be living or dead. If living, this may possibly pass under his eye, and lead to an amicable adjustment of the difficulty.

I was fortunate in having for a "pard," Wilbur F. Hulet, who was peculiarly gifted as a cook. He was a splendid fellow.

Had he been my brother, I could scarcely have loved him more. One year from that day he fell in death at Chickamauga.

Tired of a cannon-ball diet, my "pard" said to me quietly that he was going to try and get together the materials for some biscuit. Although to me the prospect seemed dubious enough, I had learned from long experience to have almost boundless faith in his resources, and I assured him that he could depend upon my "aid and comfort" in the enterprise, to the full extent of my ability. "Just wait till I come back," he said, as he drew on his shoes and went limping away.

He was absent perhaps an hour. As the proceeds of his foray, he laid down by the fire a cast-iron "Dutch oven," and took from his blouse pocket a package of soda. Where he got these things I do not know, for I did not ask him. I might have supposed that he bought them, but for the knowledge that he, like the rest of us, hadn't any money. We had not seen a paymaster for three or four months and were all in a condition of hopeless bankruptcy. I was forced to the opinion—and to this day I have seen no reason to change it—that he stole them. But we were both too hungry to wrestle with fine questions of theology and ethics, and we fell to at once, engaging with the greatest energy and enthusiasm in the work of baking up our rations of flour. Hulet, of course, acted as chief cook and general culinary director, while I served as scullion, making myself useful in any way that I could.

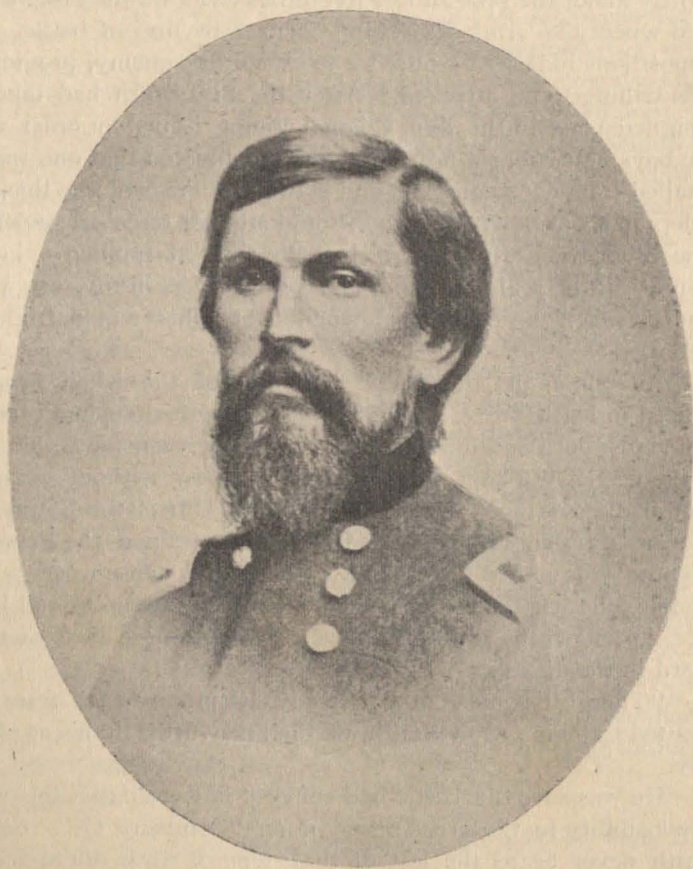
For five or six hours we toiled and perspired, but we felt fully recompensed in seeing our haversacks distended to their full capacity with actual biscuit. They had in goodly measure the desired element of "lightness," for the soda had done its perfect work, and we flattered ourselves that our three days' supply of bread was much superior to anything else in the entire bivouac. It was two o'clock in the morning when the last batch of biscuit reached a beautiful brown and we rested from our labors. The reveille was to sound at four, so that we had but two hours for sleep. Tired, almost to the limit of human endurance, we spread one blanket upon the ground, stretched ourselves upon it, pillowed our heads upon our well filled haversacks, drew the other blanket over us, and in an instant were fast asleep.

It seemed but a moment until the blast of bugles, the scream of fifes and the rattle of drums aroused us to prepare for another day's journey. As soon as I awoke I discovered that a calamity of no small proportions had befallen me. My head was flat upon the ground. Springing up I saw that my haversack was entirely empty. While I slept some hungry, covetous miscreant had picked out those biscuit, to the very last one. I presume it was several minutes before I said anything. I could not think of any words that would do justice to the theme, or in the faintest manner give expression to the feelings that raged within me. I have never been addicted to the use of profane language, but it *did* seem to me then that it would give some small relief if one of the mule-drivers would come over and swear for me. If I could have found that morning the despoiler of my haversack, though he had been like unto Goliath of Gath in stature, there certainly would have been a fight.

Those biscuit were scheduled to last me three days. Not till the expiration of that time would Uncle Sam give me anything more. By reason of the pillage I was forced into a condition of absolute mendicancy, depending for my sustenance wholly upon the bounty of others. My "pard" divided generously with me, and now and then some pitying comrade tossed me one of his lumps of dried dough, so that, while I was near the starvation line I did not actually cross it.

I believed then, and I believe yet, that I was fully justified in making the vow I did that morning in 1862, that if I ever found the man that stole my biscuit I would whip him if I could.

For thirty-five years I have been looking for that man. It is true, I am glad to say, that the softening influences of time have somewhat assuaged my wrath, and if I should meet him now it is not at all likely that I would kill him, although I am persuaded that any jury of old soldiers would render a verdict that it was "justifiable." There might not even be a case of assault and battery; but, after all, it may be best "that I be not tried, for the flesh is weak." But I do indulge the hope that the culprit, whoever he may be, has, during all these years, had upon his conscience as heavy a load as I am sure he must have had upon his stomach after eating my biscuit.



THOMAS L. CRITTENDEN.
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS.

Sunday, the 21st, was another day of wild alarm. We were under arms before dawn. Imperative orders had been given for every available man to be in line. Even Herman Hance, the little snoring Dutchman of Company E, Sixty-fifth, who had been sick for some days, was in his place "mit his gun." We moved swiftly along the pike four or five miles when we filed into a large field where the army was being formed in line of battle. The dispositions indicated a purpose to attack the enemy, provided he was willing to be attacked. After the Sixty-fifth had taken its assigned place in the line, Colonel Young issued an order which the boys never forgot nor forgave. He directed that one man be detailed from each company and stationed in rear of the line, with orders to shoot down any who should attempt to desert under fire. The order was cruel and unjust, because it implied a lack of "sand" in the regiment, and, as it proved, was in any case wholly unnecessary, as nothing happened to us that would frighten a kitten.

As soon as the lines were fully formed the whole army advanced in battle array, through woods and thickets and brambles and across corn and tobacco fields, leveling every fence that stood in its way. We kept this up for two miles, without hearing a shot or discovering a sign of the enemy. Our clothing was completely saturated with the dew that lay heavy upon the grass and bushes. We halted for a couple of hours in a dense wood. Then we had another spasm and went madly on, sweeping all before us. At length the rattle of a dozen shots in quick succession was heard in the distance.

"There it comes, now! Steady, Company G!" frantically shouted Captain Orlow Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, in his explosive way.

He was sure the battle had come at last, and that the whole responsibility in the crisis rested upon "Company G." Captain Smith never heard the last of that remark until there was no Sixty-fifth in existence to repeat it, around the camp-fire and upon the march. Times without number in after years, when stray shots caused the boys to prick up their ears, someone would sing out: "There it comes now! *Steady-y-y* Company G!" and then everybody would laugh—except Captain Smith.

But for the fun the soldiers made, for themselves and for each other, out of even the most trivial incidents, they would all have died. Nothing was more keenly relished than a joke on an officer. These were not wanting—plenty of them—in every regiment. When the boys got hold of a good one they stored it away for future use, and never forgot it. The victim was reminded of it with exasperating frequency. The fact is that the volunteer soldiers had far less of the awe and reverence for the rank conferred by shoulder-straps than characterized then, and do yet, those of the United States army proper—the “regulars.” In most cases company and even regimental officers, had been boyhood companions, friends and neighbors of the men whom they commanded. This is particularly true of the large number of officers who were promoted from the ranks. The free-and-easy ways of the soldiers with the officers were such as to a West Pointer would seem fatal to military discipline. The boys rarely attempted anything even approaching familiarity with officers of the regular service. If one attempted it he was very likely to do penance in a way that effectually cured him.

Of course we halted as soon as there was any shooting going on. It was impossible for us ever to get near enough to either hurt anybody or get hurt ourselves. The ranks were carefully aligned, and every preparation was made to receive the advancing foe. But the foe was all the time advancing away from us, with Louisville as his polar star, and we were only trailing along behind at a safe distance. We continued these fitful movements, charging furiously through the woods and fields and then halting to get breath for the next rush, till the middle of the afternoon, when we found that there was nothing more formidable than a squad of cavalry within ten miles. We had been wildly “beating the bush” for nine hours, with no other effect than to start up a few affrighted rabbits which

“Ran with a nimble terror”

before the imposing array. Then we all filed out upon the pike and pushed on toward Green river.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOAL IS REACHED.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT BUT NONE TO BE FOUND—TOM KELLEY'S JOKE—REBEL SHELLS BURST AROUND US—WE FEEL A LITTLE SOLEMN—WADING GREEN RIVER—REBEL STRAGGLERS—WE FIND AMONG THEM A BRIDGEPORT ACQUAINTANCE—BRAGG DRAWS OFF—THE ROAD CLEAR AND AWAY WE GO—"ONLY TWO DAYS TO LOUISVILLE"—WE REACH THE OHIO RIVER—CHEERS FOR "GOD'S COUNTRY"—A GLORIOUS BATH—WE STRIKE A NEW REGIMENT—IN THE CITY.

ALL THESE operations were very perplexing to the soldiers. In their simplicity they were possessed with the idea that war meant fighting somebody. They were really anxious for a battle, if for no other purpose than to afford a change from this continual marching and charging over the country on half rations—or flour and water, which was vastly worse. We were actually "spoiling for a fight."

As they trudged along the soldiers were much inclined to jest at the expense of General Buell. One expressed the opinion that if Bragg would detail a dozen cavalymen to prance around and fire off their shotguns now and then, they could hold Buell's army

where it was for six months, and Bragg might go where he pleased. Another thought it would be just throwing away money to get our lives insured, as the safest place in the world, so far as getting hurt was concerned, was in Buell's army. Tom Kelley, the wild Irishman of Company E, Sixty-fifth, declared that the rebels had burned Green river for a distance of several miles, so that Buell's men could not get any water. In proof of this he said he had seen, that morning, a citizen driving by with a wagon load of fish, all with their fins and tails burned off!

As we neared the river we learned that there had actually been some fighting there in the early part of the day, in which several were killed or wounded on either side. We saw the body of a rebel cavalry officer lying in a shed by the roadside, and in a house near by surgeons were ministering to the wounded. Several dead horses lay by the road and in the fields.

Suddenly we were brought up "all standing" by the boom of a cannon, and, an instant later, the sharp crack of a shell over our heads. Another and another followed in quick succession. Fragments of the missiles whizzed through the air, causing some of the heroic patriots who had talked so bravely an hour before to do some active dodging. The Eighth Indiana battery whirled off the pike to a rise of ground at the right, unlimbered, and sent compliments to the rebel artillery, which occupied a high wooded knoll half a mile ahead. Of course the army halted while this duel was going on. Lines were adjusted, arms examined, and



EDWIN E. SCRANTON,
ADJUTANT AND CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

more turgid speeches made. But the only object of the enemy was to check our advance. He had been doing this for several days, and we had seconded his efforts in the most cordial manner. After receiving a few well-directed shots from the Hoosier battery, the rebel artillerists thought they had got enough for the moment, and withdrew. In about an hour, the fact having been fully established that they had gone, we ventured to move up to Green river, where we stopped for the night. Our own position was within the intrenchments on the south bank. We were ordered to lie on our arms, and hold ourselves in readiness to be up and off at any moment.

During the whole night regiments and brigades were marching and countermarching. Hundreds of wagons rattled along the pike and crossed the river at the ford, for the enemy had destroyed the bridges. High above the confusion that reigned supreme could be heard the yells of the mule drivers. Sleep was impossible. Twice during the night we were called to arms by a few stray shots on the picket line.

Reveille beat at four, and after several hours of waiting around we started. We forded Green river, the water being about three feet deep, and trudged on toward the Ohio. Panicky natives told us that Bragg was two days ahead of us, with anywhere from forty thousand to one hundred thousand men, their ideas of numbers being somewhat foggy. In any event there was no prospect that we would overtake him. It was clear that if Louisville was saved from capture it would be done by troops sent there from the north, and not by Buell's army. Bragg's rear guard, consisting of a few cavalry and a flying battery, had done its work well, as we have seen in the preceding pages. Whenever a "stand" was made, and a few shells were tossed over toward us, our army always halted, put the chip on its shoulder, and stood an hour or two, valiantly "daring" the foe to knock it off. And all the time Bragg's jubilant soldiers were stirring up the dust as they swept on toward the goal.

For miles north of Green river the pike runs near the railroad and parallel with it. We passed the yet smoking ruins of a long train of cars which the rebels had captured and destroyed, after filling their haversacks with the hardtack and sow-belly that

were intended for us, but which, owing to circumstances over which we had no control, failed to connect with our needy stomachs. By noon we had reached Bacon creek. The very name was refreshing, but there was no "bacon" there for us. "An hour for coffee!" was the word, but the fires were scarcely lighted when the drums beat and we pushed on, almost at a run, nibbling our chunks of dried dough as we went. We rushed along till night with scarcely a halt, bivouacking at Upton station. During the day our cavalry picked up a considerable number of "played out" stragglers, weary and footsore, from Bragg's army. If the rebels did "have the pole" in the great race, we found some consolation in the fact that they had to do as much hard marching as we did, and their legs ached and their feet blistered just the same.

Here we saw four thousand five hundred men, mostly new troops from Indiana, who had been captured by Bragg a few days before at Munfordville. They had "held the fort" for two days, but at length surrendered to overwhelming numbers. Having been paroled they were now on their way north. Of course it was not our business to have opinions about anything, but it seemed to us then, and has ever since, that this sacrifice might have been prevented, as Buell's army at that time lay idly at Bowling Green, within reach of the beleaguered garrison. But this was only one of a great many occurrences during that inscrutable campaign which were among the things that "passeth all understanding."

On the 23rd the army was early upon the road. The Second Indiana cavalry had a brisk engagement, losing twenty killed and wounded. During the forenoon an increased number of rebel deserters and stragglers were picked up and passed to the rear. Our boys chaffed them unmercifully, to which they responded good-naturedly.

"Hello, Johnny, where ye goin' now?"

"Jist goin' ter knock off awhile. How do you-all like it as fur as ye've got? The old man [Bragg] has got ye foul this time!"

By a singular coincidence we found among these prisoners one who had helped to picket the rebel side of the river while we lay at Bridgeport. As we halted for a rest, he was lying in a fence corner, with a few others, in a badly dilapidated condition

guarded by a couple of cavalrymen. Seeing the figures on our caps he asked:

"Hello, boys, what reegi-*ment* is that?"

"Sixty-fifth Ohio."

"Wall, I'll be dog-goned! Don't ye re-colleck the Ninth Kaintucky down to Bridgeport? I'm one of 'em. We wuz acrost the river from you-uns."

"That's so, Johnny; glad to see ye!"

"P'r'aps ye haint forgot what we told ye one day, that we wuz goin' to make ye sick 'fore long. What ye think 'bout it *now*?"

"You fellers are such blasted runners! If you'll only give us a fair stand-up fight, and we can ever get close enough, we'll liek ye out o' yer boots!"

"By the way," said the prisoner, "I don't reckon ye've got any coffee now ye'd like ter trade fer terbacker? Guess ye want it all yerselves, don't ye?"

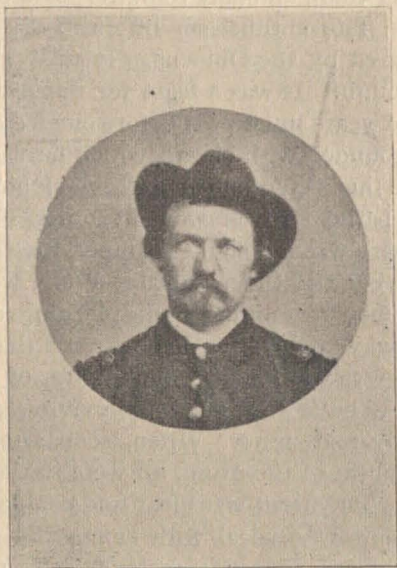
"Ko-rect! you're right there, Johnny. Come around some other time!"

In the afternoon we began to lose traces of Bragg's army. It seemed to have wholly disappeared from our immediate front. Citizens told us that it had crossed, by an unfrequented road, to the Bardstown pike. The way was now clear ahead of us. About two o'clock there was a halt, and we were ordered to prepare for a forced march. Colonel Young said that positive intelligence had been received that Bragg was rapidly advancing upon Louisville, by the Bardstown pike, with seventy thousand men. He also told us that great news had come from the Army of the Potomac. McClellan had fought a tremendous battle at Antietam creek, in Maryland, and had utterly defeated the rebels, killing, wounding and capturing *sixty thousand* of them! This sounded large, but later intelligence reduced the figures to one sixth of that number. That was the way the stories always grew. We cheered lustily, swallowed our coffee, took a fresh grip on our muskets, and away we went. At dusk we passed through Elizabethtown, where a strong Union feeling was manifested. Men, women and children stood by the roadside and gave fresh water to the thirsty soldiers. We had braced ourselves for an all-

night march, but at eleven o'clock we filed into a field, charged upon a straw stack, and were soon asleep.

At one o'clock orderlies were routed out to draw three days' rations. With their details of grumbling men they tramped about a mile, and after hunting an hour through a fifty acre field, filled with bustling troops and wagons, they succeeded in finding the supply train. There was nobody to issue the rations, however, and after waiting another hour they returned empty-handed, swearing like "our army in Flanders." It was nearly time for reveille, and they only caught a short nap before the drums aroused us at four. We immediately formed and marched to the wagons, as our haversacks were empty to the last crumb. Rations were issued at once. There was loud cheering as a few hardtack for each man were handed around—the first we had seen in ten days. A wagon train loaded with supplies had been sent out from Louisville, guarded by a heavy force, and by good fortune it had come safely through. Rarely in our lives has anything tasted so good as did those crackers that morning.

An hour was allowed for breakfast, and we resumed the march. The soldiers were in a greatly exhausted condition. Many were scarcely able to drag themselves along. But the urgency admitted of no delay. Words of encouragement from officers who rode horses were all well enough as far as they went, but they didn't go a great way. They did not ease the awful aching of tired limbs, or the smarting of blistered feet. "Only



ALONZO W. HANCOCK,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

two days' march from Louisville!" said Colonel Harker, as he rode along the line, with kindly greetings and expressions of sympathy. Twelve very long and very weary miles, and we stood upon the bank of the Ohio river near West Point, twenty miles below Louisville.

"Hurrah for God's country!" exclaimed the boys of the Fifty-first Indiana, as they looked across the river and saw the fair fields of their state. "I'd give a month's pay just to cross over there and stay tonight!" said one of them.

The enthusiasm of our Indiana comrades was plentifully shared by the Ohioans. It was "God's country" and that was enough. It was a feast for our eyes, even though long months and years must pass before our feet might press its soil. The air resounded with cheers, which burst forth spontaneously all along the line. We halted for several hours, and the men were *ordered* to bathe. Never was an order obeyed with greater alacrity. There was a general scamper for the river, and in ten minutes the edge of the stream for a mile was fairly alive with thousands of men, swimming and splashing about with great enjoyment. Few who had the privilege of that glorious bath in the Ohio, after the long days and nights of marching, through heat and dust, have forgotten its reviving and exhilarating effect upon body and mind. When, soon after sundown, we responded to the beat of the drum, all were in the best of spirits.

The night was clear and cool, and as we marched briskly on the air was vocal with songs and choruses, which made up in force and volume whatever they may have lacked in harmony. "Rally 'Round the Flag," "Red, White and Blue" and "John Brown's Body," were sung by whole regiments at a time, with an effect that no language can describe. After marching three hours we went into camp. We had not seen our wagons since we left Cave City, and we had nothing except what was upon our backs. Very few had knapsacks, and many had no blankets.

September 25th we followed the pike for eight miles, when we took a by-road and crossed to the Ohio river again where it was said we would pass the night. Just at dark, however, we were ordered to push on to Louisville, seven miles distant. Three miles from the city we passed the pickets of the Ninety-eighth

Illinois, a new regiment just entering the field. They were dressed in brand new uniforms and the shine had not yet disappeared from their accouterments. The brown and ragged veterans, as they filed past, greeted them with:

"How's all the folks to home?"

"Young feller, you'd better shed that paper collar!"

"You'll have to leave yer bandboxes behind!"

"Had any hardtack and sowbelly yet?"

"Jest look at we-uns and see what you've got ter come to!"

The fledgelings grinned, but it is likely that our appearance gave them a better idea of what soldiering was than anything they had yet seen.

We were fully three hours in making the remaining three miles. The city was swarming with troops. It was full before we arrived, and it was no easy matter to find places to stow away the brigades and divisions of Buell's army. We hitched along a few rods at a time, stopping and starting alternately, every few minutes. The column would stretch out a little way and then gather itself up, much after the manner of an inchworm, and just about as fast. It was unspeakably tedious, and everybody's patience gave out entirely. At length, chilled with the night air, and wet with copious dews, we threw ourselves upon the ground in a vacant square in the outskirts of the city. We had reached the goal at last. The memorable march to Louisville was ended. Exactly nine months had elapsed since we left Louisville on our first march. During that time we had traveled on foot more than twelve hundred miles—and now, here we were again, precisely where we started on our career of glory. Our army—then known as the Army of the Ohio—had wrested from the enemy a great extent of territory, covering portions of four states, and all of this was now relinquished, save, alone, the city of Nashville.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GIRDING FOR ANOTHER CHASE.

WE WERE A HARD LOOKING CROWD—RAGS, DUST AND GRAYBACKS—
SOL. BANBURY'S DILEMMA—A RUSH OF NEW REGIMENTS—THE
SEVENTY-THIRD INDIANA JOINS OUR BRIGADE—PLENTY OF RATIONS
AND A MEAGER SUPPLY OF CLOTHING BUT NO TENTS—SHOOTING OF
GENERAL NELSON—COLONEL YOUNG WAS DEMORALIZED—ORDERS
TO MARCH.

NOT often has the sun looked down upon such a ragged, forlorn and seedy gathering of tramps, seemingly in the last stage of vagabondage, as when it rose next morning over the bivouacs of Buell's army. Speaking of our own brigade, when we left Bridgeport and Stevenson we were but indifferently provided with clothing. Our line of supplies had for some time been so uncertain that the shortage was even more marked in the quartermaster's than in the commissary department. The wear and tear of our five weeks of arduous campaigning had been most disastrous to our wardrobes. We had not received during that time even so much as a pair of stockings. The consequence was that there were few whose

clothes were not more or less ragged, while many were absolutely in tatters. The stony pike was hard on shoes. During the last few days men marched absolutely with bare feet, or with old rags wrapped around them to protect them from the stones. Hundreds only kept the fragments of their shoes upon their feet by the aid of strings and straps. In this condition as to our feet, and many with armless blouses, or trousers through which knees protruded, it may well be believed that we looked more like a motley throng of wayworn vagrants, than a body of Christian patriots.

I remember how Sol. Banbury, of Company A, Sixty-fifth, was made the butt of countless jokes. His pantaloons "petered out" at a very important point, so that for several days he was in the condition of having, as the schoolboys say, "a letter in the postoffice." He had no cloth to repair the damage, and the good-natured gibes of his comrades—particularly those who marched behind him—drove him almost to distraction. Finally he cut a large piece from one leg of his trousers

near the bottom, managed in some way to raise a needle and thread, and applied it, like a great plaster, to fill the aching void.

And the undergarments, such as had any! Perhaps I ought to draw a veil over the picture they presented, lest I shock eyes and ears polite. In a former chapter I alluded to the ravages of the *pediculus vestimenti*, or grayback, during this campaign, and will not now dwell long upon the subject. The most fertile imagination cannot conceive anything exceeding the reality. No



JOHN C. ZOLLINGER,
QUARTERMASTER AND CAPTAIN,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

man, from the generals down to the negro scullions, could escape the vermin. To be in such a condition was a most distressing humiliation, but under such circumstances as had for weeks surrounded us it was simply an utter impossibility to avoid it. But it almost made one feel like committing suicide. Those days are long past. Probably few of us have even seen a grayback since we were mustered out of the service, nor do we ever want to see one.

Had Bragg's artillery been thundering at the gates of Louisville it would scarcely have wakened us, so soundly did we sleep the night of our arrival. An hour after daylight we were routed out and ordered to get breakfast and hold ourselves in readiness for anything that might turn up. Nothing did turn up that day, however, and we did little but draw rations, eat and sleep.

The people of Louisville seemed really glad to see us—and no doubt they were—much more so than when we first "invaded" the city, at the end of the previous year. There appeared to have been a marked growth of Union sentiment during the interval. The nights were cold, and for the first two or three days, in the chaos that reigned, the head quartermasters left us wholly unprovided with fuel. There was a disposition among the shivering men to assault the fences and outbuildings for material with which to feed the scanty fires, but this, of course, could not be permitted in Louisville. Kind-hearted citizens supplied us with cordwood and much in the way of provisions. Many officers and soldiers were invited to restaurants and to private houses and bountifully fed. It goes without saying that none of these invitations were declined. Some of those bibulously disposed were taken to saloons, where the citizens "set 'em up" in the luxuriant style peculiar to Kentucky.

The scare through the north, and particularly in the states bordering on Kentucky, caused by the approach of Bragg's army, was prodigious. At Cincinnati multitudes of "home guards" and "squirrel hunters" were gathered, while the new regiments, organized under the last call of the president, were being hurried to Louisville with all possible speed. Thousands of these men had not drilled for a single day, and never saw an army musket until put into their hands in the trenches around Louisville. It was

this large force, raw and undisciplined though it was, that saved the city. So far as Buell's army was concerned, Bragg could have taken and destroyed Louisville and whirled away before we could reach him. Most of the new regiments were distributed through Buell's army, one or two being assigned to each brigade. To ours was added the Seventy-third Indiana, Colonel Hathaway, then fully nine hundred strong. It looked like a brigade of itself.

On the 27th we transferred our bivouac to a point two miles south of the city, where we remained four days. We were still without tents, nor was it possible for us to get any at this time, as the supply had been wholly exhausted in equipping the new levies of troops. So we continued to lead a gypsy life, through storm and sun, sleeping on the ground with nothing between us and the stars. Kind-hearted ladies from the city visited the bivouacs, bringing delicacies for the sick and suffering and ministering to their needs. From hundreds of miles away came anxious and loving friends to see once more husbands, sons and brothers, who had been so long separated from them. Among these was the father of the writer. It was the last time I ever saw him, as he died three months later, while we were on the Stone river campaign.

There was a very loud call for shoes, clothing and camp equipage for our brigade; we had scarcely so much as a kettle in which to make bean soup. These supplies were tardy in coming to us. The extraordinary demand to fit the new troops for the field had rendered it impossible to respond immediately to the demand from the tatterdemalions of Buell's army. We had plenty of rations, but received no clothing until the day before we started out again to look for Bragg, and then but a meager supply. The boys were also anxious to get sight of some more greenbacks. We had not been paid for five months, and for a long time our pocketbooks had been even more empty than our haversacks. It is true there had been little use for money. The usual diversions had become almost obsolete, by reason of the protracted absence of the paymaster. While at Louisville the boys wanted the money which they felt they had labored hard to earn, but they didn't get a stiver. Nobody could borrow, for all were equally "strapped."

Rumors of Bragg's strength, movements and intentions kept us in a continual ferment. Nobody appeared to know anything that was really true, but hourly the wildest and most fantastic stories flew as if upon the wind, from one camp to another. It was well assured, however, that Bragg would not attempt to take Louisville. Whatever he might have done had he struck swiftly, his opportunity had now passed. The united forces were too strong for him. One other thing seemed reasonably certain, and that was that when the chaotic Union army became solidified and fully organized, there would be an aggressive movement. This was liable to begin at any moment. In view of this uncertainty the men were kept very closely in camp, and were rarely allowed to leave for any purpose. There was every prospect that our stay would be brief. On Sunday, the 28th, there was cannonading in the direction of Bardstown. We stood in line of battle for an hour, and received an order to march that evening, but it was afterward countermanded.

An occurrence deeply regretted by the army, was the shooting of Major-general William Nelson by Brigadier-general Jefferson C. Davis, on the 29th, at the Galt House, in an altercation growing out of their official relations. General Nelson was a brave and capable officer. He had commanded the Fourth division of the army since its organization, and during the battle of the second day at Shiloh had shown conspicuous courage and capacity. His harsh, overbearing manner toward his fellow-officers, however, had alienated their friendship. It was his profane and bitter language to General Davis that prompted the fatal shot. The fact that General Davis was acquitted by a court-martial, on the ground of extreme provocation, justifies the belief that the shooting was not wholly without cause. General Davis was a gallant officer, serving in the army of the Cumberland as long as it had an existence, and rising to the command of the Fourteenth corps.

The day before we left Louisville a trifling incident occurred in the camp of the Sixty-fifth, which created as much consternation as would have been caused by a shell from one of Bragg's batteries. A runaway horse attached to a buggy went tearing through the camp at a furious rate. One of the wheels of the

vehicle caught the ropes of Colonel Young's tent and flattened it upon the ground in an instant. The colonel, who was lying asleep upon a cot, scrambled out of the wreck in an advanced stage of demoralization. The horse dashed on over the ground covered with soldiers, but everybody managed to get out of the way and there were no casualties.

On the afternoon of September 30th, we were directed to put ourselves in readiness for rapid movements, the march to begin the following day. At an early hour next morning, October 1st, bugles and drums resounded throughout the camps that encircled Louisville. The seasoned veterans fully comprehended the meaning of the call to arms, and were ready to march and suffer again at the demand of duty. The new troops, thirsting for military glory, uttered brave words and were clamorous to be led against the enemy. We had passed through that stage of a soldier's life months before. We knew just how they felt, and how they would feel a few days later.

The army entered upon this campaign in three corps of three divisions each—a plan of organization that [was] maintained through the war. The First corps was commanded by General McCook; the Second—to which Wood's division [belonged—by General Crittenden; and the Third by General Gilbert. Subsequently the corps numbers were changed to avoid duplication, as there were already corps with those designations in the Army of the Potomac. General Buell was commander-in-chief and General Thomas second in command. Bragg's army was at and near Bardstown.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT THE HEELS OF BRAGG.

ON THE SAME OLD ROAD TO BARDSTOWN—WOES OF THE NEW TROOPS—
HOW THE VETERANS NAGGED THEM—"DRAWING" BLANKETS—
BRISK SKIRMISHING AHEAD—SOME VERY HARD MARCHING—BRAGG
RETREATS—A MEMORABLE ALL-NIGHT TRAMP—BATTLE OF PER-
RYVILLE—WE ARE IDLE SPECTATORS—MYSTERIES THAT CANNOT
BE FATHOMED.

THE movement began soon after daylight, the veterans marching away with their old swinging step, and the raw troops stretching their legs in the effort to keep up. They were going to show the old soldiers that they could march as well as anybody else. There was so much delay in getting the large body in motion that it was past noon when we drew out on the Bardstown pike, the same road by which we had left the city nine months before. We traveled rapidly, bivouacking at night in a field immediately adjoining the one in which we had camped before, after our first day's march. How much longer the miles seemed to us then than now!

The new regiments had precisely the same experience that

we did. They, too, started out with enormous knapsacks, stuffed to their utmost capacity, with two or three blankets and an overcoat strapped upon the top. They stood it bravely for a little while, and then they began to wilt and drop out of ranks. Presently the fence corners on either side of the pike were full of men with bright new uniforms. When Buell's ragged and weather-beaten soldiers entered Louisville they were ridiculed by these fellows in their new clothes. Now it was our turn to laugh, and many a jest was fired at the poor fellows as they lay by the roadside, nursing their blistered feet. They came limping and groaning into camp till midnight. Their knapsacks went through the same reducing process that ours had done. Next day wagon loads of domestic knick-knacks, of all kinds, might have been gathered in and around the camps. Some of our boys were yet without blankets, and not a few supplied themselves that night at the expense of the Seventy-third Indiana. A veteran who wanted a blanket would take a midnight stroll among the sleeping Hoosiers, and when he found a man lying under two blankets he would quietly lift one of them, glide back to his own camp, lie down, roll himself up, and sleep the sleep of the righteous. A good many of the Seventy-third men missed their extra blankets when they awoke. Some of them were at first inclined to make a stir over the matter, but the odds against them were too heavy. They wisely concluded that one blanket apiece was all they wanted to carry, anyway.

The heartless veterans were merciless in firing volleys of gibes at the raw soldiers, who, having fallen out on the march to catch their breath, vainly tried to overtake their regiments. During a halt, while the veterans were lying in the fence corners, fringing the road on either side, the stragglers came limping along, humping their backs, staggering under the burden of their ponderous knapsacks, their faces the picture of misery and wretchedness. Then the veterans, who had "been there," got in their deadly work:

"Left! Left! Left!"

"Hayfoot; strawfoot! Hayfoot; strawfoot!"

"Here's yer mule!"

"Hey, there, grab a root!"

(19)

"I say, ye better give that knapsack a dose o' physic!"

"Brace up, there, young feller!"

"Hello, there, *you*; change step an' ye'll march easier!"

"Don't ye wish ye was home?"

"Git some commissary an' pour into them gunboats!"

"How d'ye like it as fur as ye've got!"

"How's yer sweetheart?"

"Paymaster's comin', boys; here's a chap with a pay-roll round his neck!" alluding to the paper collars with which so many of the new soldiers started out.

When one of these suffering pilgrims lost his temper—as he was very likely to do—and snapped and snarled in reply, he made a mistake, for the boys only redoubled their efforts to make his life a burden, if, indeed, it could be made any greater burden than it already was. But it was only fun. In case of need those veterans would have shared with him their last cracker or cup of coffee. They knew that he was just entering the school of experience from which they had graduated, and that he would learn in no other way. He would come to it after a while, just as they did. A year later, when these new men had become soldiers—such as were left of them—they got even by taking their revenge upon other raw recruits who came to the field.

Soon after we started the next day brisk firing was heard a short distance ahead. It struck us as a singular fact that the army did not, at the first shot, halt, form line of battle, and sit down to wait for the enemy. This time there wasn't quite so much foolishness. We just kept right on, and the more the firing increased the faster we went. It proved to be only a cavalry skirmish, the enemy retiring upon the approach of our infantry. Soon three or four ambulances came back filled with wounded, which caused a look of soberness to spread over the faces of the new soldiers. We made but slow progress during the day, as the road was choked with troops, artillery and wagons, and our halts were frequent and long. A hard rain set in, and we spent a most dismal night in a miry cornfield, with only such shelter as we could get from rails and cornstalks. We slept but little by reason of the incessant rain. When we fell in at three o'clock to stand at arms for two hours in mud ankle deep, it really seemed quite natural.

We felt that we were getting back into our old way of life again.

At daylight a heavy detail from each regiment of our brigade was sent ahead to build a temporary bridge over Salt river, which work was finished by the time the main body reached the spot. During the day our advance skirmished smartly with the enemy's cavalry. At frequent intervals wounded men were brought to the rear and the carcasses of dead horses were passed. At Mount Washington we struck Salt river a second time and, as we were in too much of a hurry to build a bridge, we plunged in and waded through. Toward evening a rattling fire of musketry was heard, and this time we did file off into the fields and form line of battle. Then we were told to eat our suppers and be ready to move right along. A little later we were surprised at the appearance of a paymaster in our midst. Notwithstanding the adverse surroundings he arranged his "lay-out" and proceeded to pay us for four months. He finished the Sixty-fifth about one o'clock in the morning. An agent of the express company was on hand to receive such amounts as the soldiers desired to send home, and nearly all availed themselves of the privilege.

Early on the 4th, Crittenden's corps took the Bloomfield road. Vague rumors floated back from the head of the column that our part in the game was to get on the flank of the enemy and paralyze him. We marched at great speed, constant reports of a fight ahead keeping the excitement at fever heat. When within six miles of Bardstown we rested a couple of hours and then advanced cautiously. By dark we found ourselves within half a mile of town and were officially informed that Bragg had fled, leaving behind many sick and wounded.

Sunday, October 5th, we passed through Bardstown. Bragg had thoroughly stripped the place of everything that could be of value to an army. Everywhere were posted his frantic proclamations to the people of Kentucky to rise in their might, rally to his standard, and aid him to expel the invaders from their sacred soil. Wood's division took a rough and stony by-road leading toward Danville. Our march, till eleven o'clock at night, with an extreme scarcity of water, was excessively fatiguing. The Seventy-third Indiana melted almost entirely away. Many of them did not catch up till morning.

We did not move next day till nine o'clock. While waiting, some of the boys, exploring in the vicinity, came upon a still-house where there was a large quantity of liquor. Knowledge of this discovery caused a furious scramble to fill canteens. General Wood heard of it and sent a squad of "crusaders," in charge of an officer, with orders to destroy it. They poured out upon the ground more than twenty barrels of the stuff. The boys thought it was a very wanton waste of valuable material. Soon after we started heavy firing broke out ahead, and a messenger came back in hot haste for some artillery. A section of the Sixth Ohio battery dashed forward at full gallop, but the enemy hastily retreated. At four o'clock we reached Springfield and bivouacked in the fair grounds. General Buell was with us, but left in the evening.

During the forenoon of the 7th there was a continuous stream of troops passing toward Perryville. The road was packed, and at times completely blocked, with infantry, artillery, cavalry and wagons. We started at noon by a route fitly named by the people the "wilderness road." It led us through a barren, hilly region, utterly destitute of water. The heat and suffocating dust were well-nigh overpowering. Night settled down upon us, and still no water, except here and there a stagnant pool, from which the exhausted soldiers swept off the thick scum and dipped up the nauseous liquid to moisten their parched lips. Hour after hour we plodded on, so enveloped in darkness and clouds of dust that one could scarcely discern his file leader. It was a dewless night. There was not a breath of wind to scatter the dust that hung in heavy clouds about us and settled upon our clothing, completely covering us with a mantle of white. All through the long night the spectral column moved, on and still on, many exhausted men sinking helpless by the roadside.

To prevent straggling, a strong guard with fixed bayonets, under Colonel Streight, of the Fifty-first Indiana, marched in rear of the brigade. Most of those who fell out were from the Seventy-third Indiana, which, during the week since it took the field, had left behind, at the various towns through which we passed, more than two hundred men. The poor Hoosiers, limping and hobbling, were hustled along by the guards, many

of them flinging away their knapsacks and even their blankets. We pitied them, for we knew how they suffered. It was with a sense of unspeakable relief that we halted just at daylight by a small stream, threw off our accouterments, bathed our faces, hands and feet, and lay down to sleep.

Hardly two hours had passed when we were startled by the loud rattle of drums. We awoke to hear heavy cannonading in the distance, like that we had heard the second day at Shiloh. The battle of Perryville had begun. We were soon off in the direction of the firing. "Quick time—March!" and we traveled eight miles without stopping for a single moment. As we neared the scene of action, more and more clearly sounded the roar of battle. The musketry was incessant, and the sound of artillery was, at times, as if whole batteries were being fired at once. Although it was evident that a severe battle was in progress, the action did not seem to be, and in fact was not, a general one. We saw two or three divisions lying idly on their arms, taking no part whatever in the conflict. And in truth this is just what we did. A mile from the battlefield our division filed off into the woods, formed in line and lay down. This was our part in the battle of Perryville. The contour of the ground concealed the actual battle from our view, but we could plainly see the smoke that rose in clouds and floated about, and the firing sounded with startling distinctness. The Sixth Ohio battery went into position on high ground in our front, but did not open fire. We remained all the afternoon lying upon our arms, almost in view of the battle, wondering why we did not participate. Toward night it became apparent that the rebels were retreating. The sound of the firing receded farther and farther, and at length altogether ceased. We were ordered to spend the night in line of battle, sleeping upon our arms, with sentinels constantly on duty to give warning in case of an alarm.

I have no desire, nor is it my province, to discuss at any length the battle of Perryville. It has been, and will continue to be, the theme of endless controversy. We could not understand it then, nor will we have any better success if we attempt to fathom it now. It was an accidental collision between parts of the hostile armies. Neither Bragg nor Buell intended to fight

there. The battle was fought by McCook's corps—chiefly by two of his three divisions—with a small reinforcement from Gilbert's corps, against three divisions of the enemy under General Polk. The only object of the latter was to check the advance of Buell, who was pressing Bragg uncomfortably hard. The remainder of Bragg's army was not within supporting distance. McCook, as it was, held his own in the fight. Had the twenty thousand troops that looked on for hours been thrown in, it is in every way probable that the result would have been a most important victory. It has been claimed that General Buell, who was some miles in the rear, scarcely knew until late in the action that the battle was in progress. If this be true, it but adds to the mystery that surrounds the events of the day. More than nine hundred Union soldiers were killed and three thousand were wounded—a sacrifice to no purpose.

The truth is that the art of conducting war on such a prodigious scale was as yet unlearned. Blunders were made by generals in the field and by the directing authorities at Washington. Up to this time, in the east the advantage had all been with the Confederates. Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, the great Peninsular campaign, Harper's Ferry, the struggle in the Shenandoah valley—all had resulted disastrously to the Union cause. Antietam was a drawn battle, but Lee retreated from Maryland and the result of that campaign was a Union victory—the first of consequence east of the Alleghenies to gladden the hearts of loyal people. In the west Mill Spring, Donelson and Shiloh had given to the Union army a prestige that it never lost. When the right leaders were found, the Army of the Cumberland and the Army of the Tennessee set their faces to the enemy and went on, conquering and to conquer, sweeping through the very heart of the Southern Confederacy, from the Mississippi to the sea.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PURSUIT THAT DOES NOT PURSUE.

MORE CHARGING THROUGH CORNFIELDS AND BRAMBLE THICKETS—
THE HARRODSBURG RECONNOISSANCE—HARKER'S BRIGADE HAS A
CAMPAIGN OF ITS OWN—THROUGH DANVILLE AND STANFORD—
CRACKING WALNUTS UNDER FIRE—WE PUSH ON BEYOND CRAB
ORCHARD AND THEN QUIT—THE "LAME AND IMPOTENT CONCLU-
SION" OF BUELL'S CAMPAIGN.

WE REMAINED all night in the position we had so gal-
lantly held during the battle. In the evening a few
managed to get away and visit the battlefield, bring-
ing back the most shocking reports of the heart-
rending scenes they had witnessed. There was a general belief
that the fighting would be renewed in the morning. Long before
dawn we were standing at arms. As the day broke, warm and
clear, we listened for the expected shots but none were heard.
The Sixth Ohio and Eighth Indiana batteries threw a few shells
into the woods which the enemy had occupied the previous day.
No reply was elicited. The rebels had fled during the night.
It was felt that we ought to do something in the premises, and

we advanced, retreated, changed direction to the right and left, countermarched, and went through about all the movements that anybody could think of, in a purposeless sort of way. At last we brought up in a field of high standing corn, where we stacked arms and lay for several hours, trying to find out what we were to do next, in order to help save the country. An occasional shot was heard in the distance, but there was no firing of consequence in any direction.

About three o'clock we were ordered to advance. We moved through the little town of Perryville, still in line of battle, just as if Bragg's soldiers were not in hasty retreat, twenty miles away. The village was full of the wounded of both armies. Every house was a hospital. Nearly all the inhabitants, men, women and children, had taken to the woods in dismay when the battle began. Part of the fighting was very near the town, and many of the houses were riddled with shot and bullets.

We crept on half a mile further and halted for the night. In a large cave near our bivouac was a copious spring of excellent water. All around us were evidences of the death struggle the day before. Bodies of men and horses lay scattered about, in the fields and by the roadside. Every house and barn was filled with the maimed, the dying, and the dead. Not far away, lying upon the ground, with no shelter from the fierce heat of the sun by day or the dews by night, were some three hundred rebel wounded. They had as yet received no care from the surgeons. Many of them were in the most horrible condition that the mind can conceive. Some were shot through head, body, or limbs, others mangled by fragments of shell, and all suffering the greatest torments. We gave them water, and shared with them the contents of our haversacks, but there was nothing else that we could do. Words are powerless to convey an adequate idea of these harrowing scenes.

On the 10th the reveille beat at daylight. We were soon ready to march, but again the roads were so blocked by a jam of troops and trains, in seemingly inextricable confusion, that it was ten o'clock before we filed out upon the pike at a "right shoulder shift." Eight miles, and there was another big scare—legions of rebels getting ready to swoop down upon us! We went through

the old program, our brigade forming, three regiments to the right of the road and two on the left, and thus advanced. We charged fences and stone walls, carrying them in gallant style. Then we came to a halt, stacked arms, and wiped off the perspiration. A range of hills a mile distant was said to be swarming with rebels. The Sixth battery threw over a few shells but there was no response. Captain Bradley found that one party could not get up a fight, alone, and in disgust he ceased firing.

We spent the night there, sheltering ourselves from a pelting rain by placing rails against a stone wall and covering them with cornstalks and straw. Colonel Harker established himself and his staff in a barn, which he dignified with the designation "Headquarters, Third Brigade."

While preparing breakfast next morning the troops were thrown into the wildest confusion by a sudden firing on the picket line, apparently along our whole front, followed by rapid discharges of artillery. Half-made coffee was poured out and bacon was left sizzling before the fire.

Every man hastily donned his accouterments, seized his gun, and sprang to his place. The long expected fight had come at last—that is, we thought so for a few minutes. Three divisions—Wood, Van Cleve and Smith—quickly formed in line, but did nothing else except to lie down and wait in vain for the "Johnnies" to come on if they dared. It was only a spirited cavalry dash and was soon over. One company from each of our regiments was on the picket line, and on being relieved the members of those com-



BENJAMIN F. PEALER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

panies boasted grandly that they had really had a shot at the rebels. Once, when it was imagined that a cyclone of horsemen was about to sweep upon us, we went through the maneuver of forming square, each side of which bristled with bayonets, which was the regulation scheme for meeting a charge of cavalry. We did this often when on battalion drill, but this was the only time we ever put it into practice—and then, when we had got ourselves nicely fixed to receive the hostile troopers, they gave us the go-by and not one of them came in sight.

Then our brigade started upon that famous reconnoissance to Harrodsburg. Our object was to ascertain definitely whether the enemy was in that vicinity, and if so what he proposed to do. The distance was some twelve miles, nearly all of which we made in line of battle, rushing wildly across the country, sweeping through the woods and cornfields, leveling fences and splashing through streams that lay in our course. No style of marching is so fatiguing as this. We made now and then a brief halt, for the panting men to catch their breath, and then on we went again, charging over everything that was before us. We picked up half a dozen willing stragglers, but encountered no force of the enemy.

Toward evening we entered Harrodsburg, a company or two of the enemy's cavalry that had occupied the town galloping off at our approach. We "captured" a considerable number of rebel sick and wounded, the latter having been removed to that place from Perryville. We do not lay claim to any large amount of glory for the capture of these helpless sufferers. We did not have to be particularly brave to do it. And yet, after all our weary wanderings, it was a source of satisfaction to know that we had at last captured *somebody*, even though he were sick or wounded unto death. We did, however, gather in forty or fifty worthless stragglers and deserters who were loafing about town. These were legitimate game, although they didn't fight any. Citizens told us that the last of Bragg's infantry had left but a few hours before our arrival, their departure having been hastened by a greatly magnified report of our strength. Had they known that we were but a single brigade, we might have suffered for our bold adventure. But "all's well that ends well," in war as in anything else.

We passed through Harrodsburg, and filing off to the eastward bivouacked a mile from town. After dark Colonel Harker called his regimental commanders together and a council of war was held. We were beyond the reach of assistance in case of extremity. It was decided that our position was an unsafe one in which to spend the night, and the order was given to move forward half a mile with perfect silence. Leaving our camp fires brightly burning, we glided noiselessly out into the darkness. There was no blast of bugle or beat of drum. No word was spoken save the half-suppressed commands of the officers. Reaching the spot that had been chosen, we filed behind a stone wall, stacked arms, and were directed to lie down immediately in rear of the line, ready to spring up at any alarm. A strong picket force, enjoined to be exceedingly vigilant, was posted entirely around us, and in a few moments we were asleep. Nothing occurred during the night to alarm us. At one time Captain Bradley had occasion to change the position of one section of his battery. The guns came over the brow of a hill near which was posted a detachment of the Seventy-third Indiana. The Indians thought it was some Confederate artillery and fled in great precipitation. But they were not yet a month from home.

Owing to the confused movements of the army our supply trains had partially failed us since leaving Louisville. For some days we had been on short allowance of food, and when we awoke in the morning we did not hesitate to supply our wants from the gardens and orchards in the vicinity. We had a royal breakfast, of which we partook with excellent relish. About eight o'clock we started, again in line of battle. If there was an enemy to be found, Colonel Harker seemed to be determined to find him. If the campaign of the army had been conducted with half as much vigor as was shown by Colonel Harker in this expedition of his brigade, Bragg would not have escaped so easily. The brigade was formed in two lines. The Sixty-fifth Ohio, Fifty-first Indiana, Sixty-fourth Ohio and Sixth battery, in the order given, from right to left, were in front, supported by the Seventy-third Indiana and Thirteenth Michigan. After advancing a couple of miles we discovered a squad of the enemy's cavalry, on a hill directly in our front. The battery unlimbered and sent a few

shells among them, which caused them to scatter in haste. On reaching the spot we found a couple of dead horses and part of a man's foot. It was encouraging to know that our whole brigade had at last disabled *one* Confederate soldier. We picked up half a dozen deserters, one a sergeant of the Twenty-fifth Louisiana. He said his home was near Harrodsburg, but he had been conscripted while in New Orleans. He told us that Bragg was in full retreat toward Cumberland Gap.

Our advance was arrested by a large stream, whose precipitous banks precluded the possibility of crossing with artillery, the bridge having been destroyed. It was deemed advisable to return, and, leisurely marching back a few miles, we rejoined our division, which had come up during the day.

October 13th we left camp at an early hour, marched across the fields to the Danville pike and halted at noon, half a mile from that place. Batteries were put in position, battle lines were formed, and arms stacked. That is all that was done *that* day. Detachments of the enemy's cavalry were still hovering about us. Several small squads of prisoners were brought in from the front during the day. It was reported that Bragg was concentrating at Camp Dick Robinson, where he had resolved to "die in the last ditch." One of our boys ventured the opinion that if any of the rebels died there, or anywhere else, it would be of old age, as there was little danger that General Buell's army would kill any of them.

Next morning there was a spasm of activity. We turned out soon after midnight and marched half an hour later. Passing through Danville we took the Stanford pike. Three miles from Stanford skirmishing broke out ahead. We turned off the road, formed line, and went crashing through a large and very dense thicket of briars and brambles. Under other circumstances it would have seemed impenetrable, but we tore our way through, and finally emerged into a field, with many bleeding hands and faces, scratched by the thorns. The Sixth Battery went into position immediately in our rear, and prepared to shell the enemy. At the command "To the ground—Down!" we fell upon our faces and Captain Bradley promptly opened fire, directly over us. We lay in a clump of walnut trees, and spent the time in cracking

walnuts while Bradley was cracking shells at the rebels. The enemy soon disappeared.

Retiring half a mile we stacked arms and remained till nearly night. Van Cleve's and Smith's divisions passed us, when we fell in the rear and marched through Stanford. Our brigade received a hearty welcome from the villagers, many having formed pleasant acquaintances here during our stay at Hall's Gap, eight months before. We had marched many a weary mile since then—to Nashville and Corinth, around to Bridgeport, then across two states back to Louisville, and here we were again in the pretty village nestling among the hills, whose people we had always remembered so pleasantly. The greetings between some of our men who had been left sick at Stanford and those who had so kindly nursed them, were most hearty and cordial. The Union sentiment seemed to be as strong as ever. Great joy was expressed at the retreat of Bragg's army. The latter had levied largely upon the town, stripping it of everything to eat, drink, or wear.

We were not permitted to revisit the scene of those horrible days and nights of rain and mud at Hall's Gap, but this was not a source of grief. We turned to the eastward, and after marching a short distance went into camp. Van Cleve and Smith moved out at midnight but we were not disturbed till daylight. Our advance was very slow, on account of frequent skirmishing ahead, and the blocking of the way by wagons. In the afternoon the road was cleared, and we made up for the tardy movements of the morning by stretching away at a rapid pace. At Crab Orchard—a scrawny village, the inhabitants of which looked as if they lived upon crab-apples—we struck the road on which Bragg's main body had but recently passed. His entire caravan was well ahead of us, and there was no likelihood that we would overtake it.

The next morning we started to continue the pursuit, but we did not pursue much. After advancing two miles the whole army halted, stacked arms and sat down. A paroled prisoner of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Ohio, captured at Perryville, passed us on his way to Louisville. He reported Bragg's army thirty miles ahead, and getting over the ground at the rate of

twenty miles a day. Toward night we fell in, the order "About—Face!" was given, and marching back two miles we encamped. So far as we were able to judge Buell had abandoned the chase.

Much dissatisfaction at the barren and ignoble result of the campaign was expressed among officers and men. The army felt that it had been able—and it certainly was willing—to join issue with Bragg at any time during the previous two weeks. It was exasperating to feel that all the hard campaigning had been so utterly fruitless. Opportunities for action that promised success were not wanting daily. Bragg's army was encumbered by an immense train of twenty-five hundred wagons, which he had loaded with supplies of all kinds, but he took it safely out of the state without losing a wagon. General Buell had his good points, but the management of an aggressive campaign was not one of them. He was to our army what General McClellan was to the Army of the Potomac. Out of a conglomerate mass of raw and undisciplined volunteers, each organized and fitted for the field a magnificent army. No doubt to their skill and energy in this direction is due in no small measure the later victories won by these armies, under other leaders. Neither Buell nor McClellan was successful in the field. Buell at Shiloh, subordinate to Grant, handled his troops like a master, but his own campaigns were disappointing in the extreme. As the organizer of what afterward became the Army of the Cumberland, he deserves the respect and gratitude of his countrymen. There was great rejoicing in the long-suffering army when, not long afterward, General Buell was superseded by "Old Rosey."

The foregoing paragraph is somewhat in the nature of a "kick," but I have before mentioned the fact that the soldiers always reserved to themselves this privilege. The sentiments to which I have given utterance prevailed universally in Buell's army, nor do I think the lapse of years has materially changed the opinions then held and freely expressed, on many a march and around a thousand camp-fires. It seemed to us that, if this way of conducting campaigns were continued, we had before us a war that would end only when the trump of the Archangel Gabriel should proclaim that "time shall be no more!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE BACK TRACK.

A FURIOUS RECONNOISSANCE TO WILDCAT—HEADED FOR NASHVILLE—
MARCHING THAT TIRED EVEN THE VETERANS—A DAY'S TRAMP IN
RAIN AND SNOW—AN AWFUL NIGHT ON PICKET—TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS WITHOUT A MORSEL TO EAT—A BREAKFAST OF FRESH PORK
AND FROZEN APPLES—THE BATTERY BOYS FIND FRIENDS.

ALTHOUGH the pursuit of Bragg—if it can properly be called a pursuit—virtually ceased at the point indicated at the close of the last chapter, we did not immediately begin the retrograde movement. The opportunity to rest was most welcome to the tired soldiers. After lying in camp two days, “washing up” and refreshing ourselves, and having our hearts gladdened by a large mail, the first in two weeks, we received marching orders on the morning of October 18th. We supposed our next movement would be to the rear, but when we were told to leave everything behind except ambulances and ammunition wagons, it seemed to indicate that there was business on hand. We advanced twelve miles at an exhausting speed, over a rough and hilly road, through a desolate country. There was no

sign of human habitation, save here and there the hovel of some wretched squatter, belonging to that class in the south of which even the women and girls chew tobacco, "rub" snuff and smoke "leaf" in corncob pipes. At many points the retreating enemy had felled trees across the narrow roadway. Men with axes were detailed to remove these so that the artillery might pass.

We finally halted at the top of a high hill, two or three miles from a place called Wildcat. Although we did not quite reach the latter, we judged that the name was aptly applied. This was the extreme point attained by Wood's division in the chase after the fugacious Bragg. Our advance that day was nothing more than a reconnoissance in force. After resting on the hill for an hour we took the "right about." The road was so narrow and so much obstructed that it was impossible to turn the wagons around, and we were obliged to back them down the long hill. Falling back a short distance we bivouacked for the night. One man was detailed from each company to proceed to Lebanon and escort our baggage train, which was on its winding way to join us. Since leaving Louisville we had had nothing except what we carried upon our backs. Many had been, and still were, without blankets.

For three days we lay in our bivouac among the rough hills near Wildcat. The nights were cold and many suffered from the want of clothing. Our supply of rations, which had been very short at best, gave out entirely. The barren country afforded absolutely nothing. One of our company did capture an old goose, but after boiling it all night it was tougher than when he began.

The reveille at three o'clock in the morning of October 22nd was a welcome sound to our ears, for we were anxious to get away from there. At four we took the back track and made what seemed to us an unreasonably long march of twenty-three miles. If we had made such good time almost any day two weeks before there would have been a fight—but this was carefully avoided. We passed through Mt. Vernon and Crab Orchard, halting near the latter. Everybody began to speculate upon our destination. The prevailing belief was that we would bring up at Nashville, which proved to be correct.

Then followed several days of very hard marching, averaging more than twenty miles a day. We could not understand why we were pushed to the utmost limit of endurance, but we learned in due time that it was in order to reach a point where we could draw supplies, of which we were in great need.

On the 24th, after traveling sixteen miles, we reached an excellent camping ground, with plenty of good water. Citizens told us that in the next eight miles there was neither spring nor stream, and we hoped to stop here for the night but it was decreed that we must tramp on, over the hills, and camp at the other side. Half an hour was given for rest and the filling of canteens. Climbing with much difficulty a long and steep hill, we marched for three hours upon the crest of a dry, barren ridge. Not a drop of water could be obtained at any point. We were glad to descend, just at evening, into the beautiful Green river valley, and encamp by the stream. General Wood took up his headquarters at a fine house near the camp. He kindly placed a guard over a number of bee-hives that stood in the yard. But in spite of this precaution all the hives except one or two disappeared during the night. Yarham, the bee-man of Company E, Sixty-fifth, captured one of them and we had an abundance of honey. The fact is we had little else to eat, a few bits of cracker and some coffee comprising our evening meal.

The 25th of October is marked upon our army calendar as one of the hardest days we ever experienced. We marched twenty-five miles, to Columbia. Our haversacks were very nearly empty the previous night, and after an exceedingly scanty breakfast were absolutely so. During the entire day we had nothing whatever to eat. Long before we reached our journey's end, members of the new regiments fell out by hundreds. Many, even, of the veterans were wholly overcome by weakness, hunger and fatigue.

The weather, which had been warm the previous day, suddenly changed. Soon after we started a cold rain set in, which thoroughly drenched our clothing, from head to foot. In the afternoon the rain changed to snow, with a keen and piercing wind. Our clothes froze and became as stiff as boards. The legs of our trousers felt like joints of stovepipe. The suffering and

discomfort of such a march is beyond the power of words to portray. The road was rough and slippery, with the mud and slush in many places ankle deep and covered with a frozen crust. We trudged along as best we could, few of the companies having more than half their men in ranks.

Just at dark we reached Columbia and went into bivouac. Our limbs shook and our teeth chattered with the cold. A simultaneous charge, that General Buell himself could not have prevented, was made upon the fences, and in a few moments great fires were blazing all along the line. The storm continued without abatement, but as the men gathered about the fires they began to feel a touch of comparative warmth and comfort. The prospect for the night was cheerless enough. The ground was wet and covered with snow. Many had neither blankets nor overcoats, and there was no shelter except such as could be made of rails and boughs. The best possible use was made of these meager resources. Later in the evening rations were issued, and draughts of hot coffee, with the accessories of hardtack and bacon, did wonders in reviving bodily strength and raising drooping spirits.

But what pen can do justice to the feelings of those whose turn it was to go on picket that night! I speak advisedly, for our company "drew the black bean" in the Sixty-fifth. I have always wondered that some member of Company E did not smite the adjutant dead when he came to us, a few minutes after our arrival—just as we were getting our fires lighted and before the rations had been distributed—and directed us to report for picket duty immediately. We were ordered to go about a mile from camp on the road by which we came, select our own post and spend the night; no fires to be allowed. We suggested rations, as we had eaten nothing since morning, and were in a state bordering on starvation. He said that as soon as rations were received ours should be sent out to us. The adjutant, however, must have forgotten us, for we did not get a single cracker until the next day.

I doubt if men, though accustomed to obey, ever went in the discharge of duty with more reluctance and louder grumbling than did Company E that dismal night. As we tramped along

through the fast falling snow, no sound was heard save now and then when some disgusted patriot gave vent to his feelings by incendiary remarks and explosive "cuss-words." Through the snow and darkness we could not see an arm's length ahead.

We finally found a cluster of haystacks near the road and there established our post. Groping about, we made a tolerable shelter from the storm, by inclining rails against one of the stacks and covering them with hay. Four sentinels being posted, the company crawled under the shelter. Our clothes were frozen stiff and nobody could sleep. We just lay and shivered, almost dead with the cold. There was never a night of my life when the hours dragged so slowly.

Our orders were to pass no one, either within or without the lines, and to hold until morning any suspicious person. About eleven o'clock a citizen tried to pass. The sentinel could not see him until but a step distant. The man was almost paralyzed with fright as he heard the command to halt, and saw a bayonet within a foot of his breast. He said he lived just "over yander," but he did not give a very satisfactory account of himself, probably because he was so badly scared, and we told him he must keep us company till morning. He was, if possible, in a worse plight than ourselves, having no shoes worth speaking of. He begged piteously to be allowed to go home, but we ordered him to crawl into the hay and make himself as comfortable as he could. All the rest of the night he lay there, with chattering teeth, swearing softly to himself with a depth of feeling that I never heard excelled.

With the first appearance of daylight we built a great fire of rails, around which we gathered and were gradually thawed into a good humor. Our prisoner came out in a most forlorn condition, and after he had warmed himself was permitted to go his way. It was Sunday morning. Probably few thought of the fact, nor, if we had, would it have deterred us from going foraging for something to eat, as we had had nothing for twenty-four hours. The snow lay fully eight inches deep, and the cold wind swept keenly across the fields. The net proceeds of the foraging expedition were a very lean and long-nosed razor-back pig and half a bushel of frozen apples. On these we made our breakfast.

Toward noon the adjutant, or somebody else in camp, happened to think we might be hungry and sent out some rations for us. The weather moderated and, as we fared sumptuously on coffee and hardtack, the jest and laugh and song went round as aforetime.

During the day fully five hundred stragglers from the division passed into camp. They had given out the previous day, and had spent the night in the woods, or in houses and barns along the road. Most of them belonged to the Seventy-third Indiana, One Hundredth Illinois and Ninety-seventh Ohio, the three new regiments. It cannot be denied that the campaign from Louisville to Columbia was a terrible breaking in for the raw troops. It was not a cause for wonder that these regiments were reduced in numbers by hundreds. Few of the men had ever before marched a mile in their lives.

Captain Baldwin writes: "The Third Kentucky infantry, with which the Sixth battery was intimately associated during its first service in Kentucky, belonged to our division, and many of its members lived in the blue-grass region through which we passed. They met many friends and we of the battery stood around and enjoyed their happiness and their buttermilk. They all had a warm side for the battery boys. Columbia was the home of Colonel Thomas E. Bramlette, the first commander of the Third Kentucky. While in the service he showed a strong friendship for our battery. He sent an invitation to the officers to visit his hospitable home in the evening, but none were brave enough to do so. The next day he sent word that he would come and dine with the battery, sending a basket filled with delicacies, not forgetting the old Kentucky peaches (bottled).

"About this time we were called upon to part with Colonel James Barnett, of the First Ohio light artillery. He had joined our mess at Louisville, and had been with us during the Bragg campaign through Kentucky. As soon as the army changed commanders, Colonel Barnett was assigned to duty as chief of artillery to General Rosecrans. While we missed him around our nightly camp-fires, we found it was worth something to have a friend at court."

CHAPTER XXX.

ONCE MORE AT NASHVILLE.

THE BAGGAGE TRAIN REJOINS US AFTER TWO MONTHS SEPARATION—
 WE GET A FEW BELL TENTS—ELEVEN WEEKS WITHOUT SHELTER
 —TO GLASGOW AND SCOTTSVILLE—A DAY WHEN WE NEEDED
 SKATES—A NIGHT SCAMPER TO GALLATIN—AN ATTEMPT TO SUR-
 PRISE JOHN MORGAN—BUT IT FAILED—OTHER FUTILE EFFORTS TO
 CATCH CAVALRY WITH INFANTRY—THE HORSES OUTRAN US—DO-
 ING PENANCE IN THE ARMY—A BIG FORAY FOR FORAGE—AT SILVER
 SPRINGS—THEN TO NASHVILLE.

WE LAY four days at Columbia. Although the weather was unpleasant, we improvised shelters that were fairly comfortable. We burned about all the rails within a radius of a mile, and foraged everything in sight that could satisfy a hungry man's appetite. The rest was greatly needed, to put us in physical condition for future movements. The day before we left there was a very enthusiastic demonstration in camp over the arrival of our baggage train, which we had not seen since leaving Cave City on our march northward, nearly two months before. As the teamsters drove into camp, cracking their long whips like pistols, with a skill only

acquired by long practice, and yelling "Whoop! G'lang thar, you Pete and Jinny!" there went up such a yell from that crowd of storm-beaten soldiers as hath seldom entered into the ear of man.

As a matter of fact there wasn't much left of our baggage. A large part of it had been destroyed in the Sequatchie valley, at the foot of the mountain, and but little now remained of the fraction that escaped the conflagration. Many of the boys had left their knapsacks with the wagons at Cave City, not dreaming that weeks and months would elapse before, in the wild confusion of that amazing campaign, they would find their way to us. The few considered themselves fortunate who found their knapsacks at all, and these looked as if they had been through as rough campaigning as their owners. The scanty contents of the wagons were in a state of utter chaos. Company books and papers, such as got through at all, were damp and mouldy. For some days, as opportunity was afforded, the officers and orderly sergeants had their hands full of business putting them in order, straightening out the company accounts, and bringing up the arrears of their reports as required by the inexorable regulations.

Chaplain Burns, of the Sixty-fifth, who went back from Wildcat with the detail to escort the train, came through safe and sound. He related with great zest how he narrowly escaped capture by a band of vagrant guerrillas, by taking refuge in a dense cedar thicket and remaining hidden for hours.

A partial supply of new clothing was issued. The soldiers were glad enough to cast aside their tattered and animated garments. We also received a small allowance of Bell tents—two for each company. One of these would hold about two-thirds as many men as a "Sibley," six of which each company had when we left Ohio. The ranks were now so much thinned that some of the companies were able to get along comfortably with their two Bell tents each. It is true they had to crowd in pretty closely, and all lie edgewise, like a row of spoons. When one side ached from contact with the hard ground, and a man wanted to give the bones on the other side a chance to take their turn, he would shout: "Prepare to flop—Flop!" and over they would all go at once. When the weather was pleasant some slept in the open air from choice; and with the larger companies this was a necessity, as the

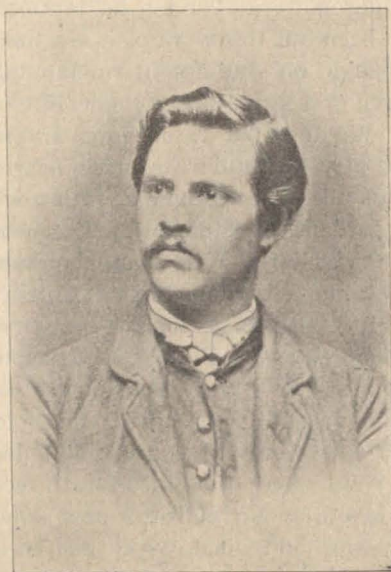
tents would not hold them all. For nearly eleven weeks we had been constantly campaigning, without once sleeping under canvas. A desire for revenge in some befitting manner was freely expressed when we learned, while here, that our brigade post-master, with a large quantity of mail for us, had fallen into the hands of the Philistines.

Pursuant to orders received the previous day, reveille sounded at three o'clock on the morning of October 30th. We marched at daybreak, leaving the camp a mass of roaring flames, as the soldiers, in a spirit of mischief, fired the shelters they had occupied, and the heaps of straw that lay upon the ground.

We made forty miles in two days, camping on the evening of the 31st near Glasgow, in a large field covered with long, dry grass. A fire having been thoughtlessly started, without proper precaution, the flames caught in the grass. Fanned by a stiff breeze, they spread in every direction, sweeping over the field with almost lightning rapidity, and creating the wildest consternation.

Hundreds of men were set to fighting the flames, while others seized the wagons and hurried them to a place of safety. Still others removed the arms, while everybody tried to see who could yell the loudest. The flames were at length subdued and the alarm subsided.

We continued our march the next day, passing through Glasgow and camping on the banks of Beaver creek, where we remained three days. The evening dress-parade was resumed, and



JAMES P. MILLS,
QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT AND
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

orders were published that thereafter, whenever in camp, the old routine of four drills per day would be observed. These exercises began promptly the next morning, and the familiar "Left! Left!" was heard once more. The camp was thoroughly policed and we had come to regard this as an infallible sign that we would move. It did not fail in this instance, for on the afternoon of the 4th we were recalled while charging around on battalion drill, to prepare for an immediate march. For many weeks this had been but a trifling matter. Having no tents to strike or wagons to load, it had been but the work of a few moments, when the drums beat, to buckle on our accouterments, take arms, and be ready for a march or a fight. Now it was like old times again.

We drew out at sun-down and traveled till ten o'clock. The next day we pulled through nearly twenty miles, camping at Scottsville. The people of this vicinity being chiefly loyal, all the gardens, orchards and fences were put under guard. But the night was dark, and a large amount of "truck" found its way into camp. Yarham and tall Corporal Tom Clague, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, made a short foray and returned with half a bushel of apples and a pailful of as delicious honey as bees ever made. The Sixty-fifth got a new doctor that evening—John M. Todd, rotund and jolly, and always ready to saw off a leg or crack a joke with equal facility. Surgeon Kyle had resigned some time before.

While here the Sixty-fourth received from Columbus, Ohio, on the 6th of November, a new stand of national colors. Its old flag, worn and faded, which had been carried for a year through sun and storm, was sent to the state capital for preservation.

A few days later Colonel Ferguson went to Ohio on leave of absence. The command of the Sixty-fourth devolved upon Lieutenant-colonel McIlvaine, Lieutenant-Colonel Gass having resigned. Colonel Ferguson did not return to the regiment. He left the service early in the following year, much to the regret of the officers and men, to whom he had become endeared. During the nine months which he commanded the Sixty-fourth he did much to raise it to a high plane of efficiency and make it one of the best drilled and disciplined regiments in that army. None can doubt that had he continued at its head he would have won a large measure of distinction.

We did not move on the 6th but spent the day industriously policing the ground and putting the camp in comfortable shape. This, of course, brought marching orders, and the next day we pushed on eighteen miles, through a continuous, drizzling sleet. One of the boys observed that it was "a damp shame" to make men march in such weather—a jest which might or might not be considered as spiced with profanity. Toward night the weather grew colder, the water froze upon the ground, and as we went up and down the hills there was such slipping and sliding and tumbling as to greatly disturb our tempers. I have read that during the long attempt of the King of Spain to conquer the Netherlands—it was two hundred and fifty years before Zollicoffer was killed—while engaged in a winter campaign, the soldiers of Holland moved from place to place on skates, over the frozen rivers and lakes of that country. Learning of this, the Spanish commander immediately ordered ten thousand pairs of skates for his own troops. If we had been similarly provided during the latter part of that day's march, it would have been a good thing, enabling us, in some degree, to combine pleasure with business.

As we sat around the great heaps of blazing rails that evening, trying to reach a more comfortable condition of mind and body, word was passed along the line that our brigade would march at midnight, on a special expedition. Intelligence had been received that the famous rebel raider, John Morgan, with a detachment of cavalry, was at Gallatin, fourteen miles distant, and to Colonel Harker had been assigned the duty of endeavoring to surprise him at daylight. We were informed that the movement would be a rapid one, and we were to go in the lightest possible order, leaving behind everything except such as appertained to shooting and eating.

We were aroused shortly before twelve. Half an hour later we moved quietly out upon the pike and sped rapidly on our way. Marching at quick time, with but a single halt in the whole distance, we found ourselves, an hour before dawn, near Gallatin, where our unhappy victims were supposed to be slumbering unconsciously around their camp-fires. The regiments were so disposed, with strategic skill, as to approach the town from different directions, by which it was intended to cut off the escape of any of

those wretched troopers. Not one of them did escape, because there were none of them there to get away. As we gradually closed in upon the town we found—a deserted camp. The fires were still burning, the nest was yet warm, but the birds had flown. There were evidences of a hasty flight, doubtless caused by information of our approach.

It was clear that we were not predestined to catch any rebels that morning, whatever we might do some other morning. Colonel Harker thought he would beat the bush for a while, and we spent three hours in charging in line of battle over the meadows and through the woods and cornfields. Then the fruitless quest was abandoned. We returned to the rebel camp, stacked arms, threw out a picket line, and ate our breakfast undisturbed.

We lay down around the fires to sleep, and thus awaited the arrival of General Wood, with his two other brigades. The column reached us at noon. Taking our place, we marched a few miles on the Lebanon pike, and once more pitched our tents on the soil of Tennessee, our wagons having joined us there. Colonel Harker told us we might use rails “moderately.” This was interpreted in a much wider sense than would be authorized by the dictionary, and the fences disappeared as if by magic.

Sunday, November 9th, we did not march. We policed and arranged the camp very thoroughly, however—preparatory to moving, as we did, on the following day. For some weeks a division court-martial had been at work, holding its sessions from time to time when we were lying in camp, trying a large number of offenders against military discipline and the laws of war. On this Sunday evening, at dress-parade, the findings and sentences were read before each regiment, as a warning to evil doers. The members of the Sherman Brigade were not all saints, and our regiments were represented in the list of malefactors. The sentences were of every sort—forfeiture of pay; confinement in the guard-house, which often had only an imaginary existence; days or weeks at extra duty, with ball and chain attached to the leg; to have the head shaved and be drummed out of camp—and many other unique devices. We thought some of the penalties rather severe for the offences. Of the latter there was a large and well-selected assortment, those most numerous being disobedience of orders, theft and drunkenness.

Minor offences in the army were generally punished summarily, without trial, by order, verbal or otherwise, of a general, colonel or captain. It was not an uncommon thing to see a man doing penance for his misdeeds by carrying a heavy rail or log of wood on his shoulder, pacing to and fro for a given time, while a guard with fixed bayonet kept him moving; or he might be standing against a building or under a tree, with his thumbs tied high above his head, in which painful position he remained for one or two hours. If his offense were a flagrant one, perhaps the gag was applied. This was sometimes a stick of wood, but more frequently a bayonet, which was placed transversely in the culprit's mouth, and securely tied by a string at the back of the neck. This effectually prevented speech, and was altogether uncomfortable. Sometimes a man would be tied by the hands to the tail-board of a wagon and compelled thus to march for hours at a time. Now and then might be seen a culprit sitting astride a pole or rail a few feet from the ground; or standing upon a barrel as though in the attitude of making a stump-speech; or parading the camp under guard with a barrel, from which the heads had been knocked out, around his body. Human ingenuity was taxed to the uttermost to devise grotesque modes of punishment. An extra turn of police or fatigue duty was often deemed sufficient for trifling infractions of discipline.

It was reported that Morgan's hard-riders were at Lebanon. That night at twelve o'clock a brigade of Van Cleve's division started on an expedition like ours to Gallatin. The result was the same—a swift, hard march, only to find that the enemy had fled.

We marched after an early breakfast, leaving a detail from each company to await the return of the wagons, which had been sent to Bowling Green the previous day for rations. When near Lebanon we crossed to the Nashville pike, marched eight miles farther, and went into camp at Silver Springs. The field was surrounded by a high fence of dry cedar rails, and in a few minutes huge, crackling fires dispelled the chilliness of the frosty air. Tents were pitched at midnight, upon the arrival of the wagons.

A vague rumor that Morgan intended to give us a dose of the medicine we had labored so hard to administer to him—although it seemed improbable enough in view of our large force—

was sufficient to call us into line at three, to stand at arms till daybreak. During all our march from Wildcat the enemy's cavalry had hovered on our flanks and rear, picking up a very considerable number of stragglers. This elicited from General Crittenden an order forbidding, under the severest penalties, all straggling, for any purpose whatever, when upon the march.

We lay quietly at Silver Springs for nine days. The only stirring event was another insane attempt to catch Morgan, who had reoccupied Lebanon. As the night scheme had twice failed, it was determined to try it by daylight. On November 15th Wood's entire division started with one day's rations in haversacks. Leaving camp at eight o'clock, we were put through at a terrific pace, halting but once in the twelve miles. We reached Lebanon soon after eleven, but the rebels, like sensible men, had mounted their horses and galloped away. They had been gone more than an hour, but General Wood, with a faith in the legs of his soldiers that was sublimely touching, ordered the division to give chase on the double quick. After we had gone a mile at this rate, and everybody—except those on horseback—was badly blown, the general wisely concluded that such a campaign would not pay expenses and called a halt. The effort to catch cavalry with infantry generally failed, for obvious reasons. We tried it several times, and although we had—as we then thought and still think—fair ability as pedestrians, the troopers always got away.

Lebanon, Tennessee, was then a very cheerful appearing town, of perhaps two thousand inhabitants. At this time it had suffered little from the ravages of war. It contained many charming residences—which looked more like northern homes than any we had seen for months—and a large female college. The prevailing sentiment of the people strongly favored the southern cause, and their faces had a vitriolic appearance as we passed. After resting two or three hours we marched leisurely back to camp, arriving at nine o'clock in the evening, weary and footsore.

We settled down to the dull routine of camp life, with daily drills and guard and picket duty. Several foraging expeditions were sent out, sometimes to a distance of ten miles, for corn and other supplies for men and animals. These went strongly guard-

ed, usually by two or three regiments, as the region was infested with prowling bands of hostile cavalry. These trips were very fatiguing, involving long marches and generally the labor of gathering the corn from the standing stalks in the fields and loading the wagons.

During our stay a large train arrived laden with clothing and stores of all kinds, which supplied our wants. The veteran soldiers were generally in excellent health, notwithstanding their long and arduous campaign. The new troops were being rapidly thinned out by sickness. While we lay at Silver Springs six or eight of the Seventy-third Indiana were buried. That regiment was reduced, in six weeks of service, to four hundred men, and often not more than half of these were in condition for duty. It is a singular fact that the large men, the "six-footers," were among the first to quit. In most cases "the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak." Thousands of tall, fine looking fellows, full of lusty life, whom the people at home believed would make "splendid soldiers," filled the hospitals, and many their graves, three months after entering the field of active service. It was usually the small and medium-sized men, tough and wiry, who were best able to endure the hard marching.

On the 19th and 20th we advanced thirteen miles toward Nashville and pitched a camp where we tarried a week. Before our tents were up we were called into line to hear read the order of General Rosecrans on assuming command of the army. The soldiers had long felt that they would be glad to try whether they could not accomplish more under the leadership of some other general than Buell. The brave, hearty greeting of "Old Rosey" to the army was received with prodigious cheering.

We had a foraging expedition on an extensive scale, November 22nd. There was a train of two hundred wagons, in charge of the brigade quartermaster, and accompanied by a heavy escort, consisting of the entire Sixty-fourth Ohio, and five companies from each other regiment of the brigade. Five miles from camp the procession halted on the plantation of a bitter secessionist. His corn was picked and nicely stowed away in cribs. We were glad of this, as it saved us the labor of gathering it in the fields. We tore the roofs from his cribs and transferred their con-

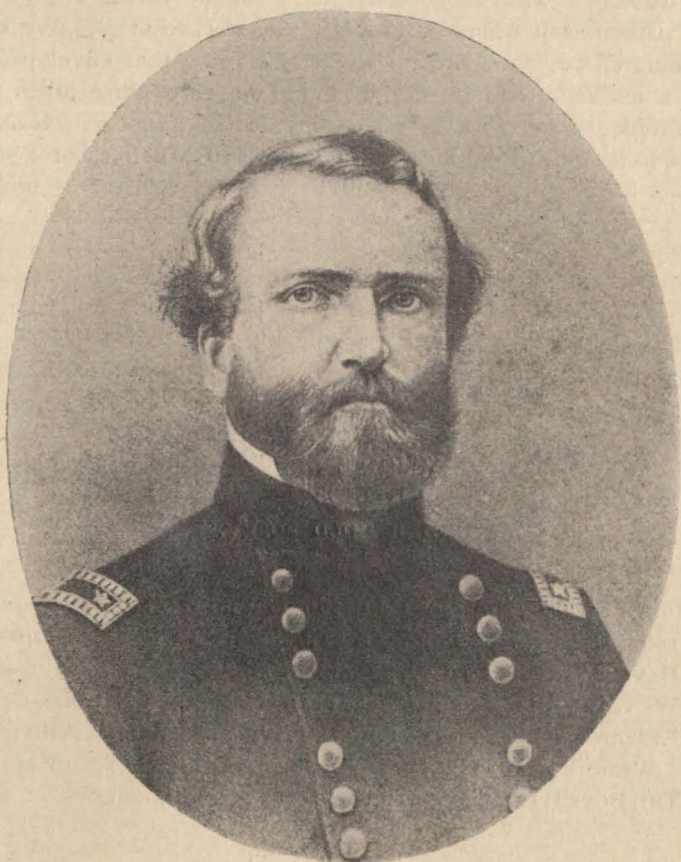
tents to the wagons, in an incredibly short time, while the planter stormed and swore in the most preposterous manner. He couldn't help himself, with the odds of a thousand against one, and he might better have taken a philosophical view of the matter. But he raved like a madman, invoking upon our heads all the curses in the Confederate calendar. An officer finally told him that if he did not "dry up" he would be taken to camp under guard, and he thought best to hold his peace. Then a young woman, wife of one of his sons who was in the rebel army, began where he had left off. With the volubility of her sex she hurled maledictions upon us in a manner quite terrifying. The officer politely suggested that it would be better for her to keep quiet, whereupon she dashed into the house, crying with rage. She was, by long odds, the most spirited and vivacious woman we had yet encountered in the South.

The boys were not slow to forage on their own account. All the poultry, pigs, vegetables and fruit that could be found were promptly confiscated. An old darkey who belonged on the place correctly "sized up" the situation when he said, after surveying the scene:

"Wall, boss, I reckon if you-all hadn't come most of dat ar cawn 'd have gone to de Souf, but it looks ziff Mars' Jeff doan' git much off'n dis place *dis* yeah!"

About the middle of the afternoon sharp firing was heard a mile or two distant. Our work was nearly done, and, as that was not the day we wanted to fight, our sole desire being to get our train safely in, we started for camp. Half the force marched as a rear guard, the remainder being distributed through the train. We kept a sharp lookout for bushwhackers, but were not molested.

On November 26th we broke camp and made another move. We did not take the road till late in the day and then traveled very slowly, hitching along in that inchworm way that always so exasperated the troops. We forded with much difficulty a large stream, the bridge over which had been destroyed. The banks were steep and high, and, according to the custom for such cases made and provided, ropes and men were employed to assist the mules in the work which they were boarded at government expense to do. It took us several hours, with an enormous amount



GEORGE H. THOMAS,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

of shouting and yelling, to get the artillery and wagons safely over. Not till after dark did we resume our march, and then we crept along at a snail's pace. We had only five miles to go, but were more than that number of hours in making the distance. The night was frosty and cold, and our sluggish movements did not suffice to keep us comfortable. Nobody in the brigade had any patience left when, at midnight, we stacked arms. We knew nothing of our whereabouts, in the darkness that enveloped^{us}, but when we arose next day we found ourselves three miles from Nashville, near the railroad leading to Chattanooga. Here we were to stay until the forward movement to Murfreesboro.

CHAPTER XXXI.

UNDER "OLD ROSEY."

A MONTH AT NASHVILLE—A COMMANDER WHO WILL FIGHT—PREPARING FOR A LAUNCH FORWARD—THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP—WE HAVE SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR—THE PIONEER CORPS—WE GET A FEW RECRUITS—CAPTAIN CHRISTOFEL'S IDEA—GRAND REVIEW BY ROSECRANS—SOME LIVELY FORAGING EXPEDITIONS—A WEDDING AND "HIGH JINKS" AT SUTLER HORNER'S "SHEBANG"—THE BOYS HAVE FUN WITH GENERALS AND COLONELS.

OUR CAMP was regularly laid out and thoroughly policed. We were pleasantly located, with plenty of good water. Our first day here—November 27th,—was Thanksgiving Day in Ohio, according to the governor's proclamation. The principal thing we had to be thankful for was the end of the

long Kentucky campaign, and especially of that unspeakably tedious march of the previous night. We had no turkey for dinner—in fact we didn't have much of anything, for our rations had run extremely low, and we were anxiously awaiting supplies.

That evening a most appalling thunderstorm burst upon us. The rain fell in floods. The tents flapped and creaked and quivered in the fierce wind, and fully half of them were blown down entirely; while the others were only saved from wreck by their occupants holding the poles and stakes by main strength for fully an hour. Those whose tents were not prostrated had another reason to give thanks, which was not shared by those whose effects were drenched by the storm.

December 1st, soon after noon, very heavy and rapid artillery firing was heard in the direction of Murfreesboro. Far and near the long roll resounded through the camps. Almost in a moment the entire division was in line of battle. These scares were of frequent occurrence during the next three weeks. We were dismissed after standing at arms for an hour, but had scarcely reached our quarters when the drums called us again into line. This time it was for a brigade inspection and review by Colonel Harker, preparatory to a grand review of the army by General Rosecrans, soon to take place.

Under an order from the commanding general a pioneer corps was organized, consisting of two men detailed from each company in the army, with a sufficient number of officers. Well supplied with tools and implements, the special duty of this corps, composed largely of mechanics, was to build and repair bridges, railroads and fortifications, and such other work of that nature as the service might require. The pioneers were fully organized as a separate body, and were to be led into action whenever needed, but they were excused from picket duty. These details were made from our regiments on December 1st and included First Lieutenant William O. Sarr, of the Sixty-fourth, and First Lieutenant Andrew Howenstine, of the Sixty-fifth.

Part of the recruiting squad sent to Ohio while we were at Bridgeport and Stevenson, returned at this time, headed by Captain Cassil, of the Sixty-fifth, now promoted to lieutenant-colonel. He assumed command of the regiment, and Lieutenant-colonel

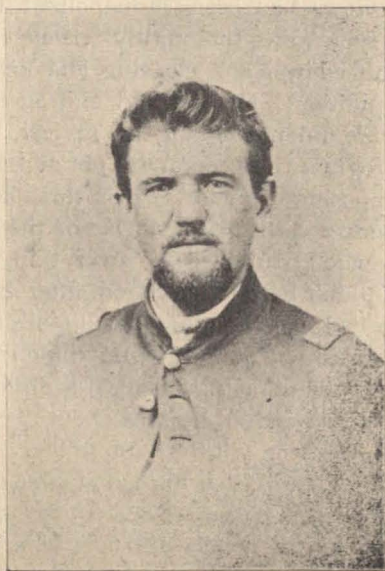
Young returned to the Twenty-Sixth Ohio. Captain Whitbeck was promoted to major, vice Olds, resigned. The number of recruits and drafted men brought to the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth was small—about seventy for each. These did not go far toward restoring our depleted ranks. The increased length of the lines at dress-parade was barely perceptible. The new men were distributed, six or eight to each company. The drafted men were only called by the government for a term of nine months.

The meager result of the draft was for some days the subject of frequent conversation among the soldiers, who felt so strongly the need of men to fill up the army. I happened one day to be on duty with Captain Jacob Christofel, of the Sixty-fifth, who gave his life a month later at Stone River. All who remember him—and who in the brigade does not?—will recall his dry humor, and his droll way of putting things. I have never forgotten the conversation I had with him, and even after so many years I can almost reproduce his words. Said he:

"The trouble is that the people lack what the boys call 'sand.' They talk very bravely about what ought to be done, but they are afraid to come down here and help do it. Enough of them could come, if they wanted to, just as well as you or I, to fill up all these regiments, and give us a force that would just overwhelm those fellows down yonder. It beats all how many sick and halt and blind there are up north, as soon as they begin to talk of a draft! It's just because they haven't got the sand! I'm not a doctor, but I believe I could fix up a prescription that would make men of those fellows. I guess if it didn't do that it would kill them. My treatment would be something like this:

"Let the patient be clothed in a full suit of army blue; let a regulation cap be placed on his head, and a pair of Uncle Sam's best brogans upon his feet; let a knapsack be strapped upon his back, and a haversack with three days' rations, and a canteen filled with water be hung about his neck; let a cartridge-box with forty rounds of ammunition be girt about his loins, and a Springfield rifle laid upon his shoulder; let him then take his place in the ranks and obey the command 'March!' After a day's tramp of, say, twenty miles, the patient will probably show signs of weariness; there will be an aching of limbs and a smart-

ing of feet, but he'll get used to that after a while. Very likely he will be hungry. Let him make himself a cup of coffee, toast a piece of bacon on the end of a ramrod, and on these, with two or three hardtack, make his meal. He'll get used to that, too, if he lives long enough. He won't have any dyspepsia or gout or nightmare in consequence of eating too much. Then let him wrap his blanket around him and lie down, with only the sky above him, and his head pillowed on his knapsack. Perhaps he may be drenched with rain before he wakens; he will find that most refreshing. He will be very likely to feel a little stiff and sore in the morning, and perhaps won't care much whether the Union is saved or not. But let the orderly stir him up for roll-call, and then let him get his breakfast and put on his traps for another march. A few days of this sort of thing will have a wonderful effect upon him—one way or the other. A brisk skirmish now and then will be a good thing for him. Let him hear the bullets whistle and the shells scream. If supplies are cut off, and he only gets half or quarter rations, let him help out with parched corn, or flour, or something of that sort. One or two nights each week spent on picket will afford him an excellent opportunity for meditation. When in camp let him be drilled six hours a day in the hot sun. If a few weeks or months of such campaigning does not make a man of him, his case may be given up as one that is without hope."



WILLIAM A. BELL,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

These recruits and drafted men were just from home and had

everything yet to learn. The first evening they spent in camp, one of these embryo soldiers, when the drums beat the sunset call, asked what they were drumming for. On being told that it was "retreat"—the name of that particular call—he began to show signs of alarm and anxiously inquired what we were going to retreat for, and if the rebels were anywhere around there!

Elaborate preparations were made for a grand review by General Rosecrans. Such an event was unknown to our army. The reviews had been monopolized by the Army of the Potomac. Arms were thoroughly cleaned and burnished, accouterments rubbed up, and clothing and knapsacks put in the best possible condition. On the 2nd, and again on the 3rd, of December we were ordered out for the review, but owing to some hitch in the program the general did not appear, and after standing around in imposing array for two or three hours, we were marched back to camp and dismissed. One of the boys, a constitutional grumbler—who grumbled at everything and everybody, because he couldn't help it—declared, after the second failure to connect, that he had had enough of such foolishness, and if General Rosecrans wanted to review *him* he could come to his tent and do it there. But when the drums beat again on the 4th for our third attempt to be reviewed, he was about the first one to step into his place, as neat as a pin from top to toe.

The division formed at nine o'clock and marched to the field where the pageant was to take place. There was not room to extend the whole division in a single line, and the First and Second brigades were formed in front and the Third in the rear. All necessary dispositions having been made, arms were stacked and the men were permitted to rest at ease, to await the coming of the general. Every soldier was fully equipped, as far as possible with the meager supplies we had yet received.

After a delay of an hour, a salute from one of the batteries announced the approach of General Rosecrans. The men sprang quickly to their places, all on the *qui vive* to catch a glimpse of our new commander, into whose hands had been confided the future of the Army of the Cumberland, as it was now designated. The orders were given by brigade commanders, and repeated by those of regiments and companies:

"Prepare for review! To the rear of en order—March!"

This movement having been duly executed, General Rosecrans, resplendent in a gorgeous uniform, topped with epaulettes, followed by his numerous staff, and the commanding officer and staff of each successive brigade, rode along the front of the line, and returned, passing between the opened ranks. The general was then forty-three years of age, stout and robust in appearance, and with a face so singularly pleasant that it seemed to wear a perpetual benediction. As he appeared at the head of each brigade he was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. He passed slowly down the line, carefully inspecting the equipments, clothing, physical condition and soldierly bearing of the troops. He manifested a lively interest in the welfare of the men. His keen eye, glancing rapidly from one to another, seemed to detect the slightest deficiency in outfit. If a hat or blouse were worn and ragged, if a canteen or bayonet were wanting, the fact did not escape his notice, and invariably called forth remark. To one whose shoes had long since seen their best days, he said, pleasantly :

"My man, we shall have to march one of these days, and you must have better shoes than those !"

The soldier, saluting, replied that he had long been trying to get a new pair but without success. The general, turning quickly to his company commander, said :

"Captain, why do you not keep your men better clothed ? You know that you are held responsible for their condition !"

The captain replied, respectfully, that it had been utterly impossible for him to procure from the quartermaster the necessary supplies. The general made a similar inquiry of Colonel Harker, who assured him that no effort had been spared to provide for the needs of the soldiers of his brigade, and promote their efficiency, but his quartermaster had as yet been unable to obtain sufficient clothing and equipments to make good the wear of the long months of hard campaigning through which the troops had just passed. Rising in his stirrups, and speaking in a decisive tone, General Rosecrans said :

"There must be a thorough stirring up of this matter. The men must stir up their captains, the captains must stir up the colonels, the colonels must stir up the generals, the generals must

stir *me* up, and we must all stir up the quartermasters. There is clothing enough in Nashville and the men shall have it!"

The boys wanted to cheer at this, but they feared it might not be the proper thing to do at that moment, and restrained their enthusiasm until the review was over.

Observing one of our new drafted men, who handled his gun very much as he would a hoe, the general said, with a smile:

"Ah! you are a recruit, I see! We ought to have twenty thousand just such men as you!"

Thus he passed in front of each rank, throughout the long line, with a smile and a pleasant, encouraging word for all. The general and his staff made an imposing appearance, with their profusion of brass buttons and gold lace and their well-fed and richly caparisoned horses. There were two or three ladies in the party, who rode skillfully their spirited steeds. Probably their ears did not catch the half whispered compliments which they elicited from the soldiers as they passed.

The inspection—which was so thorough as to occupy more than two hours—being finished, General Rosecrans and his staff took position in the center of the field and the division passed in review, marching in column by companies. The day was clear, the sun shone brightly, a gentle breeze gracefully waved the beautiful banners, and the scene was a most inspiring one. The long column executed the various evolutions with military precision. Ten thousand stalwart soldiers keeping step to the music of the bands; the lines of burnished arms at a "right shoulder shift"—each company successively coming to a "shoulder" when passing the reviewing party—with the bright bayonets shimmering in the sunlight and the national colors floating over all, combined to form a pageant long to be remembered. It seemed like a grand holiday parade, had we not felt that soon the fierce storm of battle would sweep our ranks, and lay low many a gallant form. It was our first review, and our last, until the Fourth corps carried its tattered but victorious banners past the eye of grand old "Pap" Thomas, at Nashville, in 1865, after we had fired our last shot.

We returned to camp about three o'clock and were relieved from further duty that day. As the soldiers broke ranks they appeared to be overcharged with enthusiasm, and there was loud

cheering from one end of the camp to the other. The boys had "inspected" General Rosecrans, and from the very outset he commanded their fullest confidence. "Ain't he a daisy!" "Bully for Old Rosey!" they shouted, in the free-and-easy army vernacular; thus expressing the highest possible compliments. Although General Rosecrans passed into the shadow of an eclipse at Chickamauga, he never forfeited the affection, esteem and confidence of his soldiers.

During the month of December the utmost activity prevailed in all the departments of the army at Nashville, in preparation for the movement against Bragg at Murfreesboro, which all believed was soon to take place. There was much difficulty and delay in the transportation of stores from Louisville, in consequence of the frequent depredations of Morgan's and Wheeler's cavalry along our "cracker-line." By bold dashes they overpowered the guards and destroyed the bridges at Green river and Bacon creek, and the great trestles at Elizabethtown and Muldraugh's hill. Prodigious efforts were made to repair these breaks as soon as possible, and by the 20th the army was fairly supplied with rations, clothing, ammunition and equipage. The organization adopted by General Buell at the opening of the Perryville campaign was perfected, a number being assigned to each brigade and division. The whole was designated the "Fourteenth Army Corps," and divided into the Right Wing, (McCook); Center, (Thomas); and Left Wing, (Crittenden). Our brigade was still in Wood's division, which was part of the Left Wing.

The troops were drilled constantly when not engaged in picket or forage duty. They were required to keep three days' rations constantly in haversacks, and to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Four roll-calls each day were prescribed—at reveille, noon, retreat, and tattoo. There were frequent alarms which called the troops to the colors, at all hours of the day and night. The practice of standing at arms an hour before daylight was resumed during the last two weeks of our stay. The strictest discipline was enforced and nothing was omitted that could contribute to the efficiency of the army. When it moved it was a compact and thoroughly organized body, in vastly better condition than at any previous time in its history.

With its advance, in the last days of December, began its career of success. From that day the Army of the Cumberland never showed its heels to the enemy save at Chickamauga, and this was more than atoned for two months later, by the magnificent sweep up the rugged heights of Missionary Ridge.

While here we had some very spirited foraging expeditions, which are deserving of brief mention. On December 5th the Thirteenth Michigan, five companies of the Sixty-fourth, five of the Sixty-fifth and two guns of the Sixth battery, went eight miles out the Nolensville pike, with fifty wagons. At the crossing of Stone river our advance was arrested by a rebel battery planted on the farther side of the stream. It threw several shells around us, for which we had no use. Fortunately, they did no damage beyond demoralizing some of the recruits. Our guns returned the fire, but it was determined to withdraw, as we did not wish to provoke a fight. Retracing our steps for a mile, we turned off on a by-road and soon found plenty of forage. We loaded the wagons with hay and corn, notwithstanding an attempt by the owner to argue the matter with us. We just "moved the previous question" and it was carried by a tremendous majority, under the parliamentary rules then in force. We marched back to camp in a driving snow-storm, suffering much from the severity of the weather.

On Sunday, the 7th, our entire brigade took a hand in the game, marching at peep of day, in a keen, nipping air. We went to the place where we had bumped against the rebel battery two days before. The guns were still there, as we discovered by the prompt arrival of a shell, which killed two mules and threw the driver of that team into an uncontrollable panic. Although we had a strong force, it was forage and not fighting that we were after, and we prudently took the back track. A mile from the main road we found plenty of plunder, loading all the wagons with grain and hay.

Sunday appeared to be a favorite day with us for foraging. On the 14th we went again, this time with two brigades, an entire battery, and a company of cavalry. We marched eleven miles, forded two very cold streams, hip deep, and halted in a cornfield of forty acres, the ears still being upon the stalks.

Strong pickets were posted, and then three thousand men stacked arms and went into that cornfield.

"Lawd bress me!" said an old darkey, "but I nebber seed de crap in dat field gaddered so quick sence I'se bawn! You Yanks beat de debbil hisse'f!"

And he was about right. They went through that field like a tornado, and in forty minutes loaded a hundred and twenty wagons with not less than three thousand bushels of corn. Just as we had finished our job the Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry dashed up at a gallop. A report had reached camp that we had been attacked by a large force and had more than we could well attend to, and this regiment was sent out to lend a hand. Its services were not required. We returned to camp without molestation.

On the 18th our brigade, with four guns of the Sixth battery, went out beyond the "Hermitage." We loaded the train without seeing or hearing an enemy. We had an extremely fatiguing day, as the distance traveled was twenty-six miles. We were obliged to spend two hours at the crossing of a stream, in tugging at the wagons and yelling at the mules. We did not reach camp till long after dark—drenched and chilled by a cold rain.

Our last expedition of this nature was on Christmas day. It was on a more extended scale than any in which we had previously engaged. Three hundred wagons trailed out the Franklin pike, escorted by three entire brigades, batteries and all—one from each division. Twelve miles from camp we found the rebel pickets, but as we had some eight thousand men we kept right on, brushing them from our front and driving them two miles. There was considerable sharp skirmishing, one of the Fifty-first Indiana being killed and several wounded. At one of the picket posts the "Johnnies" had shown great skill in carving and penciling on the bark of several large trees. A cordial, polite and very neatly written invitation to the "Yanks" to call over and eat a Christmas dinner with them was signed "H. A. Bruce, Co. B, Texas Rangers." We had accepted the invitation, but they were not there to act as hosts, nor was there any banquet spread to tempt our appetites.

After loading our wagons we struck out for camp at a rapid gait. We were far to the front and there was danger that a large force might be sent out to annoy us. The rebel cavalry followed us as closely as they dared, dodging about behind trees and buildings to keep out of range. Late in the evening we reached camp in safety, with all our plunder.

We lost no wagons on any of these trips. Some other brigades were less fortunate, having sometimes a considerable number captured by a dash of the enemy, and driven off or burned.

In these foraging operations the Sixth battery was a conspicuous factor. Its officers and men received many high compliments for the marked efficiency with which they used their guns. While at Nashville the members of the battery were delighted to receive a visit from Colonel Simon Perkins, of Akron, Ohio. The sight of an old familiar face from home was an event of rare occurrence in the army.

During our stay at Nashville a large amount of very poor counterfeit money found its way into the army from the North. Our brigade had a share, and much of it was passed upon negroes and ignorant whites. A few members of the Seventy-third Indiana were bold enough, and foolish enough, to try some of it upon a sutler. They were reported, placed in arrest, court-martialed, and sentenced to forfeiture of a month's pay, to be drummed through camp, and to be confined one year in military prison. The reading of this order on dress-parade, and the spectacle, the next day, of the culprits parading under guard to the tune of the "Rogue's March," had a salutary effect. After that the boys used their counterfeit money only in playing poker, betting enormous sums with utter recklessness.

On the evening of December 12th there was a convivial time at the big tent of Horner, the Sixty-fifth sutler. The occasion was nothing less than a wedding—an exceedingly rare occurrence in camp. The "high contracting parties" were "Dick" and "Sally," two very black contrabands employed by Mr. Horner as man-of-all-work and cook, respectively. The progress of the courtship had been watched by many, and the nuptials caused great sport throughout the entire regiment. Chaplain Burns performed the ceremony. Among the guests were the *elite* of the

colored servants, cooks and scullions of the brigade. Lieutenant-colonel Cassil, Major Whitbeck, Adjutant Massey, Quartermaster Trimble and, in fact, most of the officers, together with Colonel McIlvaine, Captain Robert C. Brown, Captain Neeper and others of the Sixty-fourth, were bidden to the marriage, and lent their dignity and brass buttons to the festive scene. Horner "set 'em up" with a lavish liberality that could scarcely have been expected of a man who had the face to charge ten cents for a piece of cheese about the size and thickness of a postage stamp. A space was cleared in the tent and there was some lively dancing, to the music of two squeaky fiddles. Considerable hilarity prevailed, and the celebration of the happy event was protracted till a late hour. The privilege of kissing the bride was not insisted upon by the chaplain or any of the officers.

One evening General Wood found himself outside the guard line without the countersign. It was rather late when he appeared, with two staff officers, at "beat number two," on which a Sixty-fifth man was diligently pacing to and fro. The guard halted the party with great suddenness. Very strict orders had that day been given the guards by Captain Coulter, of the Sixty-fourth, then acting assistant adjutant general on the staff of Colonel Harker, that no person be permitted to pass the line at night without the countersign. General Wood told the guard who he was, but to no effect. The corporal of the guard was called but he was equally unyielding. They imagined it might be only a trick frequently resorted to by officers to test the faithfulness of sentinels.

The officer of the guard was then summoned. The moon was shining brightly, and he saw distinctly that it was General Wood, but, remembering his orders, he would not allow him to pass the line. The general reasoned, pleaded, and then swore. The officer was inexorable, but finally compromised by proposing to send the party under guard to Colonel Harker's quarters, where, their identity being established, the guard would be permitted to let them go free. This was accepted, as there was no alternative, and the corporal was charged with the duty. As he marched along with fixed bayonet, by the side of his illustrious prisoner, he chuckled to himself, thinking the joke an excellent

one. Of course, as soon as Colonel Harker saw the general, he directed the corporal to return to his post. Although General Wood had exhibited some impatience at the guard line, he dismissed his escort with a kind word, telling him that if he always did his duty as well, he would be a model soldier.

The same night Colonel Shoemaker, of the Thirteenth Michigan, was caught in the same trap. He was unnecessarily violent at the refusal of the sentinel to pass him, and indulged in some very peppery observations about the stupidity of the "d—d guards." Probably he had been out on a "lark," and he was furious at the proposition to go under guard to Colonel Harker's quarters, for that would "give him away;" but when told that General Wood had just been through that experience, he ceased to object.

Two or three nights later, Colonel Harker found himself belated and was marched to brigade headquarters at the point of the bayonet. He was a thorough soldier and gentleman and took it good-humoredly, complimenting the guards in the highest terms.

The officers, field and line, often resorted to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" to test the vigilance and faithfulness of the soldiers in the performance of guard duty. One of them would accost a sentinel with the remark: "You don't carry your gun right; just let me show you how to handle it." The first time this was played upon a guileless youth, the chances were nineteen out of twenty that he would promptly hand his musket to the officer, eager to avail himself of the advice and instruction so kindly proffered. Then, with the piece at a "charge bayonet," the officer would deliver to the terrified soldier a lecture that was generally sufficient to last him "three years or during the war." He was not likely again to commit the heinous offence of putting his musket into the hands of another while on duty.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EXCITING HOLIDAY WEEK.

THE ADVANCE TO MURFREESBORO—THROUGH RAIN AND MUD—BRISK AND FREQUENT SKIRMISHING—THE MUSIC OF BULLETS AND SHELL—OUR BRIGADE LOSES A NUMBER KILLED AND WOUNDED—CAPTAIN NEEPER DISABLED—THE FAMOUS "CORNFIELD SKIRMISH"—A PERILOUS ADVENTURE BY NIGHT—HARKER'S BRIGADE CROSSES STONE RIVER—ADVANCES BOLDLY UPON THE ENEMY—IS RECALLED AND WITHDRAWS IN GOOD ORDER—"SAM" SNIDER AND HIS NOSE.

A FEW years after the war General William T. Sherman gave one of his characteristic "talks"—he never called them speeches—to a large gathering of soldiers, at Caldwell, Ohio. He said:

A great many people are attracted by the gaudy show of a military display. They see the bright uniforms, the burnished arms, and the waving banners, and they think it is a very fine thing to be a soldier. But boys, you know and I know that *war is hell!*

The general used the last word, as I quote it here, without a thought of profanity. The illustration is a strong one, but none too strong for the subject. Indeed, many will agree with the

opinion expressed by one of the Sixty-fifth at Stone River, who, as he came out of that fierce fight with part of one ear gone, a knuckle chipped, and two or three bullet holes through his clothes, but still standing by the colors, remarked to his comrades:

"Boys, that does beat hell!"

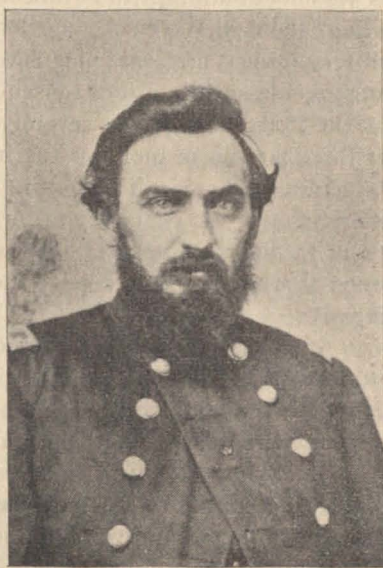
The word "sheol," given in the revised version of the Bible, might, perhaps, in the opinion of some, be better used in these pages. It might do less violence to refined taste, but to the old soldiers it would be tame and meaningless. The Methodist camp-meeting idea of the place of future punishment, with its fire and brimstone, if interpreted in its fullest sense, could hardly go beyond the horrors of such a conflict as that which took place in the cedar forest in front of Murfreesboro. In this and the succeeding chapters we will see the Sherman Brigade go down into the pit, breathing its sulphurous fumes—blistered by its scorching flame!

The first order for the advance came to us at four o'clock on the morning of December 24th. We struck tents, loaded wagons—which we were told would be left behind—and waited, momentarily expecting the tap of the drum, till late in the afternoon. Then we were directed to pitch tents again, and prepare for an early march on Christmas morning. We were ready at daylight, but were soon ordered again to unpack. Instead of waiting in camp, however, we went out with a forage train, as has been told in the preceding chapter. After our return from this expedition we received an order that the army would positively move on the following day—and that night was the last of our stay at Nashville.

Early on the morning of the 26th, drums and bugle sounded through all the camps of Rosecrans's army. In accordance with previous orders the company wagons were loaded and sent to Nashville, where they were parked to await the issue of the impending campaign. But three wagons were permitted to accompany each regiment. The troops began to march at six o'clock. Crittenden's command, the left wing of the army, moved out by the direct road to Murfreesboro. We got off at nine, in a pelting rain. The entire day was sloppy and disagreeable. There was frequent skirmishing in the advance, with now and

then a few artillery shots, that quickened the steps of the soldiers and kept us all in a state of excitement. The probabilities of a battle were freely discussed. It was generally believed that at last there was a fair prospect that we would get into a fight. It was noticeable that those who, when they thought the war was about over, had most loudly expressed their disappointment, because they were not going to see a battle, were now the most quiet.

After frequent halts, on account of the delay of the troops in front, just before dark we filed off the pike into a muddy field near Lavergne. A spirited skirmish had taken place here a few hours before. Several dead horses lay around, and here and there the ground had been torn up by shells. Things began to have a practical look. This appearance was more impressed upon our minds when we were informed that we must be ready to move very early the following day, as Wood's division would have the advance. The mud everywhere was shoe deep, churned by the ceaseless tread of thousands of men



J. H. CRUTHERS, SURGEON,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

and horses. Night, dark and dripping, settled down upon the great bivouac. Forty-five thousand men were there and at Triune, a few miles to the right, gathered around the sputtering fires. In the midst of such a multitude there was little chance to get anything to promote comfort. What little there had been was taken by those first to arrive. We could do nothing except spread our blankets upon the wet ground, choosing the spots where there was the least depth of mud.

Rain drizzled down upon us during the whole night. We slept, however, but arose well soaked, and in a most forlorn condition. The Fifty-first Indiana did the picket duty for the brigade. Coffee and hardtack were soon disposed of and we were ready for orders soon after daylight. An early movement was prevented by a dense fog, so thick at times that objects could not be seen at ten yards distance. The rebels were reported to be in force a mile to the front. There was a prospect of a fight as soon as we should attempt to advance. It looked even more that way when, about nine o'clock, the fog having lifted a little, a rebel battery opened fire, throwing several shells in our midst, with the most reckless disregard of consequences. Captain Samuel Neeper, of the Sixty-fourth, was severely wounded in the knee, and two or three men were more or less injured. Captain Bradley placed a section of the Sixth battery in position and gave the enemy his compliments. A desultory fire was kept up for an hour, with frequent rattling of musketry on the picket line. Wood's division stood at arms, ready to receive the enemy should he take the aggressive.

At noon an advance was ordered. We moved in line of battle by brigades, Hascall's leading, with the Twenty-sixth Ohio and Fifteenth Indiana deployed in a heavy skirmish line. There was constant irregular firing, the rebels stubbornly contesting the ground. They slowly yielded, however, and we at no time receded from our forward movement. The Sixty-fifth Ohio and Seventy-third Indiana were in line to the left of the Murfreesboro pike, and the Sixty-fourth Ohio, Thirteenth Michigan and Fifty-first Indiana on its right. As we approached the little straggling village of Lavergne we were much annoyed by the enemy's riflemen, who were concealed in and around the buildings. A few shells from the Sixth battery gave them to understand that we were on the war-path in earnest. A quick advance by the infantry drove them in confusion. The rebel artillery took advantage of every favorable position to retard our progress. But we did not sit down for half a day whenever a shot was fired, as we did under General Buell. We just kept right on, steadily pressing the enemy. One solid shot, or a shell which fortunately did not explode, struck the ground a few yards in front of the Sixty-fifth,

splashing the mud and water in every direction, which made the boys feel solemn. We advanced during the day about six miles, through miry fields, over hills, across swollen streams, and through dense cedar thickets which showered us with water as we forced our toilsome way through them. Long before we stopped for the night we were wet to the skin and thoroughly fatigued.

Toward evening a change of direction brought Harker's brigade in front. One company from each regiment was thrown out upon the skirmish line. As we emerged suddenly from a thick wood we came upon a squad of some thirty rebel cavalry. They were dismounted, and evidently not expecting us so soon. At sight of our advancing line they sprang into their saddles and were off like the wind. Their movements were hastened by a brisk fire from our skirmishers. In their flight the fugitives bore to our right, and dashed into a piece of woods, almost upon the muskets of Union troops which had but a moment before reached that point. They were all captured, except two or three who escaped through a shower of bullets. Having driven the enemy across Stewart's creek, we bivouacked on the north bank of that stream. A bridge which the retreating rebels had fired was saved by a dash of the Third Kentucky. We had another dismal night, with mud everywhere. The Sixty-fifth was detailed for picket, the right wing relieving the left at midnight. Two deserters came in through our line, and were escorted to brigade headquarters.

The 28th was Sunday. We kept it "holy" to the extent of not advancing to disturb the devotions of the enemy—if they had any. We did nothing except to stand picket and wade around in the mud.

Monday, December 29th, was an exciting day. It was in the evening of that day that we had our famous "cornfield skirmish," which was the tightest place we had yet been in, by long odds, and tested the mettle of the boys in standing fire. The army was up betimes. We formed on the colors at four o'clock—long before daylight—and waited patiently, and courageously, for whatever might turn up. But nothing happened to disturb us, and we stood around, half way to our knees in mud, till nearly noon. A spasmodic fire was kept up on the outposts, but neither party appeared to know just what he wanted to do.

We finally moved out, crossing Stewart's creek without opposition. Trouble had been expected here, and before the passage was attempted, two of our batteries threw over a few shells as "feelers," but elicited no reply. We immediately formed line of battle on either side of the pike, as on our advance from Lavergne. Within half an hour we stirred up the enemy's cavalry. Firing began at once, and continued through the day. The companies on the skirmish line were kept busy, but as scarcely anybody got hurt they thought it great sport. The rebel horsemen took care to keep at a good distance, galloping off whenever we began to get within gunshot. The shooting made a great deal of noise, although it was about as harmless as a Fourth of July fusillade. But our skirmishers blazed away incessantly. We marched over the body of one rebel who had been killed. Shots enough were fired that day to destroy half of Bragg's army. Several times Captain Bradley took a hand in the game. His battery was behind us. When opportunity offered he would unlimber two or three pieces; at the command "Lie down!" we would flatten ourselves upon the ground, and the shells would go screaming over us. The rebels had what we used to call a "jackass battery," which replied feebly from time to time. A large house just off the road was set on fire by one of our shells. It was in flames as we passed it, and was soon burned to the ground. We experienced all the fatigue of line-of-battle marching, tearing through woods and thickets, and fording several streams.

About four o'clock we reached the bank of Stone river, soon to be made historic by one of the great battles of the war. The Confederates were in force on the opposite bank. Their appearance seemed to say that if we advanced farther it would be at our peril. Not long after we halted, General Rosecrans and General Crittenden rode up and took a view of the situation. The enemy occupied a ridge half a mile from the river. A mile beyond lay Murfreesboro. Rosecrans, just at nightfall, acting upon a mistaken rumor that the rebels were evacuating, ordered Crittenden to occupy the town immediately, with one of his divisions. Wood's division was designated for this duty. The movement began at once, ours being the leading brigade.

"Skirmishers—Forward, promptly!" said Colonel Harker and ordered the brigade to follow.

Descending the steep bank to the brink of the stream, we plunged in and waded to the other side, the water being in places thigh deep. By this time darkness was fast enveloping us. Such a movement by night, over unknown ground, against an enemy in position, was one of extreme hazard, and General Wood protested to General Crittenden against its execution. Crittenden, however, refused to suspend a peremptory order which he had received from Rosecrans. An hour later the latter revoked the order and directed the recall of the troops that had crossed.

But in the meantime there had been no hesitation on the part of Colonel Harker and his brigade. Without pausing for an instant to question the expediency of the movement, he had ordered the line to push forward rapidly. Emerging from the river, we plunged into a thicket so dense that it seemed scarcely possible for even an unincumbered man to penetrate it. But we got through, with torn clothes and scratched faces, and entered a large cornfield, in which the dry stalks were still standing. The field led, by a gradual ascent, to the ridge occupied by the enemy. Strangely enough, there was no force at the river to dispute our passage.

There was no firing until we had advanced a considerable distance into the cornfield. Then the rebels opened suddenly with a volley that well-nigh made "each particular hair to stand on end." The bullets whistled around us and pattered viciously upon the cornstalks. The enemy being on high ground, the volley passed mostly over our heads. But the bullets came as close as we cared to have them, and quite close enough to appease, in some measure, our yearning desire for a fight. Our unquenchable zeal ought to have carried us right into Murfreesboro that night, but it didn't. In fact everybody was glad enough when the order to retire reached us. We did not know much about war yet, but it seemed to us that our advance was a mistake.

The boys got out of that cornfield in double-quick time, dashed again through the *chevaux de frise* of briers and brambles, in utter darkness, and plunged into the river. There was no

panic, no disorder. They simply wanted to get away from there and they did so, promptly. During the retreat, part of the Sixty-fifth lapped over in rear of the Thirteenth Michigan. The latter thought we were rebels advancing upon them and turned upon us with their muskets, but fortunately did no damage. The enemy continued a desultory fire until the brigade had recrossed the river.

We did not escape without casualties. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had each three or four men wounded. Two were killed in the Thirteenth Michigan and one in the Fifty-first Indiana. It was hardly less than a miracle that the loss was not tenfold greater. Among the wounded was "Sam" Snider, a lad of sixteen, belonging to Company D, Sixty-fifth, and a universal favorite in the regiment. A bullet, flying transversely across his face, struck his nose and made a bad wreck of that organ. The doctors succeeded in patching it up in good shape, and with their assistance nature repaired the damage so that in a short time he returned to duty, with a nose that was good enough for all practical purposes, if it was not quite as ornamental as before.

It may be remarked here that twenty-five years after the war "Sam" was a member of Congress from Minnesota. At the same time the Sixty-fourth was also represented in Congress, Wilbur F. Sanders, the first adjutant of that regiment, being a United States Senator from Montana.

Through some oversight, Companies B and E of the Sixty-fifth, which had been deployed as skirmishers during this escape, did not receive the order to recross the river, and remained on the rebel side for two or three hours. They could plainly hear the commotion in the enemy's camp, caused by the wholly unexpected demonstration. Regiments were forming in line, and the voices of the officers giving commands could be distinctly heard. All along the line the rebels were busily engaged in throwing up intrenchments, with a great noise of axes and shovels. Major Whitbeck, who commanded the skirmishers, thinking that they had been forgotten, finally sent a messenger to Colonel Harker, informing him of their position and asking whether they should remain. The colonel was greatly surprised to learn these facts.

"Get on my horse," said he to the messenger, "ride as fast

as possible, and tell Major Whitbeck to withdraw instantly, but with extreme caution and silence!" The two companies succeeded in recrossing the river without molestation.

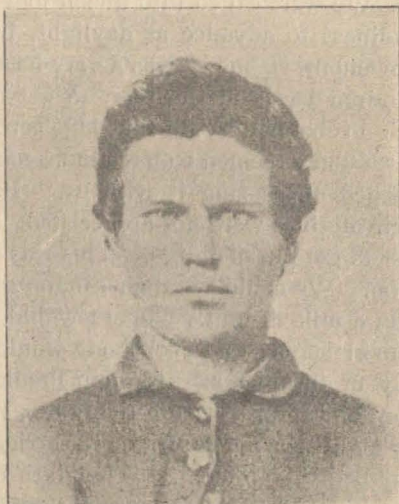
It was a strange thing to attempt such a movement, under the circumstances. Unquestionably the order was far less wise and prudent than its revocation. Had we pressed forward we would have encountered, as we afterward learned, a force greatly superior to Wood's division, and with the river between us and the main army the result would most likely have been disastrous.

Van Horne, the historian of the Army of the Cumberland, says of our adventure in the cornfield—Vol. II, page 224:

General Rosecrans countermanded his own order and recalled the troops to their former position. Even this movement was critical, as Colonel Harker's brigade had crossed Stone river, and had driven Breckinridge's advance upon his main line, and Hascall's brigade and Bradley's battery were in the river, advancing in rear. However, Colonel Harker's adroitness and the veil of darkness secured their withdrawal with only slight loss.

Marching back a few hundred yards from the river we bivouacked for the night in the edge of a cotton field. At last the boys had something to talk about. There were many tales of hair-breadth escapes. Rebel bullets passed within half an inch of the head of every man in the brigade!

As soon as the brigade recrossed the river the Sixty-fourth was ordered on picket, the line stretching along the margin of the stream. The men threw up little barricades of timber, stones and earth. These proved of great service the next day as a pro-



JOHN S. M'KIBBEN,
COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Mortally wounded at Resaca, Ga.,
May 14, 1864.

tection from the enemy's pickets, with whom there was constant skirmishing. During that day the Sixty-fourth suffered a loss of one man killed—Wesley Hetherington, the first death in the regiment from a hostile bullet—and five or six wounded.

We expected to advance or fight, and probably both, on the 30th, but we did neither. The exercises of the previous day had been of such a character that we had made up our minds that after tramping over four states looking for trouble, we were at last going to be accommodated—and we were, but not that day.

We were called into line at four o'clock and directed to be in readiness to advance at daylight, but that was all. The only movement we made was a very hasty change of position, several hundred yards to the rear, to get out of the way of the shells that a rebel battery on the ridge across the river kept throwing at us. They seemed to have more hardware than they wanted and insisted on sharing it with us. But we were well supplied and their motives were not appreciated. So we just "climbed" for the rear to get out of range. This was about the middle of the forenoon. We could see their cannon glistening in the sunlight, less than a mile distant. There would be a puff of smoke and then whizz! boom! and everybody would be dodging to get out of the way of the pieces. Captain Bradley brought his battery to the front and replied with a lively fire, which soon silenced the enemy's guns. One of Bradley's carriages was struck by a solid shot and badly splintered. The Sixth battery men stood bravely to their work. It was clear that they could be depended upon.

The firing was kept up all day at intervals, not only in our front but at other points on the line. Our pickets, posted along the river bank, were almost constantly exchanging compliments with the rebel outposts.

During the afternoon several pigs wandered within the lines of the Sixty-fifth. They were surrounded and bayoneted without mercy. Our meat rations were running short, and the presence of the enemy did not prevent the boys from looking out for their stomachs. Colonel Cassil viewed the slaughter with complacency. He didn't make any fuss about it, and partook of a spare-rib with evident enjoyment.

Just at dusk we drew rations. The Sixty-fifth was ordered

to report forthwith for picket duty, to relieve the Sixty-fourth. As we moved to the river bank the batteries on both sides opened with a tremendous fire. The roar was terrific, but it was mostly noise, only three or four men in our brigade being wounded by fragments of shell. Captain Bradley had all of his six guns going. He paid strict attention to the rebel battery on the ridge, which had suddenly become very active. We took our positions for the night along the bank, behind the little breastworks which had been thrown up by the Sixty-fourth. The night was comparatively quiet, but we had no sleep save an occasional "cat-nap" when on the reserve.

The remainder of the brigade bivouacked in line of battle, as did both armies, the hostile lines being but six hundred yards apart. It was generally known, even among the soldiers, that the mighty grapple of Rosecrans and Bragg would take place on the morrow. By a singular coincidence, each commander had determined to take the offensive at dawn of the 31st, and both had decided upon the same plan of battle—that is, each was to assail the other's right flank. Rosecrans directed the left wing, under Crittenden, to cross Stone river, attack Breckinridge, commanding the Confederate right, drive him from his position covering Murfreesboro, sweep through the town, enfilade Bragg's main line with artillery, and obtain possession of the roads in the Confederate rear. Meanwhile the right, McCook, and the center, Thomas, were to engage the enemy vigorously in their front and prevent the sending of reinforcements to Breckinridge. All this looked very feasible, on paper, but circumstances which we could not control interfered very materially with the carrying out of the well arranged program. Bragg's plan was to mass, during the night, a heavy column and at daylight hurl it upon the Union right, sweep the line and seize the Nashville turnpike, Rosecrans's avenue of retreat in case of disaster.

There was little sleep that night. Thoughts were intent upon the coming day and what it would bring forth. Who would go down before the storm of battle? Who would escape the deadly missiles? Little wonder that mirth and jest were hushed, and thoughts of home and loved ones filled the hearts of the soldiers. Twenty-four hours later three thousand men lay dead

upon that bloody field of strife, and fifteen thousand more were pierced and mangled by bullet and shell! After twelve months in the field, we were at last fronting the embattled lines of the foe. On that Wednesday, the last day of the year 1862, the men of the Sherman Brigade were to prove of what stuff they were made.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FIRST DAY OF STONE RIVER.

THE MEMBERS OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE SHOW THEIR METTLE—WE “GATHER AT THE RIVER” TO CROSS AND ASSAIL THE ENEMY—BRAGG STRIKES FIRST, A MIGHTY BLOW—THE UNION RIGHT BROKEN—WE ARE ORDERED TO ITS ASSISTANCE—AWAY AT DOUBLE-QUICK—A SCENE OF WILD CHAOS—“INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL”—FIERCE AND DESPERATE FIGHTING—COMRADES FALL BY SCORES—BOTH FLANKS ENVELOPED—HARKER’S BRIGADE FALLS BACK—RALLIES AND RENEWS THE FIGHT—TWO GUNS OF THE BATTERY CAPTURED AND QUICKLY RETAKEN—THE REBELS HURLED BACK—OUR SADLY DECIMATED RANKS GATHER ABOUT THE COLORS.

LONG before daylight, officers and orderly sergeants moved quietly along the line and aroused the soldiers. There was no sound of drum or bugle, as the men seized their muskets and took their places in the ranks. For an hour they stood waiting and watching for the dawn. Each man had forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge box and forty more in his pockets, a haversack well filled with rations, and a canteen

of water. Nearly all had blankets, but thousands of these were flung away during the day. The confronting lines were about three miles in length. Stone river, by a sharp bend, cut the Confederate line, so that the main body of the rebel army was on the same side as our own. At the extreme Union left the river flowed between us and the enemy under Breckinridge.

In accordance with the orders of General Rosecrans, Van Cleve's division crossed Stone river at the lower ford and moved in battle array to assail the Confederate right. Our division (Wood's) was to cross at the upper ford, connect with Van Cleve's right, and join in the attack. Wood's leading brigade (Hascall's) was already in the stream and ours (Harker's) was at the brink prepared to follow. No opposition had been encountered, and thus far all was working well. As the sun rose we could plainly see the glistening guns of a rebel battery posted on high ground half a mile from the river, but up to this time they had given no sound.

Now the storm burst with the greatest fury upon the Union right, under McCook. In furtherance of his plan, Bragg had massed at that point two-fifths of his army, and a sudden and most impetuous assault threw McCook's flank into immediate confusion. His position was faulty and the consequences well nigh proved fatal. Many of the troops were not in line but were at breakfast, while the horses of some of the batteries were not even harnessed. Johnson's division, the extreme right, was swept in disorder from the field, after a brief resistance, losing nearly all of its artillery. Davis's division, next in line, was also disrupted and streamed to the rear, a mass of broken battalions. Next was the division of "Phil" Sheridan, and that officer and his men, breasting the tide with superb heroism, checked the onward rush of the enemy and gave priceless moments for General Rosecrans to make the new dispositions demanded by the unexpected onslaught of the Confederates. It is not my province to write a history of the battle, but only of our part in it. I have said thus much to recall the alarming aspect of affairs at the time a staff officer dashed up on a mad gallop and delivered an order suspending our movement across the river, and recalling the division of Van Cleve.

"Attention—Battalion!" and away we went at double-quick

toward the cedar thicket upon the right, whence came the unceasing roar of battle. Immediate succor was needed, and Harker's brigade—soon followed by others—was ordered to the point where the stress was greatest. Just as we started from the river bank the rebel battery, of which mention has been made, opened upon us with shell. One of these missiles struck Company B, of the Sixty-fifth, and burst, killing Joseph Bull—the first man of the Sixty-fifth to fall in battle—and wounding several others. Our rapid movement soon carried us out of range.

On and on we went, at the greatest possible speed. Every man was in his place, his nerves wrought up to the highest tension, and none thought of weariness. We passed through a large space of open ground, which presented a scene of the wildest excitement and chaos that can be conceived. Demoralized stragglers from the right wing were seeking safety at the rear, while officers, mounted and on foot, shouting and cursing, were endeavoring to stay the tide of panic; teamsters, in a delirium of fright, lashed their mules into a furious gallop, as they sought to reach the pike with ammunition, supply and baggage wagons; bodies of troops were hurrying forward to meet the advancing and exultant foe; generals and staff officers gathered here and there giving their orders; while shouts and yells and the braying of mules filled the air with a hideous din. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

Through this mass of frenzied men and animals we threaded our way, still on the double-quick. We saw many wounded making their way to the rear, unaided, or borne upon stretchers, or in ambulances. This was indeed war; the crucial test was before us. Every man clutched his musket with a tighter grip and nerved himself to face the storm, already so near that we could feel its fiery breath. There was no sign of flinching, and yet I may safely say that we hardly felt that raging desire to plunge into the blazing vortex of death, which had so often found expression on our weary marches and around the camp-fires, during the previous year. But the truly brave man is he who realizes the danger and willingly faces it at the call of duty.

Still on, and a shell from a rebel battery bursts above us and the fragments hurtle around us. The droning buzz of spent

bullets is heard. We hastily form in line of battle, connecting with the right of a brigade of Van Cleve's division. "Forward!" and the line moves steadily on. Two hundred yards in advance of us are Union troops fiercely engaged, whom we are ordered to support. The need is not immediate and we are directed to lie down. For a long time, as it seems to us—probably about twenty minutes—we remain prone upon the earth awaiting the issue. A staff officer dashes up to Colonel Harker and points toward the right. The rebels have overlapped the Union line and disaster is imminent.

Instantly each regiment receives the command: "Battalion—Rise up!" We face to the right and dash off upon the run. Farther and farther we go until a line of rebels is descried advancing toward us. We halt, face to the front, and move forward in battle array to meet the foe. The Seventy-third Indiana, Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio are in the first line, supported by the Fifty-first Indiana and Thirteenth Michigan. The Sixth Ohio battery is upon the right of the Sixty-fifth. Two companies from each regiment in front are deployed as skirmishers. Five minutes, and they engage those of the enemy.

Now we are at the edge of the storm. Hissing bullets strike in our ranks and one and then another is stricken down, dead or wounded, Lieutenant Pealer, of Company A, Sixty-fifth, being one of the first to fall, grievously wounded in the thigh. We cannot pause to give them aid; our duty is—yonder. More thickly come the bullets, and soon a dozen, twenty, are stretched



STEPHEN A. M'COLLUM,
ADJUTANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

upon the ground. We glance sorrowfully at the sufferers, nor can we repress a shudder as a comrade falls at our side, but we move steadily forward. The skirmishers are withdrawn; the hostile lines are separated by a distance of but two hundred yards.

At last we are face to face with the foe. "Commence firing!" and "Fire at will!" are the orders in quick succession. The enemy delivers a volley and at once the fighting becomes fierce. Officers and men are killed or wounded by scores. In the Sixty-fourth Captain Sweet, of Company K, falls in immediate death. In the Sixty-fifth Captain Christofel, of Company I, receives a fatal wound; Adjutant Massey is thrice hit and mortally hurt; Lieutenant Vankirk, of Company G, is struck squarely in the forehead and falls dead; Lieutenant-colonel Cassil is disabled by his horse, which is shot, falling upon him; Major Whitbeck, upon whom devolves the command of the regiment, is pierced through the shoulder but pluckily refuses to quit the field. The courage and steadiness of the men are above praise. The ground about them is thickly strewn with the dead and dying, but with ceaseless vigor hands fly to cartridge boxes, bullets are rammed home, and muskets blaze defiance to the enemy.

A short distance to our right the Sixth battery is hotly engaged with the rebel artillery, posted at the left of the hostile line. Four guns, embracing the right and center sections, commanded respectively by Lieutenant Oliver H. P. Ayres and First Sergeant George W. Smetts, face directly to the front. The left section, Lieutenant Baldwin, which had been ordered to swing over and go into position a hundred yards to the right and rear, is in a furious duel with two or three Confederate guns which occupy an advanced position on the extreme flank. Baldwin's rapid and well-directed fire silences the guns of the enemy and the section moves quickly up to the line of the battery, taking post at the right of a small building which intervenes between these two pieces and the four others of the battery. Captain Bradley, cool and collected, directs with judgment and deliberation the fire of his guns. Officers and men stand gallantly to their work, serving their pieces with tireless energy. Men and horses are struck, but not for an instant does the firing slacken.

At length the brigade of Van Cleve's division upon our left,

gives way before a charge of the enemy and falls back. By its recession our brigade, which is the extreme right of the line, is seriously compromised, both its flanks being now exposed. Following hard after the retreating troops of Van Cleve, the rebels are swiftly advancing. In a few minutes we will be enveloped. To remain would be fatal and we are ordered to retire. We do so, rapidly, for two hundred yards, but rally behind the partial cover of a cedar fence, and again send our deadly greeting to the enemy.

Before the break in the infantry line, the Fifty-first Indiana had shifted to the right to support the Sixth battery. "Stick to them," shouts Colonel Streight, "the Fifty-first will see you through!" But when the infantry falls back it would be folly for the battery to "stick" longer. An order from Colonel Harker directs its retirement. The rebels are advancing with loud yells and the need of haste is urgent. Every instant of delay increases the imminence of the peril. Quickly the sections of Ayres and Smetts are limbered up and go whirling back nearly to the line of the fence behind which the infantry has rallied. Here the four pieces are unlimbered and again blaze defiance at the foe. Baldwin's section, separated from the others as before mentioned, does not, in the confusion, receive the order to fall back, and so intent are the men upon their work that they are ignorant of the movement to the rear. The section receives a galling fire of both infantry and artillery. Two horses of Sergeant Stewart Miller's piece are killed by a cannon ball, and driver William Corey has an arm torn off. The guns are in the greatest jeopardy, for the exultant rebels are charging toward them. Just in time, the dead and wounded horses are cut loose and the section dashes to the rear. As it reaches a depression in the ground the Confederates deliver a volley from their muskets. The bullets whiz over the heads of Baldwin's men, but strike with deadly effect the two sections which had first retired. Sergeant George W. Howard and Private Samuel M. Scott fall in death, and a number of others are wounded. Horses go down on every hand.

After a brief but fierce struggle at the fence we are again flanked upon the left and our decimated line is torn by a biting enfilading fire. There is no alternative and again we fall back,

with the advancing rebels at our heels. We come upon the Twenty-seventh and Fifty-first Illinois regiments, of Sheridan's division, lying in line. They have been sent to our aid. As soon as we have passed over them they rise, deliver a volley, and charge with fixed bayonets. Before that charge the Confederates recoil, turn about and scamper back to their own lines. Our fighting for the day is ended.

The infantry having yielded its position, the battery can no longer hold its place, and "Limber to the rear!" is again the order. It is executed with desperate haste. Two of the guns—one each in the sections of Ayres and Smetts—have lost eleven of their twelve horses. The four other guns of the battery dash away, but the rebels are close at hand, there is no chance to attach the prolongs, and the two pieces are abandoned. But they have been rendered harmless, for they have been spiked by Corporal David H. Evans. With exultant shouts the rebels take possession of the two guns. Not long do they hold their prize. The Thirteenth Michigan is lying among the rocks, a short distance to the rear. Colonel Shoemaker orders the Thirteenth to charge. Almost in a moment it snatches the guns from their captors, the prolongs are attached, and they are dragged back amidst a tempest of cheers. The battery takes up a new position near the pike. The rebels run out a battery which opens from a distance of four hundred yards. Colonel Harker directs Captain Bradley to "smash that battery." The men spring to their pieces and a few well-aimed shells send the rebel guns galloping to the rear.

We re-formed our broken lines; but how much shorter they were than in the morning! There were many vacant places in the ranks. In the Sixty-fifth but five officers remained unhurt out of sixteen who went into the battle. For the time, the regiment was organized into a battalion of four companies. The enemy made no further demonstration in our front. We stacked arms, and details were sent to bring in as many of our wounded as could be found. Those who were not wholly disabled had made their way to the hospitals. The greater part of our loss was incurred at our first position, and when we fell back we were reluctantly compelled to leave behind those who were so severely

wounded as to be helpless. They fell into the hands of the rebels, and after the latter had been driven back they were between the lines. Every one who could be reached was brought back, but many lay upon the ground, without surgical aid, through all the long and bitterly cold night that followed. They and many hundreds of other wounded suffered unspeakable agonies.

That night at a council of General Rosecrans with his subordinate commanders, a few timorous ones advised a retreat to Nashville.

"Gentlemen," said Rosecrans, "we fight or die right here!"

Before dawn he had readjusted his lines, which were so rudely broken the day before by the blows of his impetuous adversary; confidence was restored, and he was fully prepared to meet the enemy, should the latter again assail him. During the battle of Wednesday, Rosecrans gave abundant evidence of his high personal courage. He rode along the lines in the thickest of the fight, cheering and encouraging his hard-pressed soldiers. While galloping across a field, with his chief of staff by his side, the latter, Colonel Garesche, was instantly killed, a cannon ball taking off his head.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DAYS OF DANGER, NIGHTS OF WAKING."

A NIGHT MARCH ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD—HARKER'S BRIGADE RETURNS TO THE LEFT WING—THE REBELS MAKE A STRONG "BLUFF" BUT ARE DRIVEN BACK—HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRING—THE SIXTH BATTERY ON THE PICKET LINE—IT GETS INTO A TIGHT PLACE—FIRED ON FROM FRONT AND REAR—BUCKETFULS OF GRAPE FROM A CHICAGO BATTERY—THE SIXTY-FOURTH CATCHES SOME OF IT—PART OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH ADVANCES FROM THE OUTPOSTS—FRIDAY'S FIGHT ON THE LEFT—WE CROSS AND RE-CROSS THE RIVER—"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW"—BURYING THE DEAD—OUR HEAVY LOSSES.

DURING the night—it was a sad New Year eve—we returned to our proper place in Crittenden's left wing. The ground was covered with a heavy white frost, which creaked under our feet as we marched across the battlefield, among the stiffened, lifeless forms of the dead. We went into position just west of the Nashville railroad, and rested till an hour before daybreak, when we were aroused to stand at arms. Sleep was scarcely possible. Chilled and benumbed by the keen, frosty air we were compelled to move about to keep the blood flowing in our veins. Soon after dawn we made a little coffee and ate a hasty breakfast, ready to instantly grasp our arms in case of need.

Bragg evidently thought that Rosecrans ought to know that he was whipped, and retreat. About eight o'clock a heavy rebel force advanced in our front, probably to find out whether there was any fight left in the Union army. The long line was in plain view, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile, moving forward in battle array. The Sixth Ohio and two or three other batteries at once opened a tremendous fire. General Rosecrans rode up and dashed here and there, shouting, "Pour it into them boys! Pour it into them!" The rebels were soon satisfied that our pugnacity was not all gone and they gave it up, the whole line retiring in haste out of range.

Throughout the remainder of the day the armies, weary and sore from the buffetings of the previous day, lay comparatively inactive. Neither was disposed to resume the offensive, though each made every preparation to receive an attack. There was constant firing between the pickets; and sharpshooters, on both sides, with their long-range rifles, made themselves particularly obnoxious.

At noon the Sixth battery was stationed in an advanced position, facing what was known as the "round woods," where it remained during the night, with guns shotted. Captain Baldwin says: "It fell to the writer to be on duty from midnight until three o'clock in the morning. The night was cloudy and dark. About two o'clock cries were heard near our immediate front, asking for help and calling for a cup of water. Corporal Kimberk was directed to take a canteen of water and try to reach the wounded soldier. He had not proceeded more than twenty-five yards when bang! went a gun and the whizzing bullet struck a gun-tire within two feet of the writer. Corporal Kimberk returned and said if that fellow, whether friend or foe, needed any help, some one else might go, for he believed it was a plot on the part of the rebel pickets to make a widow up north, and he was not going to be the man to risk himself on that kind of a game. To stand picket with a battery was something new to us. But here we were, without a solitary infantryman between our lines and the enemy. Consequently we had to exercise extraordinary vigilance. If an attack had taken place there was nothing to meet it but the guns of the battery. Fortunately, the night passed without any movement by the enemy."

Friday morning, January 2nd, half of the Sixty-fifth was ordered on picket. As we relieved those who had been on duty during the night, six or eight pieces of artillery on the other side opened upon us a furious fire. At the outposts were V-shaped piles of rails, which had been laid by our predecessors for a shelter from musketry. Two or three of these were struck by shells and knocked into kindling wood. Several of our men were wounded, but none were killed.

As soon as the rebel guns opened, the Sixth Ohio battery, which had moved to a knoll just in rear of the main line of our brigade, responded with the greatest spirit. For an hour the firing was terrific. We, upon the outposts, flattened ourselves out as thin as possible upon the ground, while the screaming missiles passed both ways directly over our heads. For the time the deafening roar almost deprived us of our senses. The Eighth Indiana battery, which had been firing from the right of the Sixth Ohio, suffered so severely from the rebel "hardware" that it limbered up and galloped to the rear. The Sixth Ohio held its ground bravely. Every man stood to the guns, the steady, rapid fire of which was very effective.

At this time the Chicago Board of Trade battery was ordered up from the rear to engage the enemy. By a strange mistake, its commander, believing the Sixth Ohio to be a rebel battery, halted at a distance of three or four hundred yards, and opened upon it with grape. Before the firing could be stopped the blunderers had killed a number of horses and wounded several men of the Sixth, including Lieutenant Ayres. Captain Bradley was naturally thrown into a paroxysm of excitement and indignation. He thought he could hold his own with any of the rebel gunners, but to be sandwiched between two batteries, firing upon him from front and rear, made things a little too warm for comfort. Lieutenant Baldwin was ordered to proceed to the Chicago battery and stop its firing. Springing upon his horse, he had passed over about half the distance when the Chicago gunners let fly again. By this discharge his horse was killed, but Baldwin, who was uninjured, took the double-quick on foot, reached the battery, and by the use of very vigorous English brought the Chicago people to their senses. The Sixth battery stayed there, and its fire completely silenced the rebel guns. The Sixty-fourth Ohio, which

was supporting the Sixth, also suffered from the ill-judged fire of the Chicago artillerists.

In the afternoon, part of the Sixty-fifth—under the command of Captain Brown, of Company H, and Captain Matthias, of Company K—was personally directed by Colonel Harker to advance from the outposts, charge the rebel pickets and drive them out of a thick grove, from which their fire was exceedingly annoying. We swept over the ground and occupied the grove, the rebels taking to their heels upon our approach. We suffered from their fire, one man of Company H being killed and six or eight in that and other companies wounded. We advanced as far as the spot that had been occupied by the rebel battery with which the Sixth Ohio was so severely engaged in the forenoon. Two exploded caissons and more than a dozen dead horses attested the efficacy of Captain Bradley's fire.

The same afternoon there was more hard fighting on the extreme left. It was not a general engagement. General Rosecrans had returned to his original plan of moving against the Confederate right, and to that end threw a strong force across Stone river. Bragg ordered Breckinridge to dislodge it, and the latter, with his division, attacked savagely. Major Mendenhall, General Crittenden's chief of artillery, hastily drew together ten batteries—fifty-eight guns in all—and posted them on high ground upon the west bank of the river. These guns completely enfiladed the lines of Breckinridge, and their fire, tremendous in volume, was most destructive. The rebels were driven back in confusion, with a loss of seventeen hundred men. The Sixth Ohio was conspicuous in this artillery firing for the rapid manner in which its guns were served. The ardor of its officers and men was illustrated by an incident. General Rosecrans rode up and asked:

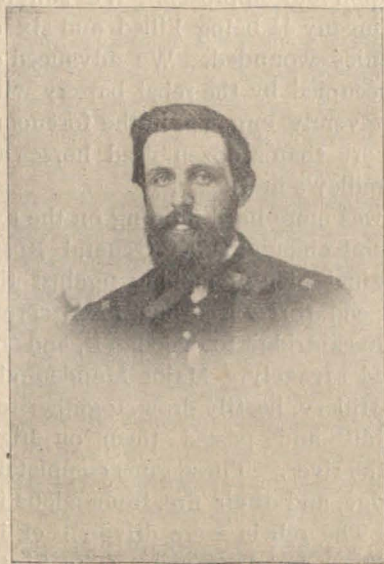
"What battery is this?"

"The Sixth Ohio, sir!" said Captain Bradley, saluting.

"Well, be a little more deliberate and take good aim. Don't fire so d—d fast!"

It was determined to hold the position on the east bank of the river and Crittenden's entire corps was ordered to that side. We crossed in the evening, advanced to a position upon high ground, and threw up intrenchments of rails, logs, stones and

earth. By this time our rations were completely exhausted. For three days we had lived upon what we had in our haversacks when we went into the battle on Wednesday morning. Many of the men had, in one way or another, lost their haversacks during the fighting, and those who had clung to their supplies divided their scanty store with those who had none. While working upon the intrenchments that night, we received the welcome intelligence that a supply train had arrived from Nashville,



SAMUEL L. BOWLBY,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

and we were directed to send details across the river for hardtack, bacon and coffee. The detachments returned about midnight. The conditions were such that no fires could be permitted, and we appeased our ravenous appetites with crackers and raw bacon. We were thankful to be able to do even that.

Saturday, January 3rd, was cold, rainy and wretchedly disagreeable, as we were entirely without shelter. The armies did little to disturb each other, although a continual fire was kept up along the picket lines. As a matter of fact, Bragg, finding that Rose-

crans had no intention of retreating, had concluded to do so himself, and all day Saturday was immersed in the work of preparation for the exodus of his army, sending off by railroad his sick and wounded, and surplus stores and munitions. He kept up a brave show at the front, and his retreat was not suspected, until it was disclosed by the dawn of Sunday.

During Saturday night the river rose rapidly, in consequence of copious rains. Not knowing that the rebels were then getting away as fast as they could, General Rosecrans feared that the

safety of his army would be jeopardized, should the river become unfordable, with Crittenden's corps thus separated from the main body. So, at midnight we were ordered to recross, which we did, in the storm and darkness, by fording, the water in places reaching to our hips. We marched a short distance from the river, stacked arms, and were permitted to rest till daylight.

The news that the rebels admitted themselves beaten and had gone to look for another place to fight, spread with lightning rapidity through the Union army. All that Sunday morning the woods were vocal with shouts and cheers. As appropriate to the day, somebody in the Sixty-fourth started to sing:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

The whole regiment caught up the music, and never were the stately strains of "Old Hundred" sung with greater effect. The doxology ran through the entire brigade and spread to others. I know not when or where it stopped.

Soon after breakfast we marched to a spot near the scene of our engagement on Wednesday, and large details, with picks and shovels, were sent from each regiment to bury its dead. It was done in this way in order that the bodies, which had lain for four days, might be identified. It was a mournful duty to gather up the mangled remains of loved comrades and messmates, with whom we had marched so many weary miles, and whose companionship we had enjoyed around so many camp-fires. Those were not unmanly tears that moistened the eyes of the men engaged in this sad task. For the dead of each regiment a long trench, seven feet wide was dug, and the bodies, each tenderly wrapped in a blanket, were laid in side by side and covered from sight. At the head of each was placed a bit of board—a piece of a cracker or ammunition box—with the name and regiment of the soldier marked upon it. No shaft of polished marble was ever reared with more genuine affection than that which found expression in those rude boards above the remains of our heroic and cherished dead.

We found the body of Captain Christofel in the posture in which he had died—sitting upon the ground, with his back against a tree. He appeared so natural that it was difficult, for a moment, to believe that he was dead. A musket ball had passed through his leg, evidently severing an artery. He had tied his

suspenders around the limb, in an effort to stanch the flow of blood. It was without avail, and there, with none to minister to him in his extremity, the life of that pure-minded patriot ebbed away!

Among the dead of Company B, Sixty-fifth, was Morris Johnston. An examination of his body showed that he had been shot through the shoulder, leg and head, and had three bayonet wounds in the abdomen. He was one of the bravest of the brave, but excitable, and his hatred of the rebels was most bitter. Beyond question, he received the bayonet thrusts while lying wounded, when the enemy passed the spot, closely following us as we fell back. Johnston's comrades, knowing his disposition, believe that after he was disabled by the wounds in leg and shoulder, and could not retreat with the fragment of his company, he continued to fire upon the rebels as they came on with mad yells, determined to sell his life dearly, and that he was then shot in the head and bayoneted. The circumstances indicate that such was the case.

The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth went into this battle with less than four hundred men each. The Sixty-fourth lost one officer killed and five wounded; twenty-six enlisted men killed and sixty-two wounded—total, ninety-four. Captain Joseph B. Sweet, who was killed, was a trained soldier, having served some years in the regular army, and was a most worthy and efficient officer.

The casualties in the Sixty-fifth were: Killed, two officers and thirty-eight enlisted men; wounded, nine officers (one mortally) and one hundred and six men; missing, nineteen—total, one hundred and seventy-four. Company B lost in killed and wounded thirty-four out of forty-three engaged.

Of Captain Jacob Christofel I have heretofore spoken. Although not a "military" man, he was greatly beloved for his quaint humor and engaging manners, and his death was deeply lamented. Adjutant William H. Massey was for some months sergeant-major of the Sixty-fourth. His soldierly bearing and business capacity were so much admired by Colonel Harker that, at the latter's request, he was promoted to lieutenant, transferred to the Sixty-fifth, and appointed adjutant, succeeding Lieutenant David G. Swaim. Although the transfer of officers was not usually regarded with favor, the case of Massey was an exception.

He was in all respects a model officer and his death—which occurred April 7th, 1863, at his home in Cleveland—was a personal bereavement to every officer and man in the regiment, as well as to those of the Sixty-fourth. We thank the Sixty-fourth for having given him to us. On the day that he received his mortal wounds his commission as first lieutenant was issued at Columbus. Lieutenant Dolsen Vankirk, of Company G, who fell in instant death, was a young officer of bright promise, brave and faithful to every duty. Some time later, his remains were exhumed and removed to the home of his widowed mother at Sandusky, Ohio.

Of the wounded of both regiments, more than a quarter died of their wounds. The battle of Stone River cost the Sherman Brigade the lives of one hundred and twenty men, out of eight hundred and fifty engaged. Among them were many of the bravest and best non-commissioned officers and privates.

The Sixty-fourth was commanded throughout the action by Lieutenant-colonel Alexander McIlvaine; the Sixty-fifth by Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Cassil, until he was disabled, when he was succeeded by Major Horatio N. Whitbeck. The latter, though wounded, continued to command the regiment until the evacuation of Murfreesboro told that the struggle was ended.

A striking illustration of faithful, patriotic devotion to duty is afforded by the sad case of Martin Bowser, Company C, Sixty-fourth. When the regiment left Nashville to enter upon the Stone river campaign, Bowser was so ill as to be unfit for duty. Eager to share the fortunes of his comrades, he objected to being sent to a hospital, declaring that he would march with the company, if his knapsack could be carried on one of the wagons. Permission for this was given, and Bowser took his place in the ranks and kept it, on the march and through the terrible battle of December 31st, doing his duty with splendid courage. During the long, cold night that followed he was without a blanket. After the brigade changed its position to the left, and the troops were permitted to rest, Corporal William H. Farber and George W. Stewart shared their blankets with him. He lay between them, one blanket being spread upon the frosty ground, while the other barely sufficed to cover the three. A few hours later, when the soldiers were aroused to stand at arms, Farber and Stewart tried to awaken their comrade, but there was no response. Bowser was dead!

The Pioneer brigade, commanded by General St. Clair Morton—in which the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had each one officer and twenty men—performed during the campaign and battle much service that was as valuable as it was arduous and full of hazard. For two or three days before the battle it was engaged in cutting roads, building bridges, etc., to assist the army in getting into position. Much of this work was done under the fire of the enemy's cavalry and skirmishers. During the engage-

ment the stress was so great and the need for troops so urgent that the Pioneer brigade was called in as regular infantry. It fought gallantly, near the center of the Union line, losing heavily in killed and wounded. Those who belonged to that organization may well be proud of its part in the campaign.



JOSEPH CROW,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

The quartermasters, commissaries, and ordnance officers, and those under their command, having charge of the supply and ammunition trains, had an exceedingly lively time of it during the battle. Several times the trains were attacked by the rebel troop-

ers, who made the most desperate attempts to capture or destroy them. Although the teamsters were non-combatants, many of them showed that they had the purest article of grit, procuring muskets and fighting valiantly to drive off the hostile cavalry. The trains were hurried from one point to another, where the danger seemed to be least. A large number of wagons were taken by the enemy during the chaos of the 31st. It was found, however, that Rosecrans had enough ammunition left to fight another battle. Trains loaded with supplies of all kinds were

hurried forward from Nashville, convoyed by strong bodies of cavalry and infantry. During those eventful days and nights the quartermasters and commissaries had all the business they could attend to—and a little more.

Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, writes as follows; "On the evening of December 31st the writer was temporarily laid up for repairs, having carelessly exposed his shin bone to stop a rebel bullet. The restraint thereby imposed suggested the idea of organizing a bureau of information under a tent-fly where I reposed. A bright, active, but unlettered darkey, known by the name of Sam, who had heretofore acted as hostler, was at this stage of the rebellion promoted to the rank of reporter. The events of that day will never all be told, but by the aid of Sam I will try to rescue one or two of them from oblivion.

"A large plantation mansion, just north of the Murfreesboro pike, had been selected to receive the wounded from a part of that bloody field. Something like two thousand victims were promiscuously laid in and around the place during the day and following night, quite a large number of whom were mortally wounded. On the slope of an elevation southwest of the river were deposited, on the succeeding morning, those who had died during the night. This feature of the scene attracted Sam's attention. He reported to me that the number awaiting burial was frightful. I told him to count them. He replied that he had never learned to count so many. I sent him back with directions to cut a notch on a stick for each one. On his return this novel roll had thirty-five notches. The dead after this were removed at night, doubtless to prevent the injurious effect upon their comrades. The second morning the number had increased to over sixty, according to Sam's computation. On the third day he returned with the declaration that such a death rate must soon bring the war to a close. On footing up his sticks I found that one hundred and thirty-five had paid the last installment of the nation's demand. The interment on the third day suspended the darkey's census. In the meantime he kept me pretty well posted on the situation at the front, where almost hourly encounters occurred until January 4th.

"A few yards from me, in another apartment of this field

hospital, lay a remarkably bright Kentucky lad, who had been dangerously wounded. His history brought out the fact that he had run away from home to join our army, while many of his relatives were in the rebel service. For several days the poor fellow's voice kept ringing in our ears—sometimes bemoaning his absence from his command, at others cheering on his comrades in some contest, his fevered brain stimulating his imagination. Sometimes his clear, ringing voice would break out in the cheering strains: 'We'll rally round the flag, boys,' or 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long.' In his more composed intervals his voice would sink to its lowest key, in framing messages he expected to send home in a few days. The fortunes of war had brought this boy's uncle, who was a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate army, a wounded prisoner into this same hospital, and on hearing of the condition and location of his nephew, he paid him a visit soon after. The surgeon who related to me the interview said it was the most touching incident he had ever witnessed. The uncle was not seriously hurt, but he saw at a glance that the boy's fevered dreams would never be realized. He tried to give his uncle a cordial greeting, but his strength would not permit.

"After a moment he said, 'Uncle George, how are you!'

"The colonel answered the question, and added, 'How are you, Frank?'

"'Oh, I'm all right, or will be in a few days!'

"Frank inquired if his uncle was going home soon, and was told that he expected to. He asked the boy what word he would like to send. With a brightening eye and clearer voice he exclaimed:

"'Tell them I'm glad I enlisted. Tell them I'm on the right side, and sha'n't come home till the war is over. Tell Jennie and the rest of them that I follow the old flag.'"

"Then taking the cloth used to moisten and cool his parched lips, he waved it with his trembling hand, while he tried to sing 'Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue.' Seeing his uncle about to leave he beckoned him back and whispered, 'Uncle George, ain't I right?' Whether Uncle George carried that message back to his Kentucky home or not, matters not so much to

me as the assurance I feel that when the celestial messenger comes to gather the sacred dust of the four hundred who sleep in those rude trenches, that young hero will be invested with habiliments which will be outranked by none other."

The following are the official changes, from all causes, which occurred in the organizations of the Sherman Brigade during the year 1862, including, also, the small fraction of the year 1861, subsequent to the organization at Camp Buckingham:

Sixty-fourth Regiment.

KILLED IN ACTION:

Captain Joseph B. Sweet, at Stone River, December 31st.

DIED OF DISEASE:

Second Lieutenant Thomas McGill, at Nashville, March 30th.

RESIGNATIONS:

Colonel James W. Forsyth, January 1st.

Lieutenant-colonel Isaac Gass, June 30th.

Lieutenant-colonel John J. Williams, August 10th.

Surgeon Henry O. Mack, August 2nd.

Chaplain A. R. Brown, July 13th.

Captain James B. Brown, May 4th.

Captain John H. Finrock, November 5th.

First Lieutenant Cornelius C. White, November 21st.

First Lieutenant Augustus N. Goldwood, August 12th.

First Lieutenant Wilbur F. Sanders, August 10th.

First Lieutenant Marcus T. Myer, November 3rd.

Second Lieutenant John L. Smith, May 31st.

Second Lieutenant Isaac F. Biggerstaff, February 23rd.

Second Lieutenant William McDowell, September 7th.

FROM OTHER CAUSES:

First Lieutenant Roeliff Brinkerhoff, appointed Captain and A. Q. M. by the president, November 4th, 1861.

First Lieutenant Lorenzo D. Myers, appointed Captain and A. Q. M. by the president, June 9th.

First Lieutenant Ebenezer B. Finley, mustered out by order, July 11th.

Captain Turenne C. Myer, dismissed, December 6th.

PROMOTIONS:

John Ferguson, commissioned colonel, January 21st.

Major John J. Williams to lieutenant-colonel, June 30th.

Captain Alexander McIlvaine to major, June 30th; to lieutenant-colonel, August 10th.

- Abraham McMahon, commissioned surgeon, August 2nd.
 Volney G. Miller, commissioned assistant surgeon, August 21st.
 Captain William W. Smith to major, August 10th.
 First Lieutenant Michael Keiser to Captain, May 4th.
 First Lieutenant David A. Scott to captain, June 30th.
 Second Lieutenant Norman K. Brown to first lieutenant, November 3rd.
 First Lieutenant Warner Young to captain, November 10th.
 First Lieutenant Aaron S. Campbell to captain, November 5th.
 Second Lieutenant William O. Sarr to first lieutenant, May 4th ;
 to captain, December 6th.
 Second Lieutenant Samuel Wolff to first lieutenant, June 20th.
 Second Lieutenant Bryant Grafton to first lieutenant, August 10th.
 Second Lieutenant Chauncey Woodruff to first lieutenant, August 11th.
 Sergeant-major Dudley C. Carr to second lieutenant, May 31st ; to
 first lieutenant, August 12th.
 First Sergeant Henry H. Kling to second lieutenant, February 23rd ;
 to first lieutenant, November 19th.
 Sergeant Joseph B. Ferguson (transferred from Fifteenth Ohio In-
 fantry) to second lieutenant, August 11th ; to first lieutenant, Novem-
 ber 21st.
 First Sergeant George Hall to second lieutenant, May 4th ; to first
 lieutenant, December 6th.
 First Sergeant Thomas H. Ehlers to second lieutenant, June 30th.
 First Sergeant Thomas E. Tillotson to second lieutenant, August 10th.
 First Sergeant Thomas R. Smith to second lieutenant, September 7th.
 First Sergeant Frank H. Killinger to second lieutenant, August 12th.
 First Sergeant John K. Shellenberger to second lieutenant, November 26th.
 First Sergeant David S. Cummins to second lieutenant, November 5th.
 Sergeant John Blecker to second lieutenant, November 3rd.
 Sergeant James D. Herbst to second lieutenant, December 6th.

Sixty-fifth Regiment.

KILLED IN ACTION :

- Captain Jacob Christofel, at Stone River, December 31st.
 Second Lieutenant Dolsen Vankirk, at Stone River, December 31st.

DIED OF DISEASE :

- Second Lieutenant John T. Hyatt, at Camp Buckingham, December 16th, 1861.

Adjutant Horace H. Justice, at Stanford, Kentucky, February 11th.

First Lieutenant George N. Huckins, at Nashville, April 2nd.

First Lieutenant Clark S. Gregg, while enroute northward from Pittsburg Landing, May 11th.

Second Lieutenant John R. Parish, at Bridgeport, Alabama, July 31st.

RESIGNATIONS:

Lieutenant-colonel Daniel French, August 8th.

Major James Olds, October 7th.

Surgeon John G. Kyle, August 20th.

Assistant Surgeon John C. Gill, June 24th.

Captain John C. Baxter, February 26th.

Captain Joshua S. Preble, April 14th.

Captain Henry Camp, August 16th.

Captain Edwin L. Austin, November 20th.

First Lieutenant David H. Rowland, June 16th.

First Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong, August 12th.

Second Lieutenant Jasper P. Brady, March 30th.

Second Lieutenant Jacob Hammond, April 1st.

Second Lieutenant Samuel McKinney, June 3rd.

Second Lieutenant Francis H. Klain, November 4th.

FROM OTHER CAUSES:

Second Lieutenant John M. Palmer, appointed by the president captain and assistant commissary of subsistence, February 19th.

First Lieutenant David G. Swaim, appointed by the president captain and assistant adjutant general, May 16th.

PROMOTIONS:

Captain Alexander Cassil to lieutenant-colonel, August 8th.

Captain Horatio N. Whitbeck to major, October 7th.

John M. Todd, commissioned surgeon, October 20th.

William A. McCulley, commissioned assistant surgeon, August 21st.

Wilson S. Patterson, commissioned assistant surgeon, October 7th.

First Lieutenant Samuel L. Bowlby to captain, April 14th.

First Lieutenant Lucien B. Eaton to captain, May 26th.

First Lieutenant Thomas Powell to captain, August 8th.

First Lieutenant Francis H. Graham to captain, August 16th.

First Lieutenant Joseph M. Randall to captain, October 7th.

First Lieutenant Nahum L. Williams to captain, November 4th.

Second Lieutenant Charles O. Tannehill to first lieutenant, August 12th; to captain, December 31st.

Second Lieutenant George N. Huckins to first lieutenant, February 26th.

Second Lieutenant Johnston Armstrong to first lieutenant, April 14th.

Second Lieutenant John C. Matthias to first lieutenant, May 11th,
Sergeant Asa M. Trimble to second lieutenant, February 26th;
to first lieutenant, May 26th.

First sergeant Wilbur F. Hinman to first lieutenant, June 16th.

Sergeant-major William H. Massey (transferred from Sixty-fourth
Ohio) to second lieutenant, June 3rd; to first lieutenant, July 1st.

Second Lieutenant Frank B. Hunt to first lieutenant, August 8th.

Second Lieutenant Andrew Howenstine to first lieutenant, August
16th.

First Sergeant Asa A. Gardner to second lieutenant, February 8th;
to first lieutenant, October 7th.

First Sergeant Peter Markel to second lieutenant, August 8th; to
first lieutenant, November 4th.

First Sergeant Oscar D. Welker to second lieutenant, April 1st;
to first lieutenant, November 13th.

Sergeant Joel P. Brown to second lieutenant, August 16th; to first
lieutenant, December 31st.

Corporal Francis H. Klain to second lieutenant, March 30th.

Sergeant Robeson S. Rook to second lieutenant, April 14th.

Sergeant John R. Parish to second lieutenant, June 1st.

Sergeant Joseph F. Sonnanstine to second lieutenant, June 16th.

First Sergeant Dolsen Vankirk to second lieutenant, August 12th.

First Sergeant Samuel H. Young to second lieutenant, Novem-
ber 4th.

First Sergeant Franklin Pealer to second lieutenant, November
14th.

First Sergeant Nelson Smith to second lieutenant, December 31st.

First Sergeant Charles Schroder to second lieutenant, December
31st.

First Sergeant Otho M. Shipley to second lieutenant, December
31st.

Sixth Battery.

RESIGNATION:

Second Lieutenant Edwin S. Ferguson, November 7th.

PROMOTION:

First Sergeant George W. Smetts to second lieutenant, Novem-
ber 7th.

McLaughlin's Squadron.

DIED OF DISEASE:

Major William McLaughlin, on the Big Sandy river, Kentucky,
July 19th.

RESIGNATIONS:

Captain Samuel R. Buckmaster, May 26th.

Second Lieutenant Herman Alleuran, September 15th.

First Lieutenant Enoch Smith, September 20th.

PROMOTIONS:

Captain Gaylord McFall to major, July 19th.

Sergeant Richard Rice to captain, May 27th.

Second Lieutenant Samuel H. Fisher to captain, July 19th.

First Sergeant John L. Skeggs to second lieutenant, July 19th ; to first lieutenant, September 20th.

Bugler Erastus P. Coates to second lieutenant, September 20th.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

WE DO SOME HEAVY DIGGING AND GRUMBLING—FOUR MONTHS WITH PICK AND SHOVEL—THE FORTIFICATIONS AROUND MURFREESBORO—SOME WILD GOOSE CHASING—OUR COMFORTABLE CAMPS—CARING FOR OUR DEAD—MAILS AND CORRESPONDENCE—THE “UNKNOWN” FAIR ONES—CHANGES IN OUR FIELD OFFICERS—“APRIL FOOL” IN CAMP—A CALAMITOUS JOKE ON THE SUTLERS.

WE LAY at Murfreesboro nearly six months—the longest stay we made at one place during our four years of service. Such events of special interest as occurred there may be grouped in two chapters.

The designations of the grand divisions of the Army of the Cumberland were changed to the Fourteenth corps (Thomas), Twentieth (McCook), and Twenty-first (Crittenden). We became the Third brigade, First division, Twenty-first corps.

For a few days after the battle we were engaged in getting ourselves into shape for whatever might ensue. Details were sent to assist in burying the Confederate dead—generally where they fell—and disposing of the carcasses of hundreds of horses and

mules that strewed the field. These latter, if left, would poison the air with their foul exhalations. Much of the ground was so stony that it was impossible to dig pits deep enough for their burial, and most of them were destroyed by burning. They were kept covered with blazing rails and logs, sometimes for two days, until thoroughly cremated. From the field of conflict was collected a vast quantity of the debris that always lay thickly upon the ground after a great battle—muskets, accouterments, blankets, overcoats, broken wagons and artillery carriages and caissons. Relics, by tens of thousands, were picked up by the soldiers and sent to friends at home as mementoes of the struggle.

The baggage train arrived from Nashville a week after the battle. Our first camp was about a mile from Murfreesboro, on the Lebanon pike. The ground was low. It rained with exasperating frequency and copiousness, and more than once our camp was literally overflowed—a sea of water and mud. In about a month we moved to a vastly more pleasant and healthy location, on the north side of the river, near the Nashville railroad, and within the line of intrenchments then being constructed. Some weeks later we once more changed our habitation, but by this time the vernal breath of spring had dried the ground and it made little difference where our tents were pitched, so that we were convenient to water.

During the uncomfortable months of January and February we made several expeditions into the surrounding country, foraging, guarding wagon-trains from Nashville, and one or two trips, the purpose of which was never unfolded. One of the latter, a reconnoissance, or something of that sort, to Eagleville, was especially trying to the temper and physical endurance of the men. We started on the 13th of January and were absent four days. The weather was cold, with almost constant rain, and we had a dismal time. Wet, shivering, without shelter except such as we could improvise, the nights were altogether wretched, and the days scarcely less so. We did not lack for something to eat, for we raided chicken-coops and smoke-houses, securing as much as we could carry. One day the brigade struck a large smoke-house, filled with the hams and sides of from fifty to seventy-five hogs, which were being cured for the rebel army. The men immediate-

ly-proceeded to take the hams and bacon from the smoke-house, and resumed their march. They carried the meat upon their bayonets, with their guns at a "right shoulder shift." It was a laughable sight to look down the line and see the hams and bacon bobbing up and down with every movement of the men. We returned to our camp bedraggled, muddy and miserable. Probably nobody ever found out what we went for, or what we accomplished by going.

At different times the regiments, and sometimes the entire brigade, went on foraging expeditions. Upon one of these the Sixty-fifth was absent three days. The wagons returned with full cargoes of forage, and the men were loaded down with poultry and vegetables, the result of their efforts "on their own hook." Company E brought in five pigs, about two months old, which were tender, juicy and succulent. Once, our brigade was ordered out in hot haste to recapture a wagon train which the rebels had snatched from its guards. We went out seven or eight miles at a tearing gait, but of course the train was then far out of reach. Some general had the crazy notion in his head that we could overtake the galloping mules, when they had miles the start of us! We returned to camp thoroughly exhausted and wind-broken.

Sergeant George W. Smetts, of the battery, received a well-earned commission as second lieutenant, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Lieutenant Ferguson. He had served faithfully as orderly sergeant of the battery from its organization. Early in February, Captain Bradley was appointed chief of artillery of the division, on the staff of General Wood. He continued in this position during the remainder of his term of service. While his duties during the campaigns that followed, required him to be absent from the battery more or less, yet he made it his headquarters, and was always in command, except at such times as duty called him away, when the battery was commanded by the senior officer present.

Our most vivid recollection of our stay at Murfreesboro is the fact that "spades" were turned up for "trumps." It was determined that the place should be fortified in the strongest possible manner, so that if the rebels ever got possession of it again they would have to fight for it, and fight hard. The army engineers

"spread themselves" in laying out a cordon of forts and other earthworks completely surrounding the town. In the execution of this plan many thousands of men were employed for weeks and months. One day the cars brought from Nashville seven hundred carts to be used in the work, and a portable steam saw-mill for sawing timber.

We had scarcely settled down after the battle when one morning the entire brigade was ordered out for fatigue duty. We had no idea of its nature, but soon found out, to our sorrow. We had struck a job that was to keep us out of mischief for more than a hundred and thirty slowly dragging days. There was very much more "fatigue" about that duty than we relished. We marched to the spot assigned us, and found there several wagons loaded with picks, shovels and axes. We were told to go to digging at once, guided by numerous stakes which marked the projected line of fortifications. The boys did the digging and the officers did the heavy standing around. After a full day of work the men returned to camp, in a thoroughly disgusted frame of mind. The disgust increased as the days wore on and we continued to dig. When it came to protracted labor of this sort the constitutional laziness of the average soldier always asserted itself. He was willing to endure hard marching and exposure to all the rigors of heat and cold and storm, for that was legitimate soldiering, but he drew the line at grubbing with pick and shovel for forty cents a day.

Our men resorted to every "playing off" scheme that ingenuity could devise to evade the obnoxious duty. Even the monotonous round of three or four drills each day would have been preferable, for that came within the proper sphere of a soldier's activity. But week after week we toiled on, digging deep and wide ditches, piling up huge embankments, and making fascines and gabions out of boughs and wire, for the embrasures and inner walls. If we had believed that we would sweep down legions of rebels from the shelter of those fortifications, it would in some measure have assuaged the burden of our grief, but we had not the most remote idea that we would ever have a chance to do that—and we didn't. The rebels tried two or three times, before the war was over, to retake Murfreesboro, but other fellows who

wore the blue did all the fighting behind those mighty breastworks, that we toiled and perspired so long to build. After the work was well advanced, the generals eased up on us a little, and we labored by reliefs, each man being allowed to "knock off" half the day. We were devoutly thankful when our part of the job was finished, and we returned to the old daily routine of camp duty.

One day some of the Sixty-fifth diggers came upon the remains of two Confederates, killed in the battle. They placed them at the bottom of the embankment and covered them with a mountain of earth. Sergeant Dave Miller, of Company I, was led to remark:

"Them fellers 'll have to scratch gravel to git out o' there when Gabriel blows his horn!"

Lieutenant Joseph H. Willsey, promoted January 1st, 1863, from sergeant, Company E, Sixty-fifth, was soon afterward detailed as topographical engineer on the staff of Colonel Harker, a position for which, by ability and education, he was well fitted. He continued to serve on the brigade staff until the close of the war, with conspicuous fidelity and usefulness.

Our camps at Murfreesboro were fixed up in luxuriant style. Most of the tents were raised two or three feet upon frameworks of logs, making them much more comfortable for dwellings. They had fire-places, with chimneys of brick or sticks and clay, and many had floors, and sleeping bunks raised from the ground. These habitations were furnished with improvised chairs of all sorts, and here and there a rude table. The camp was kept thoroughly policed, and good health and spirits generally prevailed—barring, of course, the prodigious amount of growling that was indulged in while we were so long at work upon the fortifications. The boys put in a good deal of their leisure time in playing ball, pitching quoits and other innocent diversions. Every now and then there was a scare, and we would get the old "peep o' day" orders, to turn out at an absurdly early hour and stand at arms till daylight. The many hours we spent in that way during our four years afforded excellent and abundant opportunity for silent meditation and communion with one's self. All the hundreds of times we stood at arms never amounted to anything. It was with us as it was with the young woman who dressed for a ball, although she

had not been invited. She said she *might* get an invitation, and she would rather be ready and not be invited than be invited and not be ready.

On Sunday, March 22nd, we spent the day in an appropriate manner. In the morning each regiment of our brigade marched to the scene of its fighting on December 31st. Arms were stacked and the men were directed to put in order, as neatly as possible, the graves of our dead. This they did, with sad hearts but willing hands. The surface was carefully cleaned, the mounds smoothed, and the names upon the little headboards were carved with knives, so that their identity might not be lost. In the necessary haste of burial this had been done only with pencils, and the names were fast becoming obliterated. The sacred spot was then inclosed by a fence. When the work was finished, the men were called together and a touching address was delivered by Captain Thomas Powell, of the Sixty-fifth, after which an impromptu glee-club sang a number of patriotic songs. Upon our return to camp our route lay through "the cedars," where the battle had raged most fiercely during the hours of that fateful morning. On every hand the trees gave evidence of the terrible conflict—scarred by bullets and torn by shot and shell.

In the chaos following the battle our mails were stopped and more than a week passed before communication was restored. For many days our friends at home were in suspense, not knowing whether their loved ones were dead or alive. Just by way of illustration, I will cite an incident personal to myself. In general appearance there was a resemblance between Lieutenant Vankirk, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, who was killed, and myself. One of the wounded men of Company E saw his body and mistook it for mine. Within two or three days he reached Nashville and wrote home that I was killed. I was mourned by mother, sisters and brother for a week, until a letter written by my own hand reached them. As soon as the mails resumed business they were burdened with letters from the front, giving detailed accounts of the battle.

While we lay at Murfreesboro, a large number of the brigade engaged in the diversion of advertising in northern newspapers for young lady correspondents. The seed thus sown produced an immediate and bountiful crop. Scores of frisky young officers

and men found themselves up to their ears in correspondence. Lieutenant "Polly" Rook, as the boys called him, of Company B, led the procession in the Sixty-fifth. He used to get sometimes twenty-five or thirty letters in a single mail. I, myself, plead guilty to receiving thirty-seven in one day—so says my diary—but that was when our epistolary rations had been cut off for a week, resulting in this large accumulation. This "unknown" correspondence was generally innocent and harmless, without the smallest tinge of impropriety. The soldiers formed the acquaintance, at long range, of many exceedingly bright young ladies, and clever writers, whose only purpose in engaging in the correspondence was to divert the soldiers and help to relieve the tedium of camp life. As for the boys, they found in this pastime much profit and amusement. They might otherwise have occupied themselves in practices much more reprehensible than writing letters to young ladies they had never seen, and were likely never to see. Of the great mass of these letters, both ways, it may be said that there



ROBESON S. ROOK,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

was not a word in them which might not have been published to the world. It is true that now and then Cupid interested himself in this correspondence, and some matches were thus made which reached full fruition "when the cruel war was over." At Chickamauga a bullet through my right elbow disabled me from writing a letter for two months. Then I opened up again all along the line. A young lady in Boston wrote me: "You ought to have been spry and *dodged* the bullets," which was certainly very good advice.

During all our army life, whether in camp or on the march, nothing was looked forward to with a keener interest than the arrival of the mail. Sometimes we could get none for weeks at a time and then it would come by the wagon-load. Each division, brigade and regiment had its postmaster. At brigade headquarters the mail was sorted for the various regiments. In each of the latter the cry "Orderlies for your mail" always provoked a yell and a scramble for letters. The value of the best possible mail service for the army, to keep the soldiers in good spirits, was fully realized by the government, and no pains were spared to maintain the slender thread of communication between the men in the field and their friends at home. Breaks were frequent, owing to our movements or the predatory raids of the rebel cavalry, but these were unavoidable. The wonder is that the irregularity was not much greater. Now and then we would hear that a mail had been captured by the "Johnnies" and destroyed. Then the boys would vow to take dire vengeance by putting extra bullets into their muskets the first time they had a chance.

Postage stamps were often scarce and sometimes wholly unobtainable. In the second year of the war, Congress thoughtfully provided for this by the passage of an act permitting letters from the army to be indorsed "soldier's letter" and sent without prepayment of postage, the bill to be settled at the other end of the line. Millions of letters were thus forwarded without stamps. There was also a frequent and long-continued famine of writing materials. Often the soldiers wrote on the brown wrappers of cartridge packages, odds and ends of all sorts, and even on pieces of newspaper. Envelopes enclosing letters received were "turned" and used again. During such campaigns as that from Chattanooga to Atlanta, pens and ink were rarely available except at headquarters, and four-fifths of the letters were written with pencils. As for writing-desks, a piece of an ammunition or hardtack box, a drum-head, any stray bit of board, or a gum blanket across the knee, answered the purpose. The soldiers wrote under all conceivable conditions—during a halt in the march, on the guard reserve, on the picket-post and in the trenches, when a man would often lay down his pencil to seize his musket. It was writing under difficulties, but the soldiers were handy in

everything, and when the spirit moved one to write a letter he always found a way to do it. Nor, it may well be imagined, were these letters any the less welcome at home because they were not models of epistolary beauty and excellence.

Probably half the members of the Sherman Brigade started out with a brave purpose to keep a diary, for their own satisfaction and for the benefit of posterity. To keep up a daily record, with any measure of fullness, often under circumstances difficult and discouraging to the last degree, required about all the perseverance and stick-to-it-iveness that a man could muster. A large part of the diaries perished early, coming to an untimely end before we had been three months in service. I doubt if more than two dozen of the persistent scribblers held out faithful to the end, and even these were more or less spasmodic. There were times when for days it was impossible to write a word. Then it was such a job to bring up the arrears, that a man would generally start in afresh, leaving a gap which he never filled. Diaries were often lost by the accidents of the service, and such a disheartening mishap was very likely to prove fatal. I stuck to it fairly well, my jottings covering more than three-fourths of our entire service; otherwise I fear this volume never would have been written—or somebody else would have done it. On the march I always carried my diary in my pocket, and when a book was filled I sent it home, having the good fortune never to lose one of them. One night at Chattanooga, some worker of iniquity stole my valise from my tent, slashed it open, appropriated all the clothing and valuables, and pitched what he didn't want, including books, letters and papers, into a pond of water. There they soaked till morning, when I found them. Among the wreckage floating calmly on that pond was one of my diary volumes, just filled. I was so glad to recover this, notwithstanding its damaged condition, that I almost forgave the miscreant for his nocturnal foray. In the Sixty-fifth, Captain Edwin E. Scranton, of Company B, Sergeant Arthur G. McKeown, of Company H, and Corporal "Fet" Spellman, of Company E, were the successful "diary fiends" whom I now recall.

While we were at Murfreesboro many of our boys received from their friends in Ohio, boxes filled with sundry articles of clothing,

stationery, notions and "goodies" to tickle the sense of taste and relieve the monotony of army rations. Butter, preserves, canned fruits, maple sugar, pickles, etc., were to us like manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness. These things did not always get through in the best condition, for they would usually be two or three weeks on the journey. A number of boxes and packages sent before we left Nashville did not reach us until five or six weeks after their shipment, and their contents were badly wrecked. Whenever a man who had been at home on furlough returned to his regiment, he brought for "the boys" all the stuff he could manage. After we left Murfreesboro we saw no more boxes from home for two years.

Not long after the battle of Stone River, the main body of the recruiting party, sent to Ohio from Stevenson and Bridgeport, returned, bringing with them a few recruits—not enough to fill a tenth of the vacant places in our ranks.

In March, Lieutenant-colonel Alexander McIlvaine, of the Sixty-fourth, was promoted to colonel *vice* Ferguson; Captain Robert C. Brown, of Company C, to lieutenant-colonel; Captain Samuel L. Coulter, of Company E, to major. About the same time Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Cassil, of the Sixty-fifth, resigned on account of ill health and death in his family. He took leave of the regiment at dress-parade, on March 24th, with a few touching remarks expressing his regret at parting from his comrades, with whom he had served so long. Resolutions conveying a reciprocal feeling on the part of the regiment, were offered by Surgeon John M. Todd and unanimously adopted. Colonel Cassil left the next day for his home, his departure being sincerely regretted. Major Horatio N. Whitbeck was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and Captain Samuel C. Brown, of Company H, to major.

In April the Sixty-fifth received from the state of Ohio a new stand of national colors. That which we had followed so long, faded and tattered, was sent to Columbus for preservation. While we lay at Murfreesboro, a few furloughs were granted to enlisted men, but the number was at no time permitted to exceed one from each of our small companies.

On the first day of April—All Fools' Day—the boys had a

great frolic. Ingenuity was taxed by pretty nearly everybody to "fool" some other body. Few in the camp, from colonels down, escaped being made the victims of harmless tricks and pranks. A soldier of the Sixty-fifth, who was below the average in his reverence for "shoulder-straps," soaked a cloth in red ink, wrapped it around his foot, hobbled up to the quarters of Doctor Todd, and told him he had cut his foot while chopping wood. The surgeon carefully unwrapped the cloth, expecting to find a gaping wound.

"Doctor," said the soldier, saluting with a grace that would have done credit to Lord Chesterfield, "you know this is the first of April!"

The boys who were standing around all laughed, and so did the doctor, for no man in the brigade was more fond of a joke. "Very good, indeed!" he said. "Go it, boys, fun is better for you than medicine!"

The "Johnnies" perpetrated a serious "April fool" joke on the sutlers of our brigade. All five of them started from Nashville for Murfreesboro, their wagons loaded to the guards with a fresh stock of seductive goods—for the paymaster was expected soon. They traveled in company for greater safety, upon the well-recognized principle that "in union there is strength." Near Lavergne, a squad of vagrant Confederate cavalymen dashed upon them and captured the entire caravan, with a single exception. Horner, of the Sixty-fifth, was at the head of the procession with his outfit, and by lashing his mules into a furious gallop he managed to escape. The looters reveled in the spoil, for a sutler's wagon was always a bonanza to the rebels. Horner, who was scared within an inch of his life, put up the prices and made the boys pay extra, to compensate him for his fright.

There was a chap in Company E, Sixty-fifth, who always kept himself and his belongings in the neatest condition possible. He was a fine looking soldier, and he knew it. Whenever the company was formed for drill or dress parade, he always wanted to stand in the front rank, where he could "show off." But when the men were called into line, on the morning of the battle of Stone River, he thought it might be a little more comfortable to have somebody in front of him, who would serve as a sort of breast-

work and shield him from the bullets. He quietly said to the one who usually stood behind him:

"Jack, you may take the front rank today if you want to!"

But for all that he did not flinch, and he found that in the confusion of battle, front or rear rank made little difference.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

STILL AT MURFREESBORO.

GOOD-BYE TO OUR HOOSIER FRIENDS—GENERAL WOOD LEAVES US BUT RETURNS—THE WASTE OF WAR—FAST DAY—WE BUILD A "CHURCH"—A WHIRL TO LEBANON—VALLANDIGHAM—A HOMICIDE IN CAMP—PHIL SHERIDAN (NOT THE GENERAL) AND "HAPPY JACK"—THE "PUP" TENT AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED—THE SOLDIER AND HIS "PARD."

IN APRIL, we bade farewell to our Hoosier comrades of Harker's brigade. Colonel Streight was placed in command of an expedition, the purpose of which was to destroy railroads and manufactories in northern Alabama and Georgia. He took with him the Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana as part of his provisional brigade. "Hard luck" befell the expedition. It was overwhelmed near Rome, Georgia, by a large body of rebel cavalry under Forrest, and on the 3rd of May, after severe fighting—in which Colonel Hathaway, of the Seventy-third was killed—Streight surrendered his entire command of nearly fifteen hundred men. The officers were taken to Libbey prison in Richmond.

Streight was one of the hundred or more who escaped from that famous prison by means of the tunnel. He took the field again with his regiment, which had been exchanged, but did not rejoin our brigade.

When organizing his expedition Colonel Streight asked for the Sixty-fourth Ohio regiment, but Colonel Harker would not consent to its separation from the Sixty-fifth. The latter was not to be considered for detachment, as it must of necessity remain with its colonel, commanding the brigade. So Streight was compelled to seek elsewhere. In view of the complete disaster that overwhelmed the expedition, the members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth have abundant reason for gratitude that they were not part of it. The gap in our brigade was filled by the Third Kentucky, Colonel Henry C. Dunlap, and, a few weeks later, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, Colonel Emerson Opdycke, both excellent and ably commanded regiments. Before we left Murfreesboro the Thirteenth Michigan ceased to be a member of our brigade.

After the departure of the Fifty-first and Seventy-third Indiana some sixty soldiers of each of these regiments—convalescents, and men returned from detached service—reported to Harker's brigade and found themselves homeless. The Fifty-first detachment, commanded by Captain Haley of that regiment, was temporarily attached to the Sixty-fourth Ohio. The Seventy-third squad was assigned to the Sixty-fifth. It was known as "Company Q," and was commanded by Lieutenant Hinman. Its orderly sergeant was Job Barnard, in later years a distinguished practitioner at the bar in Washington, D. C. These detachments remained with us nearly three months. They left us in the Sequatchie Valley, about the last of August to rejoin their regiments, which had been exchanged and were preparing again to take the field.

About the middle of April General Wood was transferred to another field of duty and General John M. Brannan was assigned to the command of our division. The officers of the Third brigade assembled at Colonel Harker's headquarters, to bid farewell to General Wood and meet the new division commander. General Wood made quite a speech, in which he reviewed the battle of

Stone River, and spoke in terms most complimentary of the regiments and battery of Harker's brigade. "No men could have done better!" he said. After introductions and hand-shakes all around, General Brannan invited his guests to sample the contents of sundry bottles. Nearly everybody "took the oath," according to the manners and customs of those days in the army. Six weeks later General Wood returned to the division, and continued to command it until the change of organization after the battle of Chickamauga.

I find in my diary, under date of April 20th, 1863, a memorandum which illustrates the waste of sixteen months of such service as we had been through. At the date given, of the ten orderly sergeants of the Sixty-fifth who shouted "Left! Left!" at Camp Buckingham, but two remained upon the rolls of the regiment. Of the eight others, two had died of disease; one was promoted and killed at Stone River; one promoted and resigned on account of disabling wounds received at Stone River; two discharged by reason of disability; one promoted and resigned for disability; one—save the mark!—reduced to ranks and deserted. Gardner, of Company D, and Hinman of Company E, now both first lieutenants, alone were left. Both "stuck it out" until the last gun was fired.

Here are a few lines from my diary, April 21st, which I am sure will awaken palpitating emotions in many hearts: "This evening I saw in a newspaper the following sentiment offered by a young lady in Ohio at a soldiers' dinner: 'The young men in the field—*their arms* our defence; *our arms* their reward!' That suits us exactly! When the pretty girls 'present arms' after this cruel war is over, won't we 'fall in' and 'salute!' I think after 'three years or during the war' of service, we will still be capable of 'bearing arms'—of that kind."

While we lay here a great deal of tattooing with India ink was done. In a circular from headquarters it was recommended that each soldier have his name and regiment put upon his arm, so that he might be identified if killed in battle. Many adopted the suggestion, and the tattooers had plenty of business. The names were often supplemented by flags, cannon, muskets, sabers, tents and other warlike emblems. "Si" Wagner, of Company K,

was the leading artist in the Sixty-fifth. He decorated the arms or legs of scores of our men. In the Sixty-fourth "Happy Jack," whenever he was sober enough, did a rushing business.

The 30th of April was a "fast day," appointed by the president, and its observance was enjoined upon the army. To us there seemed to be a sort of grim humor about the idea of the soldiers keeping fast day. As if we had not already done fasting enough to count for all the fast-days of our natural lives. The picks and shovels were allowed to rest, and for that we were thankful. We kept the day by carefully abstaining from oysters, porter-house steak, roast turkey and pumpkin pie, but we "got away" with our usual rations: breakfast—coffee, hardtack and bacon; dinner—hardtack, bacon and coffee; supper—bacon, coffee and hardtack.

Considerable religious interest was manifested in the brigade and we built a "church"—at least that is what we called it. There was a decidedly primitive appearance about it, as it was composed of poles covered with brush. It was dedicated on Sunday, June 7th. There was no church debt on it. Sermons were preached, forenoon and afternoon, by ministers belonging to the Christian Commission. The services were largely attended, hundreds being unable to get within the rude enclosure. Two weeks later we marched and left that church behind.

Early in May, Harker's brigade, including the battery, was ordered on a reconnoissance to Lebanon, some thirty miles distant. Lebanon had been the boyhood home of Captain Bradley, and he was glad of the opportunity to revisit the scenes of his early life. The years that had come and gone while he served in the regular army, had obliterated not only the landmarks but the people also. He saw no one who could remember his family. We returned to camp without any particular incident, either going or coming. It was another case of chasing an *ignis fatuus*.

A few days afterward another expedition went out foraging, and, as usual, a section of the battery accompanied it. The officers' mess provided bugler Charles Smith with greenbacks and coffee for the purpose of trading for chickens, potatoes, etc. He stopped on the road at a plantation, made his purchases and rejoined the train. When the train returned in the afternoon he went to the

house for his "truck". He was invited into the back yard, and was immediately surrounded by a squad of rebel cavalry and taken prisoner. They took him three miles over the hills to their camp, which was in charge of Colonel Breckinridge, and the next day paroled him. He returned to camp bearing a letter from Colonel Breckinridge, thanking the officers' mess for the donation of eatables captured from Smith.

About the last of May there was considerable of a stir over the arrival at Murfreesboro of Clement L. Vallandigham, an Ohio politician of note, who, for the public utterance of disloyal sentiments, had been sentenced to banishment into the Confederate lines. With a strong escort he was taken to the outposts and, under a flag of truce, delivered to a rebel officer. He belonged to the class known in the phrase of the time as "Copperheads," corresponding to the "Tories" of the revolutionary war. Vallandigham went by way of Chattanooga and Richmond to Wilmington, North Carolina, where he ran the blockade. From the West Indies he went on a British vessel to Canada, establishing himself "over the border" at Niagara Falls. He was nominated for governor by the Democratic party of Ohio, on a "martyr" platform. At the election, in October, he was overwhelmingly defeated by John Brough, who received more than one hundred thousand majority of votes.

Mention has been made of the marriage, shortly before we left Nashville, of Dick and Sally, two of Sutler Horner's "contrabands." In May, before the honeymoon had scarcely waned, the "green-eyed monster" caused a homicide in camp. Dick thought one of the other negroes was too attentive to Sally, and fired a pistol bullet into his rival's head, killing him almost instantly. The affair created a great stir in the camp. Dick was at once placed under guard, but the outcome of the matter I do not know.

Everybody remembers Phil. Sheridan, the wild Irishman of Company I, Sixty-fifth, just as he remembers Phil's counterpart, "Happy Jack," of the Sixty-fourth. They were "two of a kind" and never so happy as when they were filled up with "commissary." Phil. spent about half his term of service in the guard-house, and "Happy Jack" was a good second. Sheridan was

court-martialed at Murfreesboro for absence without leave, and was compelled to wear a ball and chain for thirty days, doing all sorts of extra and fatigue duty about the camp. In moving around, always with a guard carrying a fixed bayonet, Phil had to pick up the ball—a twenty-four pounder—and carry it in his hands. He was bubbling over with Irish wit, and it was worth a day of guard duty to hear his sallies.

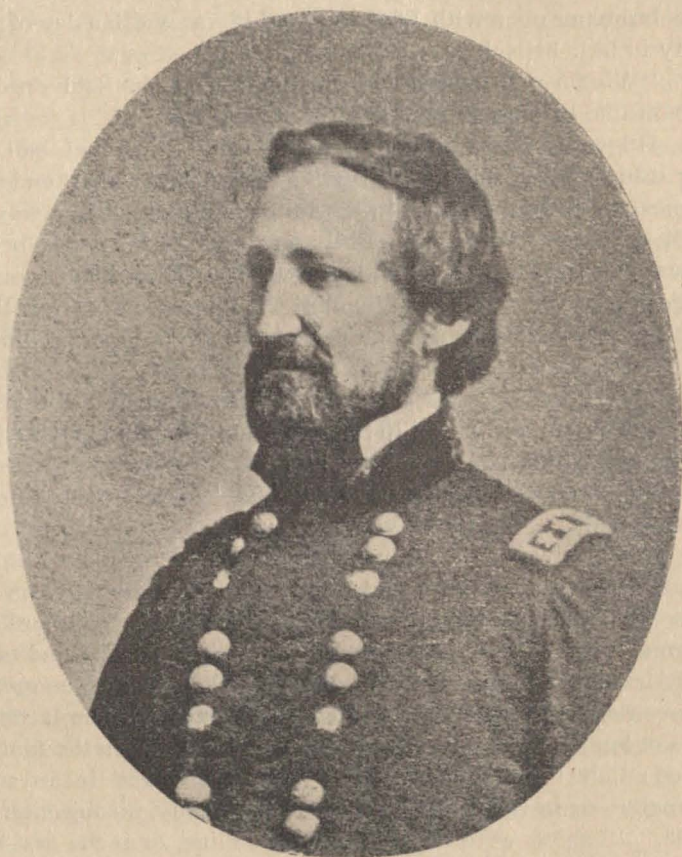
"What a rich man Uncle Sam must be," he said one day, "to be able to give us such foine jewelry to wear!"

He would sit for an hour at a time and talk to that ball, calling it his "pet," "doll," "baby," "kitty" and other endearing names. He would take it in his arms and fondle it in a way that kept everybody laughing. Phil was proud of his name, because it was the same as that of a distinguished soldier who won the largest measure of fame. When, at Chattanooga, General "Phil" Sheridan became the commander of our division, *our* Phil remarked:

"Well, byes, they say I've got to take command o' this division. The order says Philip Sheridan, an' that's me. I'm goin' ter make ye hump yerselves, too!"

No doubt Phil would have selected "Happy Jack" for his chief of staff.

It was always the duty of the orderly sergeant to spring at the first sound of the reveille, and stir up the company for roll-call. This was very rarely omitted, and only in extraordinary emergencies. All soldiers were naturally, intrinsically and essentially lazy, and they considered early rising as one of the greatest crosses they were called upon to bear. Many of them hurled all sorts of language at the orderly when he yanked open the tent and yelled: "Turn out for roll-call!" When engaged in an active campaign, or in the direct presence of the enemy, no objection was made. If shots were heard on the picket line, or at the first blast of bugle or tap of drum, every man would throw off his blanket, buckle on his accouterments and take his place in line. It was when lying idly in camp, with no enemy near to molest or make afraid, that he grumbled at getting up early, or tried to make the orderly believe he was sick, in the hope of getting "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to



WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

sleep." The duty of attending roll-call was as incumbent upon the company officers as upon the soldiers. Indeed, an officer was expected to be to his men an example of punctuality and faithfulness in the discharge of every duty. Generally speaking, the officers had more comfortable beds than the soldiers, and the inclination to occupy them as long as possible was correspondingly greater. So it was that some of the captains and lieutenants were often tardy in making their appearance at roll-call, and frequently they would not show up at all. Hence the words which the boys used to sing to the tune of the reveille, as the plaint of the orderly sergeant :

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all !
The corporal 's worse than the private,
And the sergeant 's worse than the corporal,
Th' lieutenant's worse than the sergeant,
And the captain's the worst of all !
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

Colonel Harker, as all know, was a rigid disciplinarian, whether in camp or on the march. When in the immediate command of his regiment, he frequently arose, even before the reveille, and took an early promenade through the camp, to note the varying degrees of promptness with which the different companies formed for roll-call. To a company, the members of which were prompt and soldierly, he would speak words of compliment and commendation, not only to the officers and the orderly, but to the men themselves. If the soldiers came out of their tents tardily, and in a half-dressed, slovenly condition, the colonel's eyes would snap and he would deliver a brief but forcible lecture that was not soon forgotten.

It was at Murfreesboro that we were introduced to that contrivance which continued to be our intimate friend and companion while the war lasted, the "pup" tent, a new and revised edition of field habitation. It was of light canvas or duck, and was made in halves, with buttons and button-holes by which they could be

fastened together. When this was done the combination formed the palatial residence of two men. On the march each "pard" carried one of these sections. Upon going into bivouac, five minutes sufficed, with knife or hatchet, to cut two forked stakes and a ridge-pole, over which, in five minutes more, the cloth was stretched and pinned down at the corners. A triangular piece, or, in default of that, a rubber blanket, closed one of the "gable ends," and the habitation was complete. The ridge was but three or four feet from the ground, and an entrance could only be made by bending low or getting down upon hands and knees. It was of the same shape as an old-fashioned triangular chicken-coop, and not very much larger. Its official designation was "shelter tent," but the boys thought this somewhat vague, as all tents are intended for shelter, and they promptly christened it the "pup."

These tents—the lowest point that could be reached by the gradual process of shrinkage from the big "Sibley"—were received by the soldiers with a feeling akin to amazement. They could not conceive how such things could be made comfortable habitations for human beings. They thought Uncle Sam was "playing it pretty low down" upon them and gave full, free and emphatic expression to their disgust. The advent of the "pup" tent was greeted with the same absence of enthusiasm that marked our first acquaintance with the hardtack. In the end the result was the same; we came to regard it as a thing indispensable. In such campaigns as those which followed, the enormous baggage-trains with which we started out in 1861 could not be permitted to encumber the army. We had already experienced the discomfort of living wholly without shelter when, for days, weeks, and in one case months, our baggage wagons were far in the rear. If a man carried his tent on his back—and each half did not weigh more than two pounds—he was always sure of a shelter, such as it was. They grew in favor daily, and after we became accustomed to them we would not willingly have exchanged them for "Sibleys" or "Bells," with the chance of not having the latter half the time.

Some time before we left Murfreesboro we received the "pups" and surrendered the others. The soldiers put them up, amidst a fusillade of jests. The mischievous boys gave them all

sorts of grotesque names, and placed upon or above them such legends as these: "Ladies' bonnets done over!" "No loafing allowed here!" "Services here next Sunday." "Meals at all hours!" "Pups for sale here." "Jones & Smith, attorneys-at-law; office up stairs." "Boarding and lodging."

The advent of the "pup" tent compelled the soldiers to "pair off." They slept, and usually cooked and ate, by twos. On the subject of the soldier and his "pard" the writer feels that he cannot improve upon a sketch in "Corporal Si Klegg," depicting this feature of life in the army, and it is appended as a fitting close for this chapter:

With rare exceptions every soldier had his "pard." Troops on taking the field and adjusting themselves to the peculiar conditions of army life, mated as naturally as birds in spring-time. The longer they remained in the service the more did they appreciate the convenience of this arrangement. During the arduous campaigns, two constituted a family, eating and sleeping together. They "pooled" their rations, and made an equitable division of labor. On the march, if a patch of sweet potatoes, a field of "roasting ears," or an orchard in fruit were reached, one would carry the gun of his comrade, while the latter laid in a supply for their evening meal, and then hastened forward to his place in the column.

On going into camp one would look for straw while the other went in quest of a chicken or a piece of fresh pork. Then, while one filled the canteens at the spring or stream, the other gathered wood and made a fire. All became prime cooks, and this part of the work was also shared. If it was to be a "regulation" meal, one superintended the coffee, pounding up the grains in a tin cup or can with the butt of his bayonet, while the water was coming to a boil, and the other fried or toasted the bacon. If either were detailed for guard or fatigue duty, he knew that the wants of his inner man would be provided for by his "pard," and a portion of any choice morsel would be scrupulously saved for him. If one were ill, or more "played out" than the other, after a toilsome march, his companion cared for him with all the tenderness of a brother. If one were imposed upon by quarrelsome comrades, he could always safely depend upon his "pard" to stand by him to

the last extremity. At night they lay together upon one blanket, with the other as a cover. It is not probable that Solomon ever snuggled up to his "pard" under a "pup" tent, but he seems to have had the correct idea when he wrote (Ecclesiastes, iv:11): "Again if two lie together then they have warmth, but how can one be warm alone?" There were many times when they hugged each other like two pieces of sticking-plaster, in the vain effort to generate heat enough for even a measurable degree of comfort. When two congenial spirits were thus brought together, nothing but death, or a separation at the call of duty, could sever the ties that bound them.

It will not be deemed strange that many, after living together for a few days or weeks, found themselves mismated. In fact it was about as much of a lottery as getting married is popularly believed to be; and divorces were as frequent as in the hymeneal experience of mankind. A fruitful source of domestic eruptions was the gradual development of a disposition on the part of one of the pair to "play off" on his more energetic comrade, and shirk his part of the labor so indispensable to their welfare. The soldiers were afflicted with chronic laziness so far as the performance of irksome toil was concerned. It was considered proper and right to shirk general fatigue duty as much as possible, but when a man was too lazy to help get his own dinner, or go foraging for sweet potatoes, he placed himself outside the pale of christian forbearance. Then his "pard" went back on him, and sometimes a riot occurred that aroused the whole camp. The upshot of it generally was that the "drone" was left to shift for himself, while the busy bee, finding it easier to provide for one than for two, buzzed around alone until he could pick up a more congenial mate.

Incompatibility of temper broke up many of these hastily formed partnerships. Sometimes one had an excess of appetite, and in times of scarcity ate more than his share of the common stock of rations. Then there *was* trouble, and plenty of it. These and other causes often disturbed the harmony of intimate association, and it generally took some time to get the "pards" properly adjusted. The ravages of disease and the deadly mis-siles of battle made sad havoc with these ties of brotherhood. Few bereavements are more keenly felt than were those among comrades of months and years.

Here and there, in every company flock, was a "black sheep," who seemed to be a misfit everywhere. Nobody paired with him, and—perhaps as much from his own choice as from the fact that he seemed to have no "affinity"—he lived much like a crusty old bachelor in civil life. He made his own fire, boiled his coffee in a kettle holding just enough for one, and ate his meal alone. Then he rolled himself in his blanket like a mummy and lay down, having, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that no bed-fellow would kick the cover off in the night and expose him to the copious and chilling dews.

In the company to which the writer belonged there was a little fellow of Teutonic birth, (Herman Hance,) who had a snore that was like the sound of a fish-horn. When he slept it was never silent. He would begin to tune up his bazoo as soon as he closed his eyes, and by the time he was fairly asleep it would be at full blast. Enough imprecations to sink a ship were nightly heaped upon that unfortunate youth. Sometimes the boys made it so warm for him that he would get up in high dudgeon, seize his blanket, go off back of the camp and crawl into a wagon. Then when he got to snoring it would set all the mules to braying. Once when the company was sent, at night, to occupy a position very near the enemy, and silence was a necessity, Herman was actually left behind, as a prudential measure, for fear he would go to sleep and snore. But he snored his way through the war to the very end. In all the hard fighting only one bullet ever touched him, and that did not in the slightest degree impair his snoring machinery. Of course he never had a "pard." A chap tried it the first night in camp, but half an hour after they lay down, he got up in a rage and left the Dutchman's bed and board forever.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BUGLES SOUND "FORWARD!"

ROSECRANS AGAIN THROWS DOWN THE GAGE OF BATTLE—ONCE MORE ON THE ROAD—OF COURSE IT RAINS—HARVESTING A FIELD OF WHEAT—RATIONS ARE SHORT—COMPANY D'S SHOWER OF FRESH PORK—BRAGG EVACUATES TULLAHOMA—WE COME TO ANCHOR AT HILLSBORO—THE DOCTOR, THE STALLION AND THE JACK.

ON WEDNESDAY, June 24th, 1863, we started on the Tullahoma campaign, with Chattanooga as the objective point, in the dim, uncertain future. The army of General Rosecrans had been largely augmented by new troops and the gathering in of all outlying detachments that could be spared, and it now took the field stronger by fifteen thousand men than when it advanced from Nashville to Murfreesboro. The long inaction of Rosecrans had been viewed with impatience by the powers at Washington and by the people of the north. Much pungent correspondence passed between Rosecrans on the one hand and Secretary Stanton and General Halleck—who was commander-in-chief under the president—on the other. The rela-

tions between Rosecrans and the government became very much strained. The former declared that he would not advance until he was ready—his army in such condition that he could make a successful campaign.

In the afternoon of June 23rd, orders were disseminated through the camp directing us to move early the following morning. Beyond this we knew nothing, but it was not difficult to surmise that we would march directly upon Bragg's army, which, since the battle of Stone River, had been lying about Tullahoma and Shelbyville, some forty miles southeast from Murfreesboro. We were ordered to leave behind, within the fortifications, half the wagons and all surplus baggage, and to march with three days' rations in haversacks and nine days' in the supply trains. There was the usual bustle incident to breaking up a long-established camp. We had accumulated many personal belongings which could have no place in an active campaign. These we carefully packed for storage, and few indeed of them did we ever see again. 'Twas ever thus. Hasty letters were written to friends at home, knapsacks were packed, cartridge-boxes examined and replenished, and at a late hour we lay down to sleep, ready and eager to take the road. We had grown weary of camp life, and the prospect of new adventures was like an elixir to the soldiers.

It may be remarked, in passing, that by this time not a few had wholly discarded the knapsack—as most of the veterans did a year later. They had learned the wisdom of reducing the weight to be carried to the very minimum. Non-essentials of every kind were abandoned. Not one man in twenty took with him an extra blouse or pair of trousers. A change of underclothing was desirable, and the necessary garments, adding little to the burden, were rolled in the blanket, which was tied at the ends and, like a great sausage, thrown over the left shoulder. In the summer, many obeyed the injunction to the apostles to "provide neither two coats." The heavy overcoat, though often a good thing to have, was on the whole deemed a superfluity—at least it was not considered worth the trouble of carrying. A man would get along comfortably with his blanket, poncho and "pup" tent, trusting to luck to get an overcoat upon the approach of cold weather.

We got off by the Bradyville pike, at seven o'clock on the 24th. Soon it began to rain and kept it up all day. As we went swishing along, with soaked and dripping garments, it seemed like old times. After a march of eleven miles we camped near Cripple Creek, in a large field of wheat which had just been harvested, the grain being in shock. In five minutes after we broke ranks the last sheaf had been confiscated for bedding, to keep us out of the mud. The planter, of whose premises we had taken such unceremonious possession, stormed so violently that he was placed under guard and held a prisoner until his wrath had cooled. For an hour before dusk the familiar sound of heavy cannonading was heard three or four miles to the right.

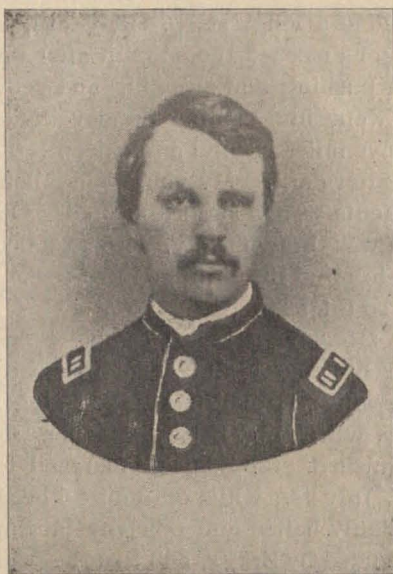
It rained all night and all the next day. We resumed the barbarous habit of turning out at four o'clock in the morning and standing at arms, and continued it for an indefinite period thereafter. We jogged along through another sloppy day and toward night filed into a field of standing wheat. It didn't stand long, for the brigade turned itself into a reaping machine and did its work thoroughly and quickly. During the day our advance skirmished smartly with the enemy's cavalry. In the afternoon there was long-continued cannonading on the right. We afterward learned that McCook had defeated the rebels at Liberty and Hoover's gaps.

We were ordered to march at five o'clock Friday morning. We were ready, but after standing around in the mud till noon were directed to pitch tents and spend the night there. Two or three professedly loyal denizens of the neighborhood made so much disturbance on account of the work of our foragers, that Colonel Harker, in a state of unwonted excitement, directed Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck to cause the arrest of all offenders in the Sixty-fifth. The storm-center seemed to be over Company D, which was enveloped in the incense arising from sizzling ham and tenderloin. Every member of that company seemed to be engaged in cooking a tidbit from a freshly slaughtered pig. I happened to be the first officer upon whom Whitbeck's eye rested, and he ordered me to proceed at once to company D, ferret out the offenders, and arrest them in the name of the United States of America. Buckling on my "toad-stabber," to give myself an im-

pressive appearance, I put on a stern look and proceeded upon my mission. That one or more pigs had come to an untimely end through the agency of Company D, individually or collectively, was an obvious fact. The evidence was cumulative and undeniable. But where that fresh pork came from no man knew—at least that is what everybody said. I appealed to Lieutenant Gardner, whom I found squatting under a "pup" tent, gnawing a savory spare-rib.

"Well," he said, as he wiped the grease from his mustache and smacked his lips, "you've heard that it sometimes rains toads and angle-worms! The fact is it rained pieces of fresh pork this morning, and my boys just held out their gum blankets and caught 'em. Fact, sure 's my name 's Asa Gardner!"

Clearly, the only way by which the wrongs of outraged justice could be avenged was to arrest the whole company. I did not feel myself sufficiently numerous to do this, and I did not want to snatch Gardner baldheaded, although he was a guilty partaker and at least an accessory after the fact. So I traveled back and made to Colonel Whitbeck an official report in writing, setting forth the singular freak of nature by which the pork had found its way to Company D, and venturing to suggest that it was a dispensation of Providence to save that excellent company from starvation. I was afraid the colonel would order me under arrest for not discharging my duty better, but he didn't. He just winked and said he guessed the matter might drop there. How



LORENZO D. MYERS,
QUARTERMASTER, SIXTY-FOURTH;
CAPTAIN AND A. Q. M.

he settled the account with Colonel Harker, I never learned. Lieutenant Gardner sent to my quarters a nicely-cooked and fragrant section of pig, and I devoured it with a thankful heart—and stomach.

On Saturday the reveille sounded at three o'clock, with orders to march at four. Still it rained, and we lay around, expecting momentarily to hear the "Fall in!" until noon, when we ventured to pitch tents again. Two hours later we snatched them down and got off. Then the sun came out and fairly blistered us with its scorching heat. Three hours' march, and we arrived at a long, steep, stony hill, slippery from the rain. The wagons reached the summit after an unusual amount of tugging and pushing and sweating and yelling. Three miles farther and we went into camp. Sunday we marched—or rather waded—twelve miles in mud ankle deep. The wagons did not get through till after dark. My valise had fallen out and been run over. Its contents were a sight to behold. Our mess-chest had got smashed and was thrown away, with all its contents. But we had learned not to mind little things like these. They were what made army life so interesting.

Monday we lay in camp. Somebody set fire to a grist-mill near by, and I and K of the Sixty-fifth were detailed as fire-companies, Captain Matthias acting as chief. After an exciting time, with camp-kettles and horse-buckets, the flames were extinguished. Tuesday we marched to Manchester. On Wednesday, July 1st, while on the road headed for Tullahoma, we were suddenly halted and officially informed that the latter had been evacuated by Bragg, and that the rebels were in full retreat toward Chattanooga. After a due amount of cheering and yelling over the good news we faced about and marched back to Manchester.

Starting soon after break of day the next morning, we marched to Hillsboro and thence to Pelham. Part of the day we were upon the same road which we had traveled in our retreat from Bridgeport and Stevenson, nearly a year before. We spent two days vibrating like a pendulum between Hillsboro and Pelham, passing four times over the same track. Everybody asked everybody else what we were trying to do.

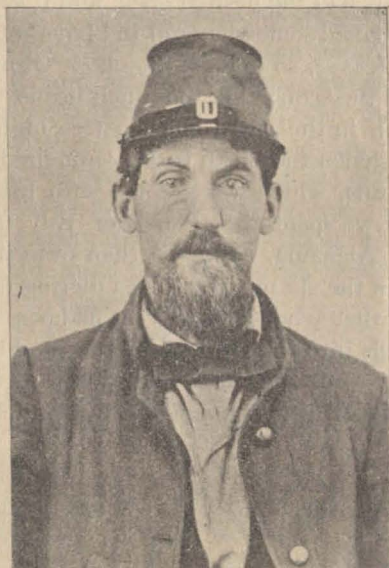
We passed the "glorious Fourth" in camp near Pelham. We had been on half-rations for nearly a week, and celebrated the day

chiefly by foraging extensively. Two or three companies were sent out from each regiment, in addition to which nearly every man did more or less—generally more—on his own account. This was one of scarcely a dozen days in our whole term of service when rations of “tanglefoot”—a gill to each man—were issued by order from headquarters. Evidently the general thought the boys had been having a pretty hard time of it since leaving Murfreesboro, with rain, mud and short rations, and he would stir them up with a little of the exhilarating beverage, and stimulate their patriotic emotions. It had the desired effect and it was a noisy day. Discipline was relaxed somewhat and the boys were permitted to do about as they pleased, so long as they kept within reasonable bounds. Here and there one took too much license—and whisky—and found himself in the guard-house before night. At sunset Captain Bradley marshaled the Sixth battery and fired a national salute of thirty-four guns, which was greeted with lusty cheers. It will be recalled that we spent the Fourth of July the previous year at Mooresville, Alabama. Judging then from the rate of progress we had made in the six months since entering the field, we confidently believed that when another year had passed we would have driven the rebels into the Gulf of Mexico and be exploding fire-crackers at home. Subsequent events caused us to revise the schedule, and our departure for home was indefinitely postponed.

Three days longer we lay at Pelham. Two days' rations were issued which we were told must last six. This was getting the matter of food down to a fine point. Some of the boys suggested a prayer meeting, to see if our scanty store could not be augmented in the same way as were the “five loaves and two small fishes” from which “five thousand, besides women and children,” ate and were filled. Foraging expeditions were sent daily into the adjacent region, and from the proceeds we managed to eke out our small supply. One of these forays for something to eat is remembered on account of the fluent and vigorous profanity of two or three women, at one of the places visited.

On the 8th we broke camp and marched back to Hillsboro. In the evening official dispatches were read conveying intelligence of Union victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, which threw

the soldiers into a frenzy of rejoicing. The woods re-echoed again and again with tempestuous and long-continued cheering. Two days later we moved a short distance and established our camp near a splendid spring which afforded a copious supply of clear, cold water. Here we spent five dull, hot, lazy weeks, while General Rosecrans, the first stage of the campaign having been completely successful, was preparing once more to launch his army forward.



SAMUEL C. HENWOOD,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, 1863. little diversion, and at the same time make some fun for the boys. Tickling the flanks of his horse with his spurs, he charged upon the jack at full speed, bent on putting the long-eared animal to flight. But the dispenser of blue-mass and quinine had reckoned without his host; for that jack developed a quality and quantity of "sand" that amazed him. The jack stood motionless, calmly viewing the scene, until the stallion was within a few paces. Then, as quick as thought, he threw back his ears, and with open mouth and outstretched neck, started upon a counter-charge, braying as only a jackass can.

On one of those scurry-ing trips between Hillsboro and Pelham occurred the incident of the doctor, the stallion, and the jack—famous in the annals of the Sixty-fourth. Surgeon Abraham McMahon rode a spirited iron-gray stallion, of which he was very proud. On the day in question the regiment came to a halt in the edge of a grove, in which was a log stable. Near the latter was a fine, large "jack," which stood with its long ears erect, looking defiantly at the Yankees who had invaded his bailiwick. The surgeon thought he would have a

The doctor and his snorting charger were unanimous in reaching the instant conclusion that they had waked up the wrong passenger. The horse wheeled about, barely in time to escape the teeth of his adversary, and started for the rear at a mad gallop, in full retreat, closely pursued by the bawling jack. Both horse and rider were in a panic. They flashed along the front of the regiment, while the jack, with head up and tail flying, followed like an avenger, the very incarnation of the southern Confederacy. The men fairly yelled with delight, while many, who had not the fear of shoulder-straps before their eyes, ventured to remind the doctor, "Here's yer mule!" His scheme to make a little sport was pre-eminently successful, but not just in the manner he had planned. The doctor was rescued from his peril by the presence of mind—and body—of a dozen soldiers, who, with fixed bayonets, closed in behind the horse as he shot past, and stood firmly at the position of "guard against cavalry." The dauntless jack dashed upon them. A bayonet was jabbed into his head and broken off, but he kept on, driving everything before him. The men broke to escape his teeth and heels. Then the victorious brute, with a contemptuous glance at the fleeing horse and rider, came down to "common time" and, with the broken bayonet protruding from his head, returned to the position he occupied at the beginning of the fracas. It goes without saying that the valiant doctor was often thereafter rallied on his exploit with the jack. How the officer who was responsible for it accounted upon his quarterly return for that broken bayonet, does not appear—probably "lost in action."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SUMMERING AT HILLSBORO.

BLACKBERRIES AND MOSQUITOES—AN ABUNDANCE OF BOTH—FOUR MONTHS' GREENBACKS—VARIOUS HAPPENINGS IN CAMP—THE SIXTY-FOURTH GETS A NEW CHAPLAIN—HE WAS SHOCKED BECAUSE WE MARCHED ON SUNDAY—THE MULE-DRIVERS GAVE HIM A SET-BACK—THE SIXTH BATTERY AND THE REBEL YANKEE.

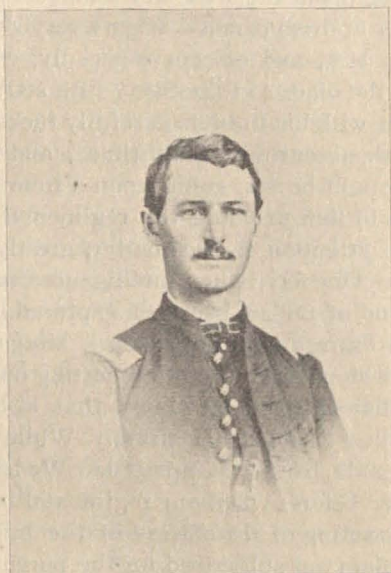
THE two prominent features of our life at Hillsboro were blackberries and mosquitoes. These were about equally numerous, and were a fair "stand-off," the pleasure and comfort derived from the berries being counterbalanced by the pestiferous annoyance of the bloodthirsty "skeeters." Few fruits of bush or vine are more conducive to health than blackberries. Within a few miles of our camp were hundreds of acres of bushes, loaded with large, luscious fruit. A small squad from each company was permitted to go out daily and pick berries, and these parties always returned with an abundant supply. When it became necessary to go some distance from camp, detachments of forty or fifty from each regiment, with arms, and in charge of

officers, were sent. Although it was hot, fatiguing work, the men enjoyed it, and there were no laggards when details were made for the "blackberry squads." Being in camp we were able to achieve highly satisfactory results in the way of cooking, and we had blackberries in every style, morning, noon and night. The mosquitoes seemed to be fully imbued with the spirit of the south, in their insatiable thirst for Yankee blood. They swarmed about us day and night, and especially upon the picket posts, where they were exasperating in the extreme.

While here the "line" officers of the Sixty-fifth adopted the plan of "messing" together. For a year there had been often but one, and never more than two officers with each company. The little "messes" began to be lonesome affairs, and it was decided to pool everything and have a treasurer to keep the account of all outlays, each officer paying his share of the expense. This plan was kept up till the end.

It proved both pleasant and economical. The company officers were brought together two or three times a day, and the frugal meals were made doubly enjoyable by the laugh and jest that were never wanting. Two or three negroes were employed as cooks and scullions. It is true that under this regime most of the "servants" named on the pay-rolls were mythical beings, having no existence but in name, but Uncle Sam paid for them just the same. Nobody permitted the allowance of ten dollars a month for "servant" to get away.

On the 25th of July we received four months' pay and every-



JOHN K. SHELLENBERGER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

body felt as if he owned a bank. The next day our reserve baggage train, which we had left at Murfreesboro, came up and was received with great enthusiasm. The baggage was in that chaotic and fragmentary condition usual in such cases, but we were glad to get it in any shape.

When on the march the soldiers always folded the bottoms of their trousers closely around their ankles and drew over them the legs of their stockings. This prevented the trousers from flapping about the legs and seemed to make marching easier. One day at dress-parade—when everybody was expected to appear at his best, and officers, especially, were careful to “dress up”—one of the officers of the Sixty-fifth startled the regiment by marching out with his trousers carefully tucked in his stockings. He was a little absent-minded at times, and upon this occasion evidently thought he was going upon a tramp. When the officers marched up in line to salute the regimental commander, the latter called his attention to the matter, greatly to his chagrin and confusion.

One day, when intelligence came that John Morgan and his band of raiders had been captured in Ohio, the boys yelled with an extra amount of steam. Morgan had caused much pain in our stomachs by so often cutting our cracker line, and it was a peculiar satisfaction to know that, at least for a time, he would not molest or make us afraid. While at Hillsboro, the subject of a brigade band was agitated. We had been without music since a year before, when our regimental bands were taken from us. At a meeting of the officers of the brigade the sum of six hundred dollars was subscribed for the purchase of instruments, and an application for permission to organize a band was forwarded to Washington. It was “turned down” and the scheme fell through, much to our disappointment. At this time there was scarcely one band to each division in Rosecrans’s army.

On the 13th of August a serious accident occurred. During the forenoon the heat was extreme. This was followed, in the afternoon, by a thunderstorm of appalling violence, accompanied by a high wind which made rude havoc with the camp. A tree was blown down and the top fell on several tents of the Sixty-fourth, injuring a number of men, four of them severely.

On the 15th a detachment of officers and non-commissioned

officers from each of the two regiments left for Ohio, to take charge of a body of drafted men assigned to the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth and bring them to the front. Before we left Hillsboro the nine-months' drafted men, who had joined the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth a few weeks before the battle of Stone River, were mustered out of service, their term having expired. Less than fifty were received by each regiment, and this number had been reduced nearly half by sickness and the casualties of battle. Most of the drafted men rendered faithful service during the short time they were with us.

Captain Thomas Powell, of Company E, was chosen by the officers of the Sixty-fifth for chaplain of that regiment, Reverend Burns having resigned. An application for Powell's transfer to that position was forwarded to Columbus, and it was granted some months later.

One day Simon Snyder, a teamster of the Sixty-fourth, applied for a pass to go outside the camp lines. It was duly approved by the regimental and brigade commanders, and Snyder took it in person to the headquarters of General Wood, the court of last resort. Simon had been somewhat neglectful of his ablutions, and his clothing was not as clean as it should have been, in view of the fact that the troops had been for some time in camp, with good facilities for cleanliness. General Wood looked at the pass and at the applicant; then he broke out:

"Go back at once to your quarters, sir; wash yourself well and put on a clean shirt; then come to me and I will give you the pass!"

When Snyder returned to division headquarters he would scarcely have been recognized as the same man.

The following story of a chaplain's first Sunday in the army, told by Adjutant Chauncey Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, will be appreciated, for all remember how we spent a majority of our Sundays:

"About the middle of August, 1863, while we were encamped at Hillsboro, Chaplain R. G. Thompson joined the Sixty-fourth, and immediately set about repairing the spiritual breaches in a regiment that had for many months been without a clerical representative. Notice was read on dress-parade, that a preaching

service would be held on the first Sunday after his arrival. Other regiments were invited to come over and draw fresh rations from the 'bread of life.' Some pains were taken to fit up an auditorium; the chaplain reviewed and revised his manuscript so as to fully meet all expectations; he shaved and blackened his shoes on Saturday afternoon; and on Sunday morning every thing seemed auspicious to the chaplain for a field day in his new command. Colonel McIlvaine, who presided at the breakfast table, asked him to invoke a blessing, which he did with unusual fervor, considering the simplicity of our meal, including thanks for the encouraging prospects of a holy, quiet Sabbath in the midst of 'God's first temples.' His voice had hardly died away, when an orderly from headquarters dropped a scrap of paper upon the colonel's tin platter. Opening it the colonel read: 'Have your command in readiness to move immediately.' The chaplain looked around for some explanation, and inquired what it meant?

"The colonel said: 'It means just what it says, and if you get a square meal today you will have to pitch in now!'

"The chaplain raised his hands in sorrowful amazement and exclaimed, 'What, march on the Holy Sabbath!'

"This first rude shock to his sensitive moral nature was not the only one, even that day. He accompanied the train, and a brisk shower made the roads very slippery. A steep hill, a few miles from the starting point, stalled nearly every team, and detachments of men were required to help them up. The spiritual shepherd of the Sixty-fourth declared to the adjutant that night, that he could not conceive how a Holy God could prosper an army of such unholy men; that he had heard more profanity that sacred day than during all his previous life. The adjutant, who had often heard the teamsters exhort their mules under trying circumstances, gave full credit to his declaration."

Another incident happened to Chaplain Thompson, which assisted in opening his eyes to the depravity that existed in the army, and to the extent of the field of usefulness that was spread out before him as a preacher of the gospel to the Sherman Brigade. Soon after his arrival at Hillsboro, he put on his new uniform and called at brigade headquarters, to pay his respects to Colonel Harker. It happened that while he was sitting under a

"fly," talking with the colonel, a soldier approached with "Happy Jack" under guard. Jack was very "full," and Colonel Harker sternly ordered that he be at once taken to the Sixty-fourth for condign punishment. Jack had caught sight of the stranger, with shining shoulder-straps and brass buttons, and asked him who he was.

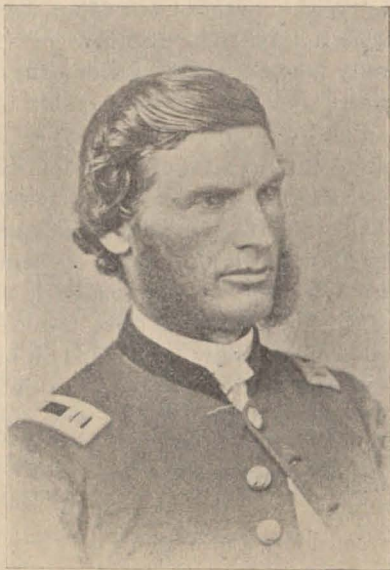
"My name is Thompson; I am the new chaplain of the Sixty-fourth Ohio," was the courteous answer to the rude question.

"Ha!" said Jack, as he offered his hand to the spiritual director, "ye're goin' ter be our chaplain, are ye! I was a chaplain mesilf once, an' a divil of a chaplain I was, too!"

Colonel Harker's eyes snapped, the guard hustled Jack away, and the chaplain mused upon the magnitude of the work committed to him—the regeneration of the Sixty-fourth Ohio.

Quoting again, from Captain Baldwin: "On one of the expeditions from Hillsboro, in which the battery participated, we went up toward the Cumberland mountains into one of the many rich coves, where we found a very nice plantation owned by a Connecticut

Yankee by the name of Parker, who had emigrated to Tennessee in the 50's. We borrowed his scythe and cut what green oats we could load up. We then visited his house, and having learned in the mean time that he was a rebel conscript officer, and that he was ten times meaner than an armed rebel, we decided to secure some hams without asking if he had any to spare. We made a careful search of the house but found nothing. They claimed that the rebel cavalry had eaten them out. We determined to



RICHARD M. VOORHEES,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

return to camp when a little colored boy told us that if we would let him go back to camp with us he would tell us where to find lots of stuff in the house. This was assented to, and following his instructions a bureau in the parlor was removed, which uncovered an opening under a stairway. There we found nearly a barrel of green coffee, a dozen gallons of honey and a quantity of hams and bacon, corn meal and flour. These supplies were transferred to the wagons and on arriving at camp we not only had a well filled train but a young darkey to help the cook.

"Within sight of our camp there lived a widow and her only daughter. As the members of the different commands had literally taken everything from the place, even to the fences, she appealed to Captain Bradley for protection. This was readily given and a guard was detailed as requested. A detail was also made to cut up a lot of wood for her, and when the army finally moved we saw that she had a reasonable amount of supplies left for her support. One day the ladies were invited to camp to an army dinner. Our officers' mess being blessed with a splendid cook (John Wagner), we were enabled, with the aid of our Dutch bake-oven, to get up a first-class meal, even to northern light bread. Their wonder knew no bounds on seeing the bread and they could not believe that we baked it in camp. They asked how it was made and said they never saw any light bread before in their lives."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A RAPID PROCESSION OF EVENTS.

THE ADVANCE TOWARD CHATTANOOGA—A TOILSOME CLIMB—IN THE SEQUATCHIE VALLEY—WE FARE SUMPTUOUSLY—CROSSING THE TENNESSEE RIVER ON FLATBOATS—A RECONNOISANCE UNDER THE SHADOW OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—THE REBELS EVACUATE CHATTANOOGA—WOOD'S DIVISION MARCHES IN—WE PUSH THE ENEMY BEYOND LEE AND GORDON'S MILL—A WEEK OF CONSTANT SKIRMISHING—JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

ON THE 16th of August a stir was created in camp by orders to march immediately. We were directed to reduce all baggage as near to the zero point as possible, and the men threw away the surplusage of clothing and articles of various kinds that always accumulated during weeks of camp life. We started about ten o'clock, taking the familiar road to Pelham, this being the fifth time we had traveled it within a few weeks.

The weather was excessively hot and before we had gone a mile perspiration flowed literally in streams. At noon, as might have been expected, it began to rain furiously. The main road was so cut up as to be impassable for wagons and artillery, and we

took a by-path which was little better. Our brigade was detailed to assist the train—a job that everybody would have been glad to shirk. We were distributed for a mile, a squad to each wagon, and there was continual tugging and yelling. Not less than a dozen wagons became hopelessly stalled and had to be unloaded. Two hours after dark we halted, a mile beyond Pelham, and, wet and exhausted, threw ourselves upon the ground.

We turned out at four in the morning and prepared to ascend the mountain—the same range which we had crossed with so much difficulty the previous year. The ascent was two miles in length, steep and rocky. It was impossible to get the wagons up with full loads. Half the contents of each was unloaded at the foot of the hill, for a second trip. We marched two-thirds of the way to the summit, stacked arms, and returned to begin our task. And what a task it was! At six o'clock the first wagon started up. All day, and until eleven o'clock at night, we toiled almost without cessation—thirty men to each wagon, pulling with ropes, lifting at the wheels and, of course, yelling like savages. The artillery required twelve horses to each gun and caisson. The heat was intense and large numbers of men and animals gave out entirely. When night came on, great fires were built at short intervals and the long hill presented a wild, weird scene of confusion and excitement. We only succeeded in getting the wagons up with the first half of their loads. Never in our lives were we more utterly overcome with fatigue.

A few hours of sleep, and we were up at daylight to finish our work. The men were stiff, lame and sore but they “limbered up” with exercise, their lungs were rested, and they tugged and yelled as aforetime. Even brigadiers, colonels and smartly-dressed staff officers stood by the wayside, yelling and swinging their arms like lunatics, in their efforts to stimulate the mules. We wondered if Bonaparte's army made such a racket when it crossed the Alps. In any event, his soldiers could not have been more rejoiced to reach the summit than were we when our last wagon halted at the top of that hill. After an hour for rest and coffee we resumed the march, going into bivouac long after dark, in another baptism of rain.

We were off at early dawn next morning and marched half a

mile to a stream bearing the euphonious name of Gizzard creek, where we stopped for breakfast. At noon the line officers' mess of the Sixty-fifth ate dinner at a cabin where there was a family of ten children, the oldest not more than fifteen. The matron placed at our disposal all the table furniture she had, consisting of half a dozen broken plates and two or three rusty knives and forks. We gave her some bacon and hardtack, a little coffee and sugar, and a dollar for the use of her house, which she said was more money than she had seen in six months. The day's march was an arduous one of twenty miles. The only excitement of the day was caused by rattlesnakes, of which the men killed eight or ten. We passed through Tracy City—a majestic name for six or eight straggling houses.

The next day, August 20th, having crossed the plateau, we reached the descent, which was as long and as rough as the hill by which we went up. The division got down safely, the only casualties being the breaking of a few wagons. We were now in the beautiful Sequatchie valley,

a fertile and productive region, lying between two high ranges. Fruit and vegetables were plenty, and during the ten days of our stay we fared sumptuously. We were not required to drill much, and did little except guard and picket duty, with an occasional detail to escort a supply train from Bridgeport or Stevenson.

One day there was a big scare caused by the report of a citizen that two or three regiments of rebel cavalry were sweeping down the valley. Colonel Harker ordered out the brigade in hot



JOSEPH B. FURGESON,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

haste and we went on the gallop for two or three miles, when it was found to be a false alarm. Then Colonel Harker skillfully turned the affair into a brigade drill and we charged around for two hours, returning to camp in a melting condition.

Early in the morning of September 1st, the bugles sounded "Forward!" We marched to Jasper, where we rested a day, and on the 3rd reached the Tennessee river at Shellmound. There we were to paddle ourselves across on flatboats. The ammunition and hospital wagons continued on to Bridgeport, to cross by the pontoon bridge. Half a dozen boats, each capable of carrying two wagons and a dozen mules at a cargo, were our only means of ferriage. These had to be propelled by poles and paddles, across a stream half a mile wide, and it was slow and tedious work. It took all day and half the night to get our brigade over.

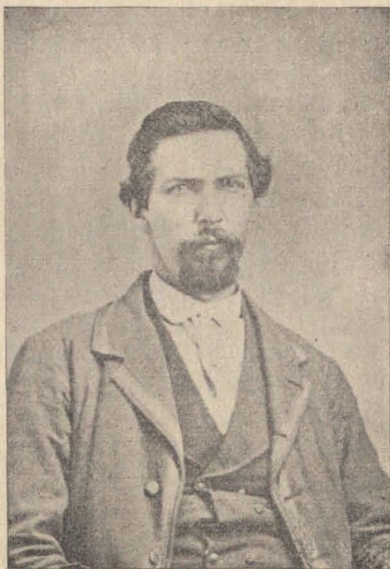
The division had a herd of cattle, and it was proposed to cross them by swimming. One of the boats was loaded with cattle as a "bait," and a sturdy steer was tied by the horns to the stern. The boat was pushed off and of course the steer had to swim for his life. A thousand men, more or less, surrounded the cattle and with terrifying shouts drove them into the water, while the men on the boat employed their most persuasive arts to coax them to follow in the wake of the steer. They swam bravely for a time, and there was much rejoicing over the apparent success of the aquatic experiment. But before a quarter of the distance had been passed, the cattle showed that they were poor navigators. Either they lost their reckoning or their faith failed, for they began to swim around in circles, in a state of evident demoralization. After floundering for a few minutes they all struck out for the shore from which they had launched. There was no alternative, and they had to be ferried over in squads.

As soon as we had crossed we went into bivouac to await the passage of the rest of the division. Many of the officers and men spent two or three hours in an underground ramble, by the light of torches, in Nickajack cave, near Shellmound, said to be miles in extent. One of the chambers, with its labyrinth of stalactites, is equal to anything in the famous Mammoth cave, of Kentucky.

We waited a day for Van Cleve's division to cross the river,

the boats being kept running day and night. The opportunity for bathing was greatly enjoyed by thousands who fringed the banks. By noon of the 5th we were in motion again, camping for the night within twelve miles of Chattanooga, without a sign of the enemy. Rosecrans's entire army was now south of the Tennessee, the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps having crossed without molestation at points below. It was in the nature of a surprise that Bragg did not dispute the passage of the river. It was afterward learned that he was awaiting heavy reinforcements, then on the way to join him. With his augmented army he fully expected to destroy Rosecrans, and was willing that the latter should pass to the south bank, thus assuring his ruin, as Bragg believed.

On Sunday, September 6th, we advanced—two brigades of Wood's division—to within a mile and a half of "the nose" of Lookout Mountain, the van skirmishing sharply with the Confederate cavalry outposts. We evidently stirred up the rebels in that vicinity, for at the signal stations on the mountain the flags were being waved with frantic energy. Withdrawing a short distance, we went into bivouac and prepared to spend the night. About ten o'clock company officers were summoned to regimental headquarters and informed that we were in great jeopardy and must get away from there as quickly as possible. It was ascertained, or at least believed, that a large force of the enemy was on its way to get in our rear and cut off our retreat. The sleeping soldiers were aroused and, swiftly and silently, we moved back three



JOSEPH ANDREWS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY C, AND FIRST
LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

miles, took position on a high hill, put the artillery "in battery" and passed the remainder of the night unmolested.

We remained quiet during the forenoon of the 7th, but in the afternoon Harker's brigade was directed to make a reconnoissance toward Lookout. We pushed half a mile beyond the farthest point reached the previous day. Companies B and F, of the Sixty-fifth, were deployed as skirmishers. Reaching a skirt of dense underbrush, it was found that the rebel pickets were posted along the farther edge of the copse. Their hostile intent was disclosed by the snapping of a cap on one of their muskets. Our skirmishers could see nothing, owing to the dense thicket, but they opened fire on general principles. The rebels responded with a harmless volley and then took to their heels.

Our sharp advance provoked a severe fire from the enemy's artillery. Corporal Herman Beitel, of Company F, Sixty-fifth, a most excellent soldier, was instantly killed by a fragment of shell which struck his head and literally tore away the upper half. We had with us a section of the Sixth Ohio battery, but owing to the dense wood it was not possible to use the guns. Having fully developed the presence and position of the enemy, which was the object of the movement, we faced about and rejoined the other brigade, at the spot where we had camped the previous night. The body of Corporal Beitel was carried back by members of his company and buried that evening near the bivouac.

General Wood was greatly pleased with the manner in which this reconnoissance was conducted. In his official report of the campaign he bestowed unstinted praise upon Colonel Harker and his brigade, using these words: "I know of no parallel to this masterly reconnoissance in all military history."

We did not move on the 8th. Palmer's division joined us and we felt a greater sense of security. Wagner's brigade, of our division, had been sent to occupy Waldron's ridge, on the bank of the river opposite Chattanooga, and about this time it was beginning to toss shells into the town.

The 9th was a day of stir and excitement. We were in line of battle at three o'clock, and when dismissed were ordered to march at six. This was countermanded and we were directed, with only arms, haversacks and canteens, to go upon another re-

connoissance. Just as the line was formed the program was again changed and we were told to "take everything along." The men hastily buckled on their "traps" and off we went at a rapid pace. Soon rumors floated along the column that Bragg had evacuated Chattanooga. We took them to be only "grapevines." Presently a regiment of mounted infantry, of Wilder's brigade, came up from the rear and passed us at a gallop, the men shouting that they were going into Chattanooga. Our boys answered that it would be "some other day," but, to our surprise, within a few hours we were in the town, ourselves.

We neared Lookout, but not a shot was heard. As we rounded the point of the mountain, far below the frowning cliffs, our eyes discerned, through the clouds of dust that filled the air, the spires and buildings of Chattanooga. A wave of prodigious cheers swept along the column, and this was repeated again and again. The blood which was the price paid for Chattanooga, was to be shed a few days later. But the soldiers knew not, recked not, of the future. They thought only of the present, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy in the possession, so easily gained, of the Confederate stronghold. As we entered the town the street was lined with people gratifying their curiosity to have a look at a crowd of real live "Yankees."

"Why," exclaimed an urchin of twelve, "you look just like we-uns! They told us you-all had horns!"

"There's a brigade right behind us that's got horns!" said



JOHN J. WILLIAMS,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.

ready Phil Sheridan, of Company I, Sixty-fifth. "I'd like to have a good 'horn' meself jist now!"

We learned that the rebels began the evacuation the day we made our reconnoissance and were received with such a warm artillery fire. This was the fact, although it can hardly be supposed that the advance of our brigade scared them out. We passed acres of deserted camps covered with debris of every kind. We halted and stacked arms in front of a large house which had been occupied as the headquarters of Lieutenant-general Polk. Within were found two Confederate flags. Colonel Harker took possession of one, and the other was torn into shreds by the boys for relics. We bivouacked for the night half a mile southeast of the town. A large detail from the brigade was made for provost duty during the night.

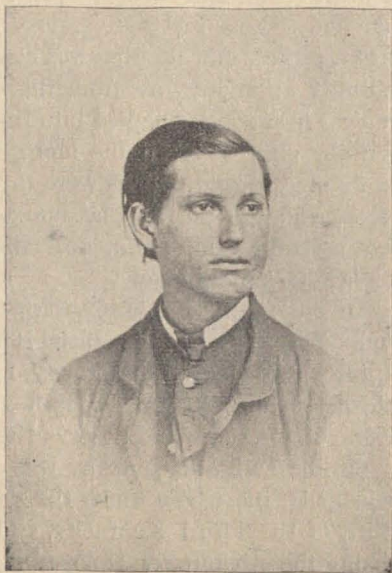
While rambling about the outskirts of the bivouac, Quartermaster-sergeant Charles E. Baker and Commissary-sergeant William H. Farber, of the Sixty-fourth, came upon two fine three-year-old colts capering about in a field. Regarding it as a dispensation of Providence, to relieve them from the irksome toil of "hoofing it" with the train, they at once set about the capture of the animals. After some strategic maneuvering they were successful and led their "mounts" in triumph to where the train was parked. Congratulating themselves upon their "soft snap," they were busily engaged in improvising the necessary riding gear, when a well-dressed lady, on horseback, rode up. As soon as her eye fell upon the brace of colts she gave notice that they belonged to her. She said her name was Crutchfield, and exhibited a safe-guard for her property, bearing the signature of General Thomas J. Wood. Of course the captive animals were instantly released and turned over to a negro servant who accompanied the lady. The next day Baker and Farber, disgusted and crestfallen, took it afoot, as usual.

Wood's division made but a short stay in Chattanooga, moving out the next morning—September 10th. Wagner's brigade was left to occupy the town. After marching a few miles, through clouds of suffocating dust and overpowering heat, we invaded Georgia, the soil of which state we had not before trodden. We camped near Rossville, the divisions of Van Cleve and Palmer be-

ing near us. A collision occurred in the evening between Palmer's pickets and a detachment of rebel cavalry, which resulted in a brisk skirmish, and warned us that we were in the presence of the enemy. A heavy picket line was thrown out and we lay down to sleep.

That evening our pickets sent to Colonel Harker's headquarters a negro, from whom was learned the first definite and reliable information respecting the whereabouts of Bragg's army, and its course after leaving Chattanooga. The intelligence was immediately transmitted to General Wood, and by him sent to General Rosecrans. It changed the direction of our march the following day.

We were aroused at a very early hour to stand in line of battle. After a hurried breakfast at daylight, we were off by half past five. Retracing our steps three or four miles, we took the road to Lafayette and pushed rapidly forward. We soon ran into a hornets' nest. Five companies of the Sixty-fourth and five of the Sixty-fifth were thrown



NATHAN M. WELLS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.

out as skirmishers, the main body of our brigade, which was in the lead, following in line of battle. The dense thickets through which we forced our way rendered the movement fatiguing in the extreme. Firing was brisk and frequent, and a number of our skirmishers were wounded. Many panic-stricken rabbits started from the bushes and galloped away with nimble feet.

"Go it, cottontail!" shouted one of the boys. "If I was a rabbit I'd run, too!"

The rebels resisted stubbornly but were gradually forced back by the momentum of our column, their evident purpose being only to check our advance. We passed several of the enemy's dead, and from prisoners we learned that the force opposing us was a cavalry brigade commanded by General Wheeler. About the middle of the afternoon we came to a pause at Lee and Gordon's mill, on the bank of a stream called the Chickamauga, a name soon to be made historic by one of the fiercest struggles of the war. The ball was to open in a few days and Harker's brigade had tickets for front seats. A third of each regiment was sent on picket, and the line was established under a brisk and exceedingly annoying fire from the enemy. We passed an almost sleepless night, being called into line three or four times by alarms upon the outposts. In the morning the divisions of Van Cleve and Palmer arrived, works were thrown up along the bank of the stream, and the position became tolerably secure. Our brigade lay at a bend of the creek, near the large grist-mill from which the place takes its name.

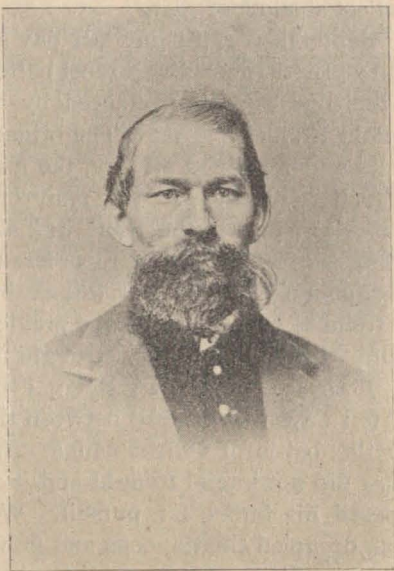
Of our advance from Chattanooga to Lee and Gordon's mill General Wood said in his official report: "The service of Colonel Harker's brigade was extremely hazardous, and was performed with the greatest judgment, skill and gallantry. The men and officers of his command deserve the highest praise."

On the 12th one company was detailed from each regiment of our brigade, the whole under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Bullitt, of the Third Kentucky, and ordered to "clear our front." Crossing the stream, we deployed upon either side of the road and swept forward at a rapid pace. After passing our picket line we very soon stirred up the enemy and the climate became extremely warm. Bullets flew around us with the same uncomfortable sound that became so familiar to our ears at Stone River. We drove the rebel skirmishers half a mile, when a hostile battery opened savagely upon us. Colonel Bullitt wisely concluded that we had gone far enough, and ordered a halt. We lay down and held our position while the rebel shells burst all around us. We were singularly fortunate, losing none killed and but three or four wounded.

Colonel Harker, with three regiments and a section of the

Sixth Ohio battery, came out at double-quick to support us. Har-ker at once determined to experiment with his plan of capturing batteries, in which he had drilled us so often while we lay before Corinth. He sent the Third Kentucky to the left and the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio to the right, while the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Bullitt's detachment of skirmishers advanced directly in front. If the rebels had stayed, we might have got the battery, but they didn't. They limbered up and galloped to the rear, and after charging about for an hour we gave it up and returned to the north bank of the stream.

Toward noon of the 13th there was a great scare. It was reported that the rebels in heavy columns were advancing upon us, and instantly all was bustle and excitement. Staff officers dashed madly about with orders, regiments and brigades took their assigned places, and every preparation was made to receive the expected onslaught. It proved to be one of the false alarms so frequent under such circumstances. There was much heavy skirmishing but the attack



DUDLEY C. CARR,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

did not come. We were kept at high pressure until night, when matters quieted down and we breathed freely again.

Next day the Sixty-fourth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio were sent upon a reconnoissance. Without going far they found the enemy strongly posted, provoking a fire which wounded three of the Sixty-fourth. Four days longer we lay at Lee and Gordon's, in comparative quiet. The utmost vigilance was not for a moment relaxed and there was much picket duty,

standing in line of battle and building breastworks. The air was full of the wildest "grapevine" rumors. We heard that General Sherman, with a million men, more or less, from Vicksburg, had reached Chattanooga and was on his way to the front; and that Burnside, with another host of blue-coats, was marching down from Knoxville at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and his advance had already reached Ringgold. Nothing could be more absurd and preposterous than the reports which hourly reached our ears, not one in ten of which was based upon even the smallest shadow of fact.

September 18th, our last day at the mill, was full of excitement. In the morning a rebel battery opened viciously upon our pickets but was soon silenced by a few well-directed shots from Captain Bradley's guns. The brigade formed in line at the breastworks and remained all day, the men being only permitted to retire a short distance to the rear, one-third at a time, for their meals. Firing at the front was almost without cessation. As darkness came on we were ordered to spend the night at the intrenchments. We did not know, but everybody believed, from the trend of events during the previous few days, that the morrow would witness the mighty struggle between the two great armies.

Both Rosecrans and Bragg committed grave errors during the ten days that elapsed between the evacuation of Chattanooga and the battle of Chickamauga. Leaping to the conclusion that Bragg did not intend to fight and was in full retreat, Rosecrans disposed his forces for pursuit. While Crittenden, as we have seen, occupied Chattanooga and moved immediately out upon the roads by which Bragg's main body had retired, Rosecrans had sent McCook and Thomas far to the southward, to assail Bragg's flank and rear. In consequence of these movements the Union corps became so widely separated that, five days before the battle, nearly sixty miles of valley and mountain lay between Crittenden on the left, and McCook, on the right, with Thomas about midway between them. It was easily possible for Bragg to fall upon and overwhelm one or more of these corps, which were too remote from each other to give mutual support. The facts were fully known to Bragg, and he made dispositions for an attempt to crush first Crittenden and then Thomas, but there was an inex-

plicable lack of energy in carrying out his orders and nothing was accomplished. He wished to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of heavy reinforcements, then near at hand—Longstreet, from Virginia; Buckner, from East Tennessee; and two divisions from the army of Joe Johnston in Mississippi.

As soon as Rosecrans discovered his error in supposing that his adversary did not intend to fight, he made all haste to concentrate his scattered army. Thanks to the supineness of Bragg, he was able to accomplish this, by the utmost effort. The troops of McCook, marching night and day, over difficult roads, barely connected with Thomas, who had joined Crittenden, before the long-gathering storm burst upon Rosecrans. Bragg's army had been increased by fully thirty thousand men, raising its fighting strength to near seventy thousand. Rosecrans had for battle, including the reserve corps under Gordon Granger, about fifty-seven thousand men. The weight of numbers was therefore very considerably to the advantage of the Confederates.

There was little sleep that night in either army. Bragg was perfecting his arrangements to attack the following morning, while Rosecrans was hastening forward the troops of McCook and making dispositions to meet the shock, which could no longer be avoided. As we lay on the bank of Chickamauga creek, all night we heard the tread of hurrying feet, and the clatter of galloping hoofs. It was the night before the battle!

CHAPTER XL.

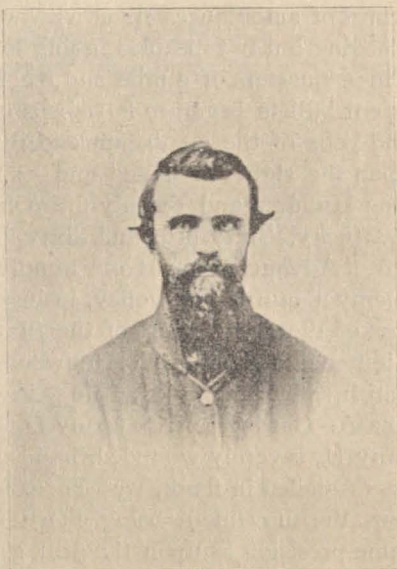
CHICKAMAUGA.

THE BATTLE OPENS ON THE UNION LEFT—WE GO IN SOON AFTER NOON—SEVERE FIGHTING AND HEAVY LOSSES—OFFICERS AND MEN FALL BY DOZENS—THE SIXTH BATTERY HEAVILY ENGAGED—THE DESPERATE CONFLICT OF SUNDAY—MAGNIFICENT CONDUCT OF HARKER'S BRIGADE—MAJOR BROWN MORTALLY WOUNDED—CAPTAIN BRADLEY SAVES HIS GUNS—THE ARMY FALLS BACK TO CHATTANOOGA—THE ADVENTURES OF SOME OF OUR WOUNDED.

AT THREE o'clock in the morning of Saturday, September 19th, we were aroused to stand at arms. All was quiet until daylight, when brisk firing began between our pickets, on the other side of the creek, and those of the enemy. We were constantly on the alert, momentarily expecting a development of the attack. An hour passed, another and another, and although the firing increased there was nothing that sounded like a battle. About eight o'clock a large mass of the enemy was observed moving toward our left, across the bottom land which lay in our front, on the other side of the stream. The trees there had been girdled and were dead. The marching col-

umn of rebels could be distinctly seen, not more than six hundred yards distant. General Wood, whose headquarters were near by, came running up in a high state of excitement, and at once ordered the Sixth battery to open fire. Its guns played the overture to the battle of Chickamauga. Captain Bradley's shells very quickly caused the rebels to change their course and get out of range by a detour. They disappeared from our front, their evident purpose being not to attack at Lee and Gordon's but to mass against the Union left.

About an hour later the storm broke, a mile or more to our left. It was Bragg's plan to turn that flank, gain our rear, and secure the roads leading to Chattanooga. Owing to the dense forest the embattled lines were hidden from our view, but the smoke rose in clouds above the trees, while the volleys of musketry and the roar of artillery were startling and incessant. The companies from our brigade which were on picket became heavily engaged. They held their position with admirable pluck, and were not able to rejoin their respective regiments until after nightfall.



JOHN K. ZEIGLER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 20th, 1863.

Three hours longer we lay in our position at the mill, expecting each moment to be ordered into the battle. Every man stood, musket in hand, with full cartridge-box and forty additional rounds on his person; and field officers were beside their horses ready to spring into the saddle. The roar of the conflict increased in volume as the wave of battle swept along the line. No pen can describe the intensity of emotion that causes the heart of

the soldier to throb during these moments of eager, anxious, almost breathless waiting.

It was three o'clock when a staff officer dashed up with an order for Colonel Harker. As the latter leaped into his saddle there was little need for the command "Attention!" for every officer and soldier was in his place, ready for instant response.

"Forward—Double quick—March!"

Away to the left we went. The hot air, like the breath of a furnace, was heavy with clouds of choking dust. We passed scores of ambulances filled with wounded, and hundreds of men, bleeding but not disabled, going to the rear in search of hospitals. Three quarters of a mile and we were near the scene of conflict. Spent bullets began to fall about us. We could hear the cheers and yells of the combatants. Filing off the road into the wood upon the right we halted and hastily formed line of battle—the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio on the right, and the Third Kentucky, Sixty-fifth and Sixty-fourth Ohio successively to the left. Advancing about one hundred yards we received from the enemy a murderous volley, losing many officers and men. The loss of the right wing of the Sixty-fifth was especially severe, Lieutenants Samuel C. Henwood, of Company A, and Nelson Smith, of Company G, being instantly killed, and Lieutenants Asa A. Gardner, of Company D, and Otho M. Shipley, of Company H, severely wounded, besides many excellent soldiers.

Assailed in flank, we were compelled to change front to the rear, the movement being executed under fire with almost the same precision as upon the drill ground. Soon afterward, Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck, commanding the Sixty-fifth, was sorely wounded and was carried from the field. Major Brown succeeded to the command. The rebels seemed to be all around us and it was difficult to tell which was the front and which the rear—in fact it was front in two or three directions at the same time. We were again compelled to change position, and in doing so struck the flank of a rebel regiment, from which the Sixty-fifth and Third Kentucky swept off two hundred prisoners and sent them safely to the rear. Harker's brigade, although its ranks were being rapidly decimated, presented to the enemy an unyielding line, holding its own against all opposition. After being engaged for



CULLEN BRADLEY
CAPTAIN, SIXTH BATTERY.

about two hours the enemy's fire ceased in our front and we were not again attacked during the day. Fighting upon the extreme left and also to our right continued until nightfall.

During the action the Sixty-fourth was dispatched to fill a gap in another division, caused by the giving way of a regiment—the Eighth Kansas. The gap had become so extended that both flanks were exposed, but the Sixty-fourth moved steadily forward, driving the enemy before it, until Colonel McIlvaine ordered a halt, directing the men to lie down in the dense timber which covered the field. While the regiment was in this position it was so far in advance of the Union line that a considerable body of rebels came up in its rear. Forty or fifty of them, including half a dozen officers, stumbled upon the Sixty-fourth. Upon being ordered to surrender they did so and were sent to the rear. The Confederate General Gregg, with several officers of his staff, unaware of the presence there of Union troops, rode up. Refusing to surrender, they wheeled their horses and attempted to escape. They were fired upon, and General Gregg fell from his horse, severely wounded. Colonel McIlvaine obtained possession of his sword. The small detail which had been sent to the rear with the prisoners inadvertently struck the ragged edge of the enemy's line. In the melee that ensued the prisoners made their escape, and John McFarland, one of the guards, was wounded and made captive. The position of the Sixty-fourth, far in advance, with no immediate support upon either of its flanks, was one of imminent peril, and an order to fall back was gladly obeyed. This closed the fighting of the Sixty-fourth for that day.

During the mix-up of the Sixty-fourth and the Confederates, Robert C. McFarland, of Company E, disarmed five Mississippians, marched them from the field and delivered them to the provost-marshal of the division. One of the prisoners was about six feet and a half high. "He looked big enough to eat me up!" said McFarland in relating the incident.

Among the prisoners taken by Harker's brigade were a number from Longstreet's corps, of Lee's army, which had been sent from Virginia to reinforce Bragg. It was easy to distinguish them from the soldiers of Bragg's army by their clothing. Most

of them wore the regular Confederate uniform, while the dress of the western men was a "go-as-you-please" matter, with every imaginable variety of garments and head covering. Scarcely any two of the latter were clothed alike.

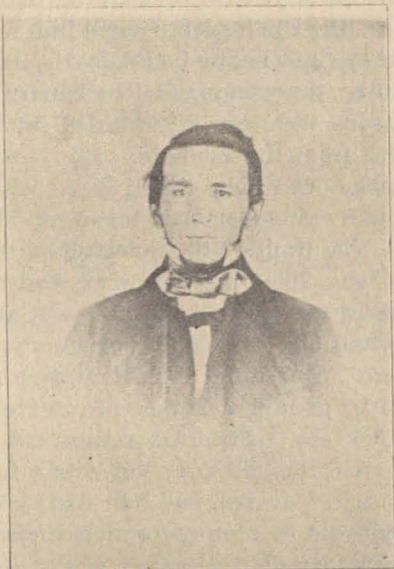
"How does Longstreet like the western Yankees?" they were asked.

"You'll get enough of Longstreet before tomorrow night!" was the answer, which proved to be very close to the truth.

From Lee and Gordon's mill the Sixth battery moved with the brigade about a mile and a half to a point near the Viniard house, where the Lafayette road bends toward Chattanooga. Two batteries had already been stationed at the right of the road, under the personal supervision of Major Mendenhall, General Crittenden's chief of artillery. The Sixth battery remained a short time, in column, waiting for orders, the infantry meanwhile passing rapidly to the front. The road was skirted with timber and underbrush.

Beyond this curtain, upon the right, was a stretch of open bottom-land, extending some three hundred yards, and upon the farther side of this a thick wood.

Not long after the battery halted, a heavy force of rebels emerged from the wood and started across the bottom, with the evident purpose of driving everything before it. The fighting instantly became severe. The two batteries which were in position, heretofore mentioned, showed a great lack of steadiness. Indeed, they abandoned their positions and in great confusion re-



LOUIS SCHNEIDER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Chickamauga, Sept. 19th, 1863.

tired across the road, some of the carriages passing to the right and some to the left of the Sixth, which was still in column. It was a moment calculated to demoralize the best soldiers, but the Sixth showed not a sign of weakness.

The Union line, some fifty yards from the road, was hotly engaged. No orders had been received by Captain Bradley, but with the instinct of a soldier, he at once perceived that if the battery was to render any service there, whatever was done must be done quickly. He ordered the battery forward by the left flank. Wheeling by the left a small hill was reached, a short distance in rear of the Viniard house, and at the edge of the open field. Instantly the command "In battery!" was given and guns and caissons were quickly whirled into position. During the movement from the road the battery was compelled to cross a deep washed-out ditch, which it did without mishap, although under ordinary circumstances this would have required time and labor.

The trails of the guns had scarcely touched the ground when the long line of rebels was seen advancing, squarely in front. The battery opened at once with all its guns, and the firing was fast and furious. The center section, commanded by Lieutenant Smetts, consisting of twelve-pound Napoleon guns, loaded with canister; while the other pieces fired shells with one-and-a-half-second fuse. The fire was most effective and deadly. The rebels, who had charged to a point within fifty yards of the guns, quailed before it, wavered, and retreated to the cover of the timber. Here they could be seen re-forming their shattered and disordered lines for another effort.

During the lull, to secure a better position, the battery moved quickly some thirty yards to the left and rear, where the guns were posted in the field and the limbers in the edge of the wood. Up to this time the battery had been without support, but at its new position the Seventeenth Indiana, of Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, now on foot, was stationed partly in its rear and partly upon its left flank. Soon the rebels advanced again, with desperate determination, and with a courage that challenged admiration, in the teeth of a terrific fire from the battery and the repeating rifles of the Indianians. The Confederate ranks were rapidly thinned, but the ragged line swept on almost to the

muzzles of the cannon. Mortal men could no further go, and the torn and broken battalions fled again to the shelter of the woods. A third attempt was made, but the spirit of the Confederates was broken, and this, the final charge, was quickly and easily repulsed. The assailants sullenly retired and did not reappear. The bottom, over which they had thrice advanced, was thickly strewn with the dead and wounded.

In this engagement the battery suffered a loss of Private Charles Weeks killed, and Lieutenant George W. Smetts and five enlisted men wounded, and two missing. The center section suffered most severely, there being, after Lieutenant Smetts was wounded, but two cannoneers remaining—Privates F. W. Beebe and John C. Weber. The battery fired more than two hundred rounds of ammunition, the limbers being three times replenished from the caissons. The battery held its position till dark, when, under orders, it moved some distance to a point near the Widow Glenn house—the headquarters of General Rosecrans—where it bivouacked in a peach orchard for the night. There was a scarcity of forage, and about nine o'clock a detail scoured a corn-field, securing a few "nubbins" and a quantity of stalks which were distributed among the hungry horses.

Thus far the battle was wholly indecisive. Both Rosecrans and Bragg had suffered great losses, but neither had gained any marked advantage. With the same spirit they had shown at Stone River, the two commanders, without a thought of relinquishing the field, girded themselves to renew the contest the following day. Bragg received during the night a fresh division of Longstreet's corps from Virginia, accompanied by Longstreet in person, and with the fullest confidence in the outcome, made his dispositions and issued his orders for a renewal of the battle at dawn. Polk was to take the initiative by hurling a mighty column upon the Union left, which was already much shattered by the blows it had received. Rosecrans, aware of his inferiority in numbers, was content to act upon the defensive, and disposed his divisions with that end in view. Wood's two brigades—Wagner's being at Chattanooga—were moved some distance to the left and placed in the front line. They covered their front with a strong barricade of logs and earth. During the night the

wounded were cared for, as far as possible, some of the field hospitals being filled to overflowing. All the surgeons and hospital attendants in the army were busily engaged in binding up wounds and closing the eyes of the dying.

In the evening after the first day's battle, General Wood and Colonel Harker—both "regulars"—were talking together at the headquarters of the latter. General Wood said:

"This battle is not over yet; no doubt we will have to fight again tomorrow. If I were given my choice between regulars and volunteers, I would choose volunteer troops. They will 'stick;' you can fight them as long as you please. I say this from my experience with them at Stone River and in the battle today. The regulars are too sharp. They know when they are whipped but the volunteers don't; they will fight as long as they can pull a trigger."

It was noticeable thereafter that General Wood treated the volunteers with more kindness and forbearance than during the early months of his association with them.

Sunday morning found the battlefield enveloped in a dense fog, which delayed the onslaught of the enemy. It was nine o'clock when Polk delivered his attack upon the Union left. The fighting at once became terrific. Harker's brigade held a good position, with the Sixth Ohio battery admirably posted. Within an hour the brigade began to feel the pressure of the enemy and soon became severely engaged. The rebels advanced in great numbers and made the most determined efforts to breach the line, but all their assaults were magnificently repulsed. Colonel Harker rode along the ranks with flashing eye, speaking words of commendation and encouragement. Dashing up to the battery, the guns of which were being worked with desperate energy, he shouted "Bravo! Pour it into them, boys!" The rebels at length abandoned the attempt and sullenly retired.

Shortly before noon a most unfortunate event occurred, innocently caused by the two brigades of Wood's division. General Rosecrans had dictated to a staff officer the substance of an order to General Wood. The officer reduced the order to writing, but did it so carelessly as to render it easily liable to misinterpretation. Its language fully justified the wrong construction given

to it by Wood. Supposing that he was carrying out the wish of his chief, General Wood withdrew his brigades from the line and marched them by the flank some distance to the left "to support Reynolds," passing to the rear of Brannan's division, which intervened between him and Reynolds. By this movement a gap was opened which McCook, who had been directed to move up to the left, failed to close in time to prevent disaster.

As fortune—or misfortune—would have it, Longstreet was at that moment advancing a force of five divisions for a supreme effort to disrupt the line at that point. Perceiving the gap, he thrust his troops into it, assailing with the greatest fury the exposed flanks, upon the right and left. The effect was immediate and disastrous. Five Union brigades upon the right of the gap rapidly crumbled and were driven from the field in dire confusion and disorder. They were hopelessly broken and fled in panic, yielding to the enemy forty pieces of artillery.

General Rosecrans, who at this time was in rear of the right wing, was caught and borne away by the tide of fugitives. Believing that the day was irretrievably lost, he determined to ride as quickly as possible to Chattanooga and make preparations for defense there. If his surmise that his whole army was routed had been correct, this would have been the wisest thing for him to do. But he was mistaken in his conclusion, and his abandonment of the field, at the crisis of the battle, will ever stand against him as a fault, which threw an eclipse upon a career that up to that time had



JOHN A. GILLIS,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

been brilliantly successful. After consultation, it was decided that General Garfield, his chief of staff, should endeavor to make his way to Thomas, whose guns could still be heard pounding away upon the left. Fortunate would it have been for our beloved "Old Rosey" if he had taken the same course.

When the rebels burst through the gap in the line, General Wood halted his two brigades, formed them facing the enemy, and endeavored to stem the tide of disaster, then at its flood. The rebels assailed Wood with the greatest fury and for a time the fighting was most severe. The total rout of the five Union brigades to the right of the gap enabled the enemy to sweep around to the rear of Wood, and there was imminent danger that his brigades would be enveloped and destroyed. General Thomas, now sole commander on the field, ordered the gradual withdrawal of the troops to the position on the Union left, which he was holding with the utmost tenacity. When this order was received, Wood was already slowly retiring toward the left, forced to do so by the stress of the persistent attacks of overwhelming numbers. His troops fought stubbornly at every point, yielding ground only upon compulsion. They retired in good order, every regiment preserving its organization. The ranks were rapidly thinned by the casualties of battle, but there was no disposition to give way—no symptom of disorder or panic. Harker's brigade was conspicuous for its steadiness during these trying moments.

Taking advantage of a slight elevation, Wood's division made a determined stand, holding the rebels in check for an hour. Two or three charges were bravely met and repulsed, the losses on both sides being heavy. On this line fell many of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, among them Major Samuel C. Brown, of the latter, mortally wounded. He had succeeded to the command of the regiment the previous day, when Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck was disabled by a dangerous wound. He was borne from the field, placed in an ambulance, and sent to Chattanooga. Captain Thomas Powell commanded the regiment during the remainder of the battle.

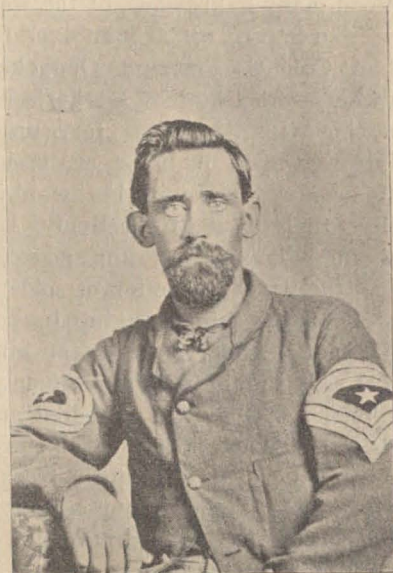
Withdrawing from this line, by order of General Thomas, Harker's brigade took a strong position on Snodgrass hill. This was the key-point of a series of irregular elevations, having a

semi-circular trend, and designated as Horseshoe ridge, upon which General Thomas had disposed the twenty-five thousand men he had drawn thither, and which position was maintained until nightfall.

"This hill must be held and I trust you to do it!" said General Thomas to Colonel Harker.

"We will hold it or die here!" was Harker's response.

And Snodgrass hill *was* held. During the remainder of that awful struggle, Harker's brigade yielded no foot of ground. Its courage, mettle and endurance were indeed put to a crucial test. Rarely in the history of wars have soldiers been called upon to meet an emergency more critical, to face a danger more threatening. The confidence felt by General Thomas in Colonel Harker and his brigade was not misplaced. Officers and men vied with one another in their valor and devotion. Conspicuous in an army of brave men, their conduct challenged admiration, and elicited from General Thomas the rich tribute of thanks and unstinted praise. No language can overstate, or magnify beyond its value, the service rendered by Harker's brigade during the closing hours of that September Sunday.



JACOB BYERS,
CHIEF BUGLER, SIXTY-FIFTH.

The fighting upon the slopes of Snodgrass hill was most desperate and sanguinary. Again and again the Confederate commander hurled his gray masses against the hill, in vain attempts to carry the position; as often they recoiled before the deadly fire which swept their ranks. Forming his brigade in two lines,

Colonel Harker adopted the excellent plan of firing by volley, each regiment in turn advancing to the crest, discharging its guns, and then falling back under cover of the hill, to load while another was delivering its fire. Such volleys, in quick succession, are much more effective than a desultory fusillade in which each individual fires at will. The very handsome manner in which this volley firing was maintained, each regiment in perfect order and aligned upon its colors, evoked from General Thomas and General Wood many expressions of the warmest commendation.

No braver, cooler man ever faced the deadly blast of battle than Colonel Emerson Opdycke, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, of Harker's brigade. While the storm was beating with its fiercest fury upon Snodgrass hill, Colonel Opdycke sat upon his horse, at the summit, sweeping the field with his keen eye, and with his sword indicating to his men where to direct their fire most effectively. Unheeding the bursting shell and hissing bullets, he sat, calm and collected, a scene for a painter. He was the very incarnation of soldierly bearing and manly courage. It chanced that in changing its position the Forty-first Ohio, of Hazen's brigade, passed near him. Opdycke had served for a year as a captain in that regiment, having been selected for the colonelcy of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth on account of his conspicuous capacity as an officer. As the Forty-first marched past, Opdycke was instantly recognized and the whole regiment joined in a greeting of tempestuous cheers. Colonel Opdycke was touched by the demonstration and lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the compliment.

Toward evening, when the soldiers were wearied with two days of fighting, General Wood rode along the line of his two brigades and ordered the men to cheer—and they did, with great gusto. It revived their own spirits and may have had a depressing effect upon the enemy; for this was one of the ruses sometimes employed to convey the impression that re-inforcements had arrived, or that good news had been received. In this case the shouts were vigorous and prolonged, General Wood, himself, swinging his hat and leading the chorus.

An incident will illustrate the spirit which animated the soldiers. After the first volley, Robert C. Ford, of Company C, Six-

ty-fourth, took position behind a sycamore tree, a few yards in front of the line. Here he remained, loading and firing with deliberate aim, until his cartridge-box was empty. The tree was struck repeatedly but Ford was not touched.

It was in front of Snodgrass hill, at a tall pine tree which still stands to mark the spot, that General John B. Hood, then in command of Longstreet's corps, received, soon after three o'clock, a musket-ball in the leg which necessitated amputation at the thigh. It is more than likely that the bullet which struck this shining mark sped from one of the muskets of Harker's brigade. General Hood recovered from his wound, and we formed an intimate acquaintance with him during the latter half of the year 1864.

Thomas was hard pressed, for the strength of the enemy was twice his own. The arrival of General Steedman, with two fresh brigades of General Granger's Reserve corps, was most timely. The exceedingly gallant fighting of Steedman and his troops was the deciding factor in the struggle. Beaten, baffled and bleeding, the Confederates gradually drew off, their ardor abated. As the last rays of the descending sun, struggling through the clouds of smoke, tinted the hills and valleys thickly strewn with the dead and dying, the long and desperate contest ceased. General Thomas richly earned the soubriquet which was bestowed upon him, the "Rock of Chickamauga,"—as that great Confederate leader, General Thomas J. Jackson, for his unyielding firmness at Bull Run, was given the name of "Stonewall," by which he will ever be known in history. All through that afternoon Thomas remained the only officer upon the field above the rank of division commander, both McCook and Crittenden having followed Rosecrans to Chattanooga.

It will be remembered that the Sixth battery, on the evening of Saturday, the 19th, was in bivouac near the Widow Glenn house. Two hours after midnight, while the readjustment of the lines was in progress, the battery was aroused and ordered to pass a considerable distance to the left. This movement was only accomplished by cutting a passage through the woods. Striking a cross-road, the battery filed to the right upon it and about seven o'clock halted near the main road. Here the horses were watered and fed, and the men drew rations and made coffee. The officers'

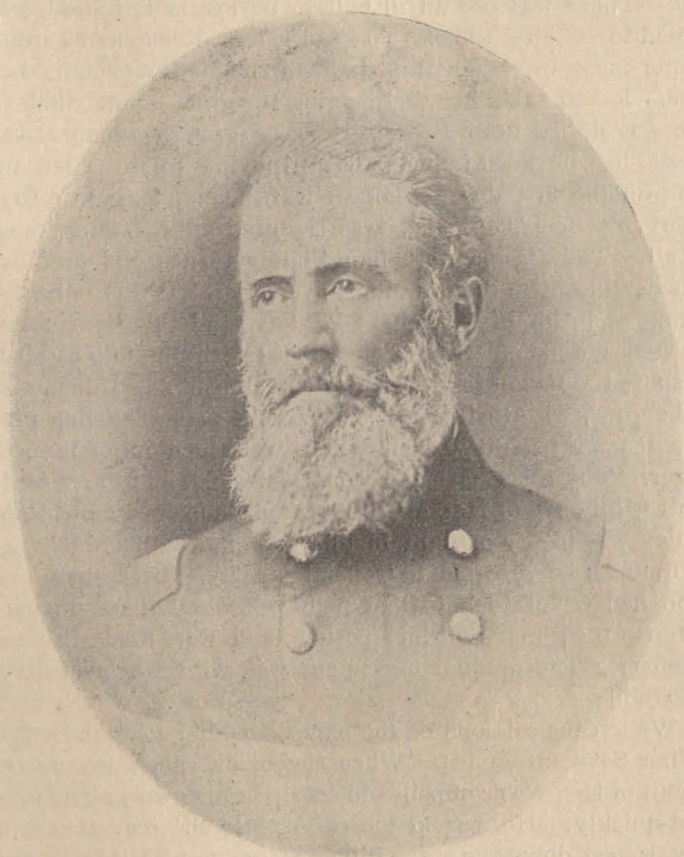
rations were placed upon the rack of the battery-wagon—and from that moment to the present, the officers never again saw those rations.

The battery was now separated from the infantry of Harker's brigade. About nine o'clock it once more pulled out, moved to the main road, and thence some distance toward Chattanooga. Leaving the road, it passed to the right about a quarter of a mile, where it halted, near the division of General Negley. It was ordered to go into position on a hill, which was reached by a strong pull up the acclivity, passing through a peach orchard. At the top of this rise was the Union line, just in the edge of the woods. The guns were ordered "in battery" and everything was put in readiness for action. Here it was rejoined by Wood's two brigades—Harker's and Colonel George P. Buell's.

There being no place to station the caissons near the battery, First Sergeant George W. James, who had them in charge, was directed by Captain Bradley to park them in rear of a thick growth of underbrush, some distance away, which he did.

Meanwhile "the battle was on once more," and a rebel battery, nearly opposite the Sixth, opened with great spirit, from a point near the Brotherton house, becoming at once exceedingly noisy and troublesome. Captain Bradley was directed to see if he could not quiet the obnoxious battery. At the word the men sprang to their pieces and some forty rounds were fired with the utmost possible rapidity. The ammunition bearers galloped to and from the limbers, and the gunners wielded their rammers with desperate energy. The pace was too hot for the rebel artillerists, and their guns were completely silenced.

Not long afterward the battery was ordered to limber up and move still farther to the left, with Harker's brigade. It was at this time that the unfortunate gap was left in the Union line and the disaster to the right occurred. It has heretofore been told how the Confederates rushed through the gap, enveloped Wood's flank and swept around into his rear. The battery followed the quick movement of Harker's brigade to the left for some distance, when its progress was arrested by dense underbrush through which it was not possible to pass. The position of the battery was made still more perilous by a mad rush of Union troops which



JOHN FERGUSON
COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.

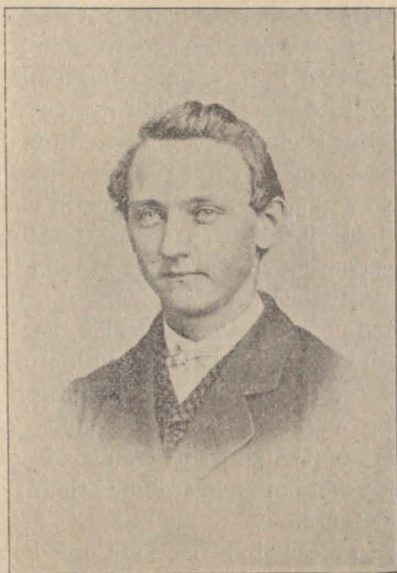
had abandoned their line and were seeking the rear. The exultant Confederates were fast closing around the battery, with shouts and yells, and the moment was critical in the extreme.

The only possible avenue of escape was by a detour over the hills to the westward, in the hope of reaching the Crawfish spring road. There was not an instant to be lost, for, indeed, escape seemed to be impossible. The order was given, and, through a chaotic mass of wagons and half-crazed men and animals, the drivers lashed their horses, dragging the guns along. The stampede was similar to that confused mass through which Harker's brigade had threaded its way, when moving from the left to the right, on the first day at Stone River. Estep's Eighth Indiana battery, of Buell's brigade, was captured entire—guns, caissons and all. These guns were immediately turned and used by the Confederates upon their fleeing adversaries. It was only by the courage and address of Captain Bradley, and the steadiness and persistence of his officers and men, that the Sixth Ohio battery did not share the fate of the other. After almost superhuman effort all the guns, with their horses, reached the road. Moving rapidly some distance toward Rossville, they were soon out of immediate danger. The caissons had become detached, and the separation from the infantry of Harker's brigade was hopeless. But Captain Bradley had plenty of fight in him yet, and, with only his guns and limbers, he reported to General Negley, whose shattered division had fallen back to that point. Several times during the afternoon the guns went into position and were fired with excellent effect. The gradual movement was with Negley's division to Rossville.

We left the caissons of the battery behind a copse, in charge of First Sergeant James. When the break came, James, being without orders, was compelled to act upon his own judgment, and to act quickly. He started the caissons to the rear at a gallop. They dashed down the steep hill—the greatest skill being necessary to avoid the trees—and emerged into a field. Two of the caissons and the battery wagon fouled against trees and became immovable. Their abandonment was inevitable. There was barely time to unhook the horses and get away, before the rebels were upon them. Upon reaching the road, this was found to be

so blocked with a mass of ammunition wagons that a passage was impossible. Major Mendenhall, General Crittenden's chief of artillery, who happened to be there, had watched the descent of the caissons, and informed Sergeant James that the only way of escape was to climb a high hill on the opposite side of the road. The attempt was at once made and was successful. James and his men, with four caissons, at length reached the Rossville road, moved to near that place, and went into park.

Of the fate of the guns James knew nothing. He had great reason to fear that they had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. He rode back in the hope of getting some tidings of the rest of the battery, but for a time his quest was wholly fruitless. About six o'clock he had the good fortune to meet Captain Bradley, and the greeting on both sides was most hearty. Bradley told James that two orderlies had been sent, at the time of the break, with orders relative to the caissons, but neither of them got through. During the evening the six guns and four caissons were



ARTHUR L. SOMERS,
FIRST SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

reunited at Rossville. The battery was a little disfigured, but still ready for any duty which it might be called upon to perform.

General Garfield, after a perilous ride, reached General Thomas and acquainted him with the condition of affairs. He remained at Thomas's side during the rest of the day, giving all the assistance in his power. He sent a dispatch to Rosecrans at Chattanooga, informing him that the day was not lost. "Thank God!" fervently exclaimed Rosecrans, leaping from his chair as though

he had received a galvanic shock. "Gentlemen," he said to Crittenden and McCook, who were with him, "this is no place for you; go at once to your commands!" Rosecrans immediately ordered abundant supplies of ammunition and rations to be sent by wagons to Rossville, to which place he directed Thomas to retire the army.

The sun was near the horizon when the rebels made a last desperate effort to dislodge Thomas. It failed, and they fell back, after awful slaughter, and the battle of Chickamauga was ended. During the night General Thomas, with consummate adroitness, withdrew the army to Rossville, where, at the gap, it was placed in an almost impregnable position. The rebels followed in the morning but refrained from making an attack. For the time their appetite for fighting had been fully appeased. At points favorable for the ruse, the Union troops were marched again and again around hills, in view of the enemy, to convey to the latter a fictitious idea of the strength of Thomas. The rebels were content to remain quiet, and there was little except artillery firing during the day. The Sixth battery rejoined Harker's brigade on Missionary Ridge, the morning of the 21st. In the afternoon it was engaged with the enemy, firing about one hundred and thirty rounds. The night which followed was occupied in the withdrawal of the army to Chattanooga, pursuant to the orders of General Rosecrans, without the loss of a man. The troops were at once assigned their positions along the line chosen for defense.

In a certain sense the Confederates won a victory at Chickamauga. They captured nearly sixty pieces of artillery and five thousand prisoners, and forced Rosecrans to give up the field. But Chattanooga was the prize of the summer's campaign, and this was held by the Union army with a grasp that could not be broken. From the day that Wood's division entered it, no Confederate flag again floated over it. The total Union loss in the battle was above sixteen thousand; that of the Confederates was more than twenty thousand.

Harker's brigade suffered its full share of casualties. In the Sixty-fourth, Captain John W. Zeigler was killed and two officers were wounded; sixteen enlisted men were killed or died of

wounds and forty-seven were wounded—total, sixty-six. In the Sixty-fifth three officers were killed and five wounded; enlisted men, eighteen killed or died of wounds, fifty-nine wounded and twenty-four missing—total one hundred and nine. In the battery Lieutenant Snetts was severely wounded, and of the enlisted men one was killed, six were wounded, and three captured.

It has been mentioned that Major Samuel C. Brown, of the Sixty-fifth, was mortally wounded in the afternoon of Sunday. He died at Chattanooga the following day. He was a noble soldier and a most lovable man—brave as the bravest, but with a heart as tender and gentle as the heart of woman. No member of the Sixty-fifth who gave his life for his country was ever more deeply and sincerely mourned by his comrades.

In no spirit of discrimination—for all faced death nobly on that eventful day—especial mention should be made of brave, stalwart Sergeant George W. Harlan, of Company B, who bore the colors of the Sixty-fifth through the fighting of Saturday and part of Sunday. On the latter day, when the battle was at its fiercest, Harlan was severely wounded in the arm but clung to the flag, which was soon stained with his blood. He even seized a musket and continued to use it upon the enemy until ordered by Captain Powell, commanding the regiment, to go to the rear and have his wound cared for.

I am sure that I will be pardoned for pausing a moment to lay a sprig of laurel upon the grave of Corporal Wilbur F.



WILLIAM FIES,
SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Hulet, Company E, Sixty-fifth, who fell on Sunday. During the year that I carried gun and knapsack he was my "pard." We slept under the same blanket and drank from the same canteen. He was a brave, true man, whom I loved as a brother.

In the morning of the first day of the battle, fourteen officers of the Sixty-fifth gathered under a tree at Lee and Gordon's mill and ate their hardtack and drank their coffee together. We were a family, without jar or discord. None of the survivors of that company will ever forget the occasion. Before two days had passed, two of the group were dead and five were wounded; and our major was at the point of death. Eighteen years later I stood again under the same tree, and the scene of that September morning in 1863 was as vivid before my eyes as though it were then being enacted. Such impressions time cannot efface.

The following is extracted from General Wood's official report:

But our inferiority of strength did not appall my men. Their courage and steadfast resolution rose with the occasion. I do not believe that history affords an instance of more splendid resistance than that made by Harker's brigade and part of Buell's brigade from one o'clock P. M. until nightfall of September 20th. * * * In the late campaign Colonel Charles G. Harker has peculiarly distinguished himself. He made two most daring and brilliant reconnoissances, almost without parallel in the annals of warfare; and his personal gallantry on the battlefield, the skillful manner in which he handled his brigade, holding it so well together when so many other troops broke, and his general conduct, are worthy of all praise. I earnestly recommend his immediate promotion to the rank of brigadier-general.

Colonel Harker, in his official report of the operations of his brigade at Chickamauga, said of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio that he expected much of them, remembering their gallant conduct at Stone River, but they "exceeded even my most sanguine expectations." Of the Sixth Ohio battery he said: "Captain Bradley maneuvered his battery with matchless skill, saving his guns when almost any other officer would have lost the entire battery."

Honorable Charles A. Dana, then assistant secretary of war, was present at the battle of Chickamauga. In his official dispatches relative to the magnificent fighting of Sunday afternoon, he said:

Our troops were as immovable as the rocks. The enemy hurled against them repeatedly the dense columns which had routed Davis and Sheridan in the morning, but every onset was repulsed with dreadful slaughter. * * * Every division general bore himself gloriously, and among brigade commanders Harker, Turchin and Hazen especially distinguished themselves. * * * Harker, who had two horses shot under him on the 19th, forming his men in four lines, made them lie down until the enemy was close upon them, when they suddenly rose and delivered their fire with such effect that the assaulting columns fell back in confusion leaving the ground covered with the fallen.

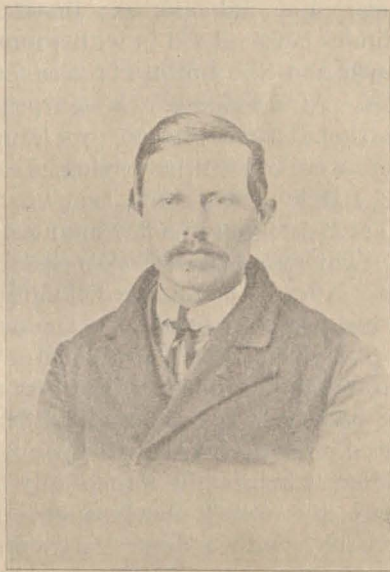
General Henry M. Cist, in his volume, "The Army of the Cumberland," says:

There was no more splendid fighting done on that field of terrible conflict on the 20th than was done by Thomas J. Wood and his division.

The invaluable services of Harker's brigade at Chickamauga have been universally recognized. Four or five years ago, when I was doing newspaper scribbling in Washington, D. C., I went to the war department one day to see if I could get for myself a set of the Chickamauga maps, which had a short time before been issued by the government. Accosting the "regular" colonel in charge of the office I made known my errand. In answer to his question as to whether I had served in the army, I told him that I was a member of Harker's brigade. His eye brightened as he immediately handed me what I wanted, with the remark:

"Any man who was in Harker's brigade at Chickamauga deserves a set of those maps!"

Here I will digress from the narrative of the brigade as a



LEONARD C. CONN,
SERGEANT, COMPANY F, SIXTY-FOURTH.

whole, and in a few paragraphs follow the fortunes of some who were wounded at Chickamauga. I only speak of myself to explain why I was at the hospital. While commanding Company I, during the fighting of Saturday afternoon, a bullet plowed a furrow across the front of my body and then went like a streak of lightning through my right elbow. The wound bled profusely, and Corporal "Jack" Sims thoughtfully pulled out the tail of his shirt, tore off a strip, and tied it tightly around my arm. Then he seized his musket and went to blazing away again while I started to find a doctor. Brave Corporal Sims was killed a few minutes later. I fell in with a number of members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth who also found it necessary to repair damages. After a long search we reached the field hospital of Wood's division. Already some two hundred wounded were there and more were constantly arriving.

"Hello, Lieutenant, they've 'winged' you too, have they? I'll attend to you in a few minutes."

This was Doctor Todd's cheery greeting as his eye fell upon me. After he had finished binding up the stump of an arm which he had just amputated, he examined my wound and dressed it in fine style. Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck, and Lieutenants Gardner and Shipley of the Sixty-fifth and Lieutenant Smetts of the battery, were there, all suffering from grievous wounds. Corporal McKelvey, of Company B, Sixty-fifth, a true, brave soldier, was brought in, mortally hurt and died soon afterward. There lay "Pete" Raudebaugh, of Company K, Sixty-fifth, a mere boy, with a desperate wound directly through the body, from front to rear. Next day he fell into the hands of the enemy. In making up the list of casualties in the regiment he was reported killed, for no one imagined that he could live longer than a few hours. Two weeks later an exchange of wounded was made and "Pete" was brought to Chattanooga. To his comrades his appearance was like a resurrection. He recovered, served till the end of the war and, so far as I know, is living today. Doctor Todd said that not one man in a hundred would survive such a wound.

A field hospital just after a battle is the most gruesome and harrowing picture presented by the changing panorama of war.

Words seem to have no meaning when one attempts to portray the awful scenes of suffering and death. All through the hours of that long night, by the light of blazing fires, the surgeons and their assistants moved about among the hundreds that lay upon cots or upon the ground around the tents, stanching the wounds and administering food and cordials and water to the sufferers. Often a pulseless, motionless form was borne away and laid in the fast lengthening row of those to whom death had come. I cannot dwell upon the painful subject. It was more than thirty years ago, but even while I write my eyes moisten as the picture of unutterable woe rises before me in all its vividness.

The next morning it was rumored about the hospital that a body of rebel cavalry was near at hand. A number of wagons and ambulances were filled with such of the wounded as were able to be moved and these were started for Chattanooga. All who, like myself, were able to walk, set off on foot. Within half an hour the rebels had taken the hospital and all of its occupants were prisoners. I was one of a squad of some twenty members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth who made their way to Chattanooga that day. It was an excessively painful and fatiguing journey. The heat was almost overpowering and the air was thick with dust. Water was only found at long intervals. All were more or less weakened by loss of blood, and some were only able to keep along by the constant assistance of their comrades. But we pressed on, fourteen long, weary miles, and toward evening we reached the town, in a condition of utter exhaustion.

At the time of our arrival the belief was general that the Union army had been routed, and officers were working with desperate energy to collect and organize the stragglers and make preparations to prevent, if possible, the complete wreck and destruction of the army. The town was in a panic. All day the wounded had been arriving from the battlefield and it seemed that every house was a hospital. It was only after a long search that we found shelter and a place to lie upon the floor and rest. Unable to find a surgeon, we dressed one another's wounds, divided around the few crackers in our haversacks, without coffee, and then stretched ourselves upon the hard floor to sleep. From three o'clock Saturday morning until Sunday night we had scarcely closed our eyes.

We were a sorry looking company the next morning, and I am sure our looks did not belie our feelings. But we heartily shared the universal rejoicing over the fact that our army, though defeated, was not whipped. A semblance of order was soon restored in the town and the wounded were fed and comfortably cared for. On Tuesday we were removed to a great field hospital across the Tennessee river, three miles from Chattanooga. On the following Friday a long train of wagons and ambulances filled with wounded left for Bridgeport. It was a two days' trip, over a villainous road, hilly, rough and stony. By this time our wounds had just got fairly sore, and the rude jolting of the wagons caused to many excruciating pain. One of the wagons capsized and its ten or twelve passengers were dumped in a heap. Fortunately none received more serious injury than a bad shaking up. Those whose locomotive machinery was unimpaired walked much of the way from choice. From Bridgeport we went by rail to Nashville, and a few days later the officers and some of the men were granted furloughs and went home. It was worth being wounded to spend six weeks in Ohio.

One member of this forlorn squad, whose adventures I have narrated, was Corporal "Nate" Flaisig, of Company K, Sixty-fifth, who had a bullet hole through his arm. In a talking match there was probably no man in the Sherman Brigade who would have been "in it" with Flaisig. His tongue was set on a swivel and was always in motion, with the rapidity of a sewing-machine. He could "blow" louder and more continuously, and tell more improbable "grapevines," than any other man I ever knew. We used to wonder how he contrived to eat or sleep. If he could have had a fair chance to talk the rebels to death the war would have ended long before it did. It is a wonder that so many of the Sixty-fifth survived.

On the rack of the battery wagon, lost on Sunday, the officers carried an improvised mess-chest, made of a six-pound ammunition box. This was filled with canned fruit, turkey, goose, etc., about three days' rations, all of which the enemy enjoyed, while those who suffered the loss were compelled to put up with corn in the ear.

CHAPTER XLI.

TWO MONTHS "BOTTLED UP."

BESIEGED IN CHATTANOOGA—DIGGING AND PICKETING—PINCHED FOR FOOD—RATIONS REDUCED TO ONE QUARTER—THE SIXTH BATTERY IN FORT WOOD—"PHIL" SHERIDAN COMMANDS OUR DIVISION—"JOE" HOOKER ARRIVES—THE CRACKER-LINE REOPENED—OHIO SOLDIERS VOTE FOR BROUGH—EXECUTION OF TWO DESERTERS—GRANT TAKES COMMAND—PREPARING TO BURST THE FETTERS.

THE two months immediately following the battle of Chickamauga were full of toil, hunger, fatigue, anxiety, sleepless nights and general discomfort for the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland. They were in a tight place—"bottled up." Chattanooga was under siege.

Daylight of September 22nd saw the army disposed in a line covering the town, from the river above to the river below. The rebels followed closely, but only skirmish lines showed themselves. The Union soldiers fell to with picks and shovels and axes; and for a week they did little but dig and go on picket. There was no repetition of the grumbling heard at Murfreesboro. With fifty thousand yelling rebels investing the town, the boys thought

it would be very comforting to have heavy forts and breastworks behind which to stand, and they toiled day and night without a murmur. Had Bragg pushed his whole army at the heels of Thomas, he might, perhaps, have retaken Chattanooga, but he would have had to pay a heavy price for it. He halted at Missionary ridge and it was then too late. The defensive works grew like Jonah's gourd and the place was made so strong as to defy assault.

The Sixty-fifth having been deprived of its field officers by the disablement of Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck and the death of Major Brown, Lieutenant-colonel William A. Bullitt, of the Third Kentucky, was assigned to its temporary command. He continued to ride at the head of that regiment for nearly five months. He was a thorough soldier and a cultured gentleman, and he became greatly endeared to both officers and men. His conspicuous courage and capacity for command challenged their admiration, while his engaging manners and unvarying courtesy won their warmest personal regard. To this day "the boys" have the kindest recollections of Colonel Bullitt.

The Confederates occupied Missionary Ridge and Lookout mountain, planting at all available points batteries of heavy guns, which were at times exceedingly annoying. What was still more exasperating, they secured possession of both the river and the railroad, and thus completely cut off the lines of supply for the Union army. Jefferson Davis visited the rebel camp, and in a speech to the soldiers assured them that the army of Rosecrans was their legitimate prey, and that in a few days it would be either starved into surrender or compelled to fight its way out.

It cannot be denied that for a time things looked "squally." The soldiers were very soon put on half rations, and not long afterward this scanty allowance was cut in twain and they received daily but the meager pittance of quarter rations.

How to sustain the army became a serious question. Supplies could only be obtained from Bridgeport. The direct wagon road—as well as the river and the railroad—was effectually blockaded by the enemy. The only route open was a circuitous one, nearly sixty miles in length, by way of the Sequatchie valley and crossing Waldron's ridge. The road through this rough,

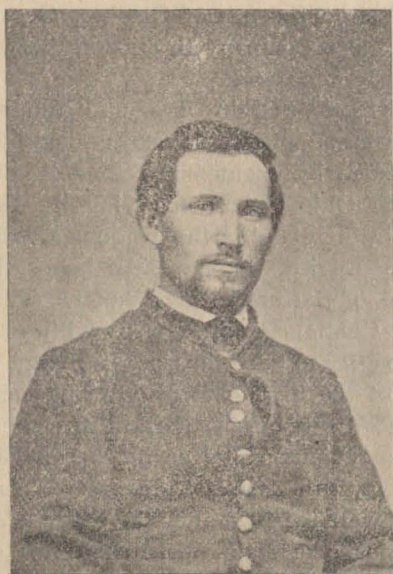
mountainous region was about as bad as it could be, while the attacks of bodies of rebel cavalry rendered the transportation of stores as dangerous as it was difficult and uncertain. General Wheeler was exceedingly active in harassing the trains. On one of his forays he captured and burned four hundred wagons and drove off two thousand mules. During the early days of the siege, partially successful attempts were made to use the short route, passing near the point of Lookout mountain, but this had to be abandoned on account of the annoyance from Confederate sharpshooters. By one of these, on the 8th of October, George M. Mankin, a teamster belonging to Company B, Sixty-fifth, was killed.

Five or six days after the battle, a train of several hundred wagons was sent to Bridgeport for supplies. It was guarded by a strong infantry escort, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Robert C. Brown, of the Sixty-fourth Ohio. Accompanying it were forty or fifty ambulances, and in these and in the wagons a large number of wounded men were carried, among them being the party mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter. They were anxious to escape from Chattanooga and were willing to take the chance of getting through. The train was in charge of Quartermaster Tip S. Marvin of the Sixty-fourth. It was menaced by rebel cavalry at several points, but by the skillful maneuvering of both Colonel Brown and Lieutenant Marvin, the perilous trip was made in safety both ways, these wagons taking to Chattanooga the first rations that were received after the battle. At one point were passed the ruins of a train, dispatched two or three days before, which had been captured and destroyed.

There was small opportunity for foraging to supplement the meager supplies of food for men and animals thus precariously obtained. To the northward, across the river, was a region of barren hills, which had long since been stripped of everything edible. It was infested by Confederate cavalry, which pounced without mercy upon any stray detachments of Union troops that went in quest of something to eke out their pitiful supply. To find even corn it was necessary to go long distances, thus increasing the hazard. On one occasion a number of wagons, with an escort under the command of Lieutenant Benjamin F. Trescott,

of the Sixty-fifth, traveled more than sixty miles, being absent five days. The train was fortunate in eluding the hostile cavalry and returned well loaded.

As the days and weeks wore on the supplies grew less and less. The soldiers became reduced to dire straits. They prigged ears of corn from the mules and horses and resorted to every possible stratagem and device to obtain food. Hundreds, gaunt from hunger and worn by toil and watching, gave out entirely and thronged the hospitals, whence many were daily borne to the city of the dead.



JOSEPH P. WEIR,
SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FIFTH.

In all this deprivation, labor and suffering, the officers and men of Harker's brigade bravely and patiently bore their part. Always when the soldiers were compelled to undergo unnecessary hunger, exposure and fatigue, by reason of official blundering or incompetency, it was their habit to "cry aloud and spare not," but when it was unavoidable, as in this instance, they submitted with an uncomplaining patience that was no less heroic than their conduct in

battle. Harker's brigade was almost constantly at the front, performing its full share of picket duty and work upon the fortifications. Many of the picket posts were exposed to great danger from the fire of the enemy. Skirmishing along the outer lines was almost incessant. There was scarcely a day or a night during which the men were not one or more times aroused by an alarm and summoned to the works, there to stand at arms, frequently for hours.

The Sixth Ohio battery occupied an important and commanding redoubt called Fort Wood, named after our "Tommy," by whose division it was built. In this work, about one hundred and fifty feet square, were placed eighteen guns, varying in caliber from three-inch rifles to four-and-a-half-inch siege guns. Captain Bradley and his men frequently amused themselves by distributing shells along the Confederate picket line. On account of the great and increasing scarcity of forage, most of the artillery horses, as well as those of the cavalry, were sent by a devious route over the mountains to Stevenson, the necessary men accompanying them. Of the battery horses which remained, nearly all died. The number of mouths to be fed was reduced as much as possible. Of the batteries, only men enough to work the guns remained in Chattanooga.

On the 9th of October the organization of the army was changed. In pursuance of orders from Washington, the Twentieth and Twenty-first corps were consolidated and the corps thus formed was christened the Fourth. General Gordon Granger was assigned to its command. Generals McCook and Crittenden were both relieved and sent to the rear, their conduct at Chickamauga—particularly in leaving the field at the crisis of the battle—having been deemed unsatisfactory. The divisions of the new Fourth corps were commanded, respectively, by Generals John M. Palmer, Philip H. Sheridan and Thomas J. Wood. In the shuffle our brigade, married to a brigade of the old Twentieth corps, became the Third of the Second division, which designation it retained till the close of the war. We lost Wood as our commander but gained Phil. Sheridan, to have served under whom is a source of pride to every soldier that he led on so many glorious fields. Under the new organization the brigades of the Fourth corps consisted of from eight to ten regiments each. Ours contained nine, viz:—Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio; Third Kentucky; Twenty-second, Twenty-seventh, Forty-second, Fifty-first and Seventy-ninth Illinois. Colonel Harker was retained in command; there was no danger that so brave and capable a soldier as he would be superseded. The regiments were small, their average strength not exceeding two hundred and fifty men each for duty. The Illinois regiments with

which we thus became associated were composed of excellent material, tempered in the fire of battle. The Fifty-first was commanded by Colonel Luther P. Bradley, a superb soldier, and the Seventy-ninth by Colonel Allen Buckner, a Methodist preacher with a voice like a fog-horn.

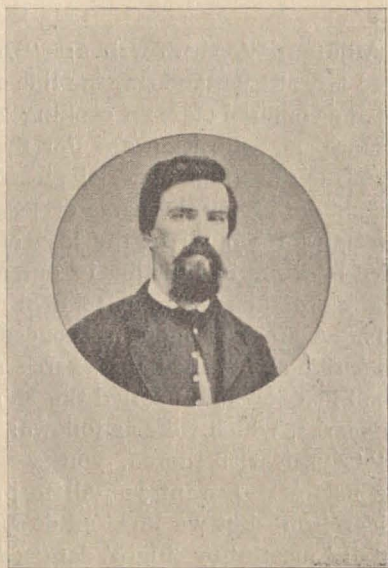
About the middle of November Lieutenant Baldwin, who had been sent to Ohio from Hillsboro, rejoined the battery, with twenty recruits. He succeeded in getting through several large boxes of good things from friends at home, after overcoming the greatest difficulties. For a few days the battery tables were garnished after the manner of a Sunday school picnic.

The dark cloud that enveloped the Army of the Cumberland began to show a silver lining when word was received, about the last of September, that the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, under General Hooker, had been detached from the Army of the Potomac and were on their way to Chattanooga, to re-inforce the Army of the Cumberland. They reached Bridgeport early in October and soon became an important factor in the problem. The transfer of these twenty-seven thousand men from Virginia, a distance of above twelve hundred miles, in seven days, affords a striking illustration of the value of the railroad in modern warfare. It was also officially announced that General Sherman—"Uncle Billy"—had started for Chattanooga with several divisions of the Army of the Tennessee, from Vicksburg and Memphis. All this greatly cheered the hearts of the pinched and hungry soldiers at Chattanooga. They knew that they would have to hang on but a little longer, when they would be able to arise, like Samson, and shake off the fetters that bound them.

General Rosecrans was relieved from the command of the army on the 19th of October, and was succeeded by "Old Pap" Thomas. It was with deep regret that the army parted with "Old Rosey," for he was greatly endeared to his soldiers. But they had boundless admiration for Thomas, and confidence in his ability to lead them to victory. Though sometimes slow, he was always safe and sure.

During the last days of October the bacon and cracker question was happily solved. A large detail from Hazen's brigade, floated down the river in pontoon boats, in the night, from Chatta-

nooga to Brown's ferry and effected a lodgment on the south bank. A force which had marched down on the north side was quickly ferried over, and the point was made secure before the rebels had recovered from their surprise at the audacity of the movement. General "Joe" Hooker now appeared upon the scene with his troops from the east. He established himself in Look-out valley, successfully resisting all the efforts of the rebels to dislodge him. By this operation the blockade of the river to Bridgeport was effectually raised. The next day a steamboat loaded with rations for the Union army arrived from that place. The loud and prolonged shouts and yells which greeted the whistle of the boat were never exceeded in fervency and volume by any of the previous or subsequent vocal efforts of that army—and this is saying a good deal. In a few days supplies were abundant and the soldiers once more reveled in the luxury of full rations. The direct wagon road to Bridgeport was reopened, and by reason of the presence of Hooker's troops, supply trains were reasonably secure against molestation.



NATHANIEL M'D. COE,
SERGEANT, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The 13th of October was "election day" for Ohio soldiers. It was the first time they exercised the right of suffrage under the law which permitted soldiers in the field to vote. The voting was conducted in the same manner as elections at home. All interest was centered in the contest for governor, between John Brough and Clement L. Vallandigham. The voice of the soldiers was nearly unanimous for Brough. Vallandigham received two votes

in the Sixty-fourth and eleven in the Sixty-fifth. Most of the boys were at a loss to understand why any soldier should vote for him, though none questioned his inalienable right to do so if he chose.

About this time the United States government began in the Department of the Cumberland the enlistment of colored soldiers. As elsewhere, they were organized into regiments entirely distinct and separate from the white troops, and were officered solely by whites. The races would not mix, any more than will oil and water.

Adjutant Woodruff writes: "During our unwilling and protracted fast at Chattanooga, the line officers of the Sixty-fourth organized a common mess for cooking and conserving their meager allowance for subsistence. For their convenience they built a rude structure from material picked up all over the camp. A pious old darkey by the name of Peter, who assisted in this official restaurant, conceived the idea of taking the lead among his colored brethren in enlisting in our army. He obtained the use of the aforesaid restaurant to hold a meeting to fire their loyal hearts. A score or more responded. When old Pete marched them inside and opened the exercises, some of our boys outside the hall listened and reported the substance of the orator's opening remarks, which were as follows:

" 'My dear brederen, you see de white sogers is fitin' to make us free. I want you-all to put yo' shoulder to de wheel and h'ep 'um—but we mus' ax de Lawd to he'p, too. So we'll begin dis' meetin' by singin' dat good old hymn, "Hark frum de tombs a doleful soun'."

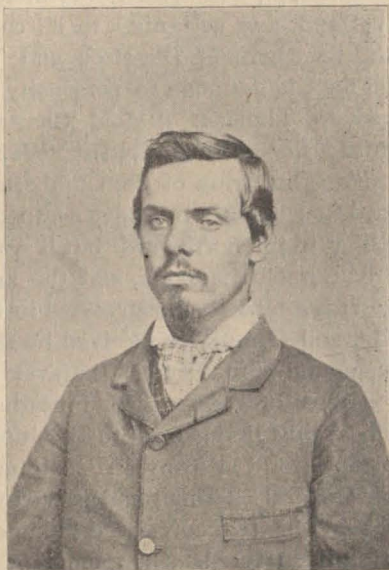
"All voices joined heartily till they reached the last part of the verse—

'Ye livin' men come view de groun',
Whar you-uns must sho'tly lie'

"These words must have been too suggestive, for it was never recorded that they did much to open the cracker line, or carry 'Old Glory' up Missionary Ridge."

On November 13th was witnessed a sad scene, typical of the severe and inexorable character of the laws of war. Sheridan's entire division was marshaled, forming three sides of a hollow square, to witness the execution of two deserters, by shooting.

They were not members of Harker's brigade. One of them had enlisted, after desertion, in the Confederate army and had been captured. The condemned men were marched around the interior of the square, with a guard of soldiers, to the music of the "Dead March." One of the culprits was so overcome in the face of death that his limbs tottered and he was scarcely able to walk without assistance. The other put on a bold front, determined to "die game." He saluted the officers as he passed along the lines and when, without a tremor, he knelt upon his coffin and the bandage was tied over his eyes, he placed his hand upon his left breast and said to the executioners, in a firm voice, "Aim right here!" The firing squads did their work well, both of the wretched men being instantly killed. When this unpleasant duty must be performed it is merciful to fire with certain aim. In a squad detailed to execute the death penalty upon a comrade, there is always one musket loaded with a blank cartridge, so that each member of the party may hope that he has the harmless weapon.



DAVID WALTER,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY I, AND
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

On the 16th of November a paymaster captured Harker's brigade and stuffed four months' pay into the pockets of the soldiers. After the road to Bridgeport was opened, a few brave sutlers crept up to the front and it may easily be imagined that after the visit of the paymaster they reaped a rich harvest.

An incident of the Chickamauga field may be told here. During the engagement Henry Shewey, of the Sixth battery, lost a diary, which had been carefully kept from January 11th, 1863

to September 16th, 1863. It was taken from the pocket of a dead Confederate, by a soldier of Company G, Forty-ninth Ohio, and remained in his possession for twenty-six years. He then, in 1890, gave it to Thomas G. Watkins, of the battery, by whom it was sent to the widow of Shewey. It is not difficult to imagine how highly this memento is prized.

At the time that General Rosecrans was relieved, an order was issued from the War Department creating the "Military Division of the Mississippi," in which was included the Department of the Cumberland, and assigning to its command General Ulysses S. Grant, the hero of Donelson and Vicksburg. Grant at once started for Chattanooga to personally direct operations. He dispatched to Thomas: "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards!" and the sturdy Thomas answered: "We will hold the town till we starve!" The Army of the Cumberland was not at any time so confined that it could not have escaped by crossing the river and retreating to the northward, but it was determined not to give up blood-bought Chattanooga, and the army clung to it until succor came, with a tenacity unsurpassed in the history of the war.

General Grant was received by the army with the largest enthusiasm and cordiality. Wherever he appeared he was greeted with salvos of cheers. He immediately betook himself to the task of forcing Bragg from the position that made things so uncomfortable for the army in Chattanooga. By the 20th of November General Sherman had arrived with twelve thousand men. Hooker had his two corps well in hand, and a plan of operations was rapidly matured. Symptoms of activity were everywhere apparent. The soldiers were ordered to keep their haversacks full, each man to have eighty rounds of cartridge, and all to hold themselves in readiness for instantaneous movement.

CHAPTER XLII.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

SHERMAN'S EFFORT TO BREAK THE CONFEDERATE RIGHT—THE "BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS"—ORCHARD KNOB TAKEN—FOUR DIVISIONS OF THOMAS SWEEP MISSIONARY RIDGE—A MAGNIFICENT ASSAULT—SHERIDAN AND HARKER—THE CREST CARRIED—ROUT OF THE REBELS—CHICKAMAUGA IS AVENGED—SHERIDAN'S PURSUIT—A VICTORY WON BY THE RANK AND FILE—OUR LOSSES—GRANT AND THOMAS ON ORCHARD KNOB—GREWSOME SIGHTS ON THE FIELD.

OPERATIONS were begun on the 23rd of November, by an attempt to dislodge the enemy from the north end of Missionary ridge, next the river. This effort was made by General Sherman, operating from the extreme Union left. In his "Memoirs," (Vol. I, page 362), General Sherman says:

General Grant explained to me that the men of Thomas's army had been so demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga that he feared they could not be got out of their trenches to assume the offensive; * * * that he wanted my troops to hurry up and take the offensive *first*, after which he had no doubt the Cumberland army would fight well.

It is more than likely that events which occurred very soon

thereafter caused General Grant to revise his opinion, that Thomas's soldiers would cower timidly in their trenches and that they "could not be got out to assume the offensive." Sherman went in, but he could not overcome the obstacles presented and failed to carry the ridge.

On the 24th General Hooker fought that brilliantly successful action celebrated in song and story as the "Battle above the Clouds," by which he hurled the Confederates from Lookout mountain. Dawn of the 25th disclosed the stars and stripes floating from the point of the mountain, evoking prodigious cheers from the beleagured army. During the 24th and the forenoon of the 25th Sherman kept hammering away at the Confederate right, but made little progress against the very heavy force which Bragg had massed to oppose him and to secure the menaced flank.

Meanwhile Thomas had not been idle. On the 23rd Wood's division, Sheridan's supporting, was directed to advance and develop the enemy in front of the center. At the word the men leaped nimbly over the intrenchments, without a sign of the demoralization which General Grant had imagined to exist among "the men of Thomas's army." As Colonel Robert C. Brown, of the Sixty-fourth happily expressed it: "What a relief it was to get out of our old works where we had stood, like cattle in a stall, for two months!" With the greatest gallantry, Wood's soldiers swept forward like a tornado, driving the rebels before them, and seizing Orchard Knob, a high elevation half a mile in front of the Union works. The entire Fourth corps and part of the Fourteenth—portions of the latter being with Sherman and Hooker—moved out to the advanced line and firmly held it.

On the 25th the four divisions of Johnson, Sheridan, Wood and Baird formed in line from right to left in the order named. They were ordered to advance at the signal and take the rifle-pits skirting the base of Missionary Ridge. At four o'clock the signal was given—six guns in quick succession fired from Orchard Knob. Grandly the line moved forward over the intervening space, in the teeth of a biting fire of musketry from the rebel works at the base, and a shower of shells from the artillery upon the crest of the ridge. There was no wavering or halting for an instant.

They quickly overran the rifle-pits, killing or capturing such of their defenders as had not fled in panic to the shelter of the main line of intrenchments upon the summit.

The soldiers had gone to the limit of their orders; what should be done next? It must be one of three things—retreat, remain where they were, or go forward—which should it be? The men with muskets answered the question for themselves.

They *would* not retreat;

they could not stay at the

base without being exposed

to a deadly plunging fire

from the ridge. By a com-

mon inspiration they went

—forward! Color-bearers

sprang to the front and the

men eagerly followed with

loud cheers. Right up the

steep ridge they clambered,

undeterred by a thought of

the desperate nature of the

assault. And it had the

sanction of no official order!

Some of the generals, fear-

ing the result, endeavored

to recall their troops, but

nothing could stay the im-

petuous rush of those “de-

moralized” men, who, Grant

feared, would not fight.

Finding it impossible to

check the ardor of the soldiers, the officers joined in the charge,

springing to the front of their divisions, brigades and regiments,

and striving to outdo the men in their zeal and courage. Both

Sheridan and Harker were conspicuous, cheering and animating

the soldiers by their own frantic enthusiasm. The fire of the

enemy was terrific and destructive, but the assailants faltered not.

The cannon upon the crest could not be depressed sufficiently to

sweep the hill, but the rebel gunners ignited shells with short fuses



HENRY C. PARR,

FIRST SERGEANT, CO. E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Killed at Rocky Face Ridge,

May 9th, 1864.

and threw them over to burst as they rolled down. Harker's brigade went up directly in the teeth of a rebel battery. At first the guns did much execution, many officers and men being killed or wounded by grape and canister. The brigade kept on up the ridge and was soon comparatively well covered from the artillery fire.

On and still on, until the crest was reached. Over the works the assailants leaped, into the very blaze of the hostile muskets. The line was pierced in half a dozen places almost at the same instant. Such valor could not be withstood. Instantly the Confederate line began to crumble. A few minutes more and thousands were fleeing in panic and rout. Other thousands threw down their arms and surrendered. Regiments were captured almost entire, and battery after battery was taken.

Harker's brigade rolled over the works directly at the headquarters of General Bragg. The latter, with several of his staff and subordinate commanders, barely escaped capture. Five guns of a battery were seized in an instant. Colonel Harker leaped astride one of the cannon, swinging his sword with one hand and his hat with the other, shouting like one demented. In fact "Thomas's soldiers" seemed an army of lunatics. Every man was in a paroxysm of jubilant enthusiasm. Chickamauga was avenged!

It was now sundown. Sheridan's division kept on at the heels of the fugitives, capturing prisoners by hundreds. It continued as far as Chickamauga creek, which was not reached till long after dark. Here the order was given to halt, and the men, breathless and exhausted, gave over the chase. They fairly hugged one another in the exuberance of their joy, and shouted and yelled until they could scarcely utter a sound. Falling back a short distance, the division went into bivouac for the night. Sometime after midnight there was a sudden alarm, occasioned by a few shots from the enemy's pickets. Harker's brigade sprang to arms and fired a volley into the darkness. After that the rebels remained quiet and there was no further disturbance.

Since the war there has been a protracted controversy—and it never will be settled—which brigade or division was the first to pierce the Confederate line on the crest of Missionary Ridge. In-

deed, it is a matter of small moment, for there was glory enough that day to go around, with a liberal portion for every officer and soldier in those four divisions. Historians agree that the rebel works were carried almost simultaneously at six points. General Henry M. Cist, who was on the staff of General Thomas, in his volume, "The Army of the Cumberland," of the Scribner war series, says: "The center part of Sheridan's division reached the top first * * * and crossed it to the right of Bragg's headquarters." Very few, if any, went over the works ahead of the spry men of Harker's brigade, of Sheridan's division, and none are entitled to more honor than they and their gallant leader. They certainly earned the right to yell as loud as anybody, and this privilege they exercised to the fullest extent.

This wonderful victory was not gained without the cost of many valuable officers and men—about thirty-five hundred in the four divisions, nearly two thirds of which fell to the two divisions of Sheridan and Wood. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were singularly fortunate in the smallness of their losses. Captain Henry H. Kling, of the Sixty-fourth, commanding Company D, was instantly killed when near the crest. He was an excellent officer and his death was deeply lamented. That regiment also lost three officers wounded, three enlisted men killed and twenty-three wounded. The Sixty-fifth lost but one man killed and one officer and thirteen men wounded. The wounded officer was Lieutenant Joseph F. Sonnanstine, one of whose legs was badly torn by a grape-shot as he was leading his company up the ridge. It was, of course, purely a battle of infantry on our side. The Sixth battery, in Fort Wood, was not engaged, except in shelling the rebel lines prior to the advance of the Union troops.

The assault upon Missionary Ridge was one of the most gallant exploits recorded in ancient or modern warfare. It stands alone as a brilliant and far-reaching victory won by the rank and file, in actual disobedience of orders. The captures were more than six thousand prisoners, forty-five cannon and many battle-flags.

The following is an extract from the official report of Colonel Alexander McIlvaine, of the Sixty-fourth:

It is due to the officers and men of this command to say that in the charge across the field, the ascent of the ridge and the assault upon the

rebel line, they displayed the greatest courage and valor; and when the stupendous magnitude of the perfectly accomplished undertaking is taken in consideration, their heroism reflects additional luster upon our flag, and will serve to honor the name of the Sixty-fourth, with the many others which participated in that immortal achievement, while its history remains.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bullitt, (of the Third Kentucky,) commanding the Sixty-fifth, said in his report of the battle:

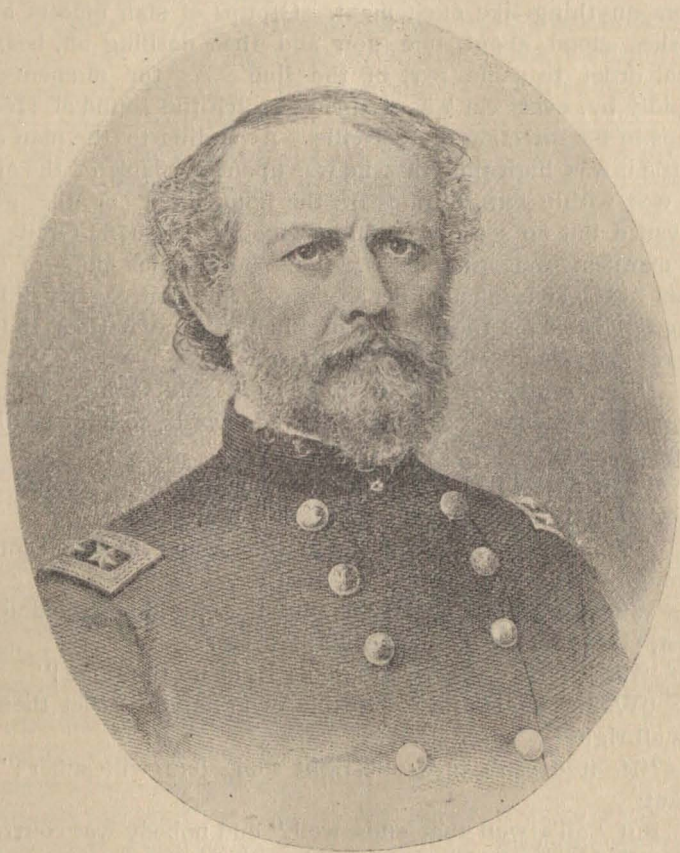
The position in which my regiment found itself was in front of a battery which belched forth a stream of canister upon us with terrible rapidity. In addition to this the enemy, when driven from other points, rallied around this battery and defended it with desperation. It cost a struggle to take it but we finally succeeded, and the colors of the Sixty-fifth Ohio were the first planted upon it. Captain Smith was placed in charge of the captured battery, which consisted of five guns, three caissons and seventeen horses.

My regiment, to a man, did its full duty. To mention those who acted gallantly would be but to furnish you with a muster-roll of my regiment I desire to mention one who distinguished himself by cool bravery. During the charge up the ridge, Corporal Thomas H. B. Johnston, of Company K, grasped the colors which had fallen and, calling upon his comrades to follow him, dashed on toward the crest. He was the first man of the regiment to reach the summit, and he ascended immediately in front of the battery, over which his flag was the first to wave.

Harker's brigade captured the battery above mentioned and five hundred and thirty prisoners. The captures of Sheridan's division were seventeen hundred and sixty-two prisoners and seventeen pieces of artillery. In regard to the captured cannon, there was some friction between General Sheridan and General Wood. Sheridan pushed his division after the fleeing rebels and Wood's troops took possession of much of the artillery which Sheridan had taken, and claimed it as their own. In his official report, alluding to the large captures of cannon claimed by Wood, General Sheridan said: "Eleven of these guns were gleaned from the battlefield and appropriated while I was pushing my division to Chickamauga station."

Colonel Harker said in his report: "Missionary Ridge will forever stand an enduring monument to the noble and brave officers and men who fell so gloriously while scaling its summit."

Recently I met Mr. C. D. Brigham, who was at the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland, as correspondent of the New York "Tribune." He told me that he stood on Orchard Knob, with Grant and Thomas, during the battle. All the dis-



DON CARLOS BUELL,
MAJOR GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY OF THE OHIO.

positions of infantry, artillery and cavalry had been made for the engagement. The hour fixed for the firing of the six signal guns was fast approaching. These two great soldiers were conferring together and awaiting the result with calm and quiet confidence. They were alike in their perfect self-possession and their freedom from anything like excitement. Groups of staff officers and orderlies stood about, one now and then dashing off, bearing a final order to some part of the line. As the moments sped rapidly by, every ear was strained to catch the sound of Hooker's guns in the direction of Rossville. According to the plan of the battle it was high time that he was upon the flank of the enemy. It was within ten minutes of the hour fixed for the general advance, but no sound came from Hooker. General Grant began to manifest some uneasiness. The short, quick puffs of smoke from his cigar betokened his anxiety. Not more eagerly did Wellington listen for the cannon of Blucher at Waterloo, than did Grant and Thomas for those of Hooker.

"I am afraid Joe is going to fail us!" said Grant. The tone of his voice seemed, even more than his words, to express his disappointment.

"Then we will have to do our work alone!" replied "Old Pap," quietly, as he stood stroking his beard.

A moment later and the signal guns from Fort Wood sounded through the quivering air.

When, after taking the rifle-pits, the blue line started for the crest, Grant said to Thomas with surprise:

"Why, Thomas, they are going right up the ridge!"

"Well," replied imperturbable "Old Safety," "let them go. It's all right!"

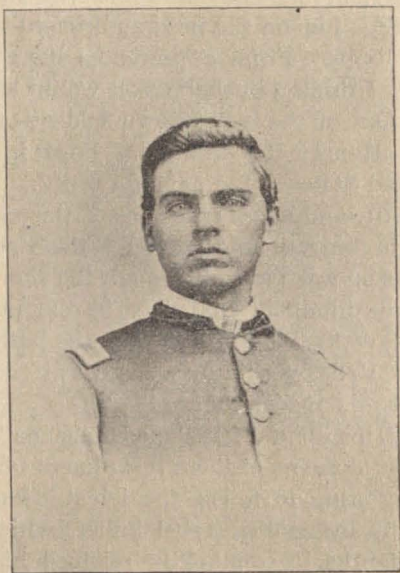
"If it doesn't turn out right some one will suffer!" said Grant.

But "all's well that ends well," and nobody was court-martialed for his part in that memorable action.

Following is a brief picture of some of the awful sights witnessed upon the fields of strife, which illustrate the force of that trite phrase "the horrors of war." It is from the pen of Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, whose contributions to this volume will be appreciated by all its readers:

"The next day after the battle of Mission Ridge I rode from the Sixty-fourth hospital in Chattanooga along the ridge where Bragg's forces fought on the 25th. At the north end of the ridge is a deep ravine which separated Sherman's troops from the enemy. At this point there were evidences of a fierce and desperate conflict. I found details of our men collecting the dead of both sides, and depositing them in separate rows, awaiting the completion of trenches. Dismounting, I walked down the western slope, and came upon the body of a young Confederate soldier that had been thus far overlooked. A solid shot had carried away the entire rear part of his head, leaving his face, like a mask, intact. Neither chin, mouth, cheeks, eyes nor forehead was disfigured. He lay upon his back, with the head up hill. The face had fallen back upon the stump of his neck in such a manner that if the body had been perpendicular the face would have been horizontal. I called upon two of the stretcher bearers to come and remove the body. On seeing this strange feature of the corpse they stood back,

apparently paralyzed with horror, for, indeed, it was a sight to appall the most unfeeling spectator. The large, glaring eyes, glazed in death, the colorless face, and the singular position gave the spectacle a frightful appearance. One of the bearers was almost frantic with amazement, uttering expressions such as, 'My God, what an awful sight!' For several minutes not a hand touched him, but after waiting for his excitable companion to quiet his nerves, the other said: 'Come, let us get him out of sight as soon



JOEL HERSH,

FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

as possible,' but no movement was made to do it. A second appeal also failed. Becoming a little impatient, the cooler one said:

"'Do take hold of him! You ain't afraid of him are you?'"

"'No,' said the other. 'I'd a good deal rather help bury him, bad as he looks, than fight him alive!'"

"Near the foot of the ridge I saw the remains of one from an Ohio regiment that showed how destructive had been the rebel shot. Evidently the soldier was lying down, his head toward the enemy, and his body on a line with the passage of the missile, for it struck him on the head and passed the whole length of the body and limbs. From appearances there were but few whole bones left. I think a bushel basket would have held all that remained."

One of the well known soldiers of Company B, Sixty-fourth, was Henry Hildenbrand. Born in Germany, he came to the United States at the age of twenty. He enlisted four years later, in 1861, and was a true type of the many from other lands, who fought bravely and well for their adopted country. At Stone River he was pierced through the shoulder by a rebel bullet, but he continued in his place in the ranks until night. Then he drew off his blouse, looked at the bullet-hole and exclaimed:

"Vell, py shiminy, don'd I gif dose repels der tuyfel for dis, ven I gits anoder shance!"

Hildenbrand got "anoder shance" at Chickamauga, where he gave "dose repels" an installment of his compliments. He was endeavoring to finish the job at Missionary Ridge, when he was caught by another rebel bullet, which completely disabled him for months. He pluckily rejoined his company during the Atlanta campaign and continued to serve till the expiration of his term.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A DREARY MIDWINTER CAMPAIGN.

BURNSIDE IN PERIL—ON TO KNOXVILLE—MARCHING AND BIVOUACKING IN RAIN AND MUD—CROSSING THE HIAWASSEE—LONGSTREET GIVES IT UP AND RAISES THE SIEGE—STRAWBERRY PLAINS AND BLAINE'S CROSS ROADS—COLD AND HUNGER—A WRETCHED MONTH—HARKER'S BRIGADE OF RAGGED "HOBOS."

IN THE summer of 1863 General Ambrose E. Burnside, with some twenty thousand men, marched through Kentucky into eastern Tennessee and occupied Knoxville. Early in November the army of General Bragg, besieging Chattanooga, was materially weakened by the detachment of the splendid Virginia corps of Longstreet, which was ordered to Knoxville, to assist the Confederate forces there in the expulsion of Burnside from that place. For some time Burnside had been under siege. His supplies were cut off, and his army was in much the same condition as that of Thomas in Chattanooga. When Longstreet moved against him, the gravest apprehensions were felt for his safety.

The day after the battle of Missionary Ridge, Sheridan's division marched back to its camp at Chattanooga. It was Thanksgiving Day, and the soldiers felt that they had abundant reason to give thanks for their deliverance and for the magnificent triumph they had achieved. They had scarcely time to recover their breath when, on the 27th, orders were received to march the following day to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. Sherman, with three divisions, had already started, and two divisions of the Fourth corps and one of the Fourteenth were directed to follow. The need was urgent and the troops were directed to move in light marching order, without baggage wagons.

Harker's brigade got away late in the afternoon on the 28th, and entered upon the most disagreeable, comfortless and altogether wretched campaign of its entire army service. The men thought they had been in "hard lines" before, but no previous or subsequent experiences were so bountifully productive of bodily misery and discomfort as that midwinter excursion into the wilds of East Tennessee. The weather was raw and rainy at the start and continued to grow worse daily. Wet and shivering, the soldiers trudged along by day through the mud, churned by the tread of countless feet, and at night crept under their cheerless "pup" tents, often with only boughs or rails to keep their chilled bodies from the cold, sodden ground.

On the 30th, starting at three o'clock in the morning, the division made an excessively fatiguing march of twenty miles. The road was in such a wretched condition that much of the way the soldiers took to the fields and woods. About four o'clock in the afternoon the head of the column, Harker's brigade in the advance, reached the Hiawassee river. The bridge had been destroyed, and upon the other side a force of the enemy showed a disposition to dispute the passage. The division had no pontoons, but nothing ever stopped those men. When they wanted to go anywhere they went, always finding a way to surmount whatever obstacles they encountered. A few small boats were found and these, loaded with Harker's skirmishers, were hastily pulled to the opposite shore. Leaping upon the bank, the skirmishers quickly drove away the rebel cavalry. The entire brigade crossed by means of the skiffs, each of which carried from six to

ten men. At dusk, a steamboat loaded with rations arrived from Chattanooga and was welcomed with tempestuous cheers. The steamer was pressed into the service for ferriage purposes and the two other brigades of the division crossed in a short time. Rations were issued and the troops went into bivouac.

For days the dreary march was continued, with the unvarying experience of rain, mud, cold and desolation. Food became scarce, the barren country, already stripped, affording little relief. At one place a few sheep were found, slaughtered, and issued to the troops. December 3rd, after another twenty-mile march, the brigade encamped at Philadelphia—a large name for a small town. Next day the brigade assisted in building a bridge over the Little Tennessee river, tearing down buildings to obtain timbers and planking. It marched to Morgantown on the 5th, and there the boys had a chance to yell again. Intelligence was received that, alarmed by the approach of the column from Chattanooga, Longstreet had raised the siege of Knoxville, after a disastrous attempt to carry Fort Sanders by assault, and had retreated toward Bull's gap. The pressure upon Burnside being thus relieved, Sherman returned to Chattanooga with the Fifteenth corps and Davis's division of the Fourteenth, leaving the two divisions of the Fourth, under Gordon Granger, to drag out a wretched existence for more than two months in the East Tennessee wilderness.



WILLIAM D. PATTERSON,
SERGEANT, COMPANY C, COLOR-BEARER,
SIXTY-FOURTH.

Killed at Rocky Face Ridge,
May 9th, 1864.

On the 6th, after receiving small rations of cornmeal, the troops resumed the march, passing through Marysville, and on the 7th, camped on the bank of the Holston river, a mile and a half from Knoxville. A pontoon bridge had been laid by Burnside, and on this the division crossed the next day, passed through the city, and went into camp a short distance beyond. Here the brigade lay for a week. For two or three days, rations consisted solely of flour and pork—a healthy combination. The boys built very comfortable shelters of rails, boards and whatever they could lay their hands on that was available for such a purpose.

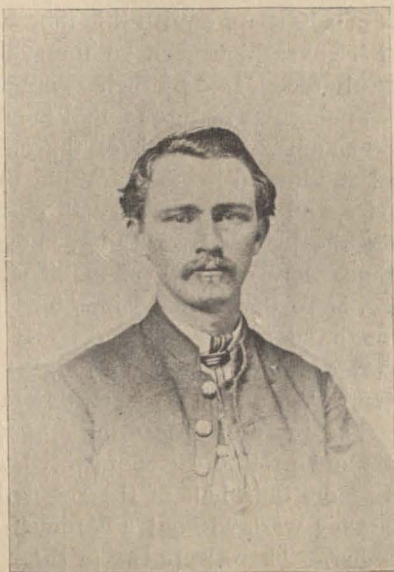
An order was received to march to Kingston, but this was countermanded, and at midnight of the 15th, the soldiers were loaded into box cars and the train rolled away. Riding in freight cars was not particularly luxurious traveling, but it was incomparably better than marching in the mud. At daylight the train halted at Strawberry Plains and the troops debarked. The name of that locality was pleasantly suggestive, but there were no strawberries in sight; probably it was not the right season of the year for them. The men lay around loose until noon, when the brigade marched seven miles to Blaine's cross-roads, where it went into camp. It remained in that vicinity for a month, once or twice changing its location.

No one recalls those long, long weeks without a shiver. The weather was exceedingly inclement. For a week it rained a good part of the time, with freezing nights, the mercury dropping lower and lower as the winter advanced—that is to say, such would have been the case had the soldiers been supplied with thermometers. But they didn't need them. Blue noses, tingling toes, shaking limbs and chattering teeth were an excellent substitute to indicate low temperature. It was a sorry looking camp. Many of the soldiers had not even "pup" tents, and scarcely half of them were supplied with overcoats. Clothing was frayed and worn; holes and tatters were abundant—far too much so for comfort. Many of the shoes were in the last stages of degeneracy. Before leaving Chattanooga the men had been wholly unable to get new clothing and shoes, as there had not been sufficient time, after the blockade was broken, to supply the needs of the army in this respect. Food and ammunition were considered to be the

indispensable things. As for clothing, the soldiers *could* fight naked, if necessary, but hardtack, coffee and cartridges they must have. So it was that the troops who were engaged in the East Tennessee campaign came to be as shabby a lot of men as mortal eyes ever looked upon. "Coxey's army" of hoboes, which leaped into fame in the year of our Lord 1894, wasn't a circumstance. In the latter part of December a few shoes were issued, but there were only three or four pairs for each company. Those whose feet were most needy drew cuts to decide which should have them. There were two men in Company I, of the Sixty-fifth, each of whom had one shoe in fair condition, while the other had gone to pieces and was a hopeless wreck. They divided a pair between them, each wearing one new shoe and one old one.

During the last days of December, and up to the middle of January, the weather was intensely cold. Snow covered the ground to the depth of six inches. At places in East Tennessee, where they had such things as thermometers, the mercury fell, on New Year's Day, to zero. People said it was the hardest winter they had known in twenty years. The soldiers of the Fourth corps certainly thought that the Arctic region could not have been worse. Many of those who stood on the outposts during those fearful days and nights had their faces, hands and feet severely nipped by the frost.

The men built huts and "shacks" of all shapes and sizes to protect them from the weather. In front of these, great fires of



JOSEPH CRITCHFIELD,
PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN AND SECOND
LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

oak logs were kept burning, fed hourly, day and night. Around them the soldiers slept, lying broadside to the fire, or endwise, toasting their feet, while their noses were well-nigh freezing. Sparks and embers, carried by the wind, burned innumerable holes in their blankets and garments; faces and hands were blackened and begrimed by smoke and dirt. Rarely has there been an assemblage of human beings so thoroughly disreputable in appearance. One day two men of Company B, of the Sixty-fifth, while on a scouting trip, procured at a house two or three handfuls of soft soap. With this they washed themselves thoroughly, which gave them such an unusual appearance that they were scarcely recognized by their comrades.

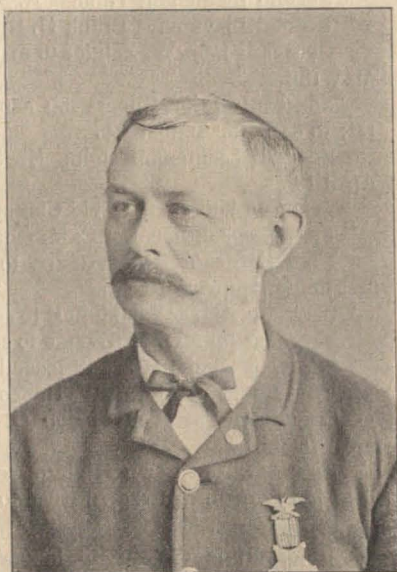
A singular feature of that month at Blaine's Cross-roads was the general good health of the men. They had become toughened and inured to exposure and privation, by two years of hard service, and there was very little sickness among them. They made the best of everything, and good spirits and cheerful endurance were everywhere manifest. But they suffered just the same, more than can be imagined by a person who has not been through such an experience. If the Revolutionary patriots at historic Valley Forge had a rougher time of it, they were entitled to the fullest measure of commiseration.

The protracted scantiness of rations was the most exasperating and prolific cause of woe. At no time did the soldiers receive more than half of the regulation allowance, and more than once they were without a hardtack or an ounce of bacon for days together. There were two or three crazy grist-mills in the vicinity and these were kept going, affording a partial supply of corn-meal, of which each man received from half a pint to a pint per day. One of these mills was in charge of Sergeant George Davey, of Company A, Sixty-fourth, a practical miller, who crowded the rickety concern to its fullest capacity—which is not saying much. If the meal didn't hold out, parched corn was eaten. The "mush" and "ash-cakes" that the soldiers fashioned out of that meal were indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. Much of the time they had no coffee, their only beverage being that which was "brewed" in the clouds of heaven and filtered through the everlasting hills." Foraging parties scoured the

country for miles in every direction, but the proceeds were most unsatisfactory to hungry men. A few "razor-back" hogs and scrawny cattle were driven in and sacrificed upon the altar of appetite, but they seemed to be four-fifths bone, and were lean picking. It may well be conceived that Christmas and New Year and the days of holiday week were rueful indeed. The words were a hollow mockery.

Once Harker's entire brigade went upon a foraging expedition, with a train of wagons, and was absent three days. It marched a distance of twenty miles from camp but could find enough to scarcely more than half load the wagons. The first night out the Sixty-fifth camped in a graveyard and the men slept among the tombstones. All suffered severely during the trip, but they managed to pick up a good deal of truck on their own account and returned to camp with well filled haversacks.

The following changes in the official rosters took place during the year 1863:



WILLIAM W. KILBOURN,
SIXTH BATTERY.

Sixty-fourth Regiment.

KILLED IN ACTION:

Captain John W. Zeigler, at Chickamauga, September 20th.
Captain Henry H. Kling, at Missionary Ridge, November 25th.

PROMOTIONS:

Lieutenant-colonel Alexander McIlvaine to colonel, March 11th.
Captain Robert C. Brown to lieutenant-colonel, March 11th.
Captain Samuel L. Coulter to major, March 11th.
Amos Potter, commissioned assistant surgeon, June 29th.

Robert G. Thompson, commissioned chaplain, July 1st.
First Lieutenant Joseph B. Ferguson to captain, January 31st.
First Lieutenant Samuel M. Wolff to captain, January 3rd.
First Lieutenant Norman K. Brown to captain, March 11th.
First Lieutenant Bryant Grafton to captain, March 11th.
First Lieutenant Henry H. Kling to captain, March 23rd.
Second Lieutenant Thomas H. Ehlers to first lieutenant, January 3rd.
Second Lieutenant Thomas E. Tillotson to first lieutenant, April 1st.
Second Lieutenant Thomas R. Smith to first lieutenant, April 1st.
Second Lieutenant Frank H. Killinger to first lieutenant, April 1st.
Sergeant John W. Zeigler to first lieutenant, April 1st; to captain, May 18th.
Sergeant-Major Robert S. Chamberlain to first lieutenant, April 1st; to captain, August 5th.
Second Lieutenant John K. Shellenberger to first lieutenant, April 1st.
Second Lieutenant David Cummins to first lieutenant, April 1st.
First Sergeant George C. Marshall to first lieutenant, May 18.
First Sergeant Riley Albach to second lieutenant, April 1st; to first lieutenant, August 5th.
Sergeant Alexander Moffett to second lieutenant, April 1st.
Sergeant John Q. McIlvaine to second lieutenant, April 1st.
Sergeant Daniel Howe to second lieutenant, April 1st.
First Sergeant Alonzo W. Hancock to second lieutenant, April 1st.
Commissary-sergeant Jacob G. Bittering to second lieutenant, April 1st.
First Sergeant Lewis High to second lieutenant, April 1st.
First Sergeant Alfred A. Reed to second lieutenant, August 5th.

RESIGNATIONS:

Major William W. Smith, January 15th.
Assistant Surgeon Volney P. Miller, May 16th.
Assistant Surgeon Amos Potter, November 9th.
Captain Charles R. Lord, January 31st.
Captain David A. Scott, March 23rd.
Captain Joseph B. Ferguson, May 18th.
Captain Aaron S. Campbell, August 5th.

FROM OTHER CAUSES:

Captain Warner Young, honorably discharged October 1st, on account of wounds received at Stone River; entered Veteran Reserve Corps.
Colonel John Ferguson, left the service, March 11th.
First Lieutenant Simeon B. Conn, dismissed, February 2nd.
Second Lieutenant Cyrus Y. Freeman, dismissed, March 20th.

Sixty-fifth Regiment.**KILLED IN ACTION OR DIED OF WOUNDS:**

First Lieutenant Nelson Smith, at Chickamauga, September 19th.

Second Lieutenant Samuel C. Henwood, at Chickamauga, September 19th.

Major Samuel C. Brown, died at Chattanooga, September 22nd, of wounds received at Chickamauga, September 20th.

Adjutant William H. Massey, died at Cleveland, Ohio, April 9th; of wounds received at Stone River, December 31st, 1862.

PROMOTIONS:

Major Horatio N. Whitbeck to lieutenant-colonel, March 22nd.

Captain Samuel C. Brown to major, March 22nd.

Captain Orlow Smith to major, September 22nd.

First Lieutenant John C. Matthias to captain, February 20th.

First Lieutenant Andrew Howenstine to captain, March 20th.

First Lieutenant William M. Farrar to captain, May 24th.

First Lieutenant Asa A. Gardner to captain, October 14th.

Second Lieutenant Franklin Pealer to first lieutenant, February 13th.

Second Lieutenant Joseph F. Sonnanstine to first lieutenant, March 22nd.

Sergeant-major Brewer Smith to second lieutenant, January 1st; to first lieutenant, March 23rd.

Second Lieutenant Robeson S. Rook to first lieutenant, April 5th.

Second Lieutenant Nelson Smith to first lieutenant, May 24th.

Sergeant Joseph H. Willsey to second lieutenant, January 1st.

First Sergeant John Body to second lieutenant, February 13th.

Sergeant Samuel C. Henwood to second lieutenant, March 22nd.

First Sergeant Philip P. McCune to second lieutenant, March 23rd.

First Sergeant Christian M. Bush to second lieutenant, March 30th.

First Sergeant Benjamin F. Trescott to second lieutenant, April 5th.

Sergeant Ebben Bingham to second lieutenant, May 24th.

First Sergeant John S. Talmadge to second lieutenant, June 1st.

RESIGNATIONS:

Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Cassil, March 22nd.

Assistant Surgeon William A. McCulley, November 3rd.

Chaplain Andrew Burns, February 16th.

Captain Francis H. Graham, February 20th.

Captain Samuel L. Bowlby, May 24th.

Captain William M. Farrar, October 14th.

First Lieutenant Oscar D. Welker, February 13th.

First Lieutenant Albert Ellis, November 13th.

First Lieutenant Peter Markel, November 20th, on account of wounds received at Stone River.

First Lieutenant Frank B. Hunt, November 29th.

First Lieutenant Robeson S. Rook, December 11th, on account of wounds received at Stone River.

Second Lieutenant Samuel H. Young, March 30th.

FROM OTHER CAUSES:

Second Lieutenant Charles Schroeder, dismissed, June 9th.

Sixth Battery.

No changes during the year 1863.

McLaughlin's Squadron.

RESIGNATIONS:

Major Gaylord McFall, January 17th.

First Lieutenant Benjamin B. Lake, February 17th.

PROMOTIONS:

Captain Richard Rice to major, January 17th.

Second Lieutenant John Dalzell to captain, January 17th.

First Lieutenant John L. Skeggs to captain, February 25th.

Sergeant George W. Pomeroy to second lieutenant, January 17th;
to first lieutenant, February 17th.

Second Lieutenant Erastus P. Coates to first lieutenant, February 25th.

Corporal Ross R. Cowan to second lieutenant, February 26th.

Sergeant Jacob O. Stout to second lieutenant, February 17th.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"THREE YEARS MORE."

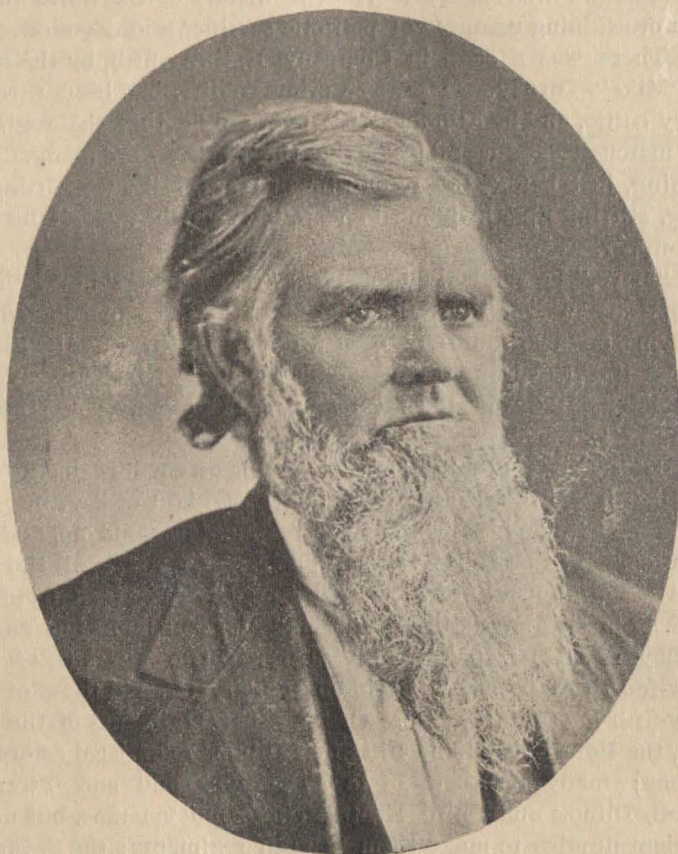
WE RE-ENLIST AND GET A FURLOUGH—THE "VETERAN" CRAZE—IT GOES THROUGH THE SHERMAN BRIGADE LIKE THE SMALL-POX—FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY AND THIRTY DAYS AT HOME—THIS CATCHES THE BOYS—DRAWING CUTS FOR THE FIRST TRIP HOME—THE SIXTY-FOURTH IS LUCKY—IT STARTS FOR OHIO IN A BEDLAM OF SHOUTS AND YELLS—IT RETURNS TO THE FRONT.

SOME months previous to this time, the War Department had determined upon a plan by which it hoped to secure the continued service of the large body of soldiers who had already been in the field two years or more, and whose term of enlistment would expire in a few months. It was decided to offer to all such who should re-enlist for "three years or during the war" a bounty of four hundred dollars each, and a furlough giving thirty days at home, the time going and coming not to be counted. Any company or regiment, three-fourths of whose members should re-enlist, would retain its organization and be accompanied home by its officers. The wisdom of this

measure was amply shown by its result. Nearly one hundred and forty thousand men re-enlisted under the honorable designation of "Veteran Volunteers." These were all *soldiers*—trained and disciplined, inured to hardship, and of tried courage. A regiment of three hundred such men was worth more in an active, arduous campaign than a thousand raw recruits. The forty or fifty per cent who were physically unable to endure the service, and those who were deficient in that important quality known as "sand," had been weeded out, and those who remained were men who could be relied upon to discharge any duty and face any danger. The armies that fought the great battles of 1864 contained large levies of new troops. The veterans gave to these a steadiness that would otherwise have been wanting. The wonder was that so large a number who had marched and fought and suffered so long, and *knew what war was*, should be willing to sign for "three years more." For the courage and patriotism thus shown, the veteran volunteers deserve to be held, as they will be, in lasting remembrance.

It was while in East Tennessee, under the conditions and amidst the surroundings that have been described, that the "veteran" excitement broke out in Harker's brigade. It went through the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth like the small-pox. A day or two after Christmas the commanding officer of each regiment called a "mass meeting" of its members, at which the orders from Washington were read and the alluring scheme of four hundred dollars bounty and a thirty days' furlough was fully explained. No doubt it was thought that the holiday season was a good time to talk about going home. In this way the boys were vaccinated with the veteran virus. It "took" right away. They went like sheep over a wall. A "bell-wether" in each company started it, and the rest almost fell over one another in their haste to get hold of the pen and sign the new roll.

No doubt the thirty days' furlough was a potent influence in inducing the men to re-enlist. It is impossible for anyone except the soldiers themselves to conceive how great was the temptation. In no other way can it be half so well expressed as in the words of Captain Brewer Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, in a personal letter to the writer. Said he: "The boys made up their minds to take



ISAAC GASS,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.

three years more of hell for the sake of thirty days of heaven—*home.*" But the great impelling force that moved the veterans was a fervent and exalted consecration to the work which they had undertaken; a determination to stand by "Old Glory" until the rebellion was conquered. The history of the world affords no more shining example of patriotic sacrifice and devotion.

There was a chap in Company E, Sixty-fifth, by the name of "Mike" Turney. He was a prime soldier, had been through every battle, and had "hoofed it" every mile that the regiment had marched—and we all know that those miles were many. One evening, just before the re-enlistment craze, Mike was sitting on a log, stirring up a little meal and water, which was all he had for supper.

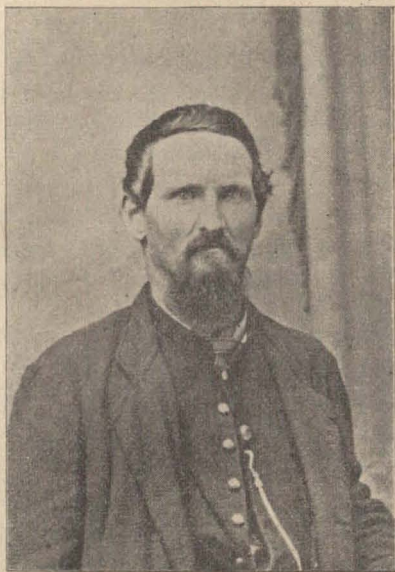
"Boys," he suddenly broke out, "d'ye s'pose I'd ever 'listed in this cussed war if I'd knowed that I'd have to come down to livin' on a spoonful o' bran a day? No-sir-ee-bob! I'll be durned if I'll ever help save another country!" Three or four days later Mike was the second man in Company E to sign the veteran roll.

Before the 1st of January, five-sixths of each regiment had re-enlisted, and then nothing was talked of night or day, but that furlough. No one knew when the regiments would go, and the impatience became almost uncontrollable. Of course all the veterans could not leave at once, but assurance was given from the highest official sources, that they should be sent home just as fast as they could be spared with safety. The veterans of the Sixty-fourth were mustered in on January 1st, and those of the Sixty-fifth on January 3rd. Of the other regiments of the brigade, the Forty-second and Fifty-first Illinois re-enlisted as organizations; many members of the Twenty-second and Twenty-seventh Illinois and Third Kentucky became veterans, but not a sufficient number to make them veteran regiments; the Seventy-ninth Illinois and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio were 1862 regiments and were not eligible to the high "privilege" of becoming veterans, only half of their term having expired.

It is proper to remark here that not one word I have said, or may say, on this subject should be construed as casting the smallest reflection upon those of the old Sherman Brigade—about forty

in each regiment—who did not sign the veteran roll. Among them were some of our very best soldiers, who for good and sufficient reasons, could not see their way clear to re-enlist for three years more. Some of them freely expressed the opinion that a full term of such service as fell to our lot was one man's share; that if he lived through it he was fairly entitled to go home and stay there, and it was the duty of some other fellow to strap on a knapsack, shoulder a gun and take his place in the ranks—for there were yet in the north many hundreds of thousands, able to bear arms, who had not responded to those calls of the President, which seemed to say to every one, "Thou art the man!" Indeed, as we now look back upon it, we are amazed that *even one* of our number was willing to bind himself for three years longer. Should the war continue, he could scarcely hope to live through another term. No doubt a similar surprise will be felt by any person who may have followed this narrative — written truthfully and conscientiously, with no word of exaggeration.

When the veterans left to enjoy their month at home the non-veterans stayed behind. In the great campaigns of '64 they served with faithfulness and unflinching courage. Some of them were killed and others were wounded in the fierce conflicts of that year. I have in mind one of them, a noble sergeant, who voluntarily went into action with his company at Spring Hill, and was killed, after his term had expired. Those who survived were mustered out a few days



ARTHUR G. M'KEOWN,
SERGEANT, COMPANY H,
COLOR-BEARER, SIXTY-FIFTH.

after the expiration of their term, having earned the fullest meed of praise and honor. It seemed to me but just that this much should be said regarding our non-veterans. As a matter of fact, the war ended four months after they left us. The only action in which they did not participate was the battle of Nashville.

On the fifth of January the veterans of Harker's brigade were thrown into a high state of inflammation, by an order for one regiment to start for home. All were clamorous to go, and the question was decided by casting lots. The Sixty-fourth was the lucky one. It was ordered to start for Chattanooga the next morning. The veterans of the Sixty-fifth envied them their good fortune, but consoled themselves with the thought that their turn was coming; they had but to "wait a little longer." The Sixty-fourth was fairly intoxicated with joy—not with anything else. After a violent eruption of cheers, the veterans, with glad hearts and smiling faces, betook themselves to packing up their few goods and chattels. No order to march was ever so boisterously welcomed—except the one which took them out of Camp Buckingham, in 1861.

Bright and early on the morning of the 6th the Sixty-fourth veterans were astir. They buckled on their traps and fell in with alacrity at tap of drum. They gayed unmercifully the forlorn squad of non-veterans, but the latter faced without flinching the volley of good-natured jests and gibes that flew from the ranks. Almost the entire brigade assembled to give the regiment a hearty send-off. As it started away at the command "March!" the woods resounded with such uproarious cheers as only soldiers could utter.

Never did the miles seem so short as during the march to Chattanooga. Blisters counted for nothing, as the men plodded gayly on their way, with laugh and jest and song, for every step brought them nearer to home and loved ones. No order to "close up" was necessary; they couldn't travel fast enough to keep tally with their feelings. At Chattanooga the regiment was formally mustered in as a veteran organization. A few days were spent in making out muster and pay rolls. The men received two months' pay and their veteran bounties. The officers got no bounties, so that for once the men had a good deal more money

than the officers. With their pockets full of crisp, new greenbacks, they felt like lords; to speak in modern phrase, they "owned the earth." The worn, tattered and graybacked garments, in which they had roughed it so long in East Tennessee, were gladly cast aside, and all were arrayed, from top to toe, in brand-new uniforms. To the question "What regiment is that?" the boys could truly give the answer so often heard in the army: "Same old regiment, but we've drawn new clothes!"

When the red tape had all been unwound, the Sixty-fourth took the cars for Nashville and thence proceeded to Columbus, Ohio, headquarters being established at Camp Chase. Colonel Robert C. Brown writes:

"The comrades of this command will remember the 'dandy' soldiers on camp-guard the morning after their arrival. With what military pomp these guards brought down their burnished guns while commanding 'Halt!' as our weather-beaten veterans approached the line; and how the veterans rallied to a grand charge, stampeding those brave guards! Perhaps

our men never knew that the writer, and their regimental commander, with infinite amusement, witnessed this stampede from a tent flap surreptitiously raised. Our stay at Camp Chase was short. A leave of absence for thirty days was soon granted, and in hopeful glee we set out for our homes. Upon our arrival at Mansfield, a public reception and entertainment was given the soldiers. Then followed the warmest greetings—fathers, moth-

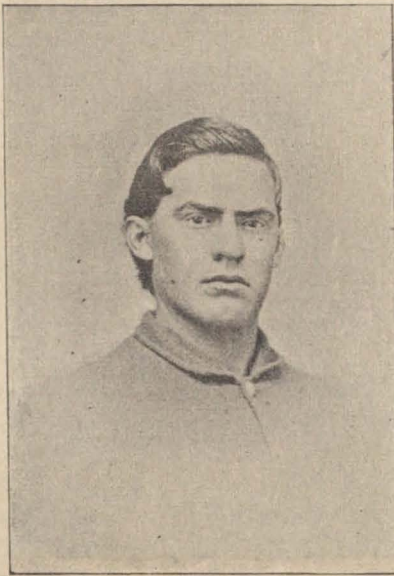


JOHN C. WEBER,
SIXTH BATTERY.

Orderly, staff of General T. J. Wood.

ers, brothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts and friends met us with joyful tears. With it all there was a sadness attending this reception. There were many disappointed ones. The ravages of war had reduced our number more than half. The vacant places in our ranks were explained by the battles inscribed upon our banners."

After thirty red-letter days at home, which were enjoyed to the fullest extent, farewells were spoken and the veterans, accom-



THEODORE P. KENT,
SIXTH BATTERY.

panied by a few recruits, betook themselves to Camp Chase, to enter upon their new term of service. Scarcely a man failed to report upon the day appointed, and the "Sixty-fourth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry" was off to the war. Proceeding by rail to Nashville, it was obliged to foot it from that place to Chattanooga and thence to Cleveland, Tennessee, where it rejoined the brigade, the latter having returned from East Tennessee to that point. Everywhere were seen the unmistakable signs of an early opening of the campaign of 1864. The army

was being stripped of every incumbrance, and orders were daily received looking to its most complete mobilization. Clearly there was business ahead, and the veterans, having surfeited themselves with pleasure during their thirty days at home, were to plunge again into the bloody vortex of war.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOME AND BACK TO THE FRONT.

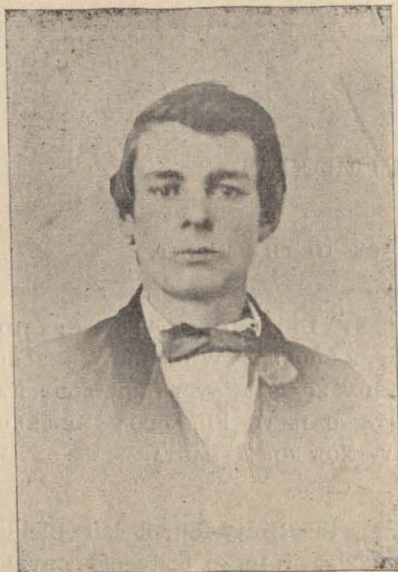
ADVENTURES OF A "CONVALESCENT" DETACHMENT—PHIL SHERIDAN WANTS A COFFIN—THE "COFFEE COOLERS" WHIP JOE WHEELER—THE MARCH TO BLAINE'S CROSS-ROADS—CAVORTING ABOUT EAST TENNESSEE—THE SIXTY-FIFTH GETS ITS FURLOUGH—RE-ENLISTMENT OF THE SIXTH BATTERY—NOW FOR ATLANTA.

TWO OR three days after the Sixty-fourth left Blaine's Cross-roads for Chattanooga, a large body of convalescents rejoined the brigade. A page or two will not be wasted in giving a brief account of their adventures. My Chickamauga wound nearly healed, I left home for the front in the latter part of November, still carrying my damaged arm in a sling. I reached Cincinnati just after the battle of Missionary Ridge, and I fairly devoured the accounts in the newspapers. When I read that "Harker's brigade charged with the greatest gallantry, crossing the rebel works at Bragg's headquarters, capturing several cannon and a large number of prisoners," I was *proud* of my brave comrades and wished that I might have been

with them to share their glory and enthusiasm. At Bridgeport I met half a dozen other convalescents from our regiments. We made our way to Chattanooga by marching with a wagon train over the long and tedious Sequatchie valley route. The road was execrable and we were seven days making the trip of fifty miles. We reached Chattanooga on the 10th of December.

Reporting at headquarters, we were told that Harker's brigade was at some unknown locality in the woods beyond Knoxville ;

that if it did not soon return to Chattanooga, as expected, the convalescents would be sent forward in a body. In the meantime we could do nothing but wait. A large number of officers and men, representing every regiment in the two Fourth corps divisions in East Tennessee, were there. They had recovered from wounds or sickness and wished to rejoin their commands. Others were reporting daily. Captain Williams and Lieutenant Body, of the Sixty-fifth, were there, and before we left, Lieutenants Gardner and Shipley arrived. I found Quartermaster-sergeant John C. Zollinger, of the Sixty-fifth, snugly quartered in a wall



JOSEPH BULL,
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Stone River, December
31st, 1862; the first man of the
regiment to fall in battle.

tent, and gladly accepted an invitation to share it with him.

Among the convalescents was our old friend, Phil Sheridan —not the general, but the wild Irishman of Company I. One day I was at the office of Captain J. M. Randall, of the Sixty-fifth, Harker's brigade quartermaster, when Phil came in, looking as though he had lost his last friend on earth.

"Captain," he said, saluting the quartermaster, "won't ye be so kind as to give me an order for a few crackers? It's almost starved I am!"

"I am sorry that rations are so short," said the captain, "but you get just as much as anybody else, and you ought to get along as well as others do."

"The fact is, Captain," replied Phil, "there's mighty few men that *needs* as much as I do."

Randall explained to him that he had no control over rations, as they were issued by the commissary department.

"Well, then," said Phil, sorrowfully, "jist write me an order for *some boards to make a coffin!*"

As the days dragged on and there were no indications of the return of the Fourth corps troops, it was determined to organize the convalescents into a provisional brigade and send it forward—if the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. This was done, and we made a pretty respectable appearance, numbering about two thousand five hundred. Those

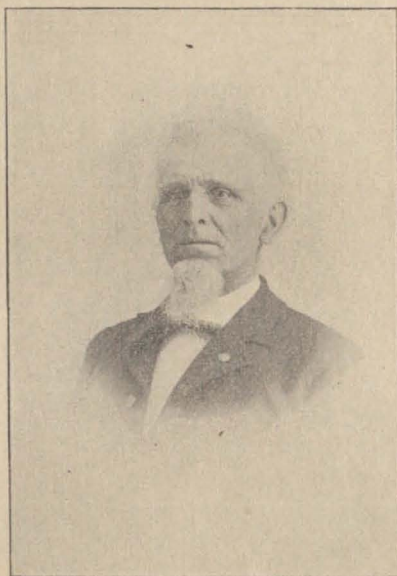
from each brigade were organized into a regiment, those from each regiment forming a company. Our "regiment" was four hundred and sixty strong, including about fifty men from each the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth. It was very ably commanded by Lieutenant-colonel David H. Moore, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio. The six "regiments" made a large brigade,



ELEAZOR JOHNSTON,
COMPANY A, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Mortally wounded at New Hope
Church, Ga., May 27th, 1864.

which was under the command of Colonel Laiboldt, of the Second Missouri.

On the day before Christmas we struck out for Knoxville. The weather was cold and rainy, and the roads were simply villainous. We jogged along without incident till we reached Charleston, where, on the morning of December 28th, we had a brisk and exciting encounter with Wheeler's cavalry. Learning that the detachment of convalescents had started from Chatta-



MORDECAI PANGLE,
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

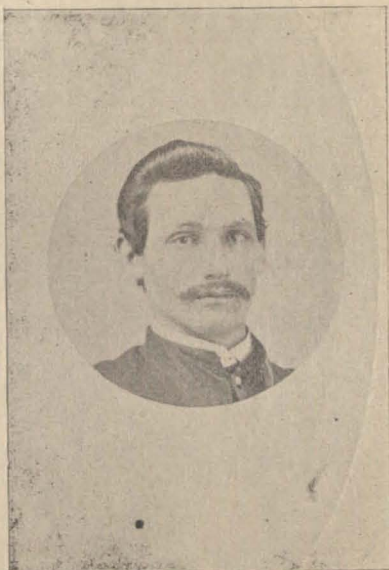
nooga, Wheeler, with three or four thousand troopers, left Dalton for the purpose of destroying it—or trying to do so. While we were preparing breakfast, our pickets were assailed and driven in with a rattling fusillade of musketry. There was an instant scramble to arms, and the brigade advanced in battle array to meet those who had so rudely disturbed our matutinal meal. A heavy rebel skirmish line was seen advancing from a skirt of woods not more than three hundred yards distant. The brigade was formed in two lines, our regiment being in the first.

Skirmishers were quickly thrown out and sharp firing began at once. The bullets whizzed about us in a most uncomfortable way. Colonel Laiboldt, who was a thorough soldier, determined to make a short job of it. He ordered the whole brigade to charge, two regiments being detached to tickle the enemy's flanks. With a wild yell the brigade dashed forward. The rebels showed fight for a few minutes and then adjourned in great disorder, pursued by three companies of the First Ohio cavalry. The latter were

stationed at Charleston and had turned out to take a hand in the little game. Our loss was three killed and twelve or fifteen wounded. In our regiment two were wounded, one each in the detachments of the Third Kentucky and Seventy-ninth Illinois. We gathered up twelve rebel dead and nearly twenty who were too badly wounded to get away. In the melee we captured one hundred and thirty-five prisoners. These marched with us all the way to Loudon, where they were turned over to the post commander.

The scare was soon over. With appetites sharpened by the exercise, we finished our breakfast and resumed the march, as though nothing had happened. Wheeler seemed to have gained some respect for the fighting qualities of the "coffee coolers" for he did not again molest us. As a cautionary measure, flankers were kept out when on the march, and upon going into camp, strong pickets were posted, an entire regiment being on duty each night. We reached Loudon December 31st. That day the Sixty-fifth squad marched as a guard for the prisoners, took them into town and corralled them in a deserted building.

We lay at Loudon ten days, suffering keenly from the bitterly cold weather and from the general scarcity of rations. We had brought through from Chattanooga, a long train of supply wagons, and the work of ferrying them across the Tennessee river was extremely tedious. January 11th we resumed the march, and at noon on the 14th rejoined our comrades at Blaine's



ASA A. GARDNER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.



WILLIAM A. BULLITT,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, THIRD KENTUCKY.
Commanding Sixty-fifth at Missionary Ridge.

Cross-roads, where the boys had been for a month enjoying themselves so luxuriously. We were received with tremendous cheers and yells. When the Sixty-fourth convalescents found that their regiment had re-enlisted and was on its way home, nearly all of them wanted to join the veteran procession. They were given the opportunity to do so and at once started back to Chattanooga. Going part of the way by rail and steamboat, they overtook the regiment at that place, and went rejoicing on their northward way. The non-veterans of the Sixty-fourth were temporarily attached to the Sixty-fifth, forming a company commanded by Lieutenant Hinman.

On the 15th of January the brigade took its departure from Blaine's Cross-roads. We left it as gladly as, two years before, we bade farewell to Hall's Gap—we did not believe we could find a more wretched place. We passed Strawberry Plains—still barren of strawberries—crossed the Holston river, and during that day and the next marched twenty-five miles farther to Dandridge, on the French Broad river. Here we



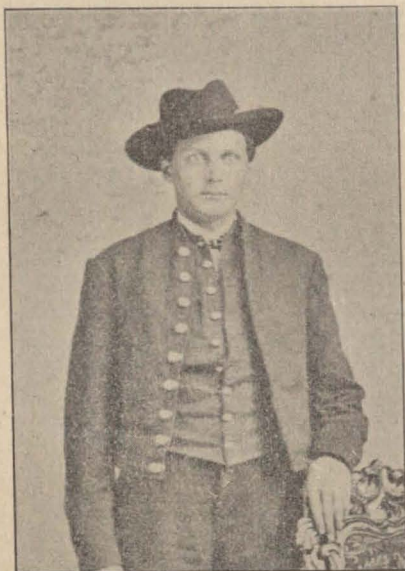
DUNCAN THOMPSON,
SERGEANT, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Mortally wounded at Rocky Face
Bridge, May 9th, 1864.

found Wood's division in camp. On the 17th there was a spirited attack by a considerable rebel force. We did not get fairly into the fight, but that was not our fault. The brunt fell upon the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, which lost its adjutant and four men killed and a dozen or more wounded. We were ordered to establish a camp, but we had scarcely begun when we marched away to a ford of the French Broad, and built a bridge by means

of wagons placed in the water at intervals, connected by timbers. We bivouacked upon a large island in the stream, but at ten o'clock that night we were routed out, recrossed the river and headed once more for Strawberry Plains. All night the column swept on, scarcely halting till daylight. Nobody could imagine the purpose of all this playing hide and seek, and probably no one has ever found out to this day. So far as can be judged it was a scare, rumors having been rife for some days that Longstreet

had been re-inforced and had turned to inflict condign punishment upon us for having forced him to forego the pleasure of taking Knoxville. As a matter of fact, Longstreet was making his way back to Virginia, and the rebel force which made itself so conspicuous at Dandridge was nothing but a small body of cavalry.

After lying quiet a day we drew quarter rations and set out for Knoxville, where we arrived on the 21st, after a galloping march which severely tried our soles as well as our souls. An order came for another of Harker's veteran regiments to march to-



JOHN W. LEIDIGH,
SERGEANT MAJOR, AND SECOND
LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

ward the north star. Again lots were cast and the Sixty-fifth drew another blank, the prize going to the Fifty-first Illinois. Lieutenant Colonel Bullitt was an excellent soldier, but the boys thought he wasn't "worth shucks" when it came to drawing cuts.

Loud grumbling was caused by an order for us to again double on our track, march back to Strawberry Plains and thence

on toward Bull's gap. An hour later this most unwelcome order was countermanded, and we were directed to march to Loudon. We arrived there on the 25th, crossed the Tennessee river on flat-boats, and went into camp. On the third day thereafter, the Sixty-fifth—barring the non-veterans—was thrown into a state of delirious excitement by an order to start at once for Chattanooga, en route for "God's country." The non-veterans of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were transferred to the Third Kentucky.

Early in the morning of January 29th the regiment drew a scanty supply of rations and started upon its journey, amidst a tempest of farewell shouts from our comrades of the brigade, to which the departing veterans responded with rousing cheers. At the last moment three or four of our non-veteran squad "weakened:" the temptation to go home was too strong for them to resist. Fearing that it might be everlastingly too late, they asked eagerly if they would be permitted to re-enlist. Being informed that the lamp still "held out to burn," they hastily gathered up their belongings and followed the flag. They



JONAS SMITH,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Died at Nashville, Tenn., from acci-
dent, June 10th, 1865.

were greeted with frantic yells by the veterans, and with good-natured scoffs and jeers by those who remained behind.

The march to Chattanooga was devoid of special interest. The distance from Loudon, ninety miles, was covered in four and a half days, which, in view of the awful condition of the roads, was extraordinary. If the men had not been homeward

bound, such marching would have caused a constant and copious flow of vigorous language. We stayed at Chattanooga nearly three weeks, dozens of pens being constantly busy in making the many muster-out, muster-in and pay rolls required. While here Captain Orlow Smith, of Company G, received a commission as major, and took command of the Sixty-fifth, relieving Lieutenant-colonel Bullitt, who rejoined his own Sixty-fifth the Third Kentucky.



TIP S. MARVIN,
FIRST LIEUTENANT AND QUARTER-
MASTER, SIXTY-FOURTH.

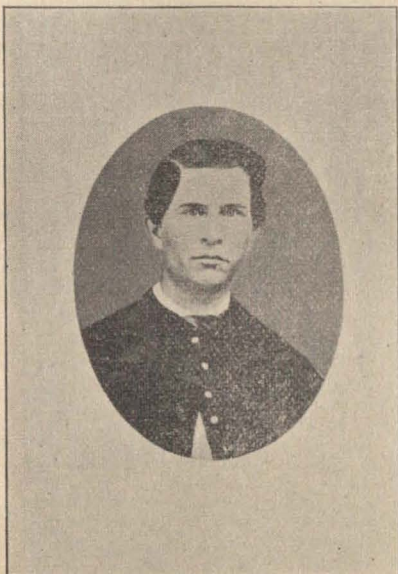
Of our trip to Ohio, with new clothes and plenty of money, and our thirty days at home, little need be said. Everywhere the veterans were received with the warmest hospitality; homes and hearts were opened wide to them. A few took advantage of the opportunity to get married, enlisting for life under the banner of Hymen. The boys had free run of the cupboard and drew heavily upon the family larder. The days passed all too quickly and then, tearing themselves from the loving embraces of their friends, the veterans once more set their faces toward "Dixie's land."

Rendezvousing promptly at Columbus, we received from the state a new stand of colors and whirled away to Cincinnati; thence by boat to Louisville and rail to Nashville, where we arrived on the 11th of April. Here we met the first disappointment of our career as a veteran regiment. We were informed that we would have to *march* to Chattanooga—one hundred and fifty miles. We had fully expected to go all the way by rail, and

this order started the boys again in their old habit of "kicking"—but they tramped just the same. General Sherman was then assembling a great army of a hundred thousand men for the campaign to Atlanta, and the railroad was taxed to its utmost capacity in the transportation of supplies of food, clothing and ammunition. It was necessary to have at Chattanooga, as a secondary base, a large accumulation of stores before the opening of the great campaign. This is why "Uncle Billy" made the order, which provoked so many bad words and blisters, requiring all troops and cattle for the army to go forward from Nashville "on the hoof."

We made the march with comparative comfort in fifteen days. There was no pressing need of haste and we were not crowded to the limit of endurance. Twice we lay over a day for rest. The veterans were too wise to load themselves down with notions from home. Abundance of them had been offered and urged, but they were generally declined with thanks. We had a few recruits who refused to take advice, and started from Nashville with great humps on their backs, but they very soon "shed" everything except the essentials.

Israel O. Gaskill was a recruit who had enrolled himself in Company B, Sixty-fifth, just as the company was to start for the rendezvous, at the expiration of the furlough. He had tried hard to get in before, but was too young. This he thought would be his last chance and he ran away from home to enlist. Gaskill felt very proud when he started from Nashville with the regiment,



JAMES BRANNAN,
SIXTH BATTERY.

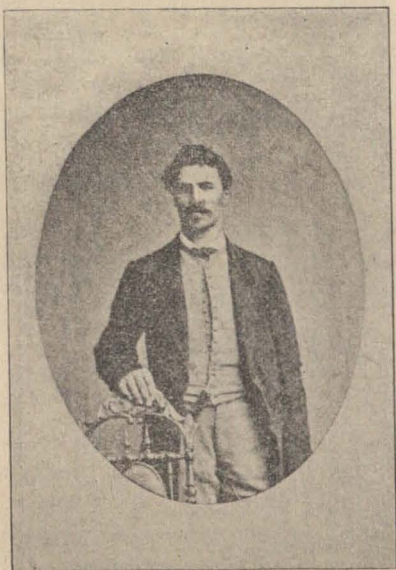
with a musket on his shoulder and all the paraphernalia of a soldier strapped and buckled about him. He had not drilled a single hour, but he marched with his gun at a right-shoulder-shift, in strict accordance with the tactics, as far as he knew anything about it. After the column was well drawn out the usual order "Rout step!" was given. This meant, in the phrase of the present day, "go-as-you-please," each man being free to take his own gait and carry his musket and accouterments in whatever manner

he chose. But Gaskill didn't know anything about this and he trudged along with strict military precision.

"Didn't ye hear the order 'Rout step?'" said one of the boys. "That means ye can carry yer gun any way ye want to."

"That's jest exactly what I'm doin'!" replied Israel.

It was one evening during this march that Lieutenant John Body, of the Sixty-fifth, had the novel experience of being euchred, although he held both bowers and the ace—a combination which under ordinary circumstances can-



JETHRO FUNK,
SERGEANT, COMPANY F, AND COLOR-
BEARER, SIXTY-FIFTH.

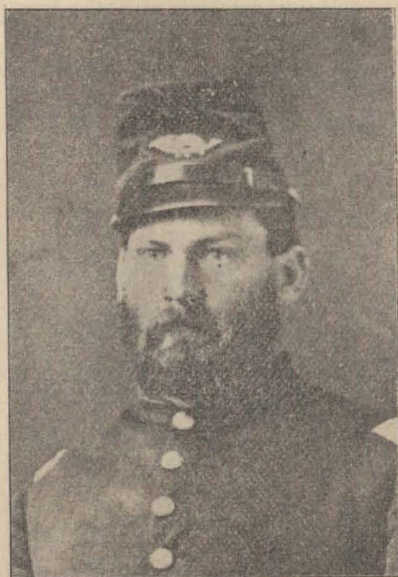
Killed at Dallas, Ga., May 26, 1864.

not be beaten. Four young officers, weary from the day's tramp, had squatted around a cracker-box, seeking nepenthe in a social game of euchre. Body and McCune were partners, their adversaries being Moores and Bell. In one of the deals Body was given the three trumps highest in rank—right, left and ace—and two indifferent suit cards. Knowing that according to all rules he had a "cinch" on making at least one point, with a gleam of sat-

isfaction in his eye he declared his purpose to "play it alone," in the hope of scoring four, the prize of a successful "lone hand." It happened that all of the smaller trumps were held by his antagonists, but they were only sergeants and corporals and privates, while Body's trumps were brigadier and major-generals. Just how it was done nobody will ever know—whether Moores drew an extra bower out of his sleeve or picked up one of Body's and played it on him—but certain it is that Body was euchred and lost the game. For weeks thereafter his mental forces, when not otherwise engaged, were kept busy in the effort to figure out how it happened. It was a standing joke on him to the end of the war.

We reached Chattanooga on the 30th of April—just in time to be in at the opening of the campaign against Joe Johnston. We found that all the troops of the Fourth corps had returned from East Tennessee, our brigade being in camp near Cleveland—a name that had a home-like sound to Ohio soldiers. After spending three days in making out pay-rolls and reports, we left Chattanooga on May 3rd, leaving behind company baggage of every kind, even to the books. During this campaign the men were to have absolutely nothing except what they carried on their backs—company officers, ditto.

Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck, having recovered from his wound received at Chickamauga, returned with the regiment from its veteran furlough and was in command. On the 6th we rejoined Harker's brigade at Catoosa Springs, but a few miles from Dalton,

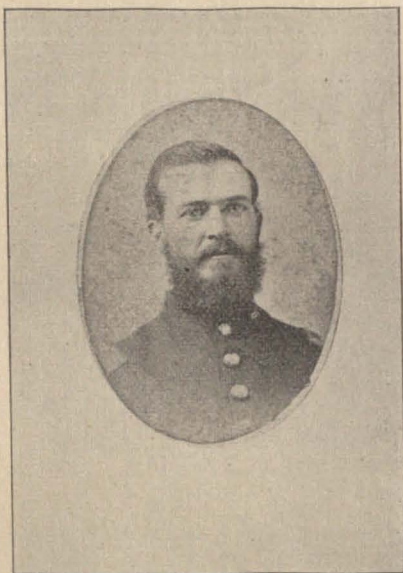


MICHAEL KEISER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

where lay the rebel army. Vociferous soldiers' greetings were exchanged with our old comrades, and especially with those of the Sixty-fourth, which had recently returned from Ohio. No man was ever more heartily cheered than was Colonel Harker when the Sixty-fifth first caught sight of him. He acknowledged the compliment by lifting his hat and smiling all over his pleasant face.

While at home a few of the veterans supplied themselves with Henry rifles. This was a magazine gun, from which some

thirty cartridges could be fired in rapid succession. The boys used them with excellent effect. These were the sort of guns of which a rebel prisoner said: "You load 'em on Sunday and shoot 'em all the week!"



GEORGE W. JAMES,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

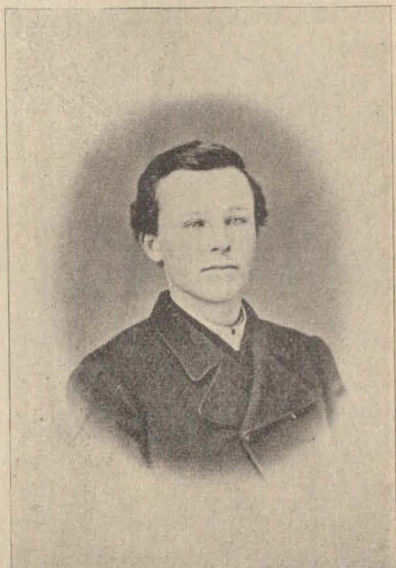
For eighteen months previous to this time Major Samuel L. Coulter, of the Sixty-fourth, had served as assistant adjutant-general, on the staff of Colonel Harker commanding the brigade, discharging the arduous duties of that position with a faithfulness and efficiency that won for him the highest encomiums from his superiors and the

confidence and esteem of all with whom he was associated. Near the end of April, 1864, he was, at his own request, relieved from staff duty and returned to his regiment. Colonel Harker issued a general order warmly commending and complimenting Major Coulter for the "zeal, promptness and fidelity" with which he had discharged the duties of adjutant-general of the brigade, his "officer-like bearing and his gallantry on the field of battle." Captain Edward G. Whitesides, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, was detailed to take his place on the staff.

Early in May, 1864, Sergeant Samuel P. Snider—everybody called him "Sam"—of Company D, Sixty-fifth, who had been wounded at Stone River and very severely at Chickamauga, was discharged to accept a commission as captain in the Thirteenth United States colored troops. His departure from the regiment was a source of genuine regret, for none had more friends than he.

The Sixth battery did not accompany Harker's brigade to East Tennessee but remained at Chattanooga. For this the battery boys ought to sing the long meter doxology every day of their lives. They were lucky, having little duty to perform except to repair the damage wrought at Chickamauga. In December the "veteran" fever broke out with great virulence, and by the 20th nine-tenths of the battery had re-enlisted. On the 26th the company was mustered out and re-mustered for "three years more." On the 29th the veterans left for Ohio to enjoy their furlough, those who had not re-enlisted being temporarily assigned to the Twentieth Ohio battery. The trip to Bridgeport was made by steamboat. Of the trip home Captain Baldwin writes :

"The day was one of the coldest ever experienced in the country, the thermometer hugging zero for several days. The trip on the river was very tedious and uncomfortable, the sharp northern wind cutting to the quick as it passed over the open deck of the steamer. So cold was it that two Indiana soldiers going home on sick furlough died of cold and exposure. We reached Nashville on the morning of the 30th and after a thor-



ALBERT C. MATTHIAS,
CORPORAL, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.

ough warming and a good square meal we boarded the cars and were off for Louisville. After passing Cave City the train struck a broken rail which ditched it and rendered every car unfit for further use. Fortunately no one was severely hurt. Two hospital cars ran into a field, keeping right side up, and did not hurt a single occupant. By dark a freight train was secured and we again started for Louisville, reaching the city about daylight on the morning of the 31st. We reached Indianapolis about noon

and here the company fell into the hands of friends. One of the battery sutlers, William Daggett, provided for the comfort of all.

"The morning of January 2d found the majority of the members of the company enjoying once more the pleasures of home and the society of their families, for the first time in nearly three years. The veteran furlough passed rapidly amid social gatherings, and was seemingly over before it had scarcely begun. The patriotic citizens of Akron tendered a public dinner to the veterans of the battery and the Twenty-ninth Ohio veteran volunteer infantry.



JOHN V. B. MAIN,
SERGEANT, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The following day the company rendezvoused at Cleveland and reached Chattanooga early in March. Orders were received to proceed to Nashville with the entire company and bring up artillery horses for our own use, and for other commands. This was a ten days' trip and was accomplished without hindrance or molestation. Marching the one hundred and fifty miles overland, it gave us an opportunity to see again the country over which we had marched and campaigned for two years. Arriving at Chatta-



ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF,
QUARTERMASTER, SIXTY-FOURTH,
CAPTAIN AND A. Q. M. AND BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL.
First Officer Commissioned in the Sherman Brigade.

nooga, orders were received to put the battery into complete shape for campaigning. Carriages were repaired and painted, harnesses renewed and oiled and ammunition chests filled. During March and April a large number of recruits joined us, and the 1st of May found our ranks full and the battery in every respect in first-class condition for active service."

First Lieutenant James P. McElroy and Second Lieutenant George W. Smetts resigned, the latter on account of disability resulting from his wound received at Chickamauga.

Second Lieutenant Aaron P. Baldwin was promoted to first lieutenant, and Sergeants George W. James and E. H. Neal to second lieutenants. On the 28th of April the battery arrived at Cleveland, Tennessee, and was assigned its place in the great army that was being assembled for the advance toward Atlanta. The batteries of the Fourth corps, instead of being attached one to each infantry brigade, as heretofore, were organized into an artillery brigade, Major W. F. Goodspeed, of the First Ohio light artillery, commanding.



JUNIUS B. SHAW,
COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.

ing. This form of organization proved to be convenient and advantageous. Batteries, one or more, were quickly dispatched to any desired point. Habitually, two or three batteries served with each division, although the artillery of the corps was all under the general command of the officer designated for that duty. The Sixth Ohio served almost continuously with Wood's division.

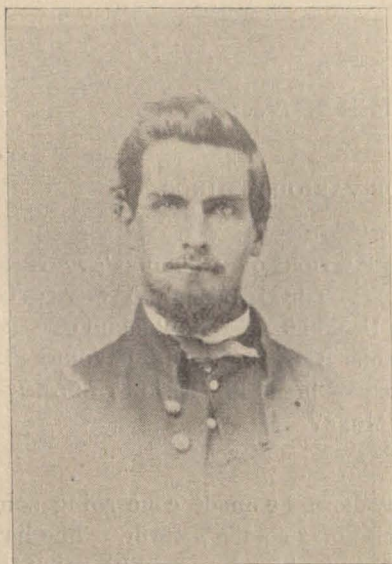
CHAPTER XLVI.

WHICH TELLS OF VARIOUS THINGS.

SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERNING PORTIONS OF A SOLDIER'S OUTFIT—
WHITE AND BLACK HAVERSACKS—THE CANTEEN AND ITS VARYING
CONTENTS—ITS POST-MORTEM USEFULNESS—THE PONCHO OR "GUM
BLANKET"—POPULAR DELUSIONS REGARDING THE BAYONET—ITS
PRACTICAL USES—CORPS BADGES—SLANG PHRASES IN THE ARMY—
"FAC-SIMILE" CONFEDERATE MONEY.

A FEW observations may here be made concerning some well remembered articles of a soldier's outfit. The haversacks were of two kinds, black and white—that is, when they were new, for after they had been used a while they were all of the same color. The white canvas ones looked very nice and clean at first, but by the end of a month, having served as a receptacle for chunks of bacon and fresh meat, damp sugar tied up in a rag—probably a piece of an old shirt—and vegetables picked up along the route, it was not a "thing of beauty," but quite the reverse. Theoretically, the haversack would shed water; practically, it did nothing of the sort. Its contents were often a sorry mess, during those protracted seasons of rain when

it seemed that we would have to follow the example of Noah and go to building arks. Now and then, in a spasm of reform, a man would try to wash his haversack, but laundry facilities in the army were of the most primitive kind and the result was indifferent and unsatisfactory. For a few days it might show an improved appearance, but its whiteness was gone forever. In a short time it was blacker than before, and the last state of that haversack was worse than the first. The delusive superiority of the black haversack lay in the fact that



OTHO M. SHIPLEY,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

at the outset it did not show the dirt and grease and therefore gave less offense to the fastidious and critical eye. It was all the same to the nose. Indeed, in this respect it was worse, for, its uncleanness being less apparent, it was more likely to be neglected, and the noxious odors that were exhaled from its dark recesses were the more pungent and overpowering. But there was nothing like getting used to these little things. The fresh recruit would have gone without his dinner rather than eat from one of those campaign haversacks; but the veteran

would drop by the roadside, draw from it a bit of raw pork and a badly soiled hardtack, munch and be thankful. It will be understood that these conditions did not exist when we were lying in camp for weeks at a time, with facilities for cleansing, and where new articles could be procured to replace those which had reached the limit of their usefulness. I have written of the haversacks as so many of them were upon the long campaigns, when considerations of personal comfort were sunk in the one all-pervading

purpose of fighting the enemy and ending the war. Most of the officers started out with dainty little haversacks of shining patent leather, only large enough to hold a day's rations and a flask—for medicinal purposes. These little affairs soon lost their beauty. The rain washed off the gloss and the sun curled up the leather until they became sad wrecks. During the early days an officer's reserve supplies were transported in the company wagon or upon the back of a strapping darkey, but in 1864 he was glad enough to sling a regulation haversack over his shoulder and take pot-luck with the boys.

The canteen was the complement of the haversack. These two were as inseparable and indispensable to each other as the two legs of a pair of trousers. The canteen was a simple affair, made of tin and covered with woolen cloth, with a strap to throw over the shoulder. It was shaped like the earth, only a good deal more flattened at the poles, its halves being soldered together around the equator, so to speak. It would hold about three pints of water, or the same quantity of something else

—milk, cider, sorghum molasses, or the vigorous and searching "commissary." No soldier ever permitted himself to be long without a canteen. If he lost his own, or a wagon ran over it, he rarely failed to supply himself the next night from some other company or regiment. The soldier who awoke in the morning to find his canteen gone would make a nocturnal raid on some other fellow, and thus keep things moving. The manifold uses of the canteen have already been referred to. Its peculiarity was the



HENRY HILDENBRAND,
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.

fact that its usefulness did not cease when, battered and worn, it was duly and impressively condemned by a "board of survey." Then came into play that wonderful fertility of resource which was constantly exemplified in the daily life of the soldier, by which he was enabled to utilize whatever came to hand to promote his comfort and well-being. The old canteen was thrown into the fire and the heat soon melted the solder by which the halves were joined. The soldier found himself in possession of two tin



SAMUEL P. SNIDER,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY D, SIXTY-
FIFTH.
CAPTAIN THIRTEENTH U. S. COLORED
TROOPS.

basins, eight inches in diameter and about two inches deep at the center. One of these he carried in his haversack, or tied by a string upon the outside. Its weight was nothing, and he found uses for it that never entered into the philosophy of the man who made it. A wash basin was omitted from the outfit of the soldier and he often used the half-canteen for this purpose. After performing his ablutions he would rinse the basin with a dash of water—or if he was too hungry for that it made little difference—and splitting the end of a stick for a handle, he had an excellent frying-pan. Tons of swine's flesh were fried in the half-

canteen—and millions of "flapjacks." When green corn was at the right stage he would take a half-canteen, stab it full of holes from the inside with his bayonet, and this made a prime grater, by the aid of which a dish of "samp" was evolved. Sometimes, when on the skirmish line, a soldier found it desirable to have a little intrenchment, in a hurry. With his bayonet to loosen the

earth and a half-canteen to scrape it out, he would burrow into the ground and throw up a fortification with a facility that was amazing. These uses for the old canteen were multiplied almost indefinitely. The official existence of the canteen ended when it was condemned and "dropped" from the officer's quarterly returns; but it was like the good who die, of whom it is written that "their works do follow them."

Another very convenient and useful article was that which was called by the quartermaster a "poncho" and by the soldiers a "gum blanket." It was about six and a half feet long by three and a half wide. In the center, running crosswise, was a slit eighteen inches long, through which, when it rained during a march, the soldier poked his head and the poncho enveloped him like a "Mother Hubbard." Another of its primal uses was to spread upon the damp ground, under the woolen blanket. It served many other purposes as well. It was often found convenient to wrap around a leg of pork or mutton which a soldier wanted to smuggle into camp. The opening in the center had a flap equipped with buttons, by which it could be closed,



JAMES IRVIN,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY D, SIXTY-
FOURTH.
COLOR-BEARER AT STONE RIVER.

and then it would hold very nicely a peck of sweet potatoes or other truck. After they had been in service a few months about half the ponchos had checker-boards penciled or painted upon the inside, and the other half were marked with the necessary

squares and figures for "chuck-a-luck," "honest John" and other games which allured but impoverished.

The idea in the popular mind respecting the bayonet, as a factor in war, was much of a delusion. The soldiers, generally speaking, did not do a tenth part of the stabbing with it that they expected. They killed a good many pigs and sheep, but very few men. From the thrilling pictures and tales of bayonet charges, which had stirred their blood and quickened their pulses in boyhood, they imagined when they enlisted that they would toss the unhappy rebels around with their bayonets, very much as a farmer, with a fork, pitches pumpkins from a wagon. With two or three million bayonets being carried around so long, it would have been strange if somebody did not get hurt. Some men on both sides were killed or wounded by their thrusts, but the percentage of casualties from this cause was small. Many surgeons of large experience never dressed a bayonet wound; it was the bullets that did the mischief. None will deny the moral force of a well executed bayonet charge, accompanied by that invariable accessory, the yell, which, of itself, was enough to bleach the hair of an ordinary mortal. Creative wisdom gave to few men "sand" enough to stand long before a rushing line of shining steel points. The impulse to give way before it was usually irresistible; and so it was that only in rare cases did the bayonet prove to be long enough to reach for purposes of blood-letting. But the soldiers found the bayonet handy for a good many things. As a substitute for a coffee-mill and as a candlestick its use was universal. On the long campaigns, the coffee grains were always pulverized by pounding them in a tin cup with the butt-end of a bayonet. For a candlestick, the point was thrust into the ground or into a cracker-box, and the candle inserted in the socket. For every drop of human blood that dimmed the luster of a bayonet, barrels of candle-grease flowed down its fluted sides. The soldiers had little to read, and it might be imagined that they had very little use for candles, but it should be remembered that there were millions of games of euchre and seven-up that had to be played, and it was necessary to have light enough so that a depraved man could not hide aces and bowers in his sleeve or "turn jack" from the bottom. It was probably to protect its brave defenders from these fraudulent

practices that candles were issued to the soldiers, as that was about all they were used for.

Corps badges were adopted in the east early in the war, but in the west they did not come into use until near the close of the year 1863. The badge of the Fourth corps was a triangle, that of the Fourteenth, an acorn, and of the Twentieth, a star. These three corps composed the army of the Cumberland. Badges were of three different colors, red indicating the first division, white the second, and blue the third. Each officer and man wore upon his hat or cap the badge of his division, and every wagon was similarly decorated. Thus it could be told at a glance to what division and corps a soldier or vehicle belonged. A white triangle designated the Second division of the Fourth corps; a red star, the First division of the Twentieth corps, etc. During the movements of an army the badges were of great assistance in preventing confusion. The star—afterward adopted by the Twentieth corps—was worn by the Twelfth corps of eastern “paper collar soldiers,” as the western boys called them, when it went to Chattanooga from Virginia.

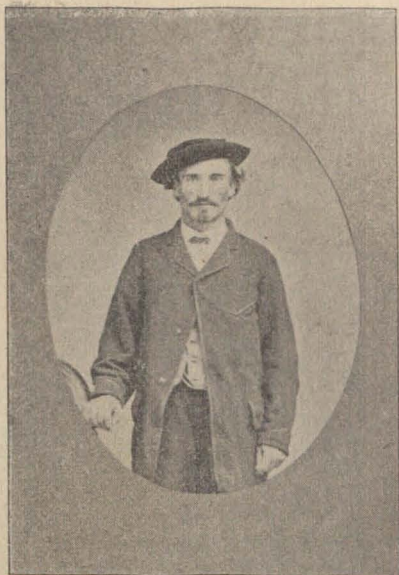
“Jist look at them fellers; be jabers, they’re all brigadier-gin’rals!” said *our* Phil Sheridan, the first time he saw them.

There were many senseless and ridiculous phrases in common use among the soldiers, such as “Grab a root!” “Here’s your mule!” “Git thar, Eli!” Nobody can tell where or how they originated, but once started they went through the army everywhere. For a time, before his promotion, good-natured “Joe”



JOSEPH M. RANDALL,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Sonnanstine, of Company C, served as forage-master of the Sixty-fifth, his function, when upon the march, being to look out for a supply of forage for the animals. He rode a fat, sleek, long-eared beast, and never hove in sight without being greeted with a chorus of yells: "Here's yer mule!" Any man on horseback—provided he was not so high in rank as to make the familiarity dangerous—who dashed along the flank of the column, and chanced to be an unskillful rider, was earnestly exhorted to



JOHN YARMAN,
COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.

"Grab a root!" evidently upon the theory that by doing so he might save himself from falling out of his saddle. The boys took particular delight in "firing" this at some dandyish young staff officer, who, they thought, was putting on too much style. The victim generally spurred his horse into a gallop to get out of range, looking as though he would like to "grab" a whole handful of "roots," or something else, and fling them at the heads of his tormentors. "Ran" Swan, of Company H, Sixty-fifth, had a favorite "gag" that he lost no opportunity to use. Catching sight of

a horseman he would exclaim loudly, "*Oh, say!*" Supposing himself addressed, the rider would perhaps rein up to see what was wanted. Then Swan would continue, singing,

"—can you see by the dawn's early light?"

but before he could finish the strain the horseman would be out of hearing.

During the last year or two of the war, persons in the north printed thousands of bushels of "fac-simile" Confederate money. Under the laws they were not guilty of counterfeiting, for the

United States government did not, of course, recognize Confederate currency as money at all. In fact, the spurious stuff was worth just about as much as the genuine, for of the latter, in 1864, from fifty to eighty dollars only equaled in value one dollar in gold. At any rate, the Union soldiers, returning from their veteran furloughs, took with them great quantities of the "fac-simile," in bills of five, ten, twenty, fifty and a hundred imaginary dollars. It may not have been very creditable to pass the stuff upon negroes and ignorant whites in the south in payment for chickens and truck, but many did this. The victims of misplaced confidence thought they were being paid for their poultry and vegetables. Sometimes a man who had been victimized would enter the camp and tell his tale of woe at headquarters, and he would be assured that the offender, if identified, would be properly punished; but the soldiers were all dressed alike, and he could not tell one from another. Frequently an officer would deliver a lecture to his men upon the turpitude of such things, but it is to be feared that in most cases his words were like the seed scattered by the sower in the parable, which "fell among thorns" or "upon stony ground where they had not much earth."

This "money" was used with utter recklessness upon the "chuck-a-luck" board and in fattening "jack-pots"—whatever these may be.



LEMUEL KRISHER,
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

CHAPTER XLVII.

FIGHTING TOWARD ATLANTA.

OPENING OF THE GREAT CAMPAIGN—THE CONFRONTING ARMIES—A FEW GENERAL OBSERVATIONS—HARKER'S BRIGADE CLIMBS ROCKY-FACE RIDGE—THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE ON THE CREST—SUPERB GALLANTRY OF THE SIXTY-FOURTH—ITS SEVERE LOSS—DEATH OF COLONEL MCILVAINE—WE DESCEND THE RIDGE.

GENERAL SHERMAN began the Atlanta campaign with ninety-nine thousand men and two hundred and fifty-four pieces of artillery. This force comprised the Army of the Cumberland, (Thomas), Fourth, Fourteenth and Twentieth corps; Army of the Tennessee, (McPherson), Fifteenth and part of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps; Army of the Ohio, (Schofield), Twenty-third corps. The Eleventh and Twelfth corps, from the Army of the Potomac, had been consolidated, designated the Twentieth, and permanently attached to the Army of the Cumberland. General Gordon Granger was relieved of the command of our (Fourth) corps, on account of friction between him and General Sherman. He was succeeded



DANIEL FRENCH,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH.

by General Oliver O. Howard, who had come west as commander of the Eleventh corps. Howard was an educated and experienced soldier. He had lost an arm in the peninsula campaign of 1862, under McClellan. Our division, the Second, had also a new leader. General Grant—now Lieutenant-general, commanding all the armies of the United States—had chosen Sheridan to command the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and in his place we had General John Newton, who up to this time had served in the eastern army. Our brigade remained the same as at the consolidation, a few months before, when the Fourth corps was born.

General Bragg had been superseded by General Joseph E. Johnston in the command of the rebel army at Dalton, which at this time had a field strength of about fifty thousand men. Within a month it was augmented by reinforcements numbering fully twenty thousand. With these remarks upon the situation and the "shaking up" among our generals, we are ready to start for Atlanta, the goal of our summer campaign.

While waiting for the word "Go!" we may indulge a few general observations upon that wonderful campaign. It was literally, in the words of General Sherman, "a hundred and twenty days under fire." For four months there was scarcely a day that we did not hear the whistle of bullets and the scream of shells. Sherman's pressure upon the enemy ceased not for a moment, save once or twice when his army was given a brief rest. It was fight and march incessantly. Sometimes for days the contending armies lay in the trenches, separated by a distance of short musket range. If a soldier on either side exposed himself to view he was made the instant target of a score of bullets. Day by day men were shot and buried where they fell. The soldiers acquired an amazing facility in throwing up intrenchments. Upon taking a new position, nothing else was thought of until the front was covered with a line of works, built of logs, rails, stones—anything that came to hand. Often this was done two or three times in a day. Whenever we lay for a few days in one place, the works were made very strong, surmounted by "head-logs," raised a few inches above the parapet. Through this opening the soldiers thrust their muskets to fire, with the greatest pos-

sible protection. The "Johnnies" found such works just as comfortable as we did, and their intrenchments were just as strong and well constructed as our own. Often these were found altogether too formidable to be carried by assault, and then "Uncle Billy" would resort to flanking. Not in a single instance did this fail to dislodge the enemy. Sherman came to be known as the "great flanker." After he left Chattanooga he kept his eye immovably fixed upon Atlanta until he got it.

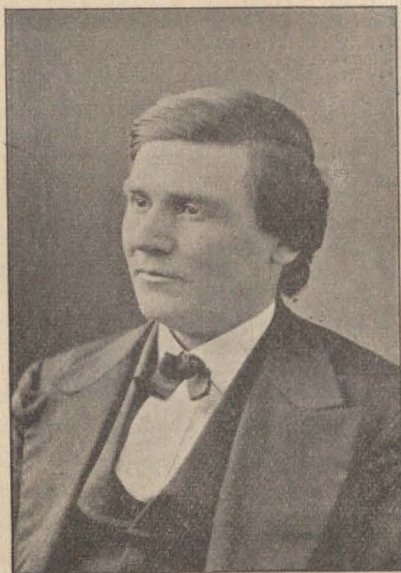
During the campaign there was very much hard and bloody fighting, but it is a singular fact that at no time was fought what might be termed a general engagement, in which both armies, entire, participated. The collisions occurred here or there in the long line, involving rarely more than one or two corps, and often only divisions or brigades. Skirmishing and picket firing were incessant and deadly. No man awoke in the morning without the consciousness that before night he might be numbered among the dead or wounded. From Rocky Face ridge to Lovejoy's station, thirty miles south of Atlanta, we were constantly at high tension. Sherman's army never receded. Whenever it went forward it stayed there, until it was ready to leap again to the front. Slowly but surely the Confederates were pressed backward, forced to abandon one after another of their chosen positions.

One of the marvels of the campaign was the usual plenitude



DAVID HAINES,
COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Stone River, December
31st, 1862.

of rations and supplies of all kinds for the Union army. The real base was Louisville, three hundred and forty miles from Chattanooga, and by the middle of June, by Sherman's advance, the slender line of communication had been lengthened a hundred miles. Throughout the entire distance the railroad ran through a country, the inhabitants of which were more or less hostile, and which was infested by large bodies of rebel cavalry, intent upon breaking the line. Every bridge and trestle had to



ROBERT C. M'FARLAND,
SERGEANT COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

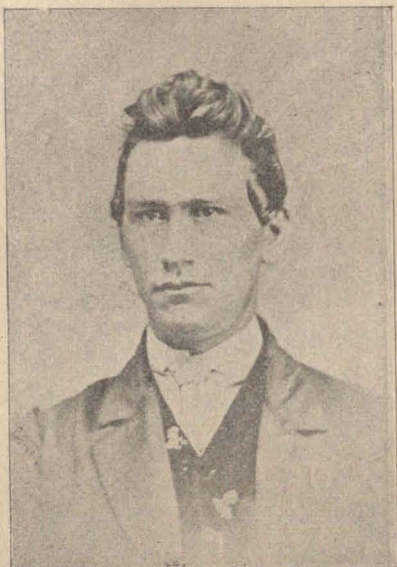
be strongly guarded, and no train dared to move without a detachment of soldiers on board. Frequent breaks occurred, but these were usually repaired with a celerity that is almost incredible. General Sherman had a thoroughly organized corps of engineers and mechanics for this special purpose. Without its invaluable services, the campaign to Atlanta would have been scarcely possible. At various points were large quantities of timber, prepared for instant use in bridge building, and rails, materials and tools for the repair of track, engines and cars.

Only once or twice during the summer was the flow of supplies interrupted for a sufficient length of time to cause the soldiers any serious discomfort. The army was kept free from all *impedimenta* which could interfere with its rapid movement. Officers and men disabled by wounds or sickness were sent to the rear as fast as possible. Of these, thousands, after a few days or weeks of rest and medical treatment, returned to duty. They rode to the front upon the tops of railroad trains, loaded with supplies, and the cars returned

northward freighted with the suffering and the dying. This brief horoscope of the campaign before us will assist a clear understanding of the narrative.

Shortly before midnight of May 7th, company commanders were aroused from sleep and summoned to regimental headquarters. They were informed that the whole army would advance at daylight, and the men must be held in readiness for instant action. Reveille was sounded at three o'clock and Newton's division moved at four—Wagner's brigade leading, Harker's second. Within an hour Wagner's skirmishers found the enemy and brisk firing began at once. The rebels retired stubbornly, taking advantage of fences, trees and rocks, from the shelter of which to give us all the annoyance possible. After proceeding about four miles the advance ran against something so solid that General Newton formed the division in line of battle. We waited an hour for an attack which did not come, and then began "beating the bush" to see if we could flush the game. We climbed hills and crashed through brier thickets until we were thoroughly exhausted. The rebels had gone to the rear. We pushed on to within a short distance of Tunnel Hill, where we bivouacked for the night.

On the 8th Harker's brigade did a good Sabbath day's work—and a hard one. We started early and soon found ourselves at the foot of Rocky Face ridge, which rises precipitously to the height of six hundred feet. General Howard, who was with us

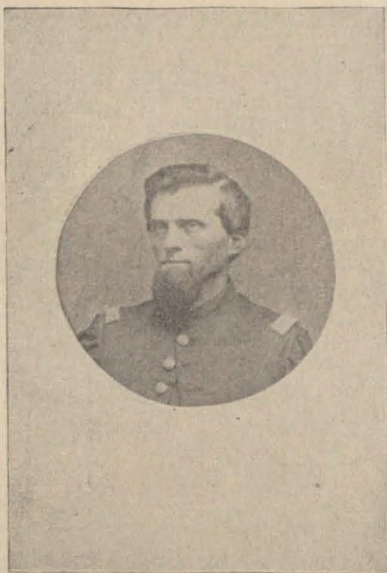


GEORGE W. HARLAN,
SERGEANT, COMPANY B,
COLOR BEARER, SIXTY-FIFTH.

that morning, asked Colonel Harker if he could take that ridge. "We can *try*!" was Harker's answer. Halting for a few minutes the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio was deployed as skirmishers and started right up the steep acclivity, supported by the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth and the other regiments of the brigade. It was a very hot day and the ascent was extremely laborious. At some points the hill was so steep that the men were obliged to pull themselves up by the aid of roots and bushes. It was one

of those occasions when the usually preposterous exhortation to "grab a root" was not inappropriate.

Before going far our skirmishers encountered a thin, straggling line of rebels. They began a sputtering fire but retreated toward the crest as we advanced. Upon the summit they made a bold stand, but, without halting for an instant, Harker's brigade pressed on and swept them off, killing some and capturing others, while the rest fled down the other side or along the top of the ridge. As we crowned the crest and planted our flags,



ANDREW LYBOLD,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

the soldiers gave vent to their feelings in lusty shouts. Pickets were at once established and the various regiments assigned their positions. The loss of the brigade was four killed and a dozen wounded, chiefly in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth. Colonel Opdycke, of that regiment, who was always conspicuous for his courage, led his men in the scramble to reach the top. The ridge was inaccessible to horses and all of them were left at the bottom.

From the lofty summit there was a magnificent view. The

ridge separated the hostile armies. On one side, as far as the eye could reach, we saw the great masses of soldiers in blue, standing at arms or moving about; on the other, in plain view, were the camps of the enemy, swarming with men in gray and "butter-nut." To the southward, the hills seemed piled one upon another until lost in the distance. Three or four miles away was the town of Dalton. The scene presented to our eyes was a superb and impressive picture of nature mingled with the dread pageantry of war. It was the grandest panorama that was ever spread out before us. At night we could see the camp-fires of the two armies, gleaming and twinkling for miles in every direction.

Colonel Harker thought it would be a good plan to have a little artillery on the ridge with which to wake up the Johnnies in the morning. There was no such word as "impossible" in the army vocabulary, and he directed Colonel Dunlap to see what he could do with his Kentuckians. At dusk the Third Kentucky, leaving its arms stacked, descended the ridge and two cannon were placed at their disposal. Two ropes, a hundred feet long, were fastened to each piece, and these were seized by the men, while others took hold of the wheels. At the word they started with a yell that woke the echoes far and near. It is scarcely credible, but within an hour those "dogs of war" were at the top. It was only accomplished after infinite tugging and toiling. Colonel Harker laughed heartily as he warmly congratulated Colonel Dun-



ASA M. TRIMBLE,
FIRST LIEUTENANT AND QUARTER-
MASTER, SIXTY-FIFTH.

lap on his success. "We'll give those fellows a surprise in the morning!" he said.

The night passed without incident. We were in line of battle at three o'clock in the morning. At early dawn Colonel Harker told the artillerists to toss a few shells among the rebels. No attempt had been made to drag caissons up the ridge. A supply of ammunition had been carried up in the arms of the men. The effect of the shots was instantaneous. Evidently the rebels had not dreamed that artillery could be planted upon that lofty summit, and the bursting of shells about their ears threw them into a panic. We could plainly see them scurrying around to get out of range. A few of their guns opened in reply, but their missiles did not reach us.

That morning Commissary-sergeant William H. Farber and John W. Leidigh, of Company C, Sixty-fourth, thought they would like to "view the landscape o'er," and so they climbed a tall tree just over the crest of the ridge. They enjoyed the scene—for just about two minutes. The rebel pickets caught sight of them and promptly opened fire. Bullets whistled around and pattered against the trunk, while Farber and Leidigh scrambled down very much faster than they went up. No doubt they made even better time than Zaccheus did when directed to "make haste and come down" from the sycamore tree.

Lieutenant Benjamin F. Trescott, of the Sixty-fifth, had an experience somewhat similar, which had the same effect to check curiosity, as in the case mentioned. From behind a little barricade, Trescott raised his head and peeped over. Instantly a musket cracked and a bullet tore through his hat, just grazing his head. Trescott concluded right away that he had seen all he wanted to. But the utter wreck of his hat was a cause of grief to him. It was a fancy, new one, of extra quality and price, with which he had provided himself when at home on veteran furlough.

To the southward, not far from our position, the ridge was occupied by a strong force of the enemy, posted behind heavy works across the narrow crest, and extending for some distance down the ridge upon both sides. In the afternoon General Newton ordered Harker's brigade to storm these intrenchments and, if possible, drive the enemy entirely from the ridge. The attack

was made between four and five o'clock, the Sixty-fourth Ohio in the advance, supported by the Third Kentucky and Seventy-ninth Illinois, the remainder of the brigade in reserve. It was an exceedingly difficult and perilous enterprise. The sides of the ridge were so steep and rocky that it was scarcely possible to advance, except by the flank, along the narrow crest. This exposed the assaulting column to a most deadly enfilading fire. Nothing in the history of the war exceeds the gallantry of the Sixty-fourth, as it rushed forward into the flame and smoke, up to the very muzzles of the blazing muskets. Its officers and men did all that was possible to human effort, but in vain. The position was too well defended and the natural obstacles were too great to be overcome. The battle was over in half an hour, but in that brief time the Sixty-fourth had suffered most grievously. The long list of casualties abundantly attests its mettle and endurance. The fierceness of the combat is shown by the fact that the losses of the Sixty-fourth during those thirty minutes were



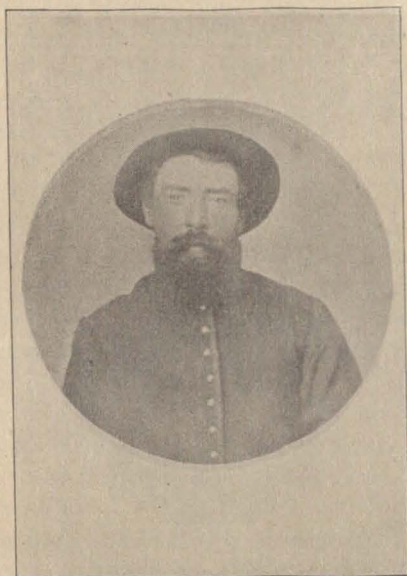
DANIEL S. MARVIN,
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

equal to those which it suffered during the two days' fighting at Chickamauga, or in the desperate struggle at Stone River. Rocky Face was reddened by the blood of nineteen dead and more than sixty wounded from that little band of heroes. Colonel Alexander McIlvaine, that lion-hearted soldier, and the brave and faithful Lieutenant Thomas H. Ehlers, were among the slain. The national flag of the regiment was carried into the fight by Sergeant William D. Patterson, of Company C. The staff was

shattered by a bullet, but Patterson pressed forward at the head of the storming column. A ball entered his forehead and he fell dead upon the colors, staining them with his blood. The flag was immediately seized and borne aloft by Sergeant Henry C. Parr, of Company E. A few moments later he, too, sealed his courage and devotion with his life. Instantly the banner was in the hands of Sergeant Christian M. Gowing, of Company H, and he carried it through in safety. The death of Colonel McIlvaine

was deeply mourned. He was a true patriot, a stranger to fear, conscientious and faithful in the discharge of duty. His body was sent to his home in Mansfield, where it was laid to rest with military honors. Lieutenant-colonel Robert C. Brown succeeded to the command of the regiment, continuing to lead it, with ability and courage, until its last gun was fired.

The circumstances of Colonel McIlvaine's death were peculiar, illustrating his kindness of heart and his indifference to danger. At the point where the fighting had been hottest, there was a narrow gorge



THOMAS W. SCREEN,
QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT,
SIXTH BATTERY.

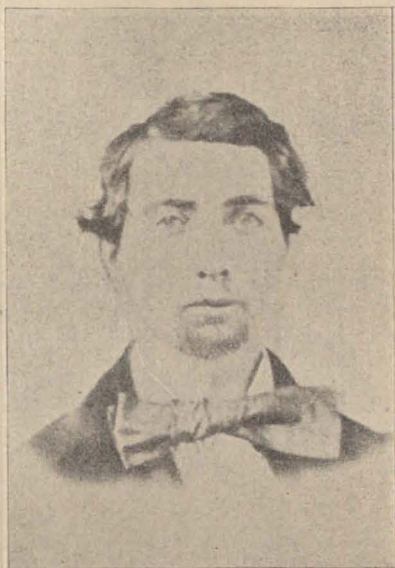
between the rocks, which was completely covered, at short range, by the muskets of the enemy. In the ardor of the assault some of the Sixty-fourth pressed through this gorge and a number of them were killed or wounded, the others making their way back after it was found impossible to carry the position in front. While waiting for orders to retire, officers and men covered themselves behind the rocks and trees. Colonel McIlvaine heard the cries

of a wounded soldier, who lay beyond the gorge, and directed Captain Samuel M. Wolff to send a man to his assistance. Wolff, than whom no braver man ever drew sword, replied :

"Colonel, it will be certain death to any man who attempts to pass between those rocks. If you order *me* to go I will obey, but I will not send one of my men. If you wish to put me in arrest, here is my sword."

"I will go, myself !" said the colonel.

Captain Wolff and other officers endeavored to dissuade him, telling him that he would surely be shot, and suggesting that it was nearly night and in a short time, under cover of darkness, the suffering man might be reached. But McIlvaine was inexorable and started upon his errand. He had no sooner entered the narrow pass than he fell, a bullet having passed entirely through his body. He was laid upon a stretcher and borne to the rear. Colonel Harker, whose tremulous voice showed how deeply he was affected, spoke to him as he was carried past, but the dying officer was unable to answer



JOSEPH E. MOSER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Killed at Chickamauga, September
20th, 1863.

intelligibly. Tears flowed freely from the eyes of Harker, as he turned away. Harker had sometimes been impatient with McIlvaine, because the latter did not, in all matters of discipline and drill, come up to the high standard of West Point; but in the hour of death he paid affectionate and willing tribute to one with whom he had been so long associated, who had never flinched in the face of danger, who had been ever faithful to duty as he saw it, and now had laid his life upon the altar of patriotism.

Worthy of all praise for their gallant support of the Sixty-fourth were the Third Kentucky and Seventy-ninth Illinois. Both suffered severely, though their losses were not nearly so large as those of the former. Colonel Buckner, of the Seventy-ninth, was dangerously wounded through the body. It was believed at the time that his hurt would prove mortal, but he recovered and, after some months, resumed his place at the head of his regiment. Lieutenant-colonel Bullitt, of the Third Kentucky, also received

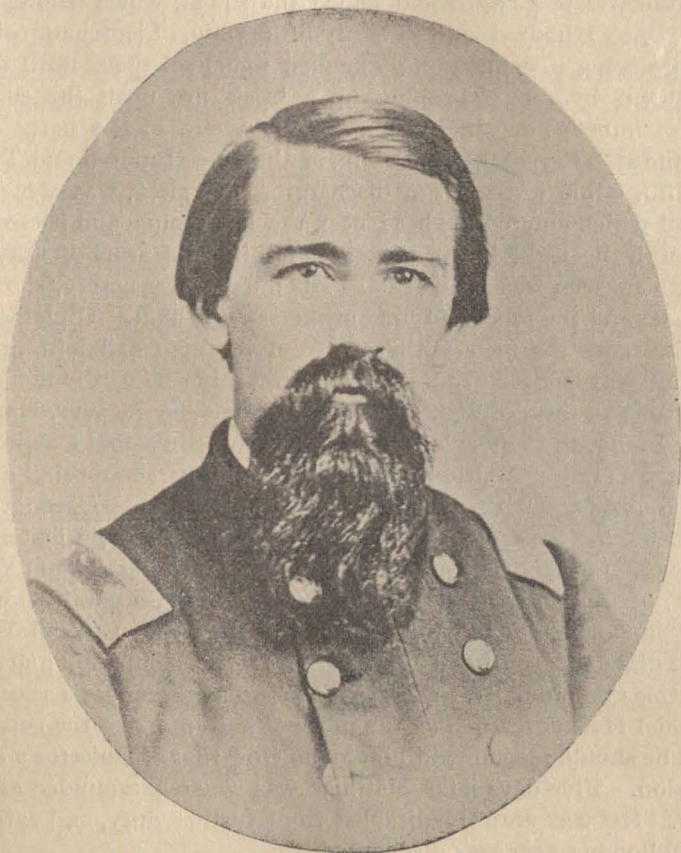


JAMES A. MOODY,
ARTIFICER, SIXTH BATTERY.

a grievous wound, a musket ball passing through his thigh. He was carried to the rear, through the ranks of the Sixty-fifth, which he had recently commanded for four months. Its officers and men had formed for him an exceedingly warm attachment, and the expressions of regret and sympathy for him were many and sincere. He eventually recovered in a measure, but was disabled for life.

At the close of the engagement, the Sixty-fifth was pushed forward to cover the retreat. It lost three or four men wounded, but none killed. A bullet entered the head of "Joe" Gleason, of Company C, and lodged under one of his eyes, where it has remained up to the present time. The rebels did not leave their intrenchments, and we fell back to our original position.

When the Sixty-fifth was ordered to cover the withdrawal of the Sixty-fourth, it was halted some three hundred yards from the rebel works, and so disposed as to be in position to check the enemy, should he attempt a counter-assault. Officers and men



ROBERT C. BROWN,
COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.

were directed to shield themselves as well as possible behind the rocks and trees. Corporal Albert C. Matthias, of Company K, who was scarcely more than a boy, observed a squad of Union soldiers, with a regimental flag, a considerable distance in front. Matthias crept forward and joined the squad, which belonged to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, Lieutenant-colonel Moore being in command. The men remained there until dark, sheltered by rocks, keeping up a brisk fire upon the enemy. Rebel bullets flew thickly about, and several of the party were wounded. Corporal L. S. Calvin, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, while in the act of discharging his piece, was struck by a ball which entered his head near the left temple and passed out through the right lower jaw. He fell into the arms of Corporal Matthias, who was at his side. His musket was empty, showing that he and the rebel had fired at the same instant. Under cover of darkness the men withdrew. Calvin, who had lain unconscious, was left for dead. The next morning he was found alive and sent to the hospital. Strange to relate, he recovered and is now living, in California. About the same time that Calvin was struck, Corporal Matthias had an exceedingly "close call," a bullet clipping a lock of hair from his temple, as he peeped over a rock looking for somebody to shoot at. The next day Lieutenant-colonel Moore sent a communication to Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck, of the Sixty-fifth, warmly commending Corporal Matthias for "gallant conduct in the face of the enemy." Colonel Whitbeck directed that the letter be read to the company, and that Matthias be promoted to sergeant as soon as there was a vacancy. Colonel Harker learned of the incident and informed the corporal that he should recommend him to the Governor of Ohio for a commission. Five days later Matthias was severely wounded at Resaca. He was entirely disabled from further duty, and early in the following year was discharged.

That night the Sixty-fifth was on picket, the line traversing the crest and extending down either slope, not more than sixty yards from the pickets of the rebels. We could plainly hear them talking and digging. About midnight we were relieved by the One Hundredth Illinois, of Wagner's brigade, which had joined us on the ridge. The writer had an adventure that almost

made his hair curl. I was directed by Colonel Whitbeck to pass along the picket line and notify the company commanders to withdraw. Company K was some distance down one side of the ridge and its position was "refused." Groping along in the darkness, I slipped and tumbled over a cliff, falling five or six feet and landing all in a heap, causing quite a clatter among the stones. I was a few yards directly in front of Company K's post. The men naturally supposed the noise to be caused by some of the rebels trying to slip up on them, and determined to give them a warm reception. I heard the clicking as they cocked their muskets. I confess to being a good deal "rattled," but knowing that something must be done quickly, I shouted "Sixty-fifth!" and the boys didn't shoot. Thanks!

We remained two days longer on the crest of Rocky Face, without special incident. The scarcity of water made our lofty dwelling place somewhat uncomfortable. All that we drank or used had to be carried in canteens from a spring near the base, for which frequent details were made. It was no light task for a man to climb that hill with half a dozen canteens of water.



WILLIAM HARRIS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Resaca, Ga., May 14th, 1864.

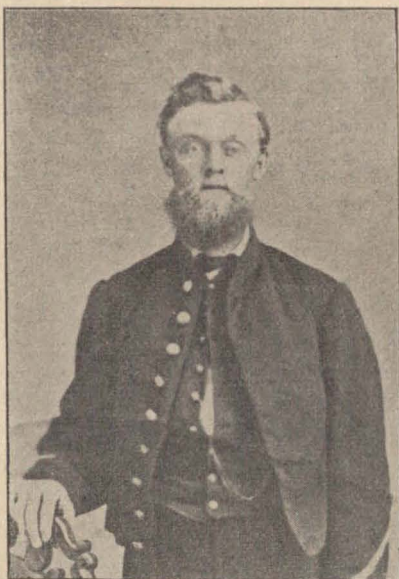
On the morning of the 12th, long before daylight, we were aroused and ordered to prepare to move. We marched, or rather slid, down the ridge, moved back to our main line, and three miles to the left, past the end of Rocky Face ridge, where the country was open between us and the enemy. We relieved part of the

Twenty-third corps, and spent the rest of the day in building breastworks. It seemed, toward evening, as though we might need them. The enemy advanced and drove in our pickets, but did not come near enough for us to reach them from the works. For an hour there was very heavy skirmishing, but at dusk the enemy retired.

In his official report of the operations on Rocky Face ridge, General Newton said:

"General Harker and the officers and men of his brigade highly distinguished themselves for gallantry and good conduct."

On the 13th, it having been ascertained that the rebels had evacuated Rocky Face ridge, a detail was sent from the Sixty-fourth to bury the dead of that regiment, killed in the action of the 9th. All were found, though in some cases identification was difficult, as the bodies had lain four days and were much swollen and discolored, while most of them had been stripped of valuables and more or less of their clothing. The sad



HENRY H. CLARK,
SERGEANT, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

duty was performed with tender hands, and the detachment descended the ridge and rejoined the regiment in the evening near Resaca.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

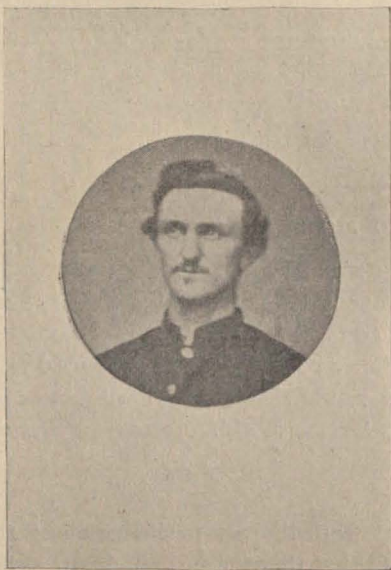
DALTON TO BIG SHANTY.

FIGHTING AND CHASING—THE REBELS FALL BACK ACROSS THE ETO-
WAH—ADJUTANT WOODRUFF GETS A TUMBLE—A FEW DAYS FOR
BREATH—THE FLANK MOVEMENT TO NEW HOPE—WARM DAYS IN
THE TRENCHES—COLONEL HARKER MADE A BRIGADIER—BUCK-
WHEAT BISCUITS FOR THE BATTERY OFFICERS—A PENITENT
CHAPLAIN.

ON THE morning of May 13th there was silence along the line. It was soon found that there was nobody to shoot at; the rebels had evacuated Dalton. This was made necessary by the movement of McPherson's Army of the Tennessee to Resaca, miles to the south, by Snake Creek gap—the first of Sherman's series of flanking operations. We started at eight o'clock for Dalton, by way of Buzzard's Roost gap, passing directly through the deserted camps and works of the enemy. The position was very strong by nature, and had been made doubly so by military skill and "elbow grease." Everywhere the front of the intrenchments was covered by palisades, *chevaux-de-frise* and "slashings." It was a relief to know that we would

not have to fight *there*. We reached Dalton just before noon and halted an hour in the town. The boys looted the stores, confiscating, among other things, thirty or forty bushels of peanuts—or “goobers,” as they call them in the south. We traveled on during the afternoon, went into bivouac an hour after dark, and spent half the night in fortifying.

On the 14th and 15th of May was fought the battle of Resaca, the first engagement of the campaign which involved any considerable portion of either



WILLIAM COTTER,
COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Mortally wounded at Resaca, Ga.,
May 14th, 1864.

army. The Confederate commander had been outmaneuvered by the lapping of Sherman's right around his left flank, and the movement of McPherson heretofore mentioned, and was thus compelled to abandon his position at Rocky Face and Dalton, which was impregnable against a direct attack. McPherson failed to reap the full advantage of his flank movement. This he might have done by debouching from Snake Creek gap and planting the Army of the Tennessee across the railroad in Johnston's rear, as General Sherman intended that he should. The menace had the immediate effect, however, to draw

Johnston's army hastily, by night, to Resaca, where it turned and presented a bold front to Sherman. The rebels quickly intrenched and evinced a purpose to fight—and this purpose they carried out most vigorously.

The Union army was astir before dawn on the 14th, under orders to press the enemy at all points. There was much maneu-

vering for position, and for two hours we marched and counter-marched, moved by the flank and in line of battle, until we were greatly exhausted. The sky was clear and the sun beat down upon us with merciless fury. From daylight there had been constant firing on the skirmish line, with an occasional peal of artillery. All signs indicated a collision between the hostile armies, for both were in a belligerent mood, and a battle was momentarily imminent.

About nine o'clock very heavy cannonading and musketry were heard a mile away upon both our flanks, where severe fighting seemed to break out simultaneously. Harker's brigade was ordered forward into position, and we very soon came within range of the enemy's missiles. While crossing a valley, to reach high ground, we encountered a deadly blast from a rebel battery. A shell struck in the Twenty-seventh Illinois, exploding at the instant, and almost destroyed a company. By the flying fragments five or six were killed and thrice as many wounded.

We took the double-quick forward to escape the artillery fire by reaching the cover of a range of hills, a short distance in our front. Some three hundred yards beyond was another and higher irregular ridge, which was occupied by the Confederates. This fact was made clearly apparent to us, for as we ascended the ridge and reached the summit, we were greeted with a savage volley of musketry. Quick eyes had discerned the situation, and the order, "Lie down!" instantly obeyed, saved us from serious loss, the shower of bullets passing over us. We at once fell back a few paces to gain the protection of the ridge.

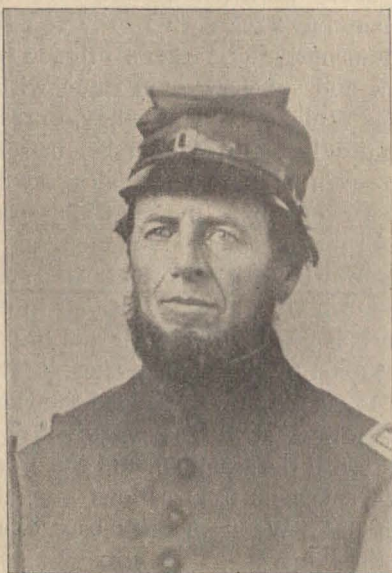
At this point the ridge was cut transversely by a ravine, in which, and to the right and left along the acclivity, our brigade was stationed. The position of the enemy had been fully developed, on the high ground mentioned, behind a line of earthworks, while we had no shelter except such as was afforded by the contour of the ground. The men were ordered to advance to the top of the ridge to deliver their fire, and then to fall back under the hill to load. The bullets of the enemy skimmed the crest and many were killed or wounded when exposed at the moment of discharging their pieces. We remained at this position until ammunition was entirely exhausted, when we were relieved by a brigade of

the Twenty-third corps and went to the rear to replenish cartridge-boxes. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth lost about twenty, each, among whom were some of our bravest and best soldiers.

We now occupied the ridge just in rear of the "valley of death" which we had crossed in the morning, of which mention has been made. Our place in the line of battle having been filled, there was no further occasion for our presence at the front. We remained in our new position during the latter part of the day and

all of the night. At dusk the firing ceased along the embattled lines, neither side having gained material advantage. We passed the night in comparative quiet, although two or three times we were called into line by sharp firing on the outposts.

We were aroused from our fitful naps at three o'clock to stand at arms. General Sherman had repeated his orders to press the enemy, and we knew that if the rebels were still there—and they were—the fighting would be renewed at dawn. According to the plan of operations for the 15th, however, our point in the line was simply to be



ANDREW BURNS,
CHAPLAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

held, and defended to the last in case of attack. The aggressive fighting was done elsewhere, and as the enemy remained quiet in our immediate front, making no attempt to advance, we did likewise. Our brigade still occupied the position to which it had retired the day before. We were constantly on the alert, musket in hand, ready to spring to the colors at the word of command, but there appeared to be no demand for our services.

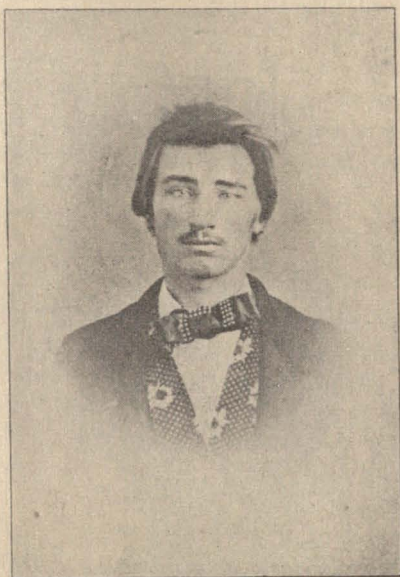
In the evening we changed position a short distance to the right and front. The Sixty-fifth was stationed in advance of the

main line, along the bank of a small, lazy creek. We were at close quarters, the distance between us and the enemy's line being no more than three hundred yards. Toward midnight the rebels made a heavy demonstration. There came a sudden volley of musketry that was well calculated to make

“—each particular hair to stand on end.”

My recollection is that it came near doing that very thing. We were lying on low ground, along the little run, and the bullets passed harmlessly over our heads, but they “zipped” in terrifying chorus and pattered viciously against the trees and upon the leaves and underbrush. The volley did not hurt anybody, but no old soldier has forgotten, or can forget, the waves of trouble that rolled across his peaceful breast, when the midnight stillness was suddenly broken by such an outburst of fire and lead. As a matter of fact, the rebels were only trying to scare us, and we freely admit that their effort was not wholly unsuccessful. The hostile and exceedingly noisy demonstration was only intended to mask the Confederate retreat, which was then in progress. In the morning the enemy had disappeared.

Just before going into the fight, on the 14th, while the Sixty-fifth was awaiting orders, Israel O. Gaskill, of Company B, was leaning against a tree, evidently in a meditative mood. As before mentioned, he was a recruit, and had been at the front but a week. His father's given name was Abraham.



LEVI SHEARER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Captured at Chickamauga; died in prison at Richmond, Va., Nov. 12, 1864.

"Well, Gaskill," said one of his comrades, "what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking I'd like to be in Abraham's bosom!" was the answer.

But raw as he was, a mere boy, Gaskill proved to be of the right stuff, through all the fighting that followed, to the end of the war.

Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, thus tells of a mishap that befell him and set the whole regiment to laughing:



HENRY ST. JOHN YOUNG,
COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Stone River, December
31st, 1862.

"On the morning of the 14th, when the attack had been made on the Confederate line, the Sixty-fourth was drawn up in rear of the Twenty-third corps, in a piece of woods bordering a field of wheat, nearly ripe. An old rail fence inclosed the field. While awaiting orders to advance, an orderly handed me a telegraphic dispatch, with orders to read it to the regiment. I glanced over it and saw that it announced the capture of a division of the enemy, by the Army of the Potomac, the previous day. To be better heard, I mounted the rail fence, read

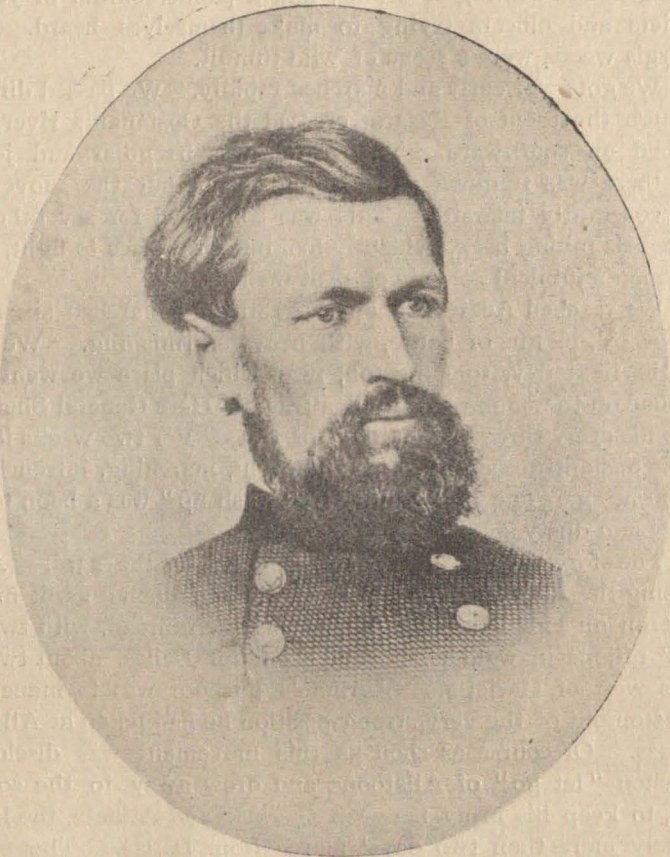
the dispatch, and proposed three cheers. Swinging my hat as a signal to commence, the rail broke under me, and I fell back prostrate in the wheat. To show that I was not 'forever fallen,' I arose, not to renew the cheer, but to see the regiment in the most hilarious mood it ever experienced just before a battle. I resumed my place, with the remark that if Grant's victory was as barren of success as our cheering, it wasn't worth crowing over."

As soon as dawn of the 16th disclosed the flight of the enemy, aides and orderlies went galloping in all directions, with orders to every corps and division to push forward in immediate pursuit. After a very hasty breakfast, we started amidst a great blowing of bugles and beating of drums, and a pandemonium of yelling soldiers and officers trying to make themselves heard. The Georgia woods were a scene of wild tumult.

We got away early and marched rapidly. We passed directly through the town of Resaca, crossed the Oostanaula river, and pushed on southward. The march was irregular and jerky, and there was frequent skirmishing ahead, but the movement was constantly forward. This was continued for several days, the rebels falling back, evidently looking for a place to fight, with Sherman's jubilant soldiers close at their heels.

We reached Adairsville on the 18th and marched six miles southward, in line of battle, with heavy skirmishing. We kept on, the next day, to Kingston, near which place we went into bivouac on the bank of a small stream. Here General Sherman gave his army three or four days of rest. For two weeks it had been constantly on duty, day and night, marching, intrenching, and fighting. The opportunity to "wash up" was a boon to the weary and dusty soldiers.

The forward movement was resumed on the 23rd. After crossing the Etowah river, the army entered upon a flank movement on an extensive scale. Leaving the railroad, with twenty days' rations in wagons, it struck out for Dallas, about twenty miles west of Marietta. Sherman's purpose was to maneuver Johnston out of the very strong position he had taken at Allatoona pass. Of course as soon as this movement was disclosed, Johnston "let go" of Allatoona and drew away to the southwest, to keep his army between Sherman and Atlanta, the latter scarcely more than two days' march from Dallas. There was continued skirmishing, night and day, with occasional heavy fighting at one point or another on the line. For more than a week the armies confronted each other at New Hope church. Both lay behind heavy intrenchments, stretching continuously for miles. At some points the lines were but two hundred yards apart. It was scarcely possible for a man to expose himself with-



OLIVER O. HOWARD,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING FOURTH CORPS

out being stricken down. Where our brigade lay part of the time the distance was so short that the soldiers in blue and those in gray, from behind their works, could talk together. The conversation would be like this:

"Hello, Yank!"

"Hello, Johnny, what yer coughin' 'bout?"

"Got any corfee ye want ter trade fer terbacker?"

"Coffee's a leetle skurce jest now, but I'd like to have some o' yer terbacker. Put some in yer gun 'n' shoot it over here. I'll give ye the corfee some other day!"

"Tick don't go, Yank! No corfee, no terbacker. Old Johnston won't let us trade now, anyhow. But, say, whar you-all goin'?"

"Goin' to Atlanta; whar d'ye s'pose?"

"Bet ye ten dollars ye don't!"

"What kind o' money?"

"Why, *our* money of co'se!"

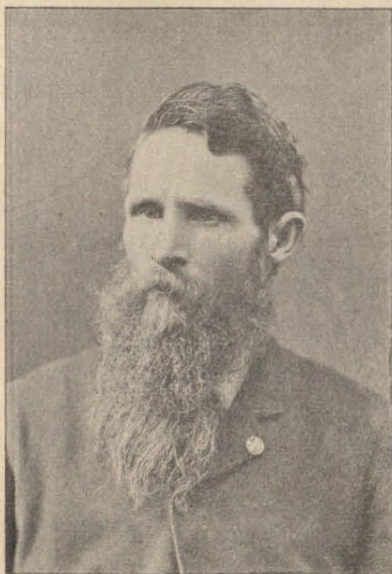
"Your money aint good fer sour apples! Make it a hundred to one 'n' I'll go ye!"

"Look out, Yank, we're goin' ter shoot now!"

"All right; let 'er flicker!"

And then they would blaze away and the bullets would rattle like hailstones against the head-logs. This kind of chaffing was often heard, not only on these lines, but at many places during that campaign, whenever the conditions permitted conversation.

On the 26th, Captain John C. Matthias and several men of the Sixty-fifth were wounded. The next day there was hard fighting. The Sixty-fourth, while on picket, was ordered to advance its



STEWART MILLER,
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY

line. In the operation it suffered severely, Lieutenant George C. Marshall being among the killed. On the 29th, Sergeant Jethro Funk, of Company F, color-bearer of the Sixty-fifth, was instantly killed. These occurrences will convey some idea of the daily life in that "hell-hole," as the boys named it, at New Hope and Dallas. The soldiers slept by snatches in the trenches, being often aroused two or three times in a night by the rattling of musketry and the whistling of bullets. The rebels hung on so



WILLIAM G. PATTERSON,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

tenaciously that Sherman husbanded the supply of rations, permitting the issue of but half the usual allowance. Some days the men had only enough to tease their appetites. But all were patient and cheerful. They had boundless confidence in "Uncle Billy," and not the smallest doubt was felt that in the end all would come out right.

Everybody was glad when the "infernal racket" at New Hope ceased. On the night of June 4th, Johnston once more deemed discretion to be the better part of valor. Sherman was slowly but surely extending his right around the Con-

federate left, and Johnston decided to fall back to a new line about Marietta, before it should be too late. For a day we lay in camp, and the quiet that prevailed was like a poultice to our tortured ears. In the evening we drew three days' rations, and the next day marched to Acworth station, where we again made connection with the railroad.

While here, Colonel Harker received his long delayed commission as a brigadier-general, and was duly mustered. The officers of each regiment of the brigade called upon him in a

body and tendered their hearty congratulations, and the soldiers cheered him with tremendous vigor. All felt that no reward for able and faithful service was ever more worthily bestowed. Harker's toast was: "To the officers and soldiers of my command, who made me a brigadier-general!" His rank as such dated from September 20th, 1863, in recognition of the conspicuous services of himself and his brigade at Chickamauga. In less than three weeks, General Harker was among the slain.

On the 10th we were in motion again. For a week or ten days it rained almost constantly. During that time our clothes were not once dry. We changed position with exasperating frequency, each time, it seemed, finding a place where the mud was deeper than before. Sometimes the trenches were half full of water, and the men sloshed around in a most uncomfortable and despairing condition. There was no straw to be had, and when lying down they kept themselves out of the mud by corduroying their



GILBERT E. MILLER,
COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.

"pup" tents with poles and limbs, upon which they spread their soaked blankets. The days and nights were about equally full of wretchedness. And all the time the rebels kept peppering away at us, doing what they could to make life miserable. It might almost be said that death lost its terrors.

The army at this time was lying about a station on the railroad called Big Shanty. While there, occurred the most serious break in our cracker line of the entire campaign. The Confederate cavalry dashed upon the railroad, captured the guards, and burned two or three bridges. The engineer corps worked with might and main to repair the damage, but for more than a

week no train passed to the front and rations reached a low ebb. The scream of the first locomotive to arrive at Big Shanty made the army frantic. The soldiers yelled and yelled until it seemed that they had gone crazy.

One day a bullet whisked across the breast of Lieutenant "Phil" McCune, of the Sixty-fifth, making sad havoc with his clothes, but barely touching the skin. Phil glanced at his torn garments, and with that comical wink of his, exclaimed, "I believe those fellows are shooting at me!"

Narrow escapes were so common that they were regarded as legitimate subjects for jesting. Even severe wounds often elicited flippant remarks from their victims. "Dan" Elliott, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, was shot through the ankle. "Well, boys, they've uncoupled me!" he exclaimed, as he hobbled away to find a surgeon.

Captain Baldwin tells of an experience of the battery officers with southern cooks: "One night we occupied the porch of a planter's house for our headquarters. Orders had been issued to put everything in the lightest campaigning order, extra tents and baggage of every description being left behind. We found that we had several pounds of buckwheat flour on hand, and as it was no good on a campaign, we asked the lady of the house if she could get us up some buckwheat cakes for breakfast. She said, "Oh, yes, if I had the flour." This we promised her, with coffee for her own family, and then asked her if she knew how to make buckwheat cakes. Assuring us that she did, the flour was turned over to her, and the next morning we received *biscuits harder than twelve-pound shot*. No one had grinders heavy enough to work them up. We fell back onhardtack and never heard the last of the Georgia buckwheat cakes. The gunners often asked for some of them to put in as charges instead of canister."

On the 29th of May the Sixty-fifth bade farewell to one of its most esteemed officers, Captain Lucien B. Eaton. At the organization he was first lieutenant of Company I. In December, 1862, he was called by Colonel Harker to duty on the brigade staff as topographical engineer. He was soon-afterward promoted to captain but was retained on the staff as brigade inspector, which position he continued to fill most acceptably for nearly a year,

when, at his own request, he was relieved and returned to the regiment. Having passed, with high credit, an examination for a position in a colored regiment, he was, in March, 1864, commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the Sixty-ninth United States Colored Troops. He continued on duty with the Sixty-fifth until the day first above mentioned, when he said good-bye and left to enter upon his new field of usefulness. He supervised the recruitment of his regiment and subsequently became its colonel. He served as Inspector of Freedmen for the Department of Arkansas, and was honorably discharged May 18th, 1866.

In June Lieutenant-colonel Robert C. Brown, of the Sixty-fourth, was commissioned colonel, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Colonel McIlvaine. At the same time Major Samuel L. Coulter was commissioned lieutenant-colonel. Neither officer could, however, be mustered in the advanced grade, the numerical strength of the regiment not being sufficient to entitle it to the full complement of field officers.

The following incident of the campaign is related by Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth: "One day, after we had got well into the interior of Georgia, when the column halted for a short noon rest, our regiment was near a farmhouse that showed some evidence of former prosperity. A little way in rear of the house, which stood near the road, was an old fashioned sweep, with a bucket suspended over a well. Collecting half a dozen canteens, I went to it, filled them, and returned by way of the interior of the house, which was a double log structure, with

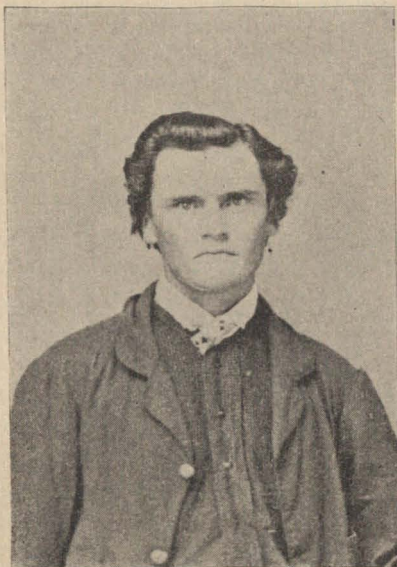


JACOB LONG,
COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.

a porch in the center. Looking in one of the apartments I saw a very aged couple sitting side by side in a double chair, near the door. The old lady was weeping, but the old man maintained a composed and benignant look. The troops who had preceded us had stripped the premises of everything that was movable, even to the furniture of their residence. I said to them:

"The boys are rather hard on you."

"He replied: 'Well, I expected it.' Then, with a ray of hope, he added, 'I wish you would ask them not to take the corn in that barrel on the stoop, for it's every morsel of food they have left us.'"



HORACE W. CURTISS,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY G, AND
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

"A number of the boys had already taken some to parch. I volunteered to stand guard till the march was resumed. To each one who came up I explained the situation, and he cheerfully retired in good order. When the bugle sounded, I resumed my place, but had not gone a mile before Chaplain Raymond, of the Fifty-first Illinois, rode past me with a sack of corn on his horse. I had known him before the war, and often met him in the army,

and admired him for his zeal and christian enterprise. I asked him where he met with such luck. With apparent glee he replied:

"'Why, back at that house I saw you leaving as I rode up. My eyes were sharper than yours. I found it in a barrel on the stoop.'"

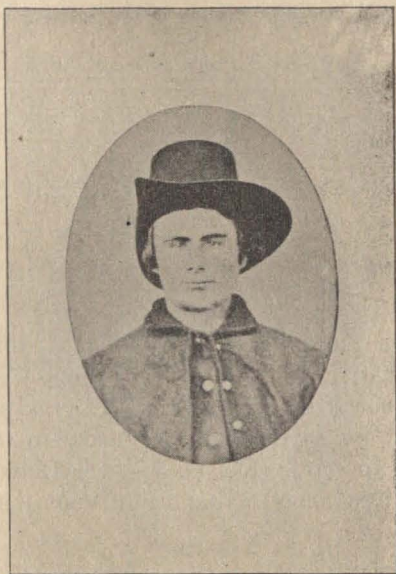
"Assuming an expression of utter astonishment, I said, 'If it comes to this, that a chaplain of our army has got to rob a poor

old couple of their last bit of food, I think our cause will never prosper.'

"He quickly demanded an explanation and I gave him the facts. He said the boys told him that no one lived there. Turning his horse, he rode back and emptied the corn into the barrel from which he got it. That evening some of the boys conceived this a good point for some fun. They hunted up the chaplain and told him that after he had returned the corn the adjutant went back and took it himself. This raised his indignation to such a pitch that, although he avoided profanity, he pushed me to the verge of sheol. And then, to insure the explosion of the mine, the boys came and told me the scheme. Of course, the next time I met Chaplain Raymond I tried to placate him by pleading my innocence. Whether I succeeded or not I never knew, but he always seemed cold enough to bury when I met him afterward."

One day First Sergeant

Patrick R. Nohilly, of Company G, Sixty-fifth, was lying in his little tent, with his feet toward the enemy. A bullet, the force of which was well spent, came over the works with that peculiar droning z-z-z, and struck squarely the heel of one of his shoes. Pat sprang up as if he had been shocked by a galvanic battery. He found that no serious damage had been done except to tear away part of the shoe-heel; but he walked with a decided limp for a week.



MATTHEW S. FIELDS
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Died at Bowling Green, Ky., June 17th,
1864.

CHAPTER XLIX.

KENNESAW.

STILL FIGHTING AND INTRENCHING—LIEUTENANT BINGHAM KILLED—
THE WASTE OF AMMUNITION—HUNDREDS OF BULLETS FIRED
FOR EACH MAN STRUCK—THE LINES AT MARIETTA—THE ASSAULT
UPON KENNESAW—HARKER'S BRIGADE LEADS—DESPERATE FIGHT-
ING AND SEVERE LOSSES—DEATH OF GENERAL HARKER—COLONEL
WHITBECK DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED—CAPTAIN WILLIAMS KILLED.

THE rain continued and the days and nights dragged slowly along. They were one incessant round of lying in the trenches, marching, fortifying and skirmishing. It was not an uncommon thing to pitch and strike tents three or four times within twenty-four hours. Scarcely a day but one or more places in our ranks were made vacant by death, wounds or disease.

On June 18th the Sixty-fifth, being on the skirmish line at Muddy Creek, was ordered to advance and dislodge the enemy. Stubborn resistance was encountered, for that did not seem to be the day when the rebels were in a retreating mood. The regiment suffered a loss of three killed and ten wounded. One of

the slain was Lieutenant Ebben Bingham, commanding Company C. He was a noble young man, greatly endeared to his brother officers and comrades.

During this encounter we observed a curious stratagem that was resorted to by the rebels. It was a dark, misty day, the underbrush was thick, and men could only be seen at a short distance. To aid in their concealment, the rebels carried green bushes stuck in their belts. These covered a good part of their bodies and rendered them almost indistinguishable. A number of prisoners were captured, who were decorated in this novel manner.

The regiment kept up an unrelenting fire during the whole day, expending twenty thousand rounds of ammunition. Here I pause a moment to remark upon the large quantity of lead and iron which was thrown, at all times during the war, for each man struck. Chickamauga will afford a good illustration. It is safe to estimate that during the two days of that battle every soldier on each side fired one hundred rounds of cartridge. It is, therefore, evident that if each had hit one of his adversaries—or, in other words, if one bullet in a hundred had been effective—every man in both armies would have been killed or wounded. But the casualties, aside from prisoners taken, were about twenty-five per cent; so that four hundred bullets were fired for each man struck. This estimate does not take into account the tons and tons of artillery ammunition expended.

No doubt, during the Atlanta campaign, with its countless



SAMUEL B. BARKER,
SERGEANT MAJOR, SIXTY-FOURTH.

noisy but comparatively harmless demonstrations, the proportion of casualties to ammunition used was even much less than in the case I have cited. Probably five or six hundred bullets were fired for each death or wound inflicted. When one stops to think of this it seems surprising, but it is true. There was not a regiment in Sherman's army which did not, during those four months, fire cartridges enough to have killed or wounded two or three times over, every man on the other side. This singular



WILLIAM H. H. SMITH,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

feature of all fighting is due to several causes. Much of the firing was done at long range, and the missiles spent their force before reaching their object. Even in close fighting, the combatants were often entirely concealed from each other by smoke, and the soldiers fired wholly at random, without aim. In the intense excitement of combat, the universal tendency was to shoot high, and millions of bullets whizzed harmlessly over the heads of those whom they were intended to destroy. It was a knowledge of this disposition that prompted the officers to so often exhort their men to "aim low." "Give them a blizzard at their shins!" shouted "Old Rosey" at Stone River. Then, much of the fighting took place in thick woods and a large proportion of the bullets buried themselves in the trees. No doubt the trees between Chattanooga and Atlanta that were killed or wounded exceeded the entire number of men in both armies. Many of them were filled full of lead.

A well-directed fire of artillery was mighty unpleasant to those who were being aimed at. Often it was terrifying and de-



WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY DURING ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

moralizing to the last degree. Few men were able to lie idly while shells were bursting over, around and among them, without feeling an almost uncontrollable desire to "hunt their holes." It was true of artillery, as it is of most dogs—its bark was worse than its bite. What I mean is that it was mostly "bark"; when it did "bite" it was bad enough. I trust my good friends of the Sixth Ohio battery will not "call me down" for this. No battery in the army did any more effective "barking," as well as "biting," than did the Sixth, but if it were possible to make up the account, Bradley and Baldwin and Smetts and the rest would find that they fired about as many shots for each man they hit as we did, and a vastly greater weight of metal.

There were times when artillery was exceedingly effective, as at Franklin, where double charges of canister or grape from the guns of the Sixth Ohio and other batteries, at short range, made ghastly gaps in the charging Confederate mass. A shell, striking at the spot and bursting at the right instant, made terrible havoc. For every one that did this, a hundred flew wide of the mark or did not explode, or if they did the fragments fell harmlessly to the ground—but to scare they were great!

The position occupied by the rebels covering Marietta was the strongest between Chattanooga and Atlanta, except the one at Allatoona, out of which Sherman so easily maneuvered Johnston. To the north and west of the town is an irregular range of high elevations, the most prominent of which are called Kennesaw, Little Kennesaw, Lost and Pine mountains. Geographers would not class these as mountains, but they are bold, rugged heights which, crowned with artillery and well defended, bade defiance to assault. We lay upon this line for about two weeks. One day, while riding behind the intrenchments of the Fourth corps, General Sherman observed what appeared to be a group of Confederate officers reconnoitering on the summit of Pine mountain. He directed a battery to disperse the group, and three or four shots did it most effectually. One of them instantly killed Lieutenant-general Leonidas Polk, one of Johnston's corps commanders. Polk was a bishop of the Episcopal church before the war, and laid aside his priestly robes to buckle on the sword. He was a brother of James K. Polk, a former president of the United States, and was held in very high esteem by the people of the south.

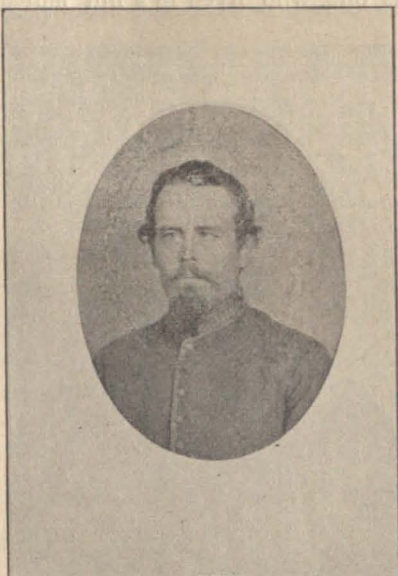
The opposing lines were near each other at many points and an irregular fire was kept up almost continuously. Our "pup" tents were usually pitched directly in rear of the breast-works. One brigade of each division, by turn, was permitted to retire to the second line, out of range, several hundred yards back, twenty-four hours at a time, to rest, cook and wash. One day Lieutenant Joseph F. Sonnanstine, of the Sixty-fifth, was lying under his little shelter trying to get a nap. A stray bullet struck one of the sticks supporting his tent and broke it squarely off, the tent falling upon him.

"I wish those fellows would let me sleep!" he said, in his cool, inimitable way, as he crawled out from the wreck. He went a short distance into the woods and in a few minutes came back with another forked stick, and in a "jiffy" his tent was up again.

"There," he exclaimed, as he lay down, "I don't believe they can hit that. They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place, and I don't think bullets do, either!"

After sleeping soundly for a couple of hours he rolled out with a broad smile on his genial face.

"Boys," said he, "I just dreamed I was at home. I thought I pitched and tossed about half the night, but couldn't sleep a wink. Then I hired a boy to shoot at me and I was sound asleep in five minutes. I guess we will all have to do that when we get home—if we ever do!"

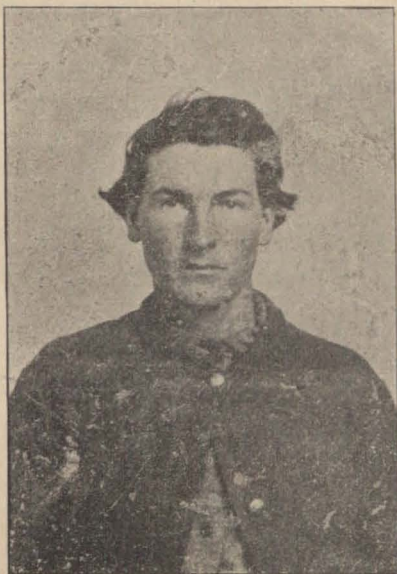


THOMAS G. WATKINS,
CORPORAL, SIXTH BATTERY.

One day we witnessed a novel spectacle. A brigade of Wood's division was ordered to carry and hold a ridge in its front. Before starting, each man shouldered a rail or a piece of timber. Then, advancing rapidly, they occupied the ridge, and within two minutes were lying snugly behind a breastwork, the materials for which they had carried with them.

It was a rare thing in those days to see a woman. There was one who lived in a hut half a mile in rear of our line, and she had stuck to it through thick and thin. Now and then, when matters were more quiet than usual, she would venture up to the front.

"You-all don't fight fa'r," she said one day. "When we-uns gets good works built, you won't let our men use 'em. You throws up works right in front and makes believe you's gwine to fight thar, and then Mister Sherman sends one of his comp'nies 'round to *fight us on the cend.*"



GEORGE W. WILLIAMS,
COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

the Sixty-fourth, was severely injured by a falling tree. For a time it was feared that he was fatally hurt, but he was able in a few days to return to duty.

About noon on the 23rd Generals Thomas, Howard and Newton rode along our lines. They paused now and then to reconnoiter, and we instinctively knew that something was brewing. Soon we were ordered to support the skirmishers. These, along the whole front of Newton's division, were directed to be

On the 22nd, while superintending the work of an intrenching party, Captain Samuel M. Wolff, of

ready to advance and occupy high ground some two hundred yards in front. At four o'clock a signal gun was fired, and at once forty Union cannon belched forth shot and shell. The bombardment was continued for an hour, when it ceased and the skirmishers were ordered forward. The rebels made stout resistance, but they were forced to give way and the desired position was gained and held. Colonel Bartleson, of the One Hundredth Illinois, in our division, was killed. He had lost an arm in a previous battle.

That evening the mail brought to the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth a large batch of commissions, lieutenants being promoted to captains, and sergeants to lieutenants. By those who received them they were interpreted to mean: "Well done, good and faithful servants!" For a few days a good many were hunting for a mustering officer.

Day after day General Sherman endeavored to find a weak spot where he might hope to pierce the enemy's line. He made several bloody experiments, the most costly of which was on the 27th of June. He selected Little Kennesaw as the point to be assaulted by two divisions, one from the Fourth corps and one from the Fourteenth, while a co-operating attack was to be made upon the Confederate right by portions of the Army of the Tennessee. In the Fourth corps the perilous duty was assigned to Newton's division, and in the Fourteenth to that of Davis. During the morning Harker's brigade, which had the advance of Newton's storming column, was massed at the point assigned, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio being thrown out as skirmishers. A furious artillery fire preceded the assault. At half past nine o'clock the cannonading ceased and "Forward!" was the command.

The brigade swept like an avalanche through a ravine and up a long, steep slope, the summit of which was crowned by the enemy's work. So sudden was the dash that the rebel pickets in our front were captured, almost to a man, and sent to the rear. As we came within short musket range, the rebels delivered from the shelter of their intrenchments a most deadly and destructive fire. We never found a hotter place during all our four years of army service. Men fell by scores and hundreds, but the surviv-

ors pressed on, cheered by Harker, Coulter, Whitbeck, and many other gallant officers. They reached the works and looked into the very muzzles of the hostile muskets, but it was not possible for mortal men to pierce that strong and well defended line. The color-sergeant of the Twenty-seventh Illinois, of our brigade, planted his flag upon the parapet. At the same instant he received a bullet in the face and a bayonet thrust in the shoulder. The flag was lost. The colors of the Sixty fourth were shot



DAVID SPINDLER,
COMPANY A, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Spring Hill, Tennessee,
November 29, 1864.

down, a bullet shattering the staff, but they were quickly seized and borne off in safety. The color-bearer of the Third Kentucky was instantly killed.

The conflict was of brief duration. When it was seen that there was no hope of success, a retreat was ordered. As far as possible the wounded were borne from the field, but many were unavoidably left on that crimsoned slope, to fall into the hands of the enemy. At the rifle pits which had been occupied by the rebel pickets, there was a rally. Adjutant Brewer Smith, Lieutenants Bush and McCune, Sergeant-major Pope and

others of the Sixty-fifth gathered about the colors, thirty or forty of that regiment. Officers of the Sixty-fourth and other regiments did the same, the purpose being to check the rebels, should they attempt a counter-charge. For some time this line was held and a vigorous fire was kept up, until they were ordered to retire.

The assault cost, in the aggregate, twenty-five hundred men, killed or wounded, among them many valuable officers. Our

brigade bore its full share of losses, its casualties numbering nearly three hundred, including twenty-nine officers. It suffered a sore bereavement in the death of its knightly leader, General Charles G. Harker. While animating his men, far up the slope, he was stricken down by a ball which passed through his arm and into the breast. He was borne from the field, and through the day tender hands and loving hearts endeavored to assuage his suffering. The surgeons did all in their power to avert a fatal result, but when asked if there was hope they sadly shook their heads. Chaplain Robert G. Thompson, of the Sixty-fourth, and Chaplain Thomas Powell, of the Sixty-fifth, were both at the side of the dying hero, offering such ministrations as lay in their power. General Harker was a man of deep religious convictions, and his private life was "without spot and blameless." Toward evening that brave, noble, chivalrous spirit passed from earth. "Harker is dead!" flew from lip to lip through the brigade. Every heart was saddened; many an



JOHN M. SHELLABARGER,
COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.

eye was moistened. Little need be added to what has already been said in these pages of our beloved Harker. No braver, truer soldier drew sword, in all that vast multitude who followed the star-spangled banner in the war for the Union. Earnest, sincere and patriotic, implicitly trusted by his superiors, and singularly endeared to those he commanded, he was truly a soldier and a man "without fear and without reproach." He had four horses killed under him—two at Chickamauga, one at Missionary Ridge,

and one at Resaca. He had a premonition of his end. In the morning he had carefully arranged his private papers, intrusting them to a member of his staff, saying, "I shall not come out of the charge today alive." His body was sent north and buried at his home in New Jersey.

Colonel Luther P. Bradley, of the Fifty-first Illinois—soon afterward promoted to the rank of brigadier-general—succeeded to the command of the brigade. He was a brave and most capable officer and a thoroughly accomplished gentleman, possessing the confidence of his superiors and the esteem of those under his command. In his official report of the campaign, he said:

I cannot close this report without paying a word of tribute to the memory of the gallant General Harker, who commanded the brigade during the first half of the campaign. No more gallant soldier has fallen in the war. Conspicuous for gentleness and generosity as well as courage, he won the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and was everywhere recognized as a true gentleman and soldier.

At about the same time that General Harker fell, Lieutenant-colonel Horatio N. Whitbeck, commanding the Sixty-fifth, was grievously wounded, a bullet entering at the upper part of the chest and ranging downward into the body. He was carried to the rear, and all through that day and night we expected momentarily to hear that he was dead, for the surgeons had said that his wound was probably mortal. He was soon sent to Chattanooga, accompanied by musician Melville C. Porter, of Company E. He at length reached home, where, in course of time, he recovered in a good degree. To this day, however, the ball remains in his body. Colonel Whitbeck was never again able for active military duty. He was thrice wounded—at Stone River, Chickamauga and Kennesaw. He was an excellent officer, cool and brave in the most trying moments, and faithful to every trust. When the war broke out he was behind the counter of a dry goods store in the village of Berea. He received from Senator Sherman a recruiting commission, and began to talk war. People said he was not the kind of stuff that soldiers were made of, but there is where they made a mistake. No truer mettle was ever shown than that so many times displayed by Colonel Whitbeck. He possessed, in the fullest measure, the confidence, respect and personal regard of his officers and men.

The death of Captain Nahum L. Williams, who fell in this assault, was deeply lamented by his comrades of the Sixty-fifth. When Captain Richard M. Voorhees was severely wounded at Stone River, Williams, then a first lieutenant, succeeded to the command of Company F. He went into the charge at Kennesaw on horseback, acting as a field officer. He refused to dismount and was shot from his horse, the ball entering his forehead. When the troops fell back, he was laid upon a blanket, still alive but unconscious, and four officers and men carried him from the field, under a terrific fire. One or more bullets passed through the hat or clothes of each of the four, but no blood was drawn and they reached the rear in safety. How they escaped death or wounds is a marvel. Captain Williams died soon afterward and his body was sent to his home in Mount Vernon.

On the 29th, a flag of truce was sent to the Confederate lines, with a request for permission to bury our dead. It was granted, and a detail for that purpose was sent from each regiment. The truce lasted about two hours, during which the soldiers in blue

and gray mingled pleasantly together, engaged in chaffing and bartering. A strapping fellow of our brigade challenged to a wrestling match "the biggest reb they could find." A stalwart Tennessean accepted the challenge, and scores gathered about to witness the contest, evincing as keen an interest as though the issue of the war depended upon its result. The stars and stripes

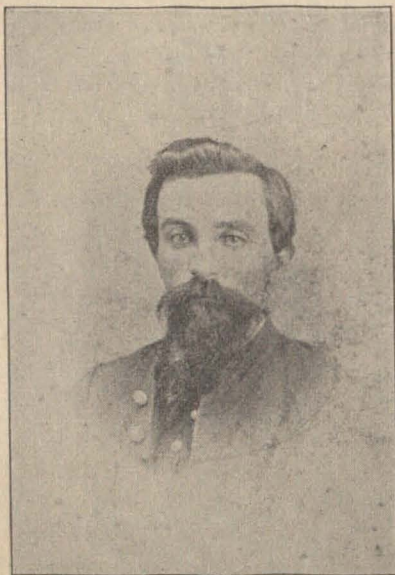


WILLIAM HIBBETTS,
CORPORAL, COMPANY A, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Stone River, Tenn.,
December 31st, 1862.

were triumphant, for the "Yank" threw the "Johnny" three times successively. When the work of interment was finished the truce came to an end; the soldiers returned to their respective posts, seized their muskets and began to blaze away at each other. Such is war!

In the battle of Kennesaw the Sixty-fourth was commanded by Major Coulter, Lieutenant-colonel Brown being so ill as to be for the time entirely unfit for duty.



FRANK ASHLEY,
CORPORAL, COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

After the disabling of Lieutenant-colonel Whitbeck and the death of Captain Williams, the command of the Sixty-fifth devolved upon Captain Charles O. Tannehill, a brave, capable and in every way excellent officer. He continued in command until after the battle of Peachtree creek, when Major Orlow Smith, who had been sick for some weeks, returned to duty.

Captain Brewer Smith—then adjutant of the Sixty-fifth—writes of Kennesaw:

"I believe that was the only battle I was ever in where I got 'fighting mad.' As I started back, when the order to retreat was given, some fellow as big as a steer ran over me and knocked me into a brush pile, heels over head, my cap going one way and my sword another. Of course I couldn't go back without them, and picking up scattered accouterments under the circumstances wasn't as pleasant as picking blackberries in one's own garden at home. But I got them and fell back in good order."

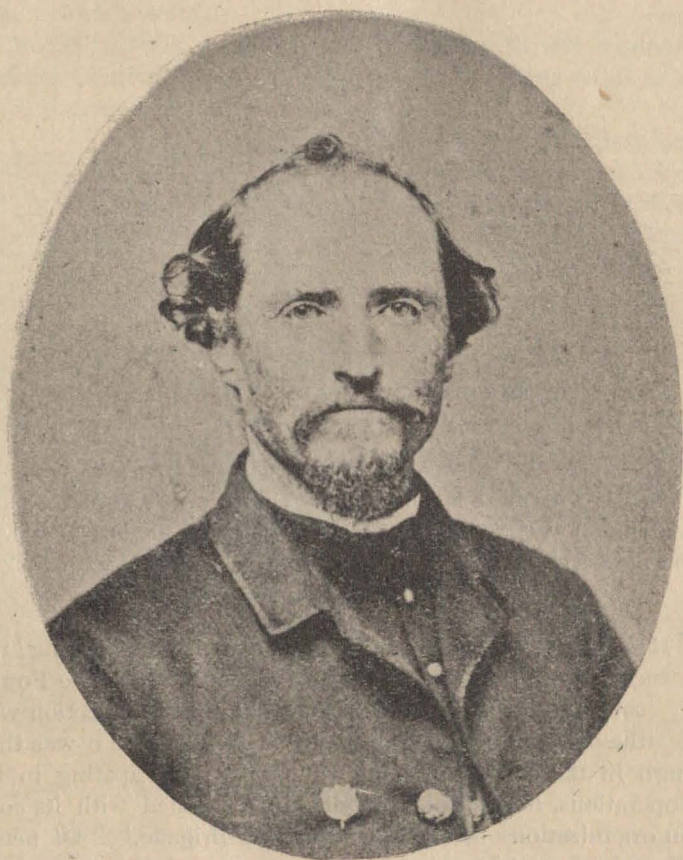
CHAPTER I.

THE BATTERY'S ADVENTURES.

CLOSE QUARTERS AT RESACA—A BRAVE KENTUCKIAN—WARMLY ENGAGED AT PICKETT'S MILL—TWO OF THE BATTERY MEN KILLED—ANOTHER FATAL SHELL—SAVED BY A LETTER—NIGHT BOMBARDMENT OF KENNESAW—A SUPERB SPECTACLE.

THE Sixth battery, as heretofore stated, was, during this campaign, attached to the artillery brigade of the Fourth corps. Its service was chiefly in direct connection with the division of General Thomas J. Wood. So it was that, although in the same corps, and generally participating in the same operations, it was not immediately associated with its companion organizations of the old "Sherman Brigade." Of necessity, therefore, the history of its movements and battles must be in a measure separate from that of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth. This chapter will tell of its part in the campaign from Dalton to the line in front of Kennesaw.

The battery enlisted a large number of recruits while at home on veteran furlough. These, with the veterans and non-veterans,



OLIVER H. P. AYRES,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

Mortally wounded at the Chattahoochee river, Ga., July 6th, 1864.

augmented the organization above the maximum. The casualties of the campaign, however, soon made places for all. Mention has been made of the trip from Chattanooga to Nashville, in March, to convoy to the front a large number of horses for the artillery. Of these the Sixth battery received one hundred and seventeen. They were all strong, fresh animals, and provided excellent motive power for its guns and caissons.

Remaining a few days at Chattanooga, no effort was spared to put the battery in the most perfect condition possible for efficient service. It was liberally supplied with everything needed to meet the demands that would be made upon it in the very near future. The recruits were constantly instructed and drilled in their various functions. Their association with the trained veterans greatly assisted them in learning the art of soldiering, and their progress was rapid.

On the 12th of April the battery left Chattanooga, and, by easy marches, reached Cleveland, Tennessee, two days later. It lay there in camp until the 20th, when it moved seven miles and pitched its tents at McDonald's station, on the railroad from Dalton to Knoxville. There the battery remained, engaging in daily drill and target practice, until May 3rd, when it broke camp, packed and sent to the rear all surplus baggage, and started to take its assigned place in the great army that was about to move upon the enemy. Marching eighteen miles, the battery arrived, on the 4th, at Ca-



GEORGE FISHER,

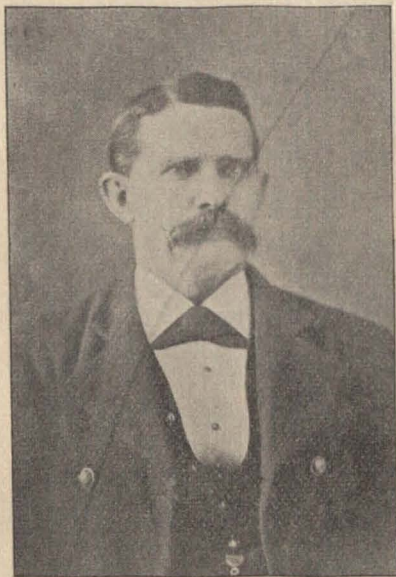
SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.

toosa Springs, and joined the line of battle formed in front of Tunnel hill.

The entire army advanced on the 7th of May. The Sixth battery marched five or six miles, and on the morning of the 8th went into position to the right of Tunnel hill. Here the enemy was found in force, and evidently determined to stubbornly oppose a further advance of the Union army. This was the day that Harker's infantry climbed Rocky Face ridge. The battery became

engaged with the enemy about nine o'clock, and for a time the firing was very brisk. To the veterans it was "old times come again," and they flew about with nimble feet and ready hands in the discharge of their various duties, while the recruits, eager and ambitious, had their first taste of war.

In the afternoon of the 8th the center section was ordered to a point near Rocky Face ridge, where it was warmly engaged with the enemy's artillery. The section rejoined the battery and for four days the guns were brought into frequent use.



GEORGE W. SMETTS,
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

On the 13th there was a general forward movement, the Confederates having abandoned their position about Dalton and fallen back to Resaca. The battery passed through Dalton and marched some fourteen miles, when the enemy was found in front, and evidently in a fighting frame of mind.

The battery was astir very early on the morning of the 14th. Both armies were preparing for battle and there was the usual excitement and confusion, as infantry and artillery were hurried

from one point to another. The battery marched here and there for a distance of four or five miles, until the spot was reached where its services were needed. It was directly in front of the enemy's intrenchments, and about five hundred yards therefrom. Four guns were at once ordered into position.

Later in the day the battery was pushed up until it became a part of the skirmish line, and so close that the cannoneers were compelled to lie on their backs on the ground and load in that position. To show a finger, seemingly, would draw the fire of the rebel sharpshooters. On this line the Seventeenth Kentucky infantry was the immediate support of the battery. One tall, lank Kentuckian, screening himself behind the bushy limb of a tree, which had been felled to assist in making breastworks, stood at full height, firing at the enemy, whose lines were within easy range, for several hours. He would aim deliberately, never for an instant taking his eye off the enemy. His comrades, sitting on the ground around him, would load the Springfields and pass them to him as fast as he fired. The success of his marksmanship could be measured by the expression of his countenance. Whenever he thought he had succeeded with a shot his face would light up with a smile, and when he seemed to miss his aim he would scowl. He evidently put in a number of effective shots.

Late in the afternoon, Lieutenant Baldwin, with a section of the battery, was ordered to a position a mile to the right, arriving at the designated place long after dark. The heavens were beclouded, adding to the usual darkness of the woods. The position to be occupied was a ridge some three hundred feet high. A full regiment of infantry had been detailed to assist in getting the two guns into position, and so high and steep was the ridge that midnight came before the guns were up. The men worked hard in the darkness and with the help of one hundred and fifty feet of picket rope the position was successfully attained. The limbers and horses were left at the foot of the hill. A box of ammunition was, with infinite labor, carried to the guns, and not a moment too soon. The rebel skirmishers opened, and as the fire ran along their lines it augured an immediate charge. The battery occupied strange ground, the men knowing nothing of infantry supports or of the lines, but they felt bound not to leave the

position without at least showing the stuff they were made of. It required but little time to open the ammunition box. An axe soon demolished it, and in a moment the heavy boom of the guns resounded on the midnight air, echoing and re-echoing through the woods.

The other sections of the battery remained at the position first mentioned, and during portions of the day were heavily engaged, the guns being served rapidly and effectively. At eleven

o'clock that night the first section was advanced to the front line, while the center section joined issue with a rebel battery occupying a strong earthwork, and for a time the firing was incessant. After midnight there came a lull, and the latter part of the night was passed in comparative quiet.



JAMES L. M'KIBBEN,
CORPORAL, COMPANY C,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

Died at Atlanta, Ga., October
25th, 1864.

During the forenoon of the 15th the guns of the Sixth battery remained in their positions, firing sharply at intervals. About three o'clock in the afternoon the position of the battery was changed some distance. It was not possible to use the horses and the guns were dragged by hand,

with great effort. It was nine o'clock at night when they were placed. The enemy opened all along the line, but the battery could not at once reply for lack of ammunition. This had to be carried by the men. As soon as a box arrived it was burst open and at once the guns were merrily at work. The firing gradually slackened and finally ceased, on both sides. Occasional shots from the guns of the Sixth, during the remainder of the night, failed to elicit any response.

It had been arranged for a charge on the enemy's lines at dawn in the immediate front of the battery, and its guns were to cover the assault. The infantry had been grouped in

heavy masses and had intrenched during the earlier part of the night.

Daylight came at last, and showed that the rebels had discovered General Sherman's flank movement by Snake Creek gap and their works, not three hundred yards away, were deserted. The battery immediately pushed forward toward Resaca, passed through the town, forded the Etowah river, and went into camp five miles beyond.

Marching early the next morning, the battery passed through Calhoun, the whole army pushing on after the retreating foe. Toward evening the Confederate rear guard was encountered, in heavy force, and occupying a strong position. The guns of the Sixth were quickly put in order for business and opened vigorously upon a rebel battery which had made its presence apparent. After a short engagement the hostile guns were completely silenced. In this encounter, which was very spirited, the Sixth battery expended one hundred and thirty rounds of ammunition.



ROBERT G. THOMPSON,
CHAPLAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

On May 18th the battery passed through Adairsville, where there was another furious artillery combat, the guns of the Sixth joining in the chorus. The firing ceased at dark. On the 19th the battery reached Kingston.

From the 19th to the 23rd of May the battery lay quietly in camp near Kingston, on the Cushing farm. The army was enjoying a brief rest, while General Sherman was maturing his plans for another forward movement. On the 23rd the bugles

sounded and the battery drew out with the army, which now swung away from the line of the railroad, to Dallas. Near this place it camped on the evening of the 25th. The following day, it crossed Pumpkinvine creek and after marching a short distance, further advance was arrested by a solid line of the enemy; for the latter had kept step with Sherman's flank movement, and Johnston was there with his entire army. The immediate presence of the rebels in force was fully disclosed, and the Sixth went at once into position on the line, relieving the Fifth Indiana battery, by sections. Firing began promptly, and for an hour there was a brisk and noisy exchange of shots with the Confederate artillery. The battery occupied this spot during the remainder of the day. Just at dark it moved a mile to the left, by a rough country road, in which, stretched out in column, it passed the night.

The 27th was one of the battery's busy days. Before day-break it was ordered into position, the right and center sections being advanced to the skirmish line. The rebel sharpshooters, with long range rifles, were numerous and exceedingly annoying. The two sections mentioned were at a sharp angle in the line, stationed upon either side of the vertex. Orders had been given to commence firing at dawn, but the pioneers who had been detailed to throw up intrenchments to cover the artillery had gone to sleep instead of doing their duty. Daylight revealed the enemy's batteries fixed behind strong works, on both fronts of the angle, and the men of the battery naturally felt that they should have some protection—a combat on such terms would be too one-sided for comfort. So the men fell to with axes and spades and, with that facility in intrenching which was acquired by all the soldiers during that campaign, in thirty or forty minutes threw up fairly good works.

About this time General Sherman and General Wood, with a cavalcade of staff officers and orderlies, reined up, and General Wood, with some asperity, inquired why the battery had not commenced firing, in pursuance of orders. The circumstances were explained to him and he directed that firing begin at once. It did; and so did the fire of the rebel guns. Shells screamed viciously through the air, and the effect upon the generals and their staffs

was instantaneous. Streaks of brass buttons and glittering shoulder-straps were seen in every direction, as the horsemen galloped away to get out of range. General Sherman had more grit than the rest. Hastily dismounting, he went into position behind a large oak tree, directly between the two guns of the center section. For a time the firing was terrific, but "Uncle Billy" stayed there through it all. The men of the Sixth stood manfully to their work, serving their guns with excellent effect. Two or three of the rebel shells pierced the works at the angle and stopped just within the line. Thomas W. Casey, who was Number one on Number one gun, seized each of them and threw them outside, where they immediately exploded. At length General Sherman concluded that there had been noise enough for the time being and gave the order to cease firing. Whatever he said "went," and the artillerists rested from their labors. Soon the rebel guns, also, became silent. The fire had been exceedingly severe, but the Sixth battery was so fortunate as to suffer but one fatal casualty. Corporal William H. Matthews was struck by a fragment of shell and mortally wounded. He lived some weeks, but died from the effect of his hurt. During the remainder of the day there was spasmodic firing, of both infantry and artillery, but no attempt to advance was made upon either side. The soldiers were content to keep within the shelter of their works.



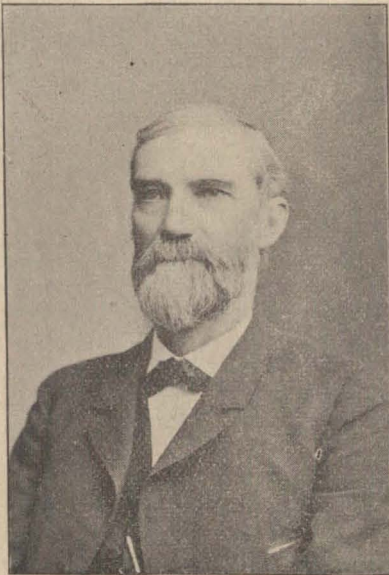
DAVID H. EVANS,
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

For the next three or four days the situation remained about the same. The conditions were as heretofore described, in the sketch of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth at Dallas. The service was most arduous and exacting, full of danger, toil and hardship. On the 29th Edgar E. Whitney, bugler and orderly, came to the battery with orders, and attempted to sight one of the guns, in spite of repeated warnings of the danger from sharpshooters. He laughingly remarked that they didn't shoot buglers, and looked

through the sights of the gun. A sharpshooter saw the movement and in an instant he rolled off the trail of the gun, dead. The ball had entered the center of the forehead and death was instantaneous. An aide-de-camp on the staff of General Howard, who had been sent to direct some change in the position of the guns of the center section, while looking over the ground was instantly killed by a sharpshooter, a bullet passing through his body.

At dusk the enemy opened several batteries upon our position, and for half an hour the Sixth was subjected to the concentrated

fire of a dozen guns, but fortunately not a man was hurt. The rebels seemed satisfied and stopped firing. The Sixth at once opened fire and pounded away at them with the six Napoleons until the boys felt that they were even. About two o'clock in the morning the rebels opened from their skirmish line, and the fire, as it ran along the front, proved a fine pyrotechnic display, their batteries participating. The shells burst high in the air and little harm was done.



WILLIAM M. FARRAR,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

On May 30th, after a protracted siege of the most severe duty that can be imagined, the Sixth was relieved by the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania battery, and retired from the line for a brief rest. The guns were, the following day, placed in position in rear of the left of the Twenty-third corps.

During the first half of June the Sixth battery was in constant service, moving from one point to another, and sharing all the fortunes, the hardships and the perils of the army. The men patiently and uncomplainingly suffered the same discomforts that have been described in previous pages of this "Story." No battery in the army did more important duty, or possessed in a fuller measure the confidence of those in high command.

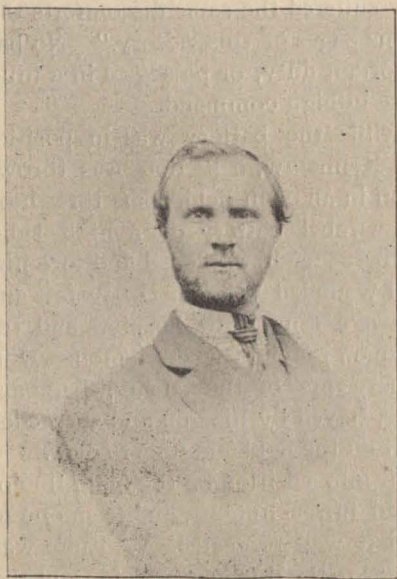
On the 18th of June, while the battery was in position between Pine Top and Little Kennesaw, a section was thrown forward into an exposed position in an open field, some three hundred yards in advance, when a rebel battery on a high ridge opened fire. A shell struck Albert Hersh, exploded and tore him in fragments. The same shell wounded William D. Everett and James Craig. The wounded were sent to the hospital and the remains of Hersh were buried upon the field where he fell. Notwithstanding the severe artillery fire of the enemy, Sergeant Thomas W. Screen, almost alone, stayed by his gun and succeeded in limbering it up and getting it off the field and under cover.

Whenever the battery went into position on the main line of battle the first thing was to build intrenchments, and from one to three hours would always find it well protected. A camp was established in the rear and as near to the line as was safe from the rebel fire. Mail was received one evening and Corporal Evans was called. He answered from his shelter tent, and, crawling out of his bed, had scarcely put his feet upon the ground when a stray artillery shot struck his tent, destroying bunk and clothing. The letter got him out of range by less than ten seconds of time.

A stray rebel bullet struck Lieutenant Baldwin in the right side, tearing the clothing and seemingly passing through the body. A sharp, stinging sensation followed and blood could be plainly felt trickling down the leg and filling the boot. As soon as possible a friendly pine tree was sought and the wound looked for. Nothing but a slight black and blue spot could be seen,

and the boot when pulled off showed no blood. The English Enfield ball is kept in memory of the event.

Kennesaw was more closely invested, our lines being crowded forward inch by inch and rapidly intrenched with every step. A night movement was inaugurated by the left wing of the army, and on the evening of its execution more than two hundred pieces of artillery opened a converging fire upon Kennesaw. This pounding by the artillery was kept up far into the night. The



LEANDER R. HOAGLAND,
COMPANY F, SIXTY-FIFTH.

thunder of the guns was deafening. The night being cloudy and very dark, the continued flashes in every direction almost turned night into day, while the heavens presented a wonderful sight. The burning fuses of the shells would show a bluish white light as they flew through the air, looking like meteors. At no time during the firing were there less than three hundred shells a minute finding their way through the air to Kennesaw. The sides and top of the mountain were plainly visible by the light of the bursting shells. This was, without doubt, the longest and

heaviest artillery fire of the campaign, and at its height made a picture that will not fade, while life lasts, in the memories of those who witnessed it.

CHAPTER LI.

ANOTHER STRIDE FORWARD.

A REBEL CAPTAIN TAKEN IN—JOHNSTON EVACUATES MARIETTA—ANOTHER FOURTH OF JULY—AN UNEXPECTED EXPLOSION IN THE BATTERY—A VIEW OF ATLANTA—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT AYRES—A WILD RUSH TO ROSWELL AND BACK—ACROSS THE CHATTAHOOCHEE—ADVENTURE WITH REBEL ARTILLERY—COLONEL OPDYCKE'S DEFINITION OF A "FORLORN HOPE."

DURING the night of June 30th the Sixty-fifth was on picket, the outposts being not more than fifty yards from those of the rebels. A Confederate captain, of the Fifty-eighth Alabama, went to the front to inspect the posts and see if his men were doing their duty. It was very dark and he lost his bearings. He appeared before a post occupied by three men of Company G, of the Sixty-fifth. Supposing them to be his own, he instructed them to be alert and valiant, and if the Yankees advanced to "give them fits"—or words to that effect—and the boys said they would. As he turned to leave, they cocked their muskets and told him to "come in out of the wet," which he did



PHILIP H. SHERIDAN,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING SECOND DIVISION, FOURTH CORPS,
AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

I never saw a more disgusted and chopfallen individual. During the night of July 2nd the rebels once more

"Folded their tents like the Arabs
And as silently stole away."

On awaking in the morning we missed the familiar crack of musketry and "zip" of bullets. In front of us were only long lines of deserted works. The bugles sounded the advance and we took another stride toward Atlanta. Passing a little to the right of Marietta, we marched five or six miles and went into bivouac. We learned that the rebels were falling back across the Chattahoochee river.

"Boys," said Lieutenant "Zeke" Moores, of the Sixty-fifth, as he was putting up his little "shebang," "have you heerd the news?"

All said they hadn't, and listened eagerly, for Zeke was very strong on "grapevines."

"Now this is a *fact*," he continued solemnly. "Old Joe Johnston sent a flag of truce to Sherman today, and what do you s'pose he wanted?"

One suggested that perhaps "Joe" had got tired and wanted to surrender.

"No, he asked Uncle Billy if he wouldn't lend him three days' rations of hardtack and sowbelly!"

Another Fourth of July, and we were still trying to save the country. During the day we were made vividly aware of this by the buzzing of rebel bullets about our ears. The latter part of the day was marked by a plentiful combustion of powder. There was noise enough for half a dozen "celebrations," but we did not



JOHN HOFFMAN,
CORPORAL, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.

altogether fancy the character of it. At daylight the brass bands tuned up and played national airs with a vigor that aroused general enthusiasm. We were ordered to march at six o'clock, but did not get off till noon. Then we moved half a mile, went into position, and spent the afternoon working like Trojans in building intrenchments. We were spurred to activity by the heavy and continuous firing in front. The rebels were so close and neighborly that many of their bullets came over where we were at

work, and several men were wounded. We closed the services of the day by going on picket; and this is how we spent our third Fourth of July in the army.

A disaster befell the Sixth battery officers' mess that day: "A can of prepared duck had been carefully kept from the beginning of the campaign, in the hope that we might celebrate the Fourth of July at Atlanta. The can was produced, and to make it more enjoyable our cook placed it on the fire to warm up, neglecting to vent the can. Soon steam was generated, and while we were anxiously holding back our appetites,



GEORGE W. M'FADDEN,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

the can exploded with a report like that of a twelve-pound gun. Instantly the command was up and on the run. No one knowing the cause of the explosion, it was presumed that one of our battery limbers had blown up. So loud was the report that it brought an inquiry from corps headquarters. We pocketed our disappointment and dined on hardtack, bacon and coffee."

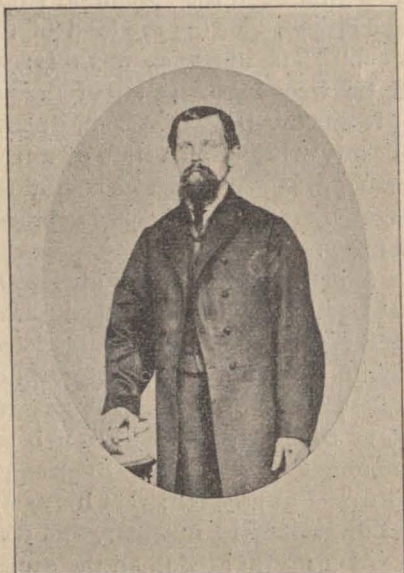
Toward morning we heard sounds in our front which were symptomatic of another retreat by the enemy. The information

was sent to brigade headquarters and we were directed to advance the picket line cautiously at daylight. We did so and found that, as we surmised, the Johnnies had gone again. We were ordered back to camp, where the brigade was preparing to march. We started at nine o'clock, and by two in the afternoon had reached the Chattahoochee. We camped for the night a mile back from the river. Near us was a high hill, from the summit of which could plainly be seen, nine miles distant, the spires of Atlanta. Thousands went to the point of view to get a glimpse of the "promised land." It was like Moses, from Mount Pisgah, viewing the land of Canaan on "the other side of Jordan." The difference was this: we got there but Moses didn't. In the woods near the top of the hill there was a grewsome sight. It was the body of a man, dressed in butternut, hanging by a hickory withe from a limb of a tree. Evidently he had been dead many days. Whether he committed suicide, or whether he was hanged by others—perhaps a captured Union scout or spy—we never knew.

In a squad of prisoners we found two or three who belonged to the Sixty-fifth Georgia. That number made us friends at once, and after a pleasant chat we gave them some hardtack and coffee, for which they were very grateful. "That's the first grain of coffee I've seen in four months," said one of them. They gave us an Atlanta newspaper, two or three days old. From it we learned—what was highly important if true—that Sherman's campaign was near its end and would utterly fail; that his army was dispirited, discontented, and dwindling in numbers, and was in such a sad plight that it must soon retreat! But, all the same, it kept right on!

We lay in camp three days, while General Sherman was making preparations to leap the river. On the 6th, Lieutenant Oliver H. P. Ayres, commanding the Sixth Ohio battery, was mortally wounded by a sharpshooter, while taking observations from a hill overlooking the river. The ball entered his thigh, severing an artery. Before the wound could be stanchd he had lost so much blood that he could not rally, and died two days later at Vining's station. When told that nothing more could be done for him, he expressed a wish that he could live to see his only child once more. The surgeon assured him that he could not recover, and

that if he had anything to say to family or friends he should do so at once. His wishes were hurriedly put into writing, and although fifteen minutes had not elapsed after being informed of his condition, he had not strength enough to sign his name in full, and within twenty minutes afterward he had ceased to breathe. His remains were sent to Chattanooga, and thence forwarded to Akron, Ohio. He was a brave, capable and faithful officer, and up to that time had shared all the fortunes of our battery.



AUGUSTUS NEOLTNER,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-
FOURTH.

His death was sincerely mourned by all his comrades, not only of the battery but those of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, by whom he was well known and esteemed. The command of the battery devolved upon Lieutenant Aaron P. Baldwin, a most efficient and energetic officer. The vacancy in the rank of first lieutenant was filled by the promotion of Second Lieutenant George W. James. Sergeant George R. Wright was promoted to second lieutenant.

The soldiers had a general washing of persons and clothing. There were few among officers or men who had the luxury of two

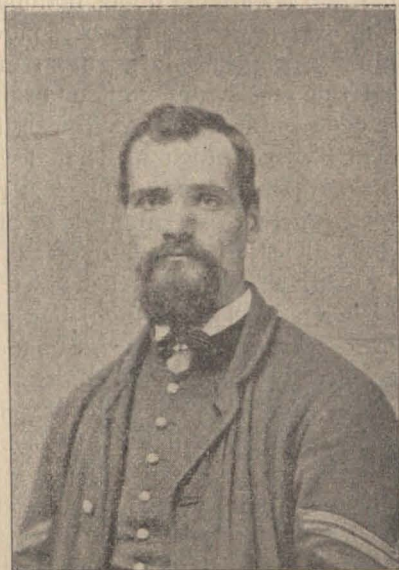
shirts. While their cleansed undergarments were drying, they went without any. It goes without saying that "graybacks" were plentiful.

At daylight on the 9th we were aroused and ordered to march at once, leaving behind tents and knapsacks. The information was vouchsafed that we would probably be absent two or three days, but beyond this we knew nothing. We imagined it to be a

"wild goose chase," and such it proved to be. With sixty rounds of ammunition, we got off at six o'clock, at a lively gait. As the day advanced the heat became almost intolerable. A number of men in the brigade were prostrated by sunstroke, two or three fatally. About the middle of the afternoon we reached the town of Roswell, on the Chattahoochee. Here had been three large cotton and woolen factories, employed to their fullest capacity in manufacturing cloth for the Confederate army. Nearly a thousand operatives, chiefly young women, had been employed. Now their occupation was gone, for the mills had been burned by the Union cavalry, two or three days before our arrival. The town was full of the women. We hadn't seen so many girls since we left Ohio, and of course the sight—it mattered little whether they were pretty or not—started the boys to cheering. Those young women ought to have felt highly complimented, but I don't think they did.

We forded the river—about three hundred yards wide and waist deep—took position on a high hill, threw up intrenchments, and lay down to rest and sleep. The next day we

moved half a mile, built more breastworks, and then went back to where we stayed the night before. On the 11th we recrossed the river, went into bivouac, intrenched again, and did some very successful foraging for chickens, pigs and vegetables. On the 12th we marched calmly back to our old camp, that we had left in



JACOB A. BARGER,
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.
Discharged December 16th, 1864, to accept commission as Second Lieutenant,
Ninth U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery.

such a hurry three days before. We had done nothing except march and dig, and what we went for is another of the many things that we will never know.

The following day we crossed the river by a pontoon bridge and camped for the night a mile beyond. Then we were ordered back to the river for fatigue duty. We spent the forenoon in swimming and the afternoon in building a road. The conditions were more favorable than at Hall's Gap, and we did a much better job. We lay around doing nothing except to go on picket until the 18th, when the Fourth corps moved six miles toward Atlanta. Bradley's brigade—Harker's no more—led the column. We found the rebels numerous and annoying, and three regiments were deployed in a heavy skirmish-line. The advance stirred up a rebel battery which made it decidedly uncomfortable for us. Shells were distributed in the most promiscuous way and regardless of expense. A number of men were killed or wounded. One of our batteries came up on the gallop, whirled into position, and quickly silenced the rebel guns.

We resumed the march, but had not gone more than a mile when that battery again opened on us. It was stationed upon a hill, directly in front of a church. Our battery again dashed to the front and exchanged compliments with the rebel gunners. Colonel Opdycke, commanding a demi-brigade, thought he would like to capture those guns. So he sent the Sixty-fifth to the right and his own regiment, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, to the left, with orders to close in upon it. We charged through the underbrush and briers in great shape, but when we reached the church the battery was galloping off in the distance. We found that several of our shells had knocked holes in the church. One exploded within, creating a general wreck of the interior. A fire had started but, with that respect for churches which was inherent in the heart of every soldier, the boys extinguished the flames. We halted for the night near a little place called Buckhead, seven miles from Atlanta.

Here is another of Woodruff's stories: Major Coulter and Adjutant Woodruff, of the Sixty-fourth, were in the habit, during their leisure moments, of indulging in discussions which, at times, were maintained with 'a zeal not born of knowledge.' Science,

law, history and military strategy, with many other subjects, furnished them topics upon which to differ. When Sherman's army was before Kennesaw, and had for some time failed to break Johnston's line, the major remarked that if he were in Sherman's place he would organize a 'forlorn hope' and break the rebel line *somewhere*. The adjutant replied that he believed Sherman was not driven to the necessity of organizing a forlorn hope yet.

A dispute was maintained for some time upon the meaning of the term. The major argued that it meant a resolute, determined charge by a portion of the army; while the adjutant contended that it implied a desperate alternative, an extreme resort. The question was referred to Chaplain Thompson, who sided with the adjutant. The major appealed to Colonel Dunlap, of the Third Kentucky, who favored the major's view. Here was a stand-off; so they agreed to leave it to Colonel Opdycke, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio, whose opinion was to be final. The party who first saw him was to state the question, and report his decision.

It was the adjutant's luck to present the matter, the day the division crossed the Chattahoochee river. The weather was excessively hot, and showery. The brigade camped in a forest, mostly of scrub oak. The mounted officers carried their tent flies upon their horses at that time, and depended upon saplings or limbs of trees over which to stretch them. As the adjutant had received his birth and training in the woods, he was assigned the duty of procuring the ridge-pole on this occasion.



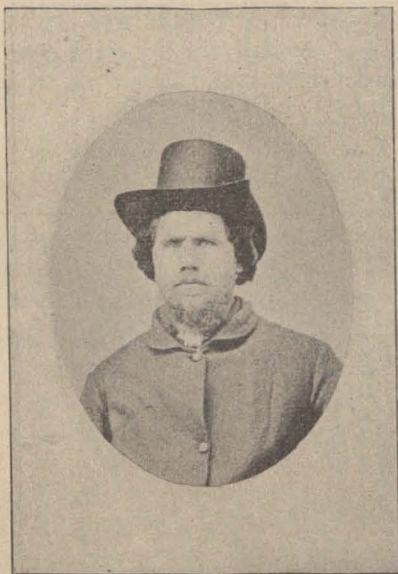
ISRAEL O. GASKILL,
CORPORAL, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FIFTH.

After searching for a long time among the scrub oaks, without finding even the semblance of a decent pole, he was compelled to select a short, knotty, crooked and tapering stick, that taxed almost his entire strength to carry. On the way to its destination he came upon Colonel Opdycke, in a thicket of scrubs. Resting his pole upon the ground, he exchanged salutations with the Colonel, and then stated the momentous question which had been referred to him. The colonel, with a comical expression on his

face, looked at the adjutant, who was bathed in sweat, and then at the pole, and said:

"The best illustration of a forlorn hope is the adjutant of the Sixty-fourth Ohio taking such a stick as that for a tent pole!"

The passage of the Chattahoochee river left no natural obstacle between Sherman's army and Atlanta. Much difficulty in crossing this stream had been anticipated, and it was a surprise that Johnston permitted Sherman to pass his army over with no more opposition than the sputtering fire of a skirmish line and a few random shells.



JOHN WERTZ.
SERGEANT, COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.

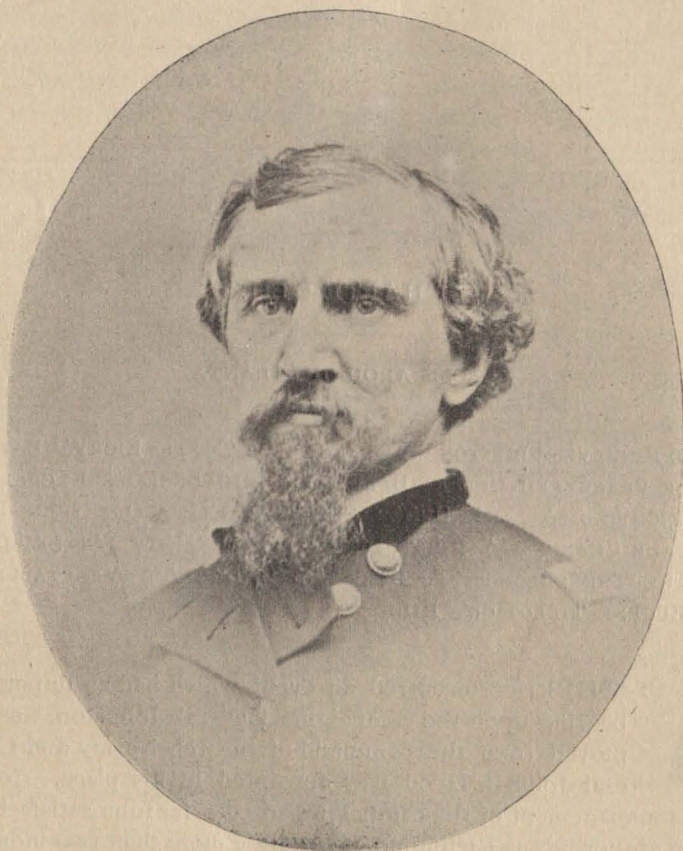
The Confederates had destroyed the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee. General Sherman at once set his engineers and mechanics at work to provide a substitute. This was done by building a long, high trestle, from shore to shore. The work was accomplished in an amazingly brief time. The dizzy looking structure proved to be stanch and safe. It served its purpose until, four months later, Sherman cut loose and started for Savannah, when the Chattahoochee bridge ceased to be a factor in the problem.

CHAPTER LII.

CLOSE AROUND ATLANTA.

HOOD RELIEVES JOHNSTON—A CHANGE THAT "MEANS FIGHT"—BATTLE OF PEACHTREE CREEK—BRADLEY'S BRIGADE DOES EXCELLENT FIGHTING—ATLANTA UNDER SIEGE—AT CLOSE QUARTERS—BRIGADE CHANGES—A NOISY DEMONSTRATION—HOW WE LIVED IN THE TRENCHES—FRESH BEEF AND DESICCATED VEGETABLES—EUGENE TILLOTSON'S RIDE.

AT THIS time occurred an event which had an important bearing upon the campaign. General Johnston was removed from the command of the rebel army and General John B. Hood was appointed in his place. Johnston's management of the campaign had been far from satisfactory to the authorities at Richmond. In a little more than two months he had retreated a hundred miles, and Sherman was now at the very gates of Atlanta. It is not to be wondered at that he was relieved. The southern people wanted a general who would fight rather than run. Such a one they found in Hood. He was a brave man, but rash and not properly equipped to handle a large army and conduct a great campaign. He had served two years in Lee's Virginia army, and was wounded at Gettysburg. Going



LUTHER P. BRADLEY,
COLONEL, FIFTY-FIRST ILLINOIS; BRIGADIER-GENERAL,
COMMANDING THIRD BRIGADE.

west with Longstreet, in command of a division, he lost a leg at Chickamauga. In the spring of 1864 he was assigned to the command of a corps in the army of Johnston at Dalton. General Schofield and General McPherson were classmates of Hood at West Point. General Sherman inquired of them as to his characteristics and at once made up his mind that the change "meant fight." He immediately issued orders to his corps, division, brigade and regimental commanders to hold themselves and their commands at all times in readiness for instant action. Events soon proved that these cautionary words were timely and judicious.

On the 19th the Sixty-fourth Ohio and Twenty-seventh Illinois, under the command of Colonel Robert C. Brown, were ordered to make a reconnoissance along the Decatur road, if possible as far as Peachtree creek. About three miles out, the column reached the creek and found the enemy's pickets in strong rifle-pits on the opposite bank, and the bridge burned. The situation was reported back to headquarters, and in a short time

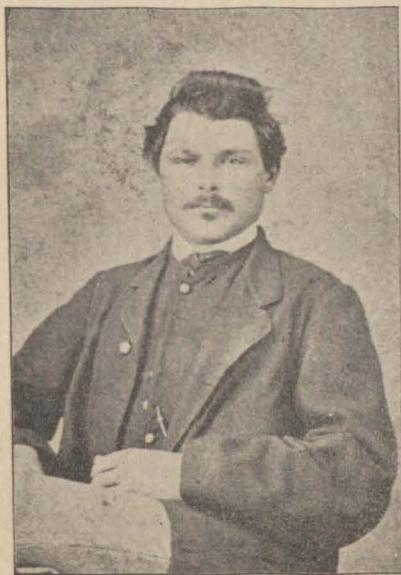
Colonel Brown's command was relieved by Stanley's division.

Hood did not wait long before showing his purpose to fight. He made the 20th of July an exciting day for us and many others of Sherman's army. On that day was fought the battle of Peachtree creek. The stress of the fighting fell upon the Twentieth corps, but we got enough of it to make it decidedly interesting. During the early part of the day we did a good deal of wild maneuvering, evidently in search of a place where we would



EDWARD G. POWELL,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FIFTH.

be expected to do something. At length we seemed to have found it, and our brigade was formed in mass for a charge upon the Confederate works, which were on high ground some four hundred yards distant, the intervening space being open, with no cover. With a vivid recollection of our experience at Kennesaw, we did not relish the prospect before us, and no regrets were expressed when, after a more careful survey of the ground, the plan was changed and the order to assault was revoked.



HENRY M. FISHER,
SERGEANT, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Killed at Spring Hill, Tenn.,
November 29th, 1864.

ments. They had not half finished their work, when a large mass of the enemy, in three successive lines, emerged from the woods and charged them, with blood-curdling yells. The Union soldiers withheld their fire until the rebels were within fifty yards and then delivered a volley so destructive that the assailants recoiled and fled in disorder.

At the left of the Second brigade was a deep ravine which was not occupied by our troops. It was soon discovered that a

At this time Hooker's Twentieth corps became heavily engaged at some distance to our right. Sherman's line was much attenuated and broken, McPherson and Schofield being six or eight miles to the left. It was Hood's evident purpose to burst through the Union center and disrupt the line. The roar of musketry and artillery upon our right indicated fierce fighting. Our division was advanced to support Hooker's left and foil any attempt to turn his flank. The first and second brigades were in the advance; ours, in reserve. The former halted and began to throw up intrench-

column of the enemy was moving through this ravine for the apparent purpose of gaining our rear. Our brigade was instantly dispatched to check this movement. We formed line of battle to the left of the road and parallel to it, and advanced. Reaching the crest of a low ridge our skirmishers came upon those of the enemy, not more than thirty yards distant. In their rear we could see a heavy line advancing upon us. Our position was not advantageous for defence, and our single brigade was evidently greatly inferior in strength to the force we must encounter. We were instantly ordered to "about face" and move back to the road, which was upon high ground and a good place to fight. We made our change of base at double-quick, and the rebels, supposing us to be in full retreat, followed swiftly, with loud cheers. Our officers were cautioned not to permit their men to keep on running after regaining the road, but to halt them there, face about and confront the enemy.

There was little need for the caution; our soldiers were too well schooled in war. There seemed to be scarcely a man in the ranks who did not comprehend, as well as those who wore shoulder straps, the situation of affairs and the need of the moment. At the road the men turned by a common impulse, and, partly covered by a fence, faced the foe. The rebel skirmishers were almost at our heels and the main body was not more than two hundred yards away. Our men poured into them a staggering volley and immediately began to "load and fire at will," each man working with the energy of desperation. Never did soldiers stand more bravely to their work. There was scarcely a laggard or a skulker. The rebels halted and delivered a volley, but they were upon much lower ground than ourselves and most of their shots passed harmlessly over our heads.

In the meantime two or three batteries had been brought up, on the other side of Peachtree creek, and so posted as to completely enfilade the rebel line. The guns opened with canister, and scarcely a dozen shots had been fired, when the Confederates broke and fled in dismay to the cover of the ravine, from which they had debouched before forming for the charge. They seemed to be satisfied for that day, as they did not re-appear to renew the attack. Our loss was singularly small, the killed and wounded

in our brigade numbering less than thirty, while that of the rebels in our front, judging from the dead and severely wounded left upon the field, was more than ten times that number.

As we did not move immediately, details were sent out to care for the rebel wounded. Sixty or more were brought in and received the attention of our surgeons. I have never forgotten a mere boy, belonging to a Georgia regiment, whom we brought in and laid upon a blanket under a tree. He was helpless, a bullet

having crushed his thigh. We gave him food and water, and did what else we could to mitigate his suffering. The tears gathered in his eyes as he said:

"They told us that you-all would kill us if you took us prisoners. I didn't think you'd be so kind to me!"

To the right Hooker repelled every assault. He lost near two thousand men, but inflicted upon the enemy a loss twice his own.

During the night of the 21st, the rebels retired within the defences of Atlanta. The forts and earthworks of all kinds were exceedingly strong. Thousands of negroes had been employed for weeks in their



JOHN L. SIMS,
CORPORAL COMPANY I, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Chickamauga, Ga.,
September 19th, 1863.

construction. On the 22nd we advanced until we were within half a mile of the fortifications and could go no farther. We were fired upon by a rebel battery with fatal effect. "Pony" Seavolt, a young musician of Company C, Sixty-fifth, was instantly killed by a solid shot. Several were wounded by fragments of shell. On this day occurred, upon the left, the most severe dis-

tinct engagement of the entire campaign, in which the much-lamented General McPherson was killed.

That day Captain Alfred A. Reed, of the Sixty-fourth, had an exceedingly close call. A cannon shot knocked into flinders a barricade of rails behind which he was lying. A large splinter struck him upon the head, tearing away a portion of the scalp and laying bare the skull. The doctors patched him up in pretty fair shape, but for a good while he was literally a "sore-head."

From this point dates the "siege of Atlanta," which continued five weeks. General Sherman disposed his army in a semi-circular line extending about half way around the town, and as near to the Confederate fortifications as possible. Orders were promulgated to build works that would be impregnable to assault. For a week the men toiled day and night, strengthening their position and protecting it by all the devices known to military art. For a time the rebels caused us constant annoyance by shelling our lines with the greatest industry. Every day men engaged upon the intrenchments were killed or wounded, but the work went right on. Forts were built and heavy siege guns were brought up and mounted in them. Within a few days after his arrival, Sherman began to throw shells into Atlanta and kept it up at frequent intervals during the siege. Many of the citizens dug caves in the earth, where they slept to escape the unwelcome visitors.

Day and night the Union army lay in the trenches, with muskets constantly loaded and at hand, ready for use. About once a



WILLIAM J. HOLDEN,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

week each regiment was permitted to go to the rear for a day and a night, to rest and "clean up." Here and there was a man who lived in utter disregard of cleanliness. A person directly from home might have thought this of all of us, judging from our appearance, but nine-tenths of the soldiers kept their bodies and their clothing in the best condition possible under the circumstances. In more than one case an incorrigible was taken to a stream by his comrades, who stripped him by main force and scrubbed him from head to foot. If he got mad about it, they only scrubbed the harder.

The enemy made frequent bluffs with both musketry and artillery, and at all times we were called to stand at the works, often for hours together. We changed our location several times as the line was now and then readjusted. Every possible chance was improved to gain an advantage of position. Tents were pitched close to the works, and during the quiet hours the men lay in their little shelters, sleeping, reading, writing or playing with the "pasteboards." The latter was the most popular method of whiling away the time. If a few shots were heard every man seized his musket and in ten seconds was in his place at the intrenchments. Whenever the rebel artillery opened there was a scramble for the shelter of the works. At the more exposed points many of the soldiers dug "gopher holes" into which they dodged like prairie dogs to avoid the missiles. A very strong line of outposts was maintained and picket duty was frequent and arduous. All the posts were protected by works impervious to bullets. In many cases the changing of pickets, once in twenty-four hours, had to be done at night, as the exposure by day was certain to provoke the enemy's fire.

The men of the Sixth battery constructed a furnace for heating shot, the material therefor being supplied by an old brick chimney. One afternoon in the early part of August, they put a lot of twelve-pound solid shot into the furnace, brought them to a red heat, and in the evening threw them over into Atlanta. A large fire was soon seen, which, according to statements of rebel pickets the next morning, was caused by the shot. It is scarcely necessary to say that the battery boys did not undertake the experiment of heating shells.

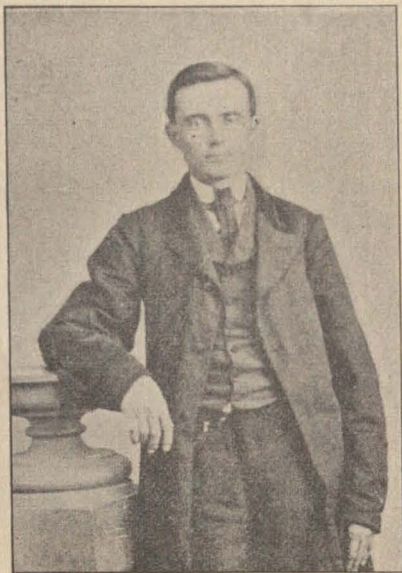
At this time some changes were made in the composition of our brigade and the number of its regiments was reduced from nine to seven. The term of the Twenty-second and Twenty-seventh Illinois, which were non-veteran regiments, expired, and they went to the rear to be mustered out of service. Colonel Opdycke was wanted to command the First brigade of the division, and he took the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Ohio with him. In its place we received the Fifteenth Missouri, Colonel Joseph Conrad. This was a St. Louis regiment, composed almost entirely of Germans. The men talked "Dutch" among themselves and the officers gave their commands in that language. But it was a most excellent regiment. One of its distinctive features was its splendid corps of trained buglers. After the death of McPherson, General Howard was taken to command the Army of the Tennessee, and General David S. Stanley succeeded to the command of the Fourth corps.

Two or three times we engaged in making those riotous demonstrations against the rebels, the purpose of which was to amuse them and divert their attention from some movement that was being executed at another point on our line. One of these, in the early part of August, was particularly protracted and noisy. The Army of the Tennessee was to undertake some important operation, and the men upon the outposts along the front of the Fourth corps were ordered to fire incessantly, yell, and in every way raise all the



JACOB LINDSAY,
SERGEANT, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Spring Hill, Tenn.,
Nov. 29th, 1864.

racket possible, to lead the Johnnies to believe we were going to assault. In the ordinary conditions of life deception is not classed among the Christian virtues, but "everything is fair in love and war," and it "went" in the army. In order to make the affair more impressive, an extra regiment from each brigade was sent to the outposts to swell the volume of noise. We happened to be on picket that day, and the boys had great sport. The rebel pickets were so near us that voices could be easily heard.



JOHN MARTIN,
CORPORAL, COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.

When the hour fixed for the demonstration arrived, the officers shouted with all the lung power at their command: "Forward! Double-quick! March!" and the buglers almost blew their heads off in sounding the advance. Then the fusillade began. From their well-intrenched posts the men fired a withering volley, shouting and yelling like savages. Then they kept loading and firing, each on his own account, with furious energy. The rebels returned the fire with equal vigor, and for two hours the woods fairly blazed with burning powder.

It was hard on the trees and bushes, which were the only sufferers. When it was "all over" they looked as if they had been swept by a mowing machine. In front of one post—the garrison of which had been reinforced for the occasion and numbered twelve or fifteen men—was an oak tree, six or eight inches in diameter. The men concentrated their fire upon that tree and within an hour the bullets cut it down. Its fall was greeted with prodigious yells. During those two hours the men fired from

eighty to a hundred rounds each. When the riot ceased, we were relieved and went to the rear to refill our empty cartridge boxes. We do not know whether we scared anybody or not, but if we didn't it certainly was not our fault, for we tried hard and made noise enough. After the order was given to cease firing this colloquy occurred:

"I say, Yank!"

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Think ye'r raisin' Cain, don't ye?"

"Oh, that's all right, Johnny; jest havin' a little fun with ye! We've got more bullets 'n we know what ter do with 'n' we thought you rebs 'd like ter have a few of 'em. Ye better gather 'em up, ye may need 'em!"

"Oh, come off! We'un's got 'nough ter make you-all mighty sick! Hood's a fighter, *he* is! But say, when ye goin' ter take Atlanta."

"We'll git thar, Eli, one o' these fine mornin's! Goin' after some more catridges now; watch out when we come back. Good bye, Johnny!"

"Good bye, Yank!"

The weather during August was extremely hot. The men literally sweltered in the trenches and under their "pup" tents. At night myriads of mosquitoes swarmed about the picket posts and gave us as much annoyance as did the rebels. Mails were as regular as could be expected, usually three or four each week. Most of the time we had full rations of the three essentials, hard-tack, bacon and coffee, but the daily bill of fare became painfully monotonous. There was no possible chance to do any foraging, and the soldiers would have given a week's pay for a supply of vegetables.

At long intervals fresh beef was issued, cattle being driven on the hoof all the way from Chattanooga. They didn't find much to eat on the way, and by the time they reached the army they were little more than a structural framework of bones. The boys used to say as they picked their bones—that is, the beef bones—that the commissary people killed each night the animals which were so nearly played out that they could not endure another day's march, and this seemed to be very near the truth. The

hind quarters furnished about all the meat that was edible, and even that is not saying much. But the fact that the animals were not all hind quarter caused a great deal of friction in the matter of distribution. Each company always insisted that it was its turn to have steak, and there were many heated arguments between the commissary-sergeants and the orderlies. "Jim" Mills, the purveyor of the Sixty-fifth, was not a profane man; it is a wonder that he did not become sow hile issuing fresh beef during the Atlanta campaign.

Three-quarters of the men only got skinny ribs and lean soup-shanks, and they did swearing enough to go around.

All the commissary sergeants had this cross to bear, for human nature was much alike in all regiments and there was everywhere the same disturbance over the apportionment of fresh beef. It will be appropriate to narrate here a beef incident that occurred in the Sixty-fourth, although its chronological place would be a year earlier. One day, while we were in camp at Hillsboro, Tennessee, Commissary-sergeant William H. Farber had one of his periodical struggles with a beef carcass. He carefully



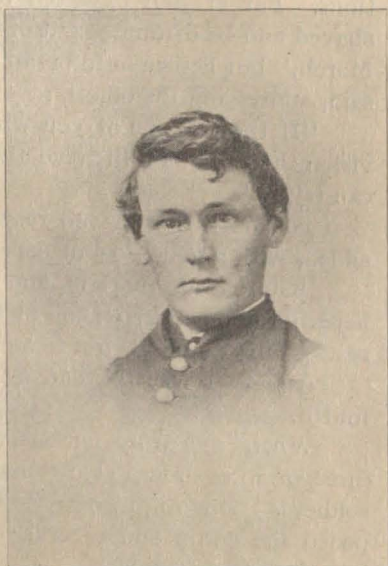
WILBER F. HULET,
CORPORAL, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Chickamauga, Ga., Sep-
tember 20th, 1863.

superintended the carving and brought all the energies of his intellect to bear upon the matter of its equitable division. He arranged the pieces in ten piles, referring to a memorandum, which he kept to see which companies were due for steak, and which must this time be content with neck, shank or rib. When he had

finished his task he surveyed the heaps with calm satisfaction and then yelled:

"Orderlies, fer yer fresh beef!"

The orderlies were promptly on hand and kicking began at once, with even greater violence than usual, for the "critter" had been a lean one and the spread was not tempting. Two or three of the orderlies, who found steak in their portions, were estopped from joining in the insurrection, but all the others jumped on Farber, vehemently declaring in chorus, that they had neck and shank *all* the time, and nothing else. Conscious of his rectitude, Farber assured them that he had endeavored to divide the beef with perfect fairness. He showed them his record of previous issues, but they pronounced it a fraud. Their memories were short, and none of them could remember ever having had any of the choice cuts. They charged him with always providing a good supply of porterhouse or sirloin for his own mess—the non-commissioned staff. At length Farber got hot under the collar and declared his ultimatum, that each of them could take his assigned portion or go without.



WILBUR F. HINMAN,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Several of the orderlies, knowing that they would catch "Hail Columbia" from the men, refused to do so. They went at once to their respective company commanders and entered formal complaint against the commissary-sergeant, and this was promptly carried up to Colonel McIlvaine. The latter, in his brusque, excited way, determined to settle the matter once for all. Summon-

ing the company commanders he bore down upon Farber with fire in his eye. In words that scorched, he told Farber, who stood quaking in his shoes, of the complaints that had come to his ears, and of his purpose to go to the bottom of the difficulty, then and there. The officers all stood around those piles of meat and held an inquest over the remains, McIlvaine acting as coroner. The colonel examined Farber's list, showing the number of men in each company, and, with a critical eye, scanned the various portions. Farber half expected to be sentenced to have his head shaved and be drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March," but he began to breathe freely when Colonel McIlvaine said, addressing the officers:

"If there is one of you who thinks he can make a fairer division than that, I will have the meat thrown into a pile and he can try it."

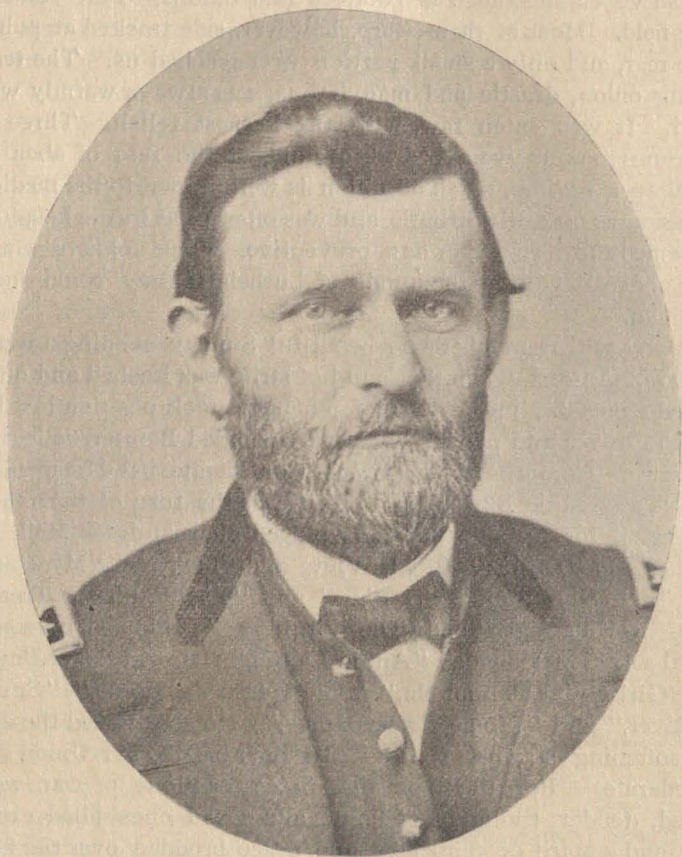
To this there was no response, and after a pause the colonel added, with a good deal of asperity;

"Go to your quarters, and any officer or man who grumbles hereafter about the division of beef will be at once put under arrest. This thing has got to stop right here!"

And that was the end of the great beef riot in the Sixty-fourth.

When the army left Chattanooga it had with it a herd of three or four thousand cattle, convoyed by an entire brigade of soldiers. One night, near Resaca, a furious thunder-storm stampeded the cattle and several hundred of them galloped directly into the enemy's lines.

Occasionally we received small portions of desiccated vegetables—the result of a scheme evolved by some genius to supply the soldiers with vegetable food. The stuff came in slabs about a foot square and an inch thick. It was composed of a mixture containing pretty nearly everything known to the vegetable kingdom. By hydraulic or some other pressure all the juices were squeezed out, leaving only the fiber, and this would "keep" for an indefinite period. The boys made great sport of it at first, but they found it good and wholesome. It was used in the form of soup, of which a cubic inch would make a quart. Of course its scientific name, "desiccated" was speedily changed to "dese-



ULYSSES S. GRANT,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING ARMY AT CHATTANOOGA AND
MISSIONARY RIDGE,

crated" or "consecrated," and the boys never called it anything else. The great Sanitary Commission—a noble organization extending throughout the entire north—undertook to send supplies of fresh vegetables, such as potatoes and onions, to the soldiers in the field. Most of them were, however, side-tracked at points in the rear, and only a small portion ever reached us. The tear-starting onion, drastic and malodorous, was always warmly welcomed. It was eaten raw, with the keenest relish. Three or four times onions were passed around, at the rate of about a bushel to a regiment. The onion is well known to the medical profession as an anti-scorbutic, and was often used in the hospitals as a remedy for scurvy, or as a preventive. The soldiers would gladly have devoured thousands of bushels if they could have had them.

Many will remember one beautiful Sunday evening toward the end of August, when the sound of strife was hushed and quiet reigned along the lines. One of our bands took position just behind the works and played "The Star-spangled Banner," eliciting loud cheers from the soldiers. A Confederate band responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and it was the turn of the rebels to cheer. For an hour the bands played alternately—"Hail Columbia" and "Dixie;" "Red, White and Blue" and "My Maryland;" "Rally Round the Flag" and "The Palmetto Tree;" "John Brown's Body" and "Ole Virginny;" followed by sentimental selections, such as "Annie Laurie," "Bowld Soger Boy," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Old Kentucky Home," "Suwannee River," and "Home, Sweet Home." No shot vexed the ear. The softening strains of music cast their spell over Union and Confederate. For the time the fierce passions of war were hushed, tender thoughts of home and loved ones filled every heart, and a spirit of gentleness and peace brooded over the hostile armies.

Captain Thomas E. Tillotson, of the Sixty-fourth—his comrades usually addressed him by his middle name, Eugene—was at this time serving on the staff of General John Newton commanding the division, his position being that of acting assistant inspector general. While the army was lying in the trenches before Atlanta, Tillotson had an experience that was enough to

bleach the hair of the average man. One of his functions was to have supervision of the picket line. Whenever the troops halted in a new position, it was his duty to post the pickets. One day General Newton, who was sometimes a little querulous, asked the captain how many men he had on the picket line covering the front of the division.

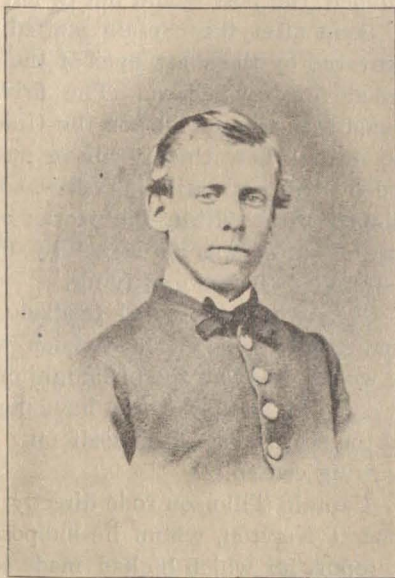
"I cannot say exactly, sir," answered Tillotson, saluting, "but we have the usual force out there."

"You don't know!" exclaimed the general, fiercely. "A fine inspector you are, not to know how many men you have on post. It's your business to know, and I want you to find out, and be quick about it, too!"

Now everyone who remembers Tillotson as a soldier, knows that he never flinched in the face of danger, and that he was conspicuously faithful and conscientious in the performance of duty. So marked were his courage and efficiency that at the close of the war he was brevetted major, for "gallant and meritorious services."

Stung by the sharp and ungracious words of his chief, his face flushed as he touched his hat and replied: "All right, General, I'll find out at once and let you know." Then he put spurs to his horse and dashed away.

Tillotson decided that the way to obtain the desired information was to go and see. He determined not to go on foot, either, although that would have been far less dangerous. So he picked



ARTHUR ANDREWS,
CORPORAL, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.
[Known to the regiment as "Johnny Bull."]

his way on horseback through the opening in the abattis and brush in front of the breastworks, and rode out so near to the picket line that he could see the piles of fresh earth which indicated the location of the picket posts; for all the videttes were protected by small intrenchments. So close were the hostile lines that the change of pickets could only be made at night. He began at the left and counted the dirt piles, multiplying the total by three, that being the number of men on each post. They were stationed in this way so that if one or two should be killed or wounded, the post would not be left unguarded.

Soon after the captain started on his perilous ride, he was discovered by the sharp eyes of the rebel pickets, who promptly opened fire upon him. The firing rapidly increased until it seemed that an attack upon the Union line was about to be made. The bullets flew thickly above and around him, but Tillotson heeded them not until his task was fully accomplished. Then he galloped back within the works as fast as his horse could carry him. That he was not struck by the flying missiles was to him as strange as it was gratifying.

Meanwhile, the rebel fusillade had been attended with the usual result. The entire division was formed in line of battle at the works, to await the onslaught of the foe. But our pickets did not come in, as they would have done had the enemy advanced, and the scare soon wore itself out. After Tillotson disappeared the firing ceased.

Captain Tillotson rode directly to the spot where he had left General Newton, whom he supposed to be impatiently awaiting the report for which he had made such a peppery demand. But the general had returned to his headquarters as soon as he discovered that the noise on the picket line did not mean business. Tillotson found him and reported the exact number of men on the line of outposts. The general had evidently forgotten the errand upon which he had sent him, for as he looked at man and horse, both dripping with perspiration, he asked:

"How do you know?"

"I counted them, sir!" said Tillotson.

"Was that you out there in front drawing the fire of the rebels, which alarmed the army and caused that rush to the works?"

"Yes, General, it was!"

"Well, sir," replied Newton, "all I have to say is that you were a fool!" prefacing the last word with the usual sheolic adjective.

"Yes, General Newton, I believe I was!" said Tillotson, dumbfounded to find that his dangerous ride had been worse than useless.

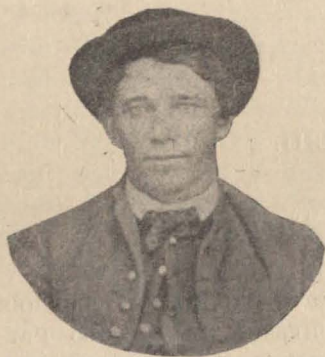
CHAPTER LIII.

"ATLANTA IS OURS, AND FAIRLY WON!"

SHERMAN'S PERPLEXING PROBLEM—HOW IT IS SOLVED—ANOTHER GREAT FLANK MOVEMENT—THE REBELS REJOICE TOO PREVIOUSLY—DESTROYING A RAILROAD—HOOD YIELDS THE PRIZE—AT LOVEJOY'S STATION—FAREWELL TO THE THIRD KENTUCKY—BACK TO ATLANTA—OUR LOSSES DURING THE CAMPAIGN—A BRIEF SOJOURN IN A PLEASANT CAMP.

DURING all these weeks General Sherman had been seeking a solution of the perplexing problem—how to take Atlanta. To carry its formidable defences by assault was out of the question; no weak spot could be found which offered promise of success. Nothing could be gained by lying idly where we were. It only remained to try the effect of another great turning movement, and this Sherman decided to do, by throwing the body of his army upon the railroads to the southward of Atlanta. Orders were issued on the 24th of August to march that night. The Twentieth corps was directed to take post at the Chattahoochee river, to protect the railroad bridge. The movement began soon after nightfall. At the usual hour all the buglers

blew the customary calls, "retreat" and "tattoo," and fires were replenished. All this was to inform the enemy that there was nothing going on out of the ordinary within the Union lines. The movement was by the right, to the west and south of the town, by a wide detour, to avoid detection as long as possible. Beginning at the extreme left of the long line, one regiment and brigade after another broke off, silently left the trenches, and marched swiftly to the right, in rear of the intrenchments.



VENNING M'DONALD,
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

At dark we struck tents and put ourselves in order for traveling. We were directed to be ready to march at ten o'clock, but it was much later when we got off. Hour after hour the troops from the left streamed past in continuous procession. Soon after midnight our brigade moved out into the darkness. Silence was enjoined upon all. The wheels of the artillery were muffled to deaden their noise. For two hours our journey was exceedingly wearisome. We halted and marched alternately, five minutes at a time, and by

two o'clock we had made but a couple of miles. By that time they got the kinks out of the long column and we marched very rapidly until daylight. We halted in rear of the Seventeenth corps, and, after an hour for breakfast, began, from sheer force of habit, to throw up intrenchments. Before the work was fairly under way we were ordered to fall in, and off we went, making but a few brief halts until four o'clock in the afternoon, when we pitched tents on the bank of Utoy creek. After two hours of hard labor, building breastworks, we ate our suppers and threw ourselves upon the ground to sleep. The men had not closed their eyes since morning of the previous day. Many were prostrated by heat and exertion and all were greatly exhausted.

The peering eyes and listening ears of the Confederate pickets around Atlanta did not until dawn discover the evacuation.

When morning broke they missed the familiar crack of muskets. Venturing to reconnoiter, they found the Union works deserted. Sherman's army had disappeared as completely as if it had been swallowed by an earthquake. The rebels at once jumped to the conclusion that Sherman had given it up as a bad job. General Hood gleefully telegraphed to Richmond and other points in the south that the siege was raised and the Yankees were in full retreat. The south was thrown into a paroxysm of rejoicing. Congratulations poured in upon General Hood, while his soldiers indulged in frantic demonstrations of delight. But this did not last long. Before twenty-four hours had passed, Hood knew that Sherman was flanking again, and bestirred himself to meet the menace to his rear.

In the afternoon of the 27th we resumed the march, advancing about six miles. We traveled slowly and it was nearly dark when we halted for the night. The Sixty-fifth was ordered to occupy a hill a short distance in front of the line, and there we worked till midnight, fortifying our position. Since leaving Atlanta we had passed through a country abounding in forage of all kinds, and supplied ourselves plenteously with green corn and vegetables, and an occasional pig or chicken.

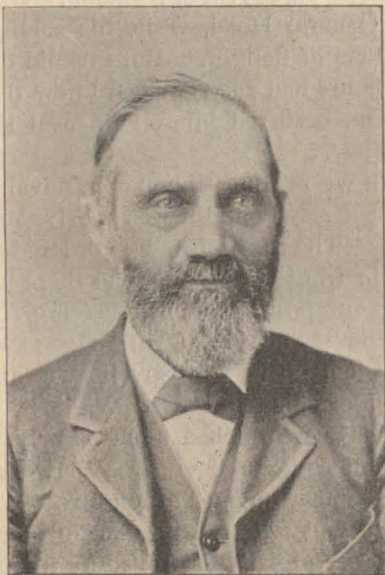
During the ensuing three days we hitched along slowly, a few miles at a time, building half a dozen lines of breastworks and skirmishing with rebel cavalry that hovered around us. We reached the Montgomery railroad and followed it some distance toward Atlanta. The track had been totally destroyed by troops in advance of us, all the ties having been burned and the rails bent and twisted. We learned that a picnic train had passed toward Atlanta half an hour before the troops reached the road. However, the left of the line captured the train—seven cars with their load of fried chicken, etc., as well as the fair damsels who expected a good time in celebrating the raising of the siege of Atlanta. The ladies were allowed to make their way homeward on foot.

During the night of the 30th, being on picket, we observed and reported the southward movement of a large body of Confederate troops, by a road half a mile in our front. This was the force sent by Hood, under Hardee, to Jonesboro, where it was

soundly whipped by the Fourteenth corps. On the 31st we were kept constantly dodging about from one point to another. We built that day four different lines of intrenchments, and didn't fire a shot from either of them. At night we came to a pause within a mile of the railroad to Macon. Wood's division had already reached this road, and a long stretch of smoke told that it was engaged in the work of destruction. Every man in Sherman's army knew that the success of the movement was already assured, and

the night was vocal with shouts and cheers.

On the morning of September 1st we took an early start and marched to the Macon railroad. Our division stacked arms and the men were told to "go in." They went, with a glad alacrity that cannot be described. We had suffered a good many times from the cutting of our crackerline, and this was the first time our boys had found an opportunity to administer to the rebels a dose of their own medicine. It was a novel experience, and officers and men sprang to the work with the greatest zeal and vigor, not forgetting to



DAVID A. SCOTT,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

give vent to their satisfaction in loud and repeated yells. A long row of men ranged themselves, as close together as they could stand, at one side of the track. Seizing the rails and ties they just tipped over the track, bottom side up. The ties were then disengaged, laid in piles, and the torch was applied. Across these piles the rails were laid. The flames were stimulated by brush and dry logs that were heaped upon them. When the rails were at a red heat in the middle, for a distance of three or four feet, they were

bent around trees and stumps, twisted and distorted into all imaginable shapes, and left to cool. Railroad iron worn out or destroyed in the south could not be replaced, and we knew that it would be many a day before *that* road would be used again, for the job was well and thoroughly done.

About the middle of the afternoon we rested from our labors, having finished the task assigned us. After an interview with our haversacks, we fell in and marched to a point near Jonesboro, where severe fighting was in progress. The Fourteenth corps captured an entire brigade and ten pieces of artillery. The Fourth was scheduled to get in the rear and cut off the retreat of the enemy. We tried hard to reach the right spot on time, but the distance was too great, and the rebels got away. We captured a large field hospital, in which were several hundred Confederate wounded. We do not claim any glory for that achievement, but it lay directly in our path, and we took possession. One of the most unpleasant sights I ever looked upon was a heap of eight or ten legs and arms that had been amputated.

During the night of September 1st we were startled by heavy and continuous explosions in the direction of Atlanta. At times it sounded like the roar of artillery, as though a battle were in progress. Later the sky was illumined by the glare of a conflagration. We did not *know* what caused the disturbance but we guessed, and correctly, that Hood was evacuating Atlanta. Early in the morning of the 2nd, a reconnoitering force from the Twentieth corps, at the crossing of the Chattahoochee, entered Atlanta unopposed, and soon afterward the city was formally surrendered by the mayor to General Slocum. Before noon of that day a courier reached General Sherman with a message from Slocum informing him of the event, and it was immediately published to the army. *Such* yelling! "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won," was the dispatch sent by Sherman to Washington. It electrified the people of the north, being everywhere greeted with the liveliest rejoicing and patriotic enthusiasm.

About ten o'clock on the 2nd, the Fourth corps started in pursuit of the rebel force which had retreated after the battle of the previous day. Passing through Jonesboro, we continued southward to Lovejoy's station, where, in the afternoon, we found the

enemy occupying a strong position and hard at work throwing up intrenchments. Bradley's brigade was in the advance and it was ordered to storm the rebel works, which were upon the crest of a ridge, the intervening space being an open field, without cover of any kind. It had an ugly look, and pulses quickened and hearts throbbed as we lay in momentary expectation of the word to go forward. After a careful inspection of the position and a consultation of the generals, it was decided that an assault would be

extra-hazardous, inevitably entailing great loss of life, and the enterprise was abandoned. The brigade was ready to go at command, but there was not a man in it who did not experience a sense of relief when word was passed along the line that the order to charge had been countermanded.

The Sixty-fourth had a very warm encounter with the enemy's skirmishers at Lovejoy's. Sergeant Andrew Towsley, of Company G, a most excellent soldier, was killed, and a number were wounded.

Here ended the Atlanta campaign, which, for continuous marching, fighting and intrenching of



ALBERT C. WHITE,
DRUMMER, COMPANY D, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Aged 9 years and 29 days; the
youngest soldier in the Brigade.

purpose on the part of the commanding general, and the courage and endurance of the officers and soldiers composing his army, has no parallel in the record of the war except in the contemporaneous campaign of General Grant against Lee. The losses of the Sixty-fourth, from Rocky Face ridge to Lovejoy's, were: officers, three killed, six wounded; enlisted men, twenty-five killed, one

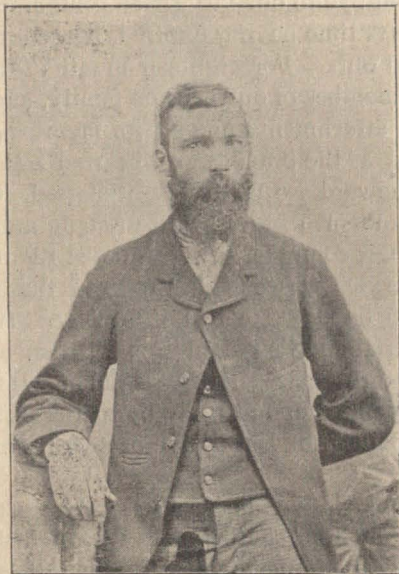
hundred wounded, three captured—total, one hundred and thirty-seven. The Sixty-fifth lost: officers, two killed (besides General Harker), four wounded; enlisted men, nine killed, fifty-five wounded, two missing—total, seventy-two. The loss of the Sixth battery was: killed or mortally wounded, one officer, four enlisted men; wounded, seven. Harker's brigade entered the campaign in May with about twenty-six hundred men. Its losses in killed and wounded were ten hundred and forty-one—forty per cent.

At Lovejoy's we bade good-bye to our "esteemed contemporary," the Third Kentucky. Its time having expired, it was ordered to the rear to be mustered out. For eighteen months this excellent regiment had been a member of our brigade family, and we had formed many warm attachments among its members. Hearty cheers were exchanged as the brave, warm-hearted Kentuckians turned their steps homeward. Just before it started, it was visited by many officers and men of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, who mingled with their comrades, congratulated them that their long and faithful service was ended, and gave them friendly farewells. We always liked the Third Kentucky. It was composed of excellent material and its record was without a stain. Whenever we were in a tight place, if that regiment was at hand we knew it could be depended upon to stay by to the last extremity. In one of its companies the last of five brothers was killed at Kennesaw.

After lying two days at Lovejoy's, we marched leisurely back to Atlanta, the prize of the four months' campaign. We pitched our camp a mile and a half east of the town, near the battle ground of July 22nd, where General McPherson was killed. It was understood that we would remain there a considerable time, for a season of rest after the arduous service since leaving Chattanooga in May. It is likely that this program would have been carried out had not General Hood perversely spoiled our calculations. As it was we stayed at Atlanta just sixteen days.

Three days after our arrival we moved, to secure a better location, and here we fixed up quarters in fine style. The camp was regularly laid out, and each company placed over its row of tents a canopy of boughs, which afforded excellent shelter from the blazing sun. Many of the officers built huts, from materials obtained by tearing down buildings, roofing them with their shel-

ter tents. Captain Phil. McCune, Sergeant George W. McFadden and the writer, of the Sixty-fifth, built unto themselves a tabernacle that they thought was a *little* more aristocratic in appearance than any other in the brigade. To cap the climax, they borrowed one of Uncle Sam's wagons, hauled a load of brick a mile, and worked a whole day paving the floor of their "shebang" and their front door-yard for a distance of ten or twelve feet. It was a gorgeous affair, exciting the envy of all the rest, who didn't have



JAMES E. M'BRIDE,
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FIFTH.

brick pavements. The very next day the brigade pulled up stakes and bade farewell to Atlanta! Then how the other fellows enjoyed poking all sorts of fun at that elaborate dwelling. As for its architects and builders, words could not give utterance to their outraged feelings!

The high officers whose word was our law considerably refrained from issuing orders for three or four drills per day. We just wanted to rest and were permitted to do so. The boys felt that they already knew as much of Hardee's

□ Tactics as it was necessary for them to know. There

was nothing to do except now and then a trick of guard duty, the necessary work about camp, and an occasional foraging trip. We would have been glad to stay there two months instead of two weeks. Thousands of the soldiers visited the great lines of intrenchments, behind which the hostile army had lain so long.

The men of the brigade turned in and built of poles and boughs a fine church edifice, patterned after the one we had at Murfreesboro. Sunday, September 18th, was appointed for its

dedication. A large audience assembled, and three or four chaplains were present, all of them loaded. The services had scarcely begun when a terrific storm of wind and rain burst upon the camp, and the congregation summarily dismissed itself, without waiting for a benediction. In the evening Chaplain Powell, of the Sixty-fifth, preached, and that was the first and last sermon delivered in that church.

Captain Charles O. Tannehill, one of the bravest and best of the officers of the Sixty-fifth, who wore the biggest and most brigandish moustache in the brigade, resigned and left for Ohio. He was accompanied by Chaplain Powell, who went to look after a large amount of local bounties due the veterans.

While at Atlanta a brigade court-martial was appointed to work off the cases that had been accumulating for many months. The detail for the court was: Major Coulter, Sixty-fourth Ohio, president; Captain Bagley, Seventy-ninth Illinois; Lieutenant Shellenberger, Sixty-fourth Ohio; Lieutenant Eckert, Fifteenth Missouri; Captain Hinman, Sixty-fifth Ohio. Had we remained in camp the grist could have been ground in a week, but we soon started on a galloping trip over three states. The court was a migratory concern, holding its sessions at odd spells, when opportunity offered, for several weeks, disposing of some thirty cases.

When this court first assembled, one of its members, a young officer who had never before seen such a tribunal, repaired to the place of meeting, his mind filled with thoughts of the high honor that had been conferred upon him, and the pride his mother would feel, could she see him sitting in that judicial body. As he entered the tent, he noticed a smile upon the faces of his compatriots which was not quite like an ordinary friendly greeting. He took the only vacant seat, with an air which seemed to say, "I am here; now let the services begin!" Major Coulter, the presiding officer, caught his eye and beckoned to him. As he drew near, the major said, in a low voice:

"Captain, an officer on duty always wears his sword!"

A quick glance showed him that every other member of the court was duly panoplied with sword and sash. They all waited while he went sheepishly to his quarters and rigged himself up according to regulations. But he couldn't imagine of what earthly

use "cheese knives" could be in a court, unless they were to be employed in summarily carrying out, then and there, the sentences that might be imposed. When he returned, blushing like a June sunset, everybody laughed, except that verdant young captain, whose name was Hinman.

CHAPTER LIV.

MORE ABOUT THE BATTERY.

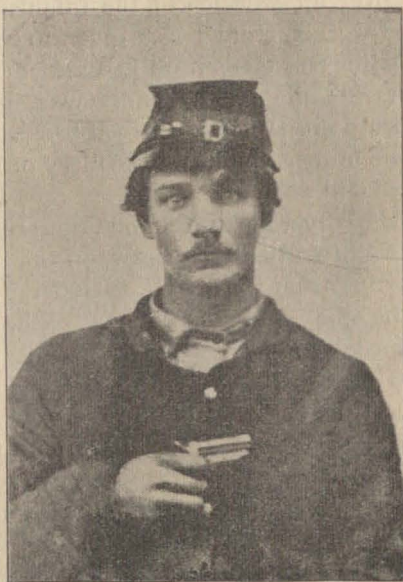
ITS CONSTANT AND ARDUOUS DUTY—FREQUENT USE FOR THE GUNS—
MOURNING FOR LIEUTENANT AYRES—BEFORE ATLANTA—AFTER
THE EVACUATION—NEW GUNS AND A MONTH OF REST.

THE Sixth battery shared in all the movements and operations that have been described. It was almost constantly on duty, and every day added to the high reputation of its officers and men for efficiency, faithfulness and cheerful endurance. More than once this battery was called upon when some special service was desired, requiring judgment, skill and courage, and it was often commended by single and double starred generals for its excellent work.

During the latter half of June, copious and long-continued rains rendered the movement of artillery exceedingly difficult.

Under the ceaseless tread of men and animals, the field of military operations was a vast quagmire. Changes of position were frequent, but it was often necessary to double teams on the guns and caissons. Sometimes the wheels sank to the hubs in the soft earth and became immovable. They could only be extricated by a swarm of men to reinforce the horses, with shovels, levers, skids and ropes. The only comforting feature of the situation was in the thought that the rain was no respecter of persons, falling alike upon the just and the unjust, and the Johnnies, artillery and infantry, had the same crosses to bear that we did.

On June 21st the battery was in action nearly the whole day. The left section, Lieutenant James, alone fired one hundred and ninety-eight rounds. So hot was the cannonade that several times the rebels were driven from their rifle-pits. In the afternoon the Union pickets advanced, occupied the Confederate line of outposts, reconstructed them to face the other way, and greatly strengthened them. All this was done while the artillery on both sides was firing over the heads of the pickets, and the rebel sharpshooters were keeping up a constant fusillade. The Sixth battery was personally complimented by General Howard for the excellent serving of its guns.



JAMES MILTON THOMAS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY D, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The exercises on the next day were much the same—frequent exchanges with the rebel batteries and occasional periods of heavy firing. Cannonading at distant points to the right and left indicated activity all along the line. During that night a

change of position by the infantry found the battery at the extreme left of the Fourth corps and at the right of the Fourteenth. There was more pounding on the 23rd. Directly in front of Kennesaw the firing was particularly heavy. At three o'clock in the afternoon the left section retired from the line and moved three-quarters of a mile to the right, followed soon afterward by the other sections. At four o'clock the battery, in conjunction with others, opened a tremendous fire, the purpose of which was to cover an advance of the infantry. After twenty minutes of rapid work the order was given to cease firing, and a heavy skirmish line dashed forward in an attempt to dislodge the rebels from their rifle-pits. The effort was unsuccessful, and after losing severely the Union troops fell back to their former position. Until late in the evening the artillery of both armies was exceedingly active and noisy.

For several days the conditions remained unchanged. During the assault upon Kennesaw, on the 27th, the battery assisted in diverting from the attack. General Harker was greatly beloved by the officers and men of the Sixth, and his death, that day, was as sincerely lamented by them as it was by the members of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth.

At the end of June an order was promulgated reducing all six-gun batteries to four guns each. General Sherman, in writing of the Atlanta campaign, gives two reasons for this order. One was the increasing scarcity of horses and the difficulty in supplying them with sufficient forage; the other, that the experience of the first two months of the campaign showed that he had a surplusage of artillery, above what was really needed. The result proved that the efficiency of the army was not impaired by the reduction of artillery. There were already a few four-gun batteries, but this order sent temporarily to the rear nearly one-third of this arm of the service. Of the Sixth battery, Number three and Number six pieces were detached and sent back to Chattanooga. The most serviceable horses and a full complement of men for the four guns were retained, putting the reorganized battery in the best possible condition for future duties.

July began with a day of comparative quiet. Just at evening the artillery broke loose at several points on the line, and



JOHN NEWTON,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, COMMANDING SECOND DIVISION,
FOURTH CORPS.

the Sixth chimed in with a few rounds, by way of diversion. Next morning the firing began before dawn, and the thundering cannon awoke the echoes far and near. The Sixth was ordered about sunrise to open, and its guns were busy for thirty minutes. Then a great yelling was heard on the picket line and the artillery held its peace for a time, but broke out again with renewed zeal and vigor. At dusk the battery moved two miles to the left, going into position on the line which had just been vacated by the Fifteenth corps.

Daylight of the 3rd disclosed "Old Glory" floating from the crest of Kennesaw. Again the enemy had gone to the rear. The battery marched at eight o'clock, halting at the headquarters of the Fourth corps till after noon, when it resumed the movement. It passed to the right of Marietta, and at dark went into camp.

The "glorious Fourth" was a day of excitement and frequent alarms, but the battery did not indulge to any great extent in the combustion of powder. At ten o'clock an order to be ready to march was received, but it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the battery got away. It moved three-quarters of a mile to the left and front and went into park.

In the morning the Sixth was on the war-path again. Marching at nine o'clock, after advancing about three miles it came upon the heels of the retreating Confederates. It quickly whirled into position and the gunners amused themselves by shelling the enemy's trains, causing a wild stampede to get out of range. The left section, Lieutenant James, was in the rear, and was ordered forward at double-quick. Cannoneers were mounted and advanced, at a fast trot, halting in a cotton-field, near the Chattahoochee river. The rebel works on the other side were in plain view. A rebel battery which had just crossed was going into position when the guns of the Sixth opened. They had fired but two or three rounds when a very spirited reply was made by two Confederate batteries across the river, and for a time the climate was exceedingly warm. The left section expended all the ammunition in its limber chests. The rebel fire slackened and then ceased. The battery changed its location some two hundred yards to the right, where it took position on a knoll, and the men hastily threw up intrenchments. During the day not a man or horse in

the battery was harmed, although the gun carriages bore scars of the conflict.

Very early on the morning of the 6th, the battery opened upon the rebel works on the other side of the Chattahoochee, keeping it up at intervals during the forenoon. The rebel gunners joined in the conversation and made it a very lively day. One of the Confederate batteries fired shot which were without flanges, and these made a peculiarly wicked, whizzing noise that was quite terrifying. It was shortly before noon of this day that First Lieutenant Oliver H. P. Ayres received a fatal shot. The circumstances of his death have been narrated in a previous chapter. He walked some two hundred yards to the right and front, in order to get a better view of the enemy's position. When struck, in the thigh, he fell to the ground and called for assistance. Several members of the battery, hearing his cries, went to him, and bore him back to the field hospital.

During the night of the 6th there was a dense fog. At the distance of only a few yards, nothing whatever could be seen. To guard against the possibility of a surprise, the gunners stood at their pieces all night, and nearly the entire battery was on duty. Nothing occurred to disturb the quiet in the immediate front, but there was some heavy firing at other points on the line. At eight o'clock in the morning, the fog having lifted, the guns of the Sixth opened and continued firing for thirty minutes. The enemy replied only with musketry.



WASHINGTON GARDNER.
SERGEANT, COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.

There were sad hearts in the battery on the 8th, when it was learned that Lieutenant Ayres was dead. The body was sent to Chattanooga in charge of Private Henry A. Parker. Lieutenant Ayres was a true soldier, a brave and efficient officer, and a cultured gentleman. He was greatly endeared to the members of the battery and his death was deeply lamented.

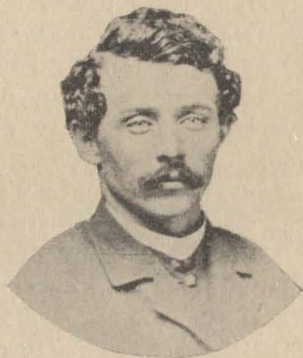
On the 10th the battery was ordered to march. It moved seven miles to the left and at sundown parked for the night. It remained in camp the next day, but on the 12th crossed the Chattahoochee by a pontoon bridge, after waiting some hours for the passage of the infantry. It halted for the night about three miles from the river. Lieutenant James has a memorandum which runs like this: "Lieutenant Baldwin was ashamed of my hat, which had thirteen holes in it. They were not bullet holes, but resulted from the wear and tear of the service. Baldwin thought it looked too disreputable for one of his officers, and as he had two caps he gave me one of them."

On the morning of the 13th, the men were ordered to clear the ground for a camp. While they were scratching briskly around in the discharge of this duty, an order to march was received. The battery moved a mile and a half to the left and went into position at the main line of intrenchments. From this point the spires and tall chimneys of Atlanta could be plainly seen. Matters were comparatively quiet until the 17th, on which day there was a good deal of fuss. The battery was on the move most of the day, seemingly without going anywhere in particular, or doing anything toward putting down the rebellion. Whoever was directing affairs did not seem to have any definite idea of what was to be done. But there was nothing strange in this, when the best laid plans were so often disarranged by some unexpected movement of the enemy. The wonder is that the generals did not oftener get wholly befogged. After advancing and falling back and charging around all day, the Sixth rested at night in the same camp from which it had started in the morning.

Meanwhile the rebels had retired to the line of Peachtree creek. The battery advanced seven miles on the 18th, and stayed there. On the following day it went "in battery" on the line, and toward evening the gunners practiced for an hour on the Con-

federate works. On the 20th took place the battle of Peachtree creek. The Sixth was tramping around nearly all day, as it was ordered from one point to another. It fired a few shots but did not get into the battle, which was fought chiefly by the Twentieth corps, under General Joe Hooker.

July 22nd was made memorable by the action known as the battle of Atlanta, in which fell the gallant McPherson. The battle was fought on the Union side by the Army of the Tennessee, which occupied the extreme left of the line. The troops of the Fourth corps were not engaged. They pressed the enemy at all points, however, to create a diversion and prevent the sending of Confederate reinforcements to General Hardee, who had made the onslaught upon McPherson. The roar of battle could be heard with startling distinctness, and the men needed no word of command to keep them at their posts, alert and vigilant, during the continuance of the fighting. The battery expended a large quantity of ammunition, and its fire did not entirely cease till sundown. On this day a consignment of fresh horses was received, fifty or more being distributed among the batteries of the Fourth corps.



EDGAR E. WHITNEY,
SIXTH BATTERY.
Killed at Dallas, Ga.,
May 29th, 1864.

Bright and early next morning the rebel batteries opened, and the Sixth seemed to be one of their particular targets. Lieutenant James's section moved several hundred yards to the left, to secure a more advantageous position. The men excavated for the guns and threw up heavy intrenchments. During portions of the day both sections were actively engaged with their hostile neighbors.

For ten days the Sixth battery remained at this position. One day was much like another—constant duty and frequent firing. The life of the men was in all respects similar to that of the infantry soldiers, heretofore described.

The month of August was not a quiet one, in the usual sense, for the battery, for there was plenty of noise; and yet there was little that calls for especial mention. With an occasional change of position, it occupied a place in the line of heavy intrenchments that extended in a semi-circle, half way around the doomed city. Much of the time the men slept beside their guns, ready for prompt response to any alarm or call of duty. Scarcely a day passed that the Sixth did not use its pieces, throwing shot or shell, or both. At times the firing was heavy and continuous, for hours together. The rattle of musketry on the picket line was almost constant, but everybody became so accustomed to this that, unless there was an unusual outburst, nothing was thought of it. Some of the Confederate sharpshooters had rifles of great carrying power, and at times they were exceedingly annoying, but even the buzzing of bullets, generally well spent, was such a familiar sound that unless somebody was hit, it scarcely occasioned remark. It has already been mentioned that the battery built a furnace and threw hot shot into the city. This was done a number of times, and more than once with effect, judging from the smoke that rose from the fires evidently thus kindled.

On the 25th of August began the flank movement which resulted in the fall of Atlanta. The battery marched from five to eight miles each day, now and then going into position and exchanging a few shots with the enemy. The morning of the 28th found the Sixth occupying a post some distance in front of the main line. Early in the morning General Sherman rode up and dismounted. He talked freely with the officers and men of the battery, asking questions relative to what had been seen and heard during the night to indicate the presence or movements of the enemy. All the time the general, who held in his hands the fortunes and the destinies of that mighty army, paced nervously to and fro in front of the guns. Little wonder that his face wore a look of anxiety, and that he listened eagerly to the answers that were given to his inquiries.

On the 29th the battery as a whole did not move. Lieutenant James's section accompanied two brigades of Wood's division on a reconnoissance some three or four miles, finding the road much torn up, the rebels having imagined that by this means they

could embarrass and check the advance of Sherman's army. But that resistless host never stopped for anything of that kind. Sometimes its van found trees felled across the road, but a body of axemen removed the obstructions so quickly as scarcely to cause a halt. James's section returned in the afternoon and rejoined the other.

During the 30th and 31st the movements were spasmodic and cautious. Halts were frequent, and every few hours the battery went into position, ready to "let fly" should there be occasion to do so. On the evening of the 31st it came to a halt near the Macon railroad, unlimbered and posted its guns, and threw up intrenchments.

On the morning of September 1st the battery took the Jonesboro road. As far as the eye could reach a line of smoke marked the destruction of the railroad by the infantry. At night the guns were parked in rear of the line of the Fourth corps at Jonesboro. Three days were occupied in maneuvering around that place. The battery found nothing to draw its fire except on the 3rd, when Lieutenant Baldwin's section moved some distance to the front and was briskly engaged for a time.

The battery boys shouted and yelled with the rest when it was known that Hood had quitted Atlanta. On the 5th the battery took the back track, reaching Atlanta on the 8th. It passed through the city and out the Marietta road, pitching its camp about four hundred yards inside the line of intrenchments, from behind which the rebel artillery and infantry had so lately hurled the missiles of war.



JOHN HORN,
SERGEANT, COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The battery remained at Atlanta until early in October. There was little to do except the usual routine of camp duty. The change from the noise and bustle and excitement of four months of fighting was most welcome. The boys just lay around and rested. The weeks passed with scarcely anything worthy of note.

While here the battery received new guns. Those which had been in constant service so long were entirely useless. The bore of the pieces had worn larger from the firing, and the metal was honey-combed. These were turned in, having fulfilled their mission, and new guns were received. All necessary repairs were made to put the battery again in prime condition for service. None could even guess when opportunity would be offered to try the new guns upon the enemy—but if anybody grew impatient he did not have long to wait.

On the 21st of September Lieutenant George W. James, by an order from General John M. Brannan, chief of artillery, Department of the Cumberland, was directed to take charge of the reserve caissons of the Fourth corps, and steer them to Chattanooga. With sixteen caissons, several battery wagons and forges, about one hundred sick and crippled horses, and an escort of six sergeants, twelve corporals and forty-six privates, Lieutenant James started on his pilgrimage. The men comprising the squad were mostly convalescents, representing all the batteries in the corps. Lieutenant James says of this trip:

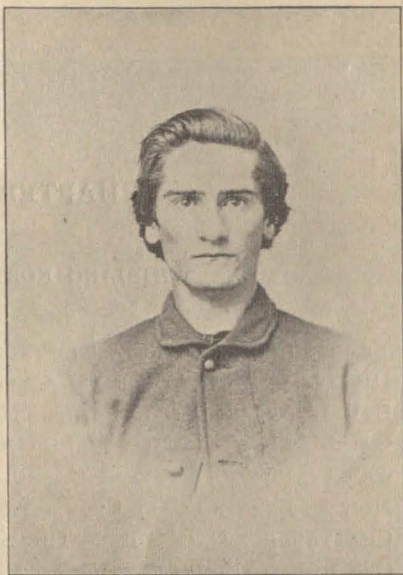
“Our motive power, composed of sick, spavined, and otherwise partially disabled horses, was weak. We were always in the way, were abused by everybody who passed us, and threatened with arrest by the generals.”

But the procession kept moving and at length reached its destination. The outfit was turned over to the proper officers on the 1st day of November. After a trip to Nashville to procure quartermaster's stores, James returned to the battery, rejoining it at Pulaski. He was in command for a few days, until the return of Captain Baldwin from a brief absence in Nashville. While the battery was at Columbia, Lieutenant James was ordered to staff duty, in the capacity of acting assistant adjutant general of the artillery brigade of the Fourth corps. Later, the duty of

inspector of artillery was also laid upon him. He continued to serve on the staff until June 10th, 1865, when his resignation, tendered a few days before, was accepted, and he returned to his home.

It may be remarked here that the service of the Sixth battery with the division of General Wood, during the last year of the war, was in accordance with the special request of the general. Wood always had a great liking for the Sixth, from the time of his first acquaintance with it at Nashville, in the spring of 1862. At the opening of the campaign of 1864, General Wood asked for that battery, and his request was granted.

During the Atlanta campaign the battery expended more than fifty tons of ammunition. It fired above eight thousand rounds of shell and solid shot. The fact that all this was done without a single serious accident or mishap attests the care and skillful management that characterized both officers and men. The survivors of the Sixth have good reason to remember with pride and satisfaction their part in this wonderful campaign.



JOEL WRIGHT,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY D, AND
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

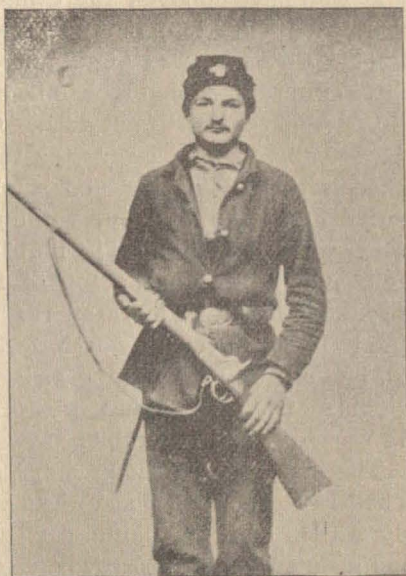
CHAPTER LV.

WHIRLING NORTHWARD.

GENERAL HOOD EVOLVES A NEW SCHEME—WE BREAK CAMP IN A HURRY—BY RAIL BACK TO CHATTANOOGA—THREE WEEKS AT BRIDGEPORT AND WHITESIDES—HOOD MOVES SWIFTLY NORTHWARD—SHERMAN AT HIS HEELS—AGAIN AT CHATTANOOGA—THEN WE GALLOP TO ALPINE—A GREAT JOKE ON MOORES AND BELL—HOW AN EVENING CALL UPON A PRETTY GIRL WAS SPOILED—TO CHATTANOOGA ONCE MORE—THE SIXTY-FOURTH AND SIXTY-FIFTH GET REINFORCEMENTS.

AFTER being maneuvered out of Atlanta, General Hood drew his army away to the southwest and sat down to think, and find out where he was "at." He began at once to consider the feasibility of launching northward into Tennessee. He was confident that such a movement would compel Sherman to abandon Atlanta. In the latter part of September, Jefferson Davis visited Hood at Palmetto, and made a speech to the army. He assured the Confederate soldiers from Tennessee and Kentucky, that ere long their feet would tread the soil of their native states. General Hood expressed a confident hope that he would soon water his horse in the Ohio river.

But before Hood had given any indication of his design, events elsewhere sent us scampering northward from Atlanta. The sudden irruption of Forrest, with a powerful force of Confederate cavalry, into middle Tennessee, created great alarm and apprehension. He captured Athens and other places, with their garrisons, broke the railroad between Nashville and Chattanooga, and, indeed, conducted himself in such a generally reprehensible manner, that Sherman deemed it necessary to detach a strong force and send it to the scene of Forrest's operations. At eleven o'clock on Sunday, September 25th, the buglers of our division blew a loud blast. It wasn't "church call," either, but the one, so familiar to our ears, to strike tents immediately. Instantly everybody was on the jump. There was no use in grumbling or asking questions, although the men did a great deal of both, making liberal use of incendiary language. Nobody knew what had caused this sudden and unwelcome change to come over the spirit of our dreams—or at least the few who did know wouldn't tell. To us it was so sudden and unexpected, that we could not have been more surprised had we been ordered to garrison the moon. "Be lively, men!" was the word, and they scrambled around, yanked out tent-pins, rolled up blankets and buckled on accouterments, flavoring the exercises with an abundance of explosive ejaculations. Then the bugles sounded the assembly, the officers pranced around yelling "Fall in!" and in twenty minutes after the first blast the



FREDERICK CONRAD,
COMPANY I, SIXTY FIFTH.

Mortally wounded at Chickamauga, Ga.,
September 20th, 1863.

regiments were in line, and our beautiful camp, on which we had expended so much labor, was a scene of wreck and ruin. It was a lively hustle.

Away we went at a tearing gait, nor did we halt for an instant until we were at the railroad station in Atlanta. Clearly we were going *somewhere*, and we were thankful that we would have a chance to ride. We clambered into freight cars and upon the hurricane decks, and then waited till four o'clock. We might just as well have enjoyed the comforts of our camp three hours longer. We were told that the rebels had captured a train and "busted" the railroad at Big Shanty, a few miles above Marietta, and we at once imagined that to be our destination.

We reached Marietta at dusk. Continuing our journey, we arrived at Big Shanty, where the ruins of a train that had been ditched were still blazing and smoking. The track had been repaired and we rolled on, without being able even to guess whither we were bound. The night air was chilling, the dew was heavy, and those upon the top of the train passed an extremely disagreeable night. The cars jerked, jolted, bumped and swayed, as the train sped over the rough track, and sleep was impossible. Men, muskets and everything else were wet and clammy, smoke and cinders from the engine streamed along the train, and everybody was cross and miserable.

There were many long stops, and at daylight we had only reached Resaca, which place was a vivid reminder of one of the early battles of the Atlanta campaign. Near Ringgold, while rounding a curve, we narrowly escaped collision with a southward bound train, the engines being not more than twenty feet apart when they came to a stand-still. The boys yelled as the train passed through the tunnel—where the smoke was almost suffocating—and Chattanooga once more broke upon their vision. About two o'clock we disembarked at the station and drew rations, of which we were in sore need, for we had left Atlanta with haversacks well nigh empty. It took us four months to make the trip from Chattanooga to Atlanta; we went back in twenty hours—and even that was mighty slow railroading.

"What next?" was the universal conundrum, but everybody gave it up. At six o'clock we tumbled into cars again.

Those who had spent the previous night upon the top of the train, now insisted that it was their turn to take cabin passage, and the justice of their claim was allowed. We got away presently, and at nine o'clock rumbled across the big bridge over the Tennessee at Bridgeport. Here our excursion ended. Alighting from the cars, the brigade went into bivouac, almost upon the spot where the Sixty-fifth was encamped so long in the summer of 1862, more than two years before.

We lay at Bridgeport three weeks, most of the time industriously doing nothing. For eight or nine days after our arrival there was no communication with Nashville, owing to the operations of Forrest and Wheeler. We had no mails and but scanty supplies. We expected daily to be ordered out to engage in the wearisome and unprofitable diversion of chasing rebel cavalry, but we escaped that infliction. Large bodies of troops from Sherman's army passed northward by rail. There was a great scare all along the line. Our brigade, only, was at Bridgeport. The two other brigades of Wagner's division remained at Chattanooga until October 17th, when they joined us. They made but a brief stay, however, as they returned to Chattanooga the next day.

Company desks and other baggage followed us from Atlanta and arrived in due time. Officers found employment for some of their leisure hours in making out the quarterly returns of ord-



WILLIAM WELCH,
SIXTH BATTERY.

Mortally wounded at Franklin, Tenn.,
November 30th, 1864.

nance and camp and garrison equipage. We also made out pay-rolls, and in October had a visit from the paymaster, for the first time in more than five months. Twice the camp was swept by a cyclone, with a deluge of rain, that leveled many of the tents and gave pretty much everybody a baptism sufficiently copious to make him eligible to membership in the Baptist church—provided, of course, he was in other respects qualified, which, in many cases, was a little doubtful. One day a regiment of negro soldiers passed Bridgeport, en route for Chattanooga. They were the first "smoked Yankees" we had seen, and the boys cheered them lustily.

October 11th was the day of the state election in Ohio and Buckeye soldiers had their second opportunity to vote. The election board in the Sixty-fifth was composed of Captain "Andy" Howenstine, Lieutenant "Benny" Trescott and Sergeant Ellis, judges; Sergeants Nohilly and Randolph, clerks. Including those of a few government employes, and men from the hospital and the gunboat Burnside who voted at our polling place, the whole number of votes cast was one hundred and ninety-four, of which one hundred and sixty-six were for the Union ticket and twenty-eight for the Democratic.

At this time General Newton was relieved from our division. Upon his relinquishment of the command he issued the following farewell order:

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 29, 1864.

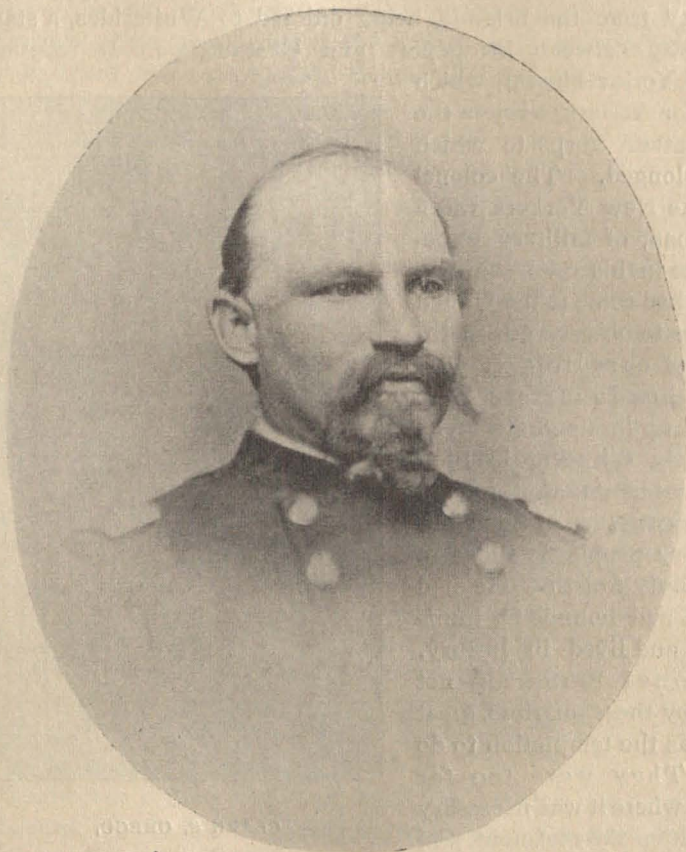
Officers and Soldiers of the Second Division, Fourth Corps:

By order of the Secretary of War I am relieved from command of this division, and assigned to duty in a distant department.

The period of my official connection with you, though brief, has been eventful. At Rocky Face, Resaca, Adairsville, Kennesaw, Peachtree creek and a score of lesser engagements, you have rivaled the glory of your earlier achievements. Your patience, discipline and soldierly conduct in privation, your heroism on the field—beyond all praise—have won the admiration of your commander.

I cannot sever the relation which has existed between us during these eventful months—made memorable by mutual endurance and peril, and hallowed by the memory of brave and generous comrades who have fallen—without profound regret. But in parting with you in obedience to orders, my strongest feeling is that of pride that I have had the honor to command such troops.

JOHN NEWTON,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers.



JOSEPH CONRAD,
COLONEL, FIFTEENTH MISSOURI, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, COMMAND-
ING THIRD BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, FOURTH CORPS.

The command of the division was assigned to Brigadier-general George D. Wagner, formerly colonel of the Fifteenth Indiana. He used to speak of his soldiers as "my people."

On the 5th of October the Sixty-fourth was temporarily divorced from the brigade, being ordered to Whitesides, a station midway between Bridgeport and Chattanooga. It relieved a New York regiment, which left for Atlanta to rejoin the Twentieth corps to which it belonged. The colonel of the New Yorkers was a German, of military experience in his own country, who had come to the United States to observe our methods of carrying on war. His headquarters were fitted up in elaborate style, entirely eclipsing in their appointments anything in the experience of such migratory people as those of the Sixty-fourth. He had guns and hounds for hunting, and lived in luxury. Colonel Brown did not occupy these quarters, great as was the temptation to do so. They were too far from where it was necessary to station the regiment, and the colonel pitched his tent in the same old way.



CLARK S. GREGG,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Died May 11th, 1862.

The principal function of the Sixty-fourth at Whitesides was to see that no harm befell a long, high railway trestle at that place. For the protection of this it built a large blockhouse upon a hill commanding the bridge. Incidentally it did considerable reconnoitering and scouting to the Tennessee river, seeking rebels but finding none.

The quartermaster of the New York regiment turned over to the Sixty-fourth several head of cattle which he had on hand. These were grazing in a field near the camp. William T. Johnson and Andrew Laird of Company A, and "Jeff" Davis of Company E, took it into their respective heads that some fresh beef would taste good, and made a raid upon the little herd. They knocked over a nice heifer, skinned and dressed the carcass, and called upon some of their comrades of Company A to help "tote" it into camp, and they would have a sort of barbecue. Colonel Brown had furtively watched the whole performance, and fell upon those boys "like a thousand of brick." Waiting until the beef was in camp, he pounced upon them with a detail of men and they were all escorted in military state to the guard-house. Then he directed Commissary-sergeant William H. Farber to take charge of the beef and issue it in due form to the whole regiment. While Farber was preparing to hold a post-mortem on the carcass, Johnson and Laird and their co-conspirators passed by on their way to the guard-house, where they were to expiate their crime. One of them managed to whisper in Farber's ear to "save the heart and liver" for them, when the portion falling to Company A was dealt out. The culprits were all excellent soldiers, and Farber gave them his promise—and kept it—that they should not get left in the shuffle. Colonel Brown soon relented and the men were released to enjoy their supper with their comrades.

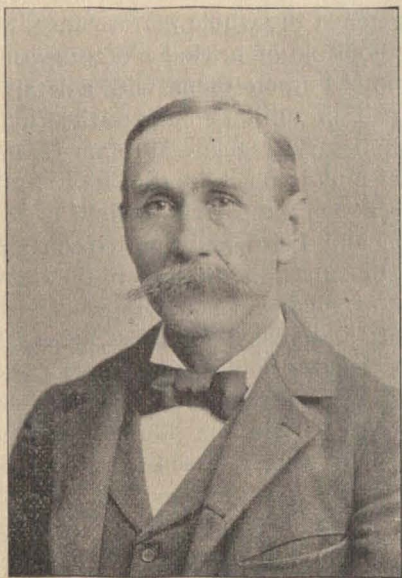
One day there was a rumor that a steamboat on the river had been captured and burned by the enemy. Colonel Brown hastened thither with part of the regiment, but it proved to be a false alarm; no traces of rebels were found.

There was a detachment of Michigan cavalry stationed at Whitesides, which was employed in scouting. On one of these expeditions it was absent several days and had a severe brush with the enemy, losing some twenty-five in killed and wounded.

The regiment participated in the Ohio state election, giving the majority that was to be expected for the Union ticket. After spending two weeks at Whitesides, the Sixty-fourth was ordered to Chattanooga, where it rejoined the brigade.

Meanwhile stirring events had been taking place along our stamping ground between Chattanooga and Atlanta, which en-

tirely changed the face of affairs. Both of the great armies were galloping over the country at a lively rate, and movements and combinations theretofore not dreamed of were found necessary. Hood had started for the Ohio river, and almost before Sherman knew that the Confederate army was in motion, it had planted itself on the railroad north of Marietta, and was tearing up and burning with great energy. Leaving the Twentieth corps at Atlanta, Sherman started with the rest of his army, hoping to



WILLIAM A. DILLON,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

bring Hood to battle in open country. But Hood had no idea of fighting there. Having two or three days the start, his swift-footed soldiers swept northward as far as Resaca and Dalton. A detachment sent to capture Allatoona, with its vast storehouses, containing a million rations, was gallantly repulsed by Corse. For a week everybody at Chattanooga, from generals to "mule-whackers," was in a panic. Possibly Hood might have taken the town, but Sherman was at his heels and he swung away into northern Alabama.

This will explain why we received orders on the 18th of October to pack up and take the cars for Chattanooga. During the three weeks' stay of the Sixty-fifth at Bridgeport, we had fixed ourselves in a very comfortable camp, but we had to leave it, as we had left scores of others. We lay around the station, waiting for cars, all that night and the next day till past noon. Then we got started, but crept along so slowly that we did not reach Chattanooga until nine o'clock in the evening. We bivouacked in an open space near

the depot. We were ordered to march the next morning, but the program was changed by the arrival of six hundred drafted men and recruits for various regiments of our brigade, two hundred being from Ohio for the Sixty-fourth. The Sixty-fifth got none, but we were told that our detachment was on the way. They were a fine lot of men. Half of them were old soldiers, who had served in other regiments, some for two or three years, and had entered the field again as substitutes, receiving from six hundred to a thousand dollars each. The day was spent in arming these men and distributing them among the various companies. Toward evening we drew out and camped in the outskirts of the town. The Sixty-fourth was doubled in numbers and presented a fine appearance, four hundred strong, when compared with our own weather-beaten squad of less than two hundred.

While at Chattanooga Lieutenant Chauncey Woodruff, who had long and faithfully served as adjutant of the Sixty-fourth, left for home, his resignation, on account of failing health, having been accepted. His comrades bade him farewell with much regret. His successor as adjutant was Lieutenant Charles E. Baker.

The time of the non-veterans of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had expired, and an effort was made to have them left at Chattanooga to be mustered out. Application was made to General Steedman, post commander, but he said that he had no authority to grant the request. So they kept their places in the ranks and marched away to engage in the extremely arduous campaign that followed.

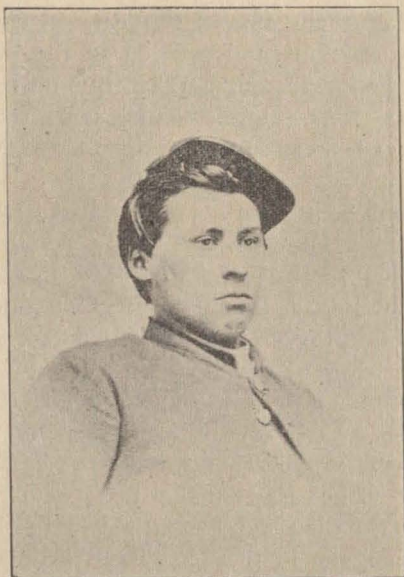
Contrary to expectation, we did not move on the 21st, but the next day at noon we struck out and passed over the well-remembered battlefield of Chickamauga, halting for the night at Lee and Gordon's mill. We bivouacked a few rods from the spot where we had lain for more than a week previous to the battle. The rapid march of fourteen miles was severely trying to the new men. The veterans carried their muskets now and then, and in other ways eased their burdens; but they went limping and groaning into camp with large aches and a fine crop of blisters.

On Sunday, October 23rd, we started soon after break of day, and marched eighteen miles to Lafayette. That evening

occurred an incident in which two frisky young lieutenants of the Sixty-fifth were conspicuous figures. Soon after going into camp, Lieutenants "Zeke" Moores, "Bill" Bell, "Ed" Scranton and "Ben" Trescott started out to reconnoiter in the suburbs. Calling at a house a short distance outside the lines, they were invited to enter, and were courteously and hospitably received. One of the family was an attractive young lady, about twenty years of age, who quite charmed her guests by her vivacious con-

versation. She was a "rebel" and had a brother in the Confederate army, but that did not prevent at least two of the officers from being hypnotized, so to speak, by the magic influence of her gracious presence. So it was that when they arose to take their leave, Moores addressed the young woman.

Now Zeke was famous in the regiment for his luxuriant and reckless use of polysyllables. He never used a small word if he could think of a big one, and the more syllables it had the better. Whether the word fitted or not was of no consequence. Many



HIRAM SWARTZ,
SERGEANT, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH.

will recall his graphic and unapproachable story of the "battle of Chapultepec."

"Miss," said he, in his blandest tones, while from his eyes beamed melting glances, "would it be applicable to your approbation for me to call upon you this evening?"

"Mister," she replied, "I'll be obleeged to ye if ye'll please say that ag'in?"

"Would it be ap-pli-ca-ble to your ap-pro-ba-tion for me to call upon you this evening?"

By this time she was able to catch the drift of his question, and she answered that she reckoned it would.

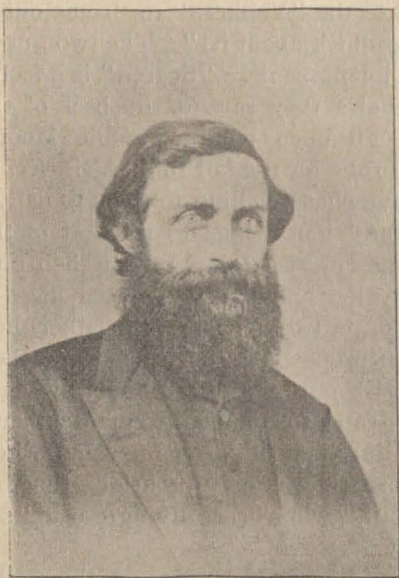
At dusk, Moores and Bell sallied from camp and steered directly for the house of the charmer. Some of the boys kept an eye on them, and a scheme was concocted to give them a fright. Permission having been granted by Major Smith, who had a keen relish for a joke—when it was on somebody else—half a dozen, some with swords and others with muskets, slipped out just after dark and surrounded the house. With a loud clattering of swords and guns they shouted to the “Yankees” to “come out of that” and surrender, and “be quick about it!” The two guests were instantly thrown into a violent panic. “Scared” is a feeble word. Leaping from their chairs they ran to the back of the house. Bell sprang through an open window, while Moores dodged out by a door. They broke for the tall timber, six feet at a jump. The other fellows gave chase, yelling to them to halt or they would shoot, but this only lent wings to the feet of the fugitives. By a magnificent burst of speed they outran their pursuers and reached camp, breathless and in an advanced stage of demoralization. After they had pulled themselves together they related the story of their adventure—what a narrow escape they had, and how that “secesh” girl put up a job on them by sending word to a squad of rebel cavalry to come and capture them. Meanwhile the others had quietly returned to camp, and when they let the cat out of the bag there was an uproarious time, at the expense of “Zeke” and “Bill,” who cheerfully agreed to “set ‘em up” at the first opportunity.

Continuing our march, we reached Alpine on the 25th. Three days was the extent of our stay. The region is one of great fertility and we lived sumptuously upon the proceeds of foraging expeditions, including an abundance of chestnuts, which the soldiers gathered by bushels. Then we took the road again and directly back we went, our toes pointing toward Chattanooga. We were at high pressure and traveled forty miles in two days, halting for a “snack” at Lee and Gordon’s mill. We arrived at Chattanooga on the 30th, and the next day the hearts of the Sixty-fifth were gladdened by a reinforcement of one hundred and ninety-two recruits, drafted men and substitutes. We fitted them out with arms, accouterments and all else needful.

The only visible result of our flying trip to Alpine was the "capture" of a colored boy, about fifteen years old, who answered to the name of "Green." Lieutenant Moores picked him up one day and brought him into camp. He regarded the Yankees with abject terror, and was so badly frightened that he could scarcely speak. Moores "adopted" him, and until the final muster-out, more than a year, he served the line officers' mess of the Sixty-fifth, as waiter, bottle-washer and general factotum.

He was exceedingly bright and handy, and became a universal favorite.

Persimmon trees were plenty along the line of our wanderings. Many of them were in full fruit, and the 'simmons were at the right stage of their existence to be toothsome and in every way pleasant. As all will remember, a green persimmon is a terror. It is an astringent of forty-horse power, puckering the tongue and inside of the mouth to such an extent as to render intelligible speech an impossibility. The soldiers never neglected an opportunity to inveigle a recruit into the mastication



EDWARD S. FERGUSON,
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

of a green persimmon. Late in the fall, when thoroughly ripened, its drastic peculiarities disappeared, and it was most luscious to one who had lived long on army diet. Whenever we passed one of the trees, the boys would swarm from the ranks and gather the fruitage in an incredibly brief time.

CHAPTER LVI.

HOOD ENTERS TENNESSEE.

OFF BY RAIL TO ATHENS—A MUDDY TRAMP TO PULASKI—A COLD BATH IN ELK RIVER—WE VOTE FOR PRESIDENT—DISCLOSURE OF HOOD'S PLAN—HE CROSSES THE TENNESSEE RIVER—SHERMAN'S DISPOSITIONS AND MOVEMENTS—THOMAS AND SCHOFIELD—THE BATTERY'S RETURN FROM ATLANTA—THE RETREAT TO COLUMBIA—THE CANTER TO SPRING HILL.

THAT night—October 31st—in Chattanooga, we had just gone to sleep when we were routed out by the sound of bugles and drums. Some of the new men began to ram cartridges into their muskets, with an alacrity that was as commendable as it was unnecessary. Marching to the depot, we once more took cars and about midnight rolled away. The single track was blocked with trains going both ways, and we had long delays, not reaching Bridgeport until eight in the morning. We could almost have marched the distance in that time, but we still had a preference for riding. The prevailing opinion was that our destination was Nashville; but at Stevenson we kept the Memphis and Charleston road, reaching Huntsville in the even

ing. We continued westward to the junction of the Nashville and Decatur railroad, where we switched off and went to Athens, Alabama, arriving about midnight. We were ordered to remain upon the cars until morning. A cold and very wet rain set in, and the men upon the tops of the cars suffered severely.

The next day we drew rations and ammunition and pulled out on foot for Pulaski, thirty-five miles distant. Forrest had destroyed the railroad and that is why we had to walk. We only marched four or five miles the first day, which was a good thing for our recruits. That night they were duly initiated into the mystery of putting up "pup" tents; also of purging their big knapsacks of what they didn't need.

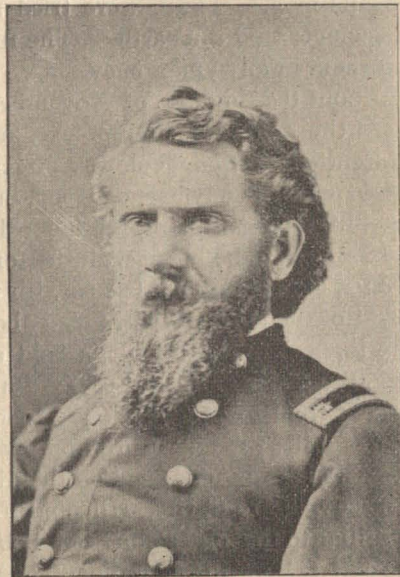
We made the trip to Pulaski in three days. It rained most of the time, and the "dirt road"—so called because it was not a macadamized pike—which we traveled, was wretched beyond description. It was a continual wade through water and mud. Large details were made to assist the artillery and wagons. It was a dismal march. We were obliged to ford Elk river, a rapid stream one hundred yards wide, and waist deep for tall men; the short ones went in to their armpits. Most of the men stripped entirely, carrying everything above their heads. The water was very cold and we emerged with blue skins and teeth all chattering in chorus. We lay several days at Pulaski, waiting for the campaign, which thus far had been decidedly chaotic, to assume definite form, when the purpose of the enemy should be fully disclosed.

While at Pulaski such soldiers as were authorized to vote participated, November 8th, in the presidential election. The choice was between "Old Abe" and "Little Mac." In the Sixty-fourth the vote was: Lincoln, 232; McClellan, 64. In the Sixty-fifth the number of votes for McClellan was smaller, but the exact figures are not obtainable. Most of the supporters of McClellan were among the drafted men, who had been with us but a few days and were undergoing a most severe breaking-in process. They didn't like war and voted for "peace." In the Sixth battery the vote was very nearly unanimous for Lincoln.

Here we pause a moment for a glance at the general situation, which will aid the chance "outside" reader in understanding the

intricate game that was being played, with Sherman, Thomas and Hood as the players. By the latter part of October, Sherman became satisfied that Hood contemplated a campaign north of the Tennessee river. "If Hood will march into Tennessee I will give him rations to go with!" he said to one of his subordinates. Sherman instantly determined to detach the Fourth corps (Stanley) and the Twenty-third (Schofield) and put them under the command of Thomas. He also placed at the latter's disposal some ten thousand veteran troops of the Sixteenth corps, under General A. J. Smith, then in Missouri, twelve or fifteen new regiments from Ohio and other states, which were being hurried to Nashville, and the large detachments at Chattanooga, Decatur, Murfreesboro and other points. From these sources, Thomas could assemble an army of fifty thousand men, which Sherman believed would be amply sufficient to overwhelm Hood. Having made these dispositions, Sherman put the remainder of his army in motion toward Atlanta, whence, with sixty thousand men, he went merrily "marching through Georgia" to the sea. On the 10th of November the last telegraphic messages passed between Sherman and Thomas. Then the wires were cut, and Sherman and his army plunged into the heart of the Southern Confederacy, whence they emerged six weeks later at Savannah.

Thomas established his headquarters at Nashville, and addressed himself with energy to the task of collecting and organizing the widely scattered forces which were to compose his army.



WILLIAM W. SMITH,
MAJOR, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The duty of checking the northward march of Hood, with which Thomas was charged, was one of overshadowing importance and responsibility. If Hood should capture Nashville and sweep into Kentucky, such a disaster to the Union cause would find small compensation in the march of Sherman to the sea coast. Time was necessary for Thomas to carry out his plans, and during the month of November the whole stress of the campaign was upon the Fourth and Twenty-third corps, under the immediate command of General Schofield. They numbered about eighteen thousand men. These were tried and experienced, as good soldiers as ever trod the earth. The fullest reliance could be placed upon them in any emergency.

About the middle of November, Hood's Confederate army crossed the Tennessee at Florence, and no doubt remained as to his intentions. Schofield was directed to delay, by every means in his power, the advance of Hood, but to avoid a general engagement—his strength being not more than half that of Hood—until a junction could be made with the forces which were being concentrated at Nashville. It was with this end in view that we and the rest of the boys were grouped about Pulaski, while Hood was preparing to launch upon his bold adventure, which was to end in total disaster and eclipse. Pulaski is about forty miles northeast from Florence (where Hood crossed the river) and seventy-five miles directly south from Nashville. Thirty miles north of Pulaski is Columbia, and on the direct road between the latter and Nashville are Spring Hill and Franklin. These names are all familiar to the old soldiers of Schofield's army. They were important factors in the problem, as will appear during the progress of the narrative.

The Sixth battery left Atlanta October 3rd, with Wood's division of the Fourth corps. It marched northward by easy stages, halting for ten days at Kingston. Here the members participated in the Ohio state election, voting almost unanimously the "Union" ticket. Resuming the march, the battery moved into northern Alabama, while General Sherman was awaiting the disclosure of Hood's purpose. About the 1st of November the non-veterans were mustered out of service, their term having expired, and left for home.

The active connection of Captain Bradley with the battery also ceased. He went north on leave of absence, and, his term having expired, he was ordered to be mustered out. As an artillery officer he was the peer of any in the Army of the Cumberland. He and his battery felt a just mutual pride in each other, sharing the many commendations so often received for their long and conspicuously efficient services. As chief of artillery of Wood's division, Captain Bradley discharged his duties with marked zeal and ability, and to the entire satisfaction of his superiors. During the Atlanta campaign he personally commanded the battery at intervals, when his staff duties permitted him to do so. Although, like all regulars, he was a strict disciplinarian, he was never tyrannical, and won in the largest measure the confidence and respect of his men, as well as that affectionate regard which all true soldiers feel for a brave, capable and considerate officer. First Lieutenant Aaron P. Baldwin, now senior officer of the battery, succeeded to its permanent command, a position which he retained to the end.



SAMUEL H. RAUDEBAUGH,
COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.
A survivor of the Sultana Disaster.

The battery participated in the jerky movements of the army here and there through northern Alabama, while Sherman and Hood were maturing their plans. Its lot was cast, of course, with the Fourth corps, and was part of the force under the command of General Schofield, after Sherman divided his army and started for the sea. With Wood's division, the battery reached Pulaski in due time, and matters began to warm up again. Dur-

ing the march to Columbia, and at the latter place, the Union troops more than once brushed the rebels, who, elated at once more finding themselves in Tennessee, were more than usually saucy and troublesome. When not on the march, the battery was almost constantly in position, and several times found occasion to use its guns.

In some mysterious manner a paymaster found his way to us at Pulaski, and we were paid for two months. This was a good thing for the "Johnnies," for during the next two or three weeks they captured a good many of our men and gathered in greenbacks galore. Among those who fell into the hands of the enemy was Robert C. McFarland, of Company E, Sixty-fourth, severely wounded at Franklin. He had with him the money he had received at Pulaski—hardly enough with which to start a bank, but a good deal to a soldier in those days. The most of it he concealed in his underclothing so well that the plunderers did not find it. He left two or three dollars in his pocketbook, for a "bluff," telling the rebels that this was all he had. There were times in war when very excellent people told fibs, without suffering any resultant pangs of conscience.

One evening at Pulaski, the Sixty-fourth Ohio was directed to send a commissioned officer and a squad of men to the station to guard some supplies, among which was a quantity of whiskey. Late in the night the commissary in charge, for reasons which may be guessed, sent all to their quarters, and called for another detail. The word swept through the camp, and as the night was dark, rainy and dismal, it was apparent that an unpleasant duty awaited those who should be sent. Before the adjutant could make a list for his detail, the boys had laid a plan. When the orderly called on the first officer detailed, the officer played drunk so perfectly that the orderly took it for the genuine article, and reported back to the adjutant, who by this time was about closing his eyes in sleep. The adjutant soon detailed another, but with the same result; and another, and another. Then the adjutant lost his patience and called out to the orderly:

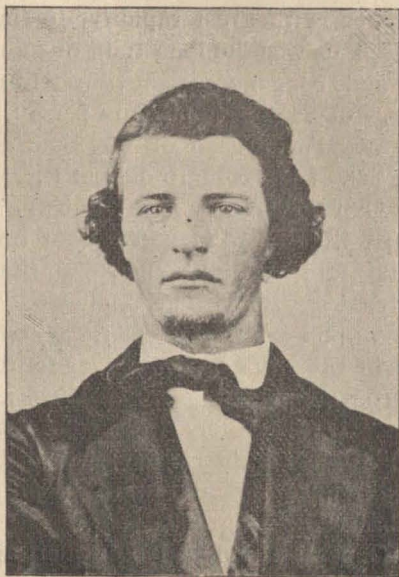
"Go and detail Tommy Smith; Tommy never drinks!"

The orderly soon reported back that "Tommy" was the drunkest officer that he had found in camp. But the adjutant

knew Smith too well for that, and in a more gentle tone of voice sent the orderly to detail Lieutenant Thomas R. Smith, of Company E, to go on duty, drunk or not drunk—and "Tommy" went.

We had some sharp skirmishing about Pulaski, but no real fighting. The weather was execrable—almost continual rain, sleet or snow, and the discomfort and suffering of the soldiers were beyond the power of words to express. At the same time, it was something of a blessing in disguise, for it rendered the advance of Hood slow and difficult. He pushed on, however, with tireless energy. He turned

the Union position by passing to the westward of Pulaski and Schofield withdrew his army to Columbia, which we reached on the 24th. Schofield selected an admirable position, which was strengthened by heavy fortifications. Soon the pressure of Hood began to be felt, and during the night of November 27th we crossed Duck river, by a bridge which had been fired and was then in a blaze, and built strong works north of the stream. The men were under arms day and night, almost without intermission. Picket duty was severe and hazardous, for the rebels were pressing the Union lines at all points and the firing along the outposts was incessant. No man could expose himself except at his peril.



WESLEY HETHERINGTON,

COMPANY A, SIXTY-FOURTH.

First member of the Regiment killed
in battle; at Stone River,
December 30, 1862.

Avoiding a direct attack upon the works at Columbia, Hood thrust forward a part of his army to flank Schofield. About the

same time a large Confederate cavalry force appeared at Spring Hill, eleven miles on the road to Nashville. The aspect of affairs was so threatening that Schofield was convinced he could no longer hold on without incurring imminent peril, and determined to withdraw his whole force and march northward. The danger was great that Hood would interpose his army between Schofield and Nashville.

On the morning of the 29th General Stanley was directed to move with all speed to Spring Hill, with Wagner's and Kimball's divisions of the Fourth corps. We started at eight o'clock and marched with great rapidity, to the utmost limit of endurance. Behind us was the long train of ammunition, commissary, hospital and baggage wagons, stretching for many miles along the pike. General Schofield, in person, with the Twenty-third corps and Wood's division of the Fourth was to bring up the rear. The last of the column did not leave Columbia until night.

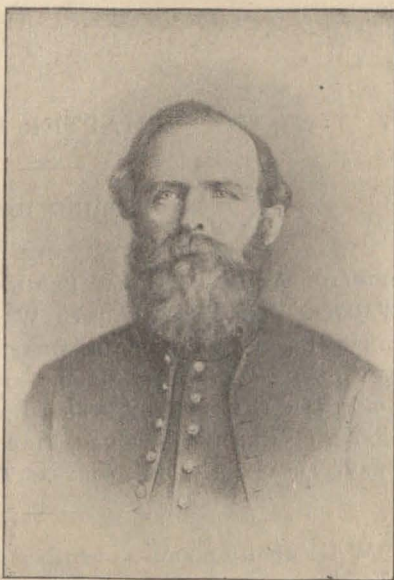
General Stanley left Kimball's division to protect the crossing of Rutherford's creek, about midway between Columbia and Spring Hill, and pushed on with the three brigades of Wagner—Opdycke's, Lane's and Bradley's. Never before had we been called upon to face an emergency so critical. Bradley's brigade was in the advance, the Sixty-fourth Ohio leading. The march from Columbia was a *rush*. We scarcely halted in the entire distance. Our flankers were constantly engaged in skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry, which hovered upon our right and made frequent dashes toward the pike, to harass our column and to observe its progress.

General Hood had been alert and active. With infinite satisfaction he found that he held all the high trumps, and there was no reason why he should not win the game. He was fully alive to the importance of crushing Schofield before the latter could unite with Thomas, and the opportunity to do so, which he had so eagerly sought, was now within his grasp. With an overwhelming preponderance of numbers, he had but to secure a lodgment upon the pike, and thus effectually bar Schofield's retreat. Quick to discover the purpose of the latter to retire from Columbia, Hood thrust forward, upon roads to the eastward of the pike, the corps of Cheatham and Stewart and Johnson's divi-

sion of Stephen D. Lee's corps, directing this movement in person, while Lee, with two divisions, was left to hold the works at Columbia, maintain a bold front, detain Schofield as long as possible, and press the latter's rear when he should "let go" and retreat.

During those hours of intense anxiety and excitement while we were speeding northward from Columbia, Cheatham's corps, leading Hood's main column, was, also, pressing with all haste to Spring Hill, the point designated by the Confederate commander at which the pike should be seized. It was a furious race, the result of which was fraught with consequences of the gravest import.

General Hood believed, and not without reason, that the situation presented to him the great opportunity of his life—to strike a blow which would be fatal to Schofield's little army. He urged upon his subordinate officers the utmost promptness and energy in carrying out his orders. How he failed will be seen in the succeeding chapter. It was only by the greatest good fortune that the Fourth and Twenty-third corps escaped the imminent perils by which they were environed.



ABRAHAM WINTERS,
ARTIFICER, SIXTH BATTERY.

CHAPTER LVII.

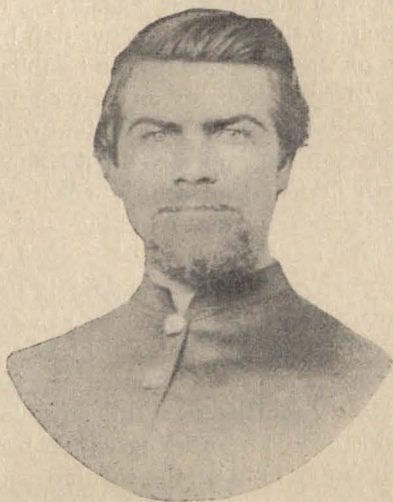
SPRING HILL.

SCHOFIELD'S ARMY IN GREAT PERIL—CHEATHAM'S ATTACK UPON WAGNER—THE SIXTY-FOURTH WINS LAURELS ON THE SKIRMISH LINE—BRADLEY'S BRIGADE BEARS THE BRUNT—ALL ASSAULTS REPELLED—THE SIXTY-FIFTH GETS OUT OF A TIGHT PINCH—CHEATHAM GIVES IT UP—THE UNION ARMY MARCHES SAFELY PAST THE ENEMY'S BIVOUAC FIRES—NARROW ESCAPE FROM A GRAVE DISASTER—THE STORY AS TOLD BY GENERAL HOOD.

IT WAS about noon, November 29th, when General Stanley, at the head of Wagner's division, arrived at Spring Hill. There was not an instant to be lost, for it was a moment of supreme peril to the Fourth and Twenty-third corps—greater than at any other period in their history. Five companies of the Sixty-fourth were immediately deployed and thrown forward as skirmishers, while the column filed off the pike to the eastward. The Sixty-fourth, with the other five companies in reserve, advanced nearly a mile at a brisk pace. The enemy's cavalry fell back before the skirmishers, offering no formidable resistance. Then the advance was arrested by a solid body of

Confederate infantry, disclosing the fact that the arrival of Cheatham had been almost simultaneous with our own. Major Coulter galloped back and informed General Bradley and General Stanley of the situation, which was now indeed alarming. Wagner's division of scarcely four thousand men was confronted by the entire corps of Cheatham, thrice its strength, while—as the fact was, though not then developed—four more Confederate divisions were close at hand. It was seven divisions against one. If Wagner yielded the pike, all was lost; nothing less than a miracle could avert irretrievable disaster to Schofield.

It may safely be said that at no time during the war was so weighty a responsibility laid upon so small a body of men as that which rested upon those three brigades. By the force of circumstances, by far the greatest stress fell upon the brigade of Bradley, to which the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth belonged. It contained six decimated regiments, numbering in all about fifteen hundred men. Of these, fully a third were raw sol-



SAMUEL T. BEERBOWER,
SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.

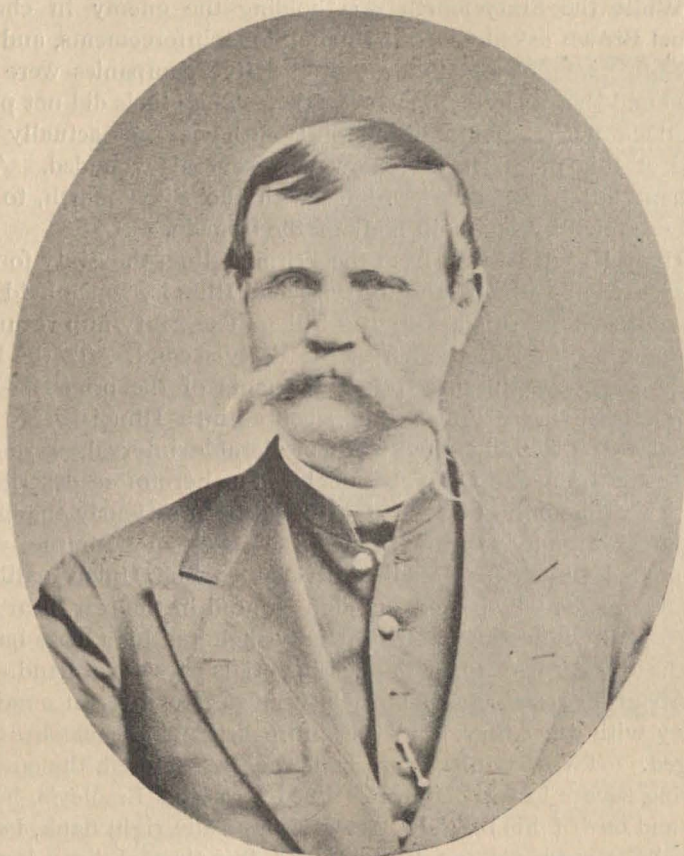
diers, who had been in service scarcely a month. The pike was thronged with wagons, which were being pushed in frantic haste toward Nashville. Kimball's division was six miles south, at Rutherford's creek, while between that point and Columbia were the three remaining divisions. It was not possible for these scattered fragments of Schofield's army to give mutual succor in case of need. There was not a private in the ranks of Wagner's division who did not realize, as he firmly grasped his musket, that

never before had occasion so demanded his utmost endeavor, his steadfastness and his valor.

General Stanley deployed the brigades of Opdycke and Lane in a long, attenuated line to the eastward, covering the town, especially to protect the train, which was congested at that point. They were so disposed as to show the greatest possible front, for the purpose of deceiving the enemy in regard to our strength—or rather, our weakness. Bradley's brigade was ordered to a wooded knoll, half a mile to the eastward of the town, covering the approaches from that direction. Meanwhile the Sixty-fourth Ohio had been briskly engaged in the advanced position, which it still held with the greatest tenacity. Here I quote from an excellent sketch of this campaign, written by Captain John K. Shellenberger, of the Sixty-fourth, and published in 1890:

"It was probably as early as three o'clock when Hood's leading regiment deployed in line of battle, and, supported by the cavalry on the flanks, charged home on the left wing of the Sixty-fourth Ohio skirmish line, which was covering the road on which Hood's column was marching, and the real serious work began. For about two hours the Sixty-fourth had a very lively time. The rebel cavalry, encouraged by the arrival of their infantry, became decidedly aggressive, and showed to our full satisfaction that they could fight when so disposed. Fortunately the fences were high and strong and afforded excellent lines of defence, of which the Sixty-fourth took full advantage. A high stake-and-rider fence saved us from being cut off bodily. While we were fighting the infantry in front, the cavalry made a circuit to our right, under cover of some woods, and suddenly came out on our right rear, where they were checked by the fence. While they were opening a gap to get through, the Sixty-fourth fell back to another fence, with the loss of a few men cut off on the exposed flank.

"Our last stand was made in the edge of the woods, within which Bradley's brigade was drawn up in line of battle. The cover was good and the regiment made a desperate defence. By this time a number of Cleburne's regiments had come up and were deployed in our front, when a staff officer from General Bradley came out with an order for us to fall back to the main line and let them come on. When we got back, General Bradley



ROBERT S. GRANGER,
MAJOR, FIFTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.
Commandant at Camp Buckingham, Mansfield, Ohio, 1861.

warmly complimented Colonel Brown on the conduct of his regiment. It was a well-merited compliment, for the Sixty-fourth had acquitted itself manfully. While fighting greatly superior numbers it had, alone, delayed Hood's advance nearly two hours, every minute of which was of inestimable value."

While the Sixty-fourth was holding the enemy in check, Colonel Brown asked General Bradley for reinforcements, and the Sixty-fifth was at once dispatched. Five companies were deployed and the others held as a reserve. The rebels did not press the attack with vigor and the Sixty-fifth was not actually engaged at this point, losing, however, several wounded. The regiment fell back, under orders, with the Sixty-fourth, to the knoll occupied by the main body of the brigade.

Upon its withdrawal from the skirmish line, the Sixty-fourth was ordered to support the Forty-second Illinois, which held the right of Bradley's brigade on the hill. The Sixty-fifth resumed its former position at the left of the Forty-second. To the left, successively, were the three other regiments of the brigade—Fifteenth Missouri, Fifty-first and Seventy-ninth Illinois. To the left and rear of Bradley, with a considerable interval, were the brigades of Lane and Opdycke, deployed as heretofore described. Up to this time only the Sixty-fourth had been seriously engaged. The entire brigade was now to meet the shock of Cleburne, who commanded Cheatham's leading division. The Union artillery was advantageously posted on high ground in the rear, near the village. Bradley's men were partially sheltered by a loose barricade, hastily thrown up, with such materials as were at hand.

About four o'clock Cleburne's Confederate division assailed Bradley with great fury, and the entire brigade became heavily engaged. Two assaults were handsomely repulsed, the enemy suffering severe loss. Cleburne's line overlapped Bradley's, however, and one of his brigades passed around the right flank, held, as we have seen, by the Forty-second Illinois and Sixty-fourth Ohio, and gained the rear, in spite of the galling fire it received from these two regiments. The latter were soon in such jeopardy that the colonel of the Forty-second, the senior officer, ordered them to fall back, which they did rapidly, for, as Shellenberger says, "it had become a question of legs to escape capture." The

Sixty-fifth Ohio, next in line to the left, was now imperiled, having been uncovered by the recession of the two regiments mentioned. The men had all they could attend to in their front, using their muskets with desperate energy in repelling the enemy. The rebels swarmed upon the flank and rear of the Sixty-fifth and it narrowly escaped being wholly enveloped and swept off bodily. With much difficulty it was extricated from its perilous environment, with the loss of about twenty-five in killed, wounded and prisoners. The artillery opened upon the advancing Confederates so effectively that they recoiled, desisted from further effort, and withdrew out of range. General Bradley was severely wounded, having an arm shattered by a musket-ball. He reluctantly relinquished the command of the brigade to Colonel Joseph Conrad, of the Fifteenth Missouri.

The brigade fell back to a new position, in prolongation of the line which was occupied by Lane and Opdycke. These brigades had no severe fighting, but their long displayed line had a most excellent effect, in deceiving Cheatham. Their appearance, and the sturdy resistance of Bradley's brigade, so discouraged him and chilled his ardor, that he reported to Hood that the Federal line "looked a little too long."

Cheatham's attack was feeble in comparison to what it might and should have been, and to what General Hood desired and ex-



JAMES HAZELTON,
SERGEANT, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Better known as "Red Fox."

pected. Yet there was severe fighting, the brunt of which fell upon Bradley's little brigade whose loss was above two hundred men. The Sixty-fourth Ohio sustained a loss of two officers wounded, four enlisted men killed, twenty-six wounded and ten captured—total forty-two. Among the killed was Sergeant Henry Fisher, of Company K, who was not surpassed by any man in the regiment for courage and faithfulness to duty.

The loss of the Sixty-fifth was two officers wounded, five men killed, twenty wounded and fourteen missing—total forty-one. Among the wounded was Captain Andrew Howenstine, who was shot through the body. He could not be moved and fell into the hands of the enemy, as did others of our severely wounded. First Sergeant Patrick R. Nohilly, of Company G, was one of the slain. No better soldier than he ever shouldered musket. He was a favorite in the regiment and his death was deeply regretted.

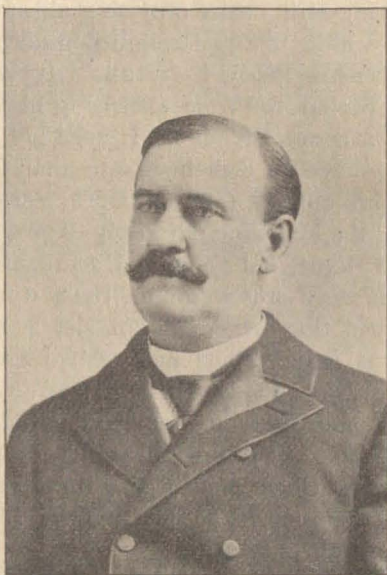
Never were the shadows of night more welcome than when they settled down, at the close of that eventful day, upon the weary soldiers of Schofield's army, as they struggled along the pike. Our division was ordered to hold its position confronting Cheat-ham at Spring Hill, while the army marched by. We remained till long after midnight. When the last troops had passed we silently withdrew and followed, Opdycke's brigade acting as rear guard. We marched with the greatest possible speed. Scarcely a word was spoken as the men pressed forward. Every step brought them nearer to deliverance.

But the danger was not yet over. To the right could be seen, some of them scarcely a quarter of a mile from the pike, the bivouac fires of the enemy, lighting up the sky with a ruddy glow. Some of the rebel pickets were not a hundred yards from the pike. Our flankers almost brushed them as they groped their way through the woods and fields. Surely the enemy could not be blind to the fact that Schofield's army was at his mercy. Strung out in a long line for miles upon the highway, marching by the flank, and encumbered with wagons, no army under such conditions could have resisted a determined attack. A bold dash of a single brigade, at almost any point, would have broken the line, and this, followed up by a general assault, would have resulted in

dire disaster to the imperiled Union troops. Would the attack be made? This question was in the mind of every soldier. Now and then a shot was heard, and it seemed to us that each report was the precursor of an assault that we fully expected.

All the afternoon, while the fight was in progress at Spring Hill, the wagons had been hurried along toward Franklin, twelve miles distant, with the utmost possible dispatch, protected, as far as might be, by cavalry, in front and on both flanks. At several points the watchful troopers of the enemy dashed upon the train, destroying wagons, killing mules, and stampeding the drivers, and then scurried away to watch for another opportunity. Indeed it was an unusually interesting and sultry day for the quartermasters and teamsters. The frequent whizz of bullets and the swoops of the rebel horsemen kept them in a high state of excitement.

The hours, and the troops, dragged wearily on. The light of the enemy's fires gradually faded in the distance behind us. Hostile troops no longer hovered about us. The immediate danger was past, and we breathed more freely again. Long and anxiously we listened to catch the sound of conflict in our rear, but no attack was made. Straight past a thousand gleaming fires, around which were bivouacked the soldiers of Hood's army, had marched the Federal column, and those two gallant corps were saved. When it was known that the peril was past, a hearty "Thank God!" escaped from many lips unused to prayer. The star of "good luck" twinkled upon Schofield's army



ASBURY S. FOWLER.
SIXTH BATTERY.

out of that midnight sky ! It may not be entirely proper for us to criticise the generalship of our commanders, but it appeared to us then, and it does yet, that Schofield "hung on" too long at Columbia. Only the incredible apathy and feebleness of Cheatham averted the disaster which would have been the logical sequence of what we conceived to be an error of judgment on the part of General Schofield.

So far as the actual engagement is concerned, the battle of Spring Hill ranks only as a skirmish. But it is safe to say that no conflict of equal magnitude during the entire war had so much depending upon its result. It checked Cheatham's advance and prevented him from executing his peremptory orders to plant his corps across the pike. It need not have done so, for he could with ease have overwhelmed our small force, had he obeyed the orders of his chief. The stubborn resistance of Bradley's little band, and the long line purposely displayed by the brigades of Opdycke and Lane, led General Cheatham to believe the force opposing him very much larger than it was. So perfectly was he deceived that he dared not risk a battle, even though Stewart's corps, which Hood had rushed forward at double-quick to assist him, was already within supporting distance. Hood knew that the main body of Schofield's army was still in the rear, and that the force at Spring Hill could not be large. He sent repeated orders for Cheatham to seize the pike, and had these been carried out there can be no question that the result would have been most disastrous.

As for Bradley's brigade, we may consider, without boasting, that it is fairly entitled to a large measure of credit. Those little regiments were equal to the emergency, and to their firmness and valor more than to any other one thing—unless it be the hesitancy of Cheatham, and it was our brigade that made him timorous—is due the escape of the Fourth and Twenty-third corps from the danger of that day. At no time during the war did an equal number of men render a more important service, and the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth and the Sixth battery have a right to be proud of their part in it.

It is easy to follow the train of very possible consequences if Cheatham had secured a lodgment, with his twelve thousand men,

on the pike at Spring Hill. With a force of more than two to one, Hood would have enveloped and destroyed Schofield's army. Then, hastening on to Nashville, he would have found no force able to stand before him; or, if he chose to pass around Nashville, he could have marched unopposed to the Ohio river, and beyond. And where then would have been the glory of Sherman's "March to the Sea?"

To show that we are not mistaken in our estimate as to the extremely critical nature of the situation during the afternoon and evening of November 29th, I am sure the space will be well occupied in giving a few citations from Confederate authorities. The importance of the subject will justify a quotation at some length from the volume written by General Hood (now dead) a few years after the war. He said—"Advance and Retreat," page 282 *et seq.*:

The two armies lay opposite each other during the 27th. The Federals being intrenched, I determined not to attack them in their breastworks if I could possibly avoid it, but to permit them to cross undisturbed to the north bank of Duck river that night, as I supposed they would do; to hasten preparations, and endeavor to place the main body of the Confederate army at Spring Hill, twelve miles directly in the enemy's rear, and about midway, upon the only pike leading to Franklin; to attack as the Federals retreated, and put to rout and capture, if possible, their army, which was the sole obstacle between our forces and Nashville—in truth the only barrier to the success of our campaign. * * * The situation presented an occasion for one of those interesting and beautiful moves upon the chess-board of war, to perform which I had often desired an opportunity. * * * I decided to bridge the river that night, and move at dawn the next morning with Cheatham's corps—whose right was then resting near the point selected for a crossing—together with Stewart's corps and Johnson's division of S. D. Lee's corps, and to leave General Lee, with Stevenson's and Clayton's divisions and the bulk of the artillery, to demonstrate heavily against Schofield, and follow him, if he retired. Since I had attempted this same movement on the 22nd of July, at Atlanta, and had been unable to secure its success, I resolved to go in person at the head of the advance brigade, and lead the army to Spring Hill.

Colonel Prestman and his assistants laid the pontoons during the night of the 28th, about three miles above Columbia. Orders to move at dawn the following day having been issued to the two corps and the division above mentioned, I rode with my staff to Cheatham's right, passed over the bridge soon after daybreak, and moved forward at the head of Granberry's Texas brigade, of Cleburne's division. * * * During the march

the Federal cavalry appeared on the hills to our left; not a moment was lost, however, on that account, as the army was marching by the right flank and was prepared to face at any instant in their direction. No attention was, therefore, paid to the enemy, save to throw out a few sharpshooters in his front. I well knew that to stop and lose time in reconnoitering would defeat my object, which was to reach the enemy's rear and cut him off from Nashville. I also knew that Schofield was occupied in his front, since I could distinctly hear the roar of Lee's artillery at Columbia, whilst a feint was made to cross the river.

Thus I led the main body of the army to within about two miles, and in full view of the pike from Columbia to Spring Hill and Franklin. I here halted about three o'clock in the afternoon, and requested General Cheatham, commanding the leading corps, and Major-general Cleburne to advance to the spot where, sitting upon my horse, I had in sight the enemy's wagons and men passing at double-quick along the Franklin pike. As these officers approached, I spoke to Cheatham in the following words, which I quote almost verbatim, as they have remained indelibly engraved upon my memory ever since that fatal day: "General, do you see the enemy there, retreating rapidly to escape us?" He answered in the affirmative. "Go," I continued, "with your corps, take possession of and hold that pike at or near Spring Hill. Accept whatever comes, and turn all those wagons over to our side of the house." Then addressing Cleburne, I said: "General, you have heard the orders just given. You have one of my best divisions. Go with General Cheatham, assist him in every way you can, and do as he directs." Again, as a parting injunction to them, I added: "Go and do this at once. Stewart is near at hand, and I will have him double-quick his men to the front."

They immediately sent staff officers to hurry the men forward, and moved off with their troops at a quick pace in the direction of the enemy. I dispatched several of my staff to the rear, with orders to Stewart and Johnson to make all possible haste. Meantime, I rode to one side and looked on at Cleburne's division, followed by the remainder of Cheatham's corps, as it marched by, seemingly ready for battle. Within about half an hour from the time Cheatham left me, skirmishing began with the enemy, when I rode forward to a point nearer the pike, and again sent a staff officer to Stewart and Johnson to push forward. At the same time, I dispatched a messenger to General Cheatham to lose no time in gaining possession of the pike at Spring Hill. It was reported back that he was about to do so.

Listening attentively to the fire of the skirmishers in that direction, I discovered there was no continued roar of musketry, and being aware of the quick approach of darkness after four o'clock at that season of the year, I became somewhat uneasy, and again ordered an officer to go to General Cheatham, inform him that his supports were very near at hand, that he must attack at once, if he had not already done so, and take and

hold possession of the pike. Shortly afterward I intrusted another officer with the same message, and finally requested the governor of Tennessee, Isham G. Harris, to hasten forward and impress upon Cheatham the importance of action without delay. I knew no large force of the enemy could be at Spring Hill, as couriers reported Schofield's main body still in front of Lee, at Columbia, up to a late hour in the day. I thought it probable that Cheatham had taken possession of Spring Hill without encountering material opposition, or had formed line across the pike, north of the town, and intrenched, without coming in serious contact with the enemy, which would account for the little musketry heard in his direction. However, to ascertain the truth, I sent an officer to ask Cheatham if he held the pike, and to inform him of the arrival of Stewart, whose corps I intended to throw on his left, in order to assail the Federals in flank that evening or the next morning, as they approached and formed to attack Cheatham. At this juncture the last messenger returned with the report that the road had not been taken possession of. General Stewart was then ordered to proceed to the right of Cheatham and place his corps across the pike north of Spring Hill. By this hour, however, twilight was upon us, when Generals Stewart and Cheatham rode up in person. Turning to Cheatham, I exclaimed with deep emotion, as I felt the golden opportunity fast slipping from me: "General, why, in the name of God, have you not attacked the enemy and taken possession of that pike?" He replied that the enemy's line looked a little too long for him, and that Stewart should first form on his right. I could hardly believe it possible that this brave old soldier, who had given proof of such courage and ability upon so many hard-fought fields, would even make such a report. After leading him within full view of the enemy, and pointing out to him the Federals retreating in great haste and confusion along the pike, and then giving explicit orders to attack, I would as soon have expected mid-day to turn into darkness as for him to have disobeyed my orders. I then asked General Cheatham whether or not Stewart's corps, if formed on the right, would extend across the pike. He answered in the affirmative. Guides were at once furnished to point out Cheatham's right to General Stewart, who was ordered to form thereon, with his right extending across the pike. Darkness, however, which was increased by large shade trees in that vicinity, soon closed upon us, and Stewart's Corps, after much annoyance, went into bivouac for the night, near, but not across, the pike, at about eleven or twelve o'clock.

It was reported to me after this hour that the enemy was marching along the road, almost under the light of the camp-fires of the main body of the army. I sent anew to General Cheatham to know if at least a line of skirmishers could not be advanced, in order to throw the Federals into confusion, to delay their march, and allow us a chance to attack in the morning. Nothing was done. The Federals, with immense wagon trains, were permitted to march by us the remainder of the night within gunshot of

our lines. I could not succeed in arousing the troops to action, when one good division would have sufficed to do the work. One good division, I re-assert, could have routed that portion of the enemy which was at Spring Hill; have taken possession and formed line across the road; and thus have made it an easy matter for Stewart's corps, Johnson's division, and Lee's two divisions from Columbia, to have enveloped, routed, and captured Schofield's army that afternoon and the ensuing day. General Forrest gallantly opposed the enemy further down to our right, to the full extent of his power; beyond this effort nothing whatever was done, although never was a grander opportunity offered to utterly rout and destroy the Federal army.

Had I dreamed for one moment that Cheatham would have failed to give battle, or at least to take position across the pike and force the enemy to assault him, I would have ridden, myself, to the front, and led the troops into action. Although it is right and proper that a commander-in-chief, in the event of disaster to a portion of his line during an engagement, should endeavor in person to rally the troops, it is not expected, nor considered expedient, that he should inaugurate a battle by leading a division or brigade. Had I done so, my opponents would have just cause for the charge of recklessness. I would, nevertheless, have risked my life in this instance, had I conceived the possibility of the disregard of my orders, on the part of this officer.

In connection with this grave misfortune, I must here record an act of candor and nobility on the part of General Cheatham, which proves him to be equally generous-hearted and brave. I was, necessarily, much pained by the disappointment suffered, and, a few days later, I telegraphed to Richmond to withdraw my previous recommendation for his promotion, and to request that another officer be assigned to the command of his corps. Before the receipt of a reply, General Cheatham called at my headquarters—then at the residence of Mr. Overton, six miles from Nashville—and, standing in my presence, spoke an honest avowal of his error, in the acknowledgement that he felt we had lost a brilliant opportunity at Spring Hill to deal the enemy a crushing blow, and that he was greatly to blame. I telegraphed and wrote to the War Department to withdraw my application for his removal, in the belief that, inspired with an ambition to retrieve his shortcoming, he would prove in the future doubly zealous in the service of his country.

The best move in my career as a soldier I was thus destined to behold come to naught. The discovery that my army, after a forward march of one hundred and eighty miles, was still, seemingly, unwilling to accept battle, unless with the protection of breastworks, caused me to experience grave concern. In my inmost heart I questioned whether or not I would ever succeed in eradicating this evil. It seemed to me I had exhausted every means in the power of one man to remove this stumbling-block to the army of Tennessee. And I will here inquire, in vindication of its fair

fame, if any intelligent man of that army supposes for one moment that these same troops, six months previous, would, even without orders to attack, have allowed the enemy to pass them at Rocky-face ridge, as he did at Spring Hill?

On the morning of the 30th of November Lee was on the march up the Franklin pike, when the main body of the army, at Spring Hill, awoke to find the Federals had disappeared. I thereupon decided, before the enemy would be able to reach his stronghold at Nashville, to make, that same afternoon, another and final effort to overtake and rout him, and drive him into the big Harpeth river at Franklin, since I could no longer hope to get between him and Nashville, by reason of the short distance from Franklin to that city, and the advantage which the Federals enjoyed in the possession of the direct road.

The important part taken by our brigade in the action at Spring Hill, and the just pride with which its survivors always speak of their success in preventing General Cheatham from getting possession of the pike at that intensely critical moment, is my apology for giving so copious an extract from General Hood's book. I believe my comrades will read with as much interest as I did, what the Confederate leader wrote concerning the events of that fateful day.

Jefferson Davis, president of the late lamented Southern Confederacy, after reciting the facts substantially as given by General Hood, says:—"Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II; page 575:

Thus was lost a great opportunity for striking the enemy, for which we had labored so long—the greatest this campaign had offered, and one of the greatest during the war.

I cite one other southern writer of note, Edward A. Pollard:—"The Lost Cause," page 585:

About four o'clock in the afternoon Hood's infantry, Cheatham in the advance, commenced to come in contact with the enemy, about two miles from Spring Hill, through which place the Columbia and Franklin pike runs. The enemy was at this time moving rapidly along the pike, with some of his troops on the flank of his column to protect it. Cheatham was ordered to attack the enemy at once, vigorously, and get possession of this pike. He made only a feeble and partial attack, failing to reach the point indicated. The great object of General Hood was to possess himself of the road to Franklin, and thus cut off the enemy's retreat. Though owing to delays the signal opportunity to do this had passed, there was yet a chance of dealing the enemy a heavy blow. Stewart's corps and Johnson's division were arriving upon the field to support the attack. Stewart was or-

dered to move his corps beyond Cheatham's and place it across the road beyond Spring Hill. He did not succeed in getting the position he desired, owing to some misunderstanding of orders, and, night falling, he went into bivouac. About midnight, ascertaining that the enemy was moving in great confusion—artillery, wagons and troops intermixed—General Hood sent instructions to Cheatham to advance a heavy line of skirmishers against him, and still further impede and confuse his march. This was not accomplished. The enemy continued to move along the road in hurry and confusion, within hearing, nearly all the night. Thus was lost a great opportunity of striking the enemy and his line of retreat was secured in the face of the Confederates, without a battle. Much of the disaster that was now to ensue in his campaign, General Hood attributed to the fact that "some of his generals had failed him at Spring Hill."

Van Horne, the historian of the Army of the Cumberland, says—Vol. II; page 196 :

Rarely has an army escaped so easily from a peril so threatening.

* * * From whatever cause the failure resulted, the opportunity of the campaign was lost to the Confederate army.

CHAPTER LVIII.

FRANKLIN.

THE NIGHT MARCH FROM SPRING HILL—A STUPENDOUS BLUNDER—
THE BRIGADES OF CONRAD AND LANE SUFFERERS THEREBY—OR-
DERED TO HOLD AN ADVANCED POSITION TO THE LAST EXTREMITY
—THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCE—FURIOUS AND BLOODY FIGHT-
ING—THE AWFUL SLAUGHTER—THE REBELS DEFEATED—SCHO-
FIELD RETIRES TO NASHVILLE.

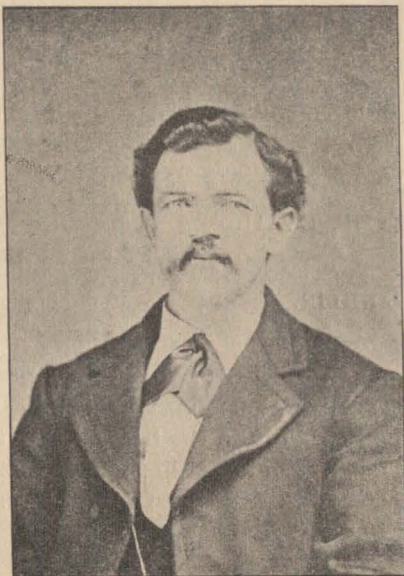
MARCHING the entire night, with scarcely a halt, the van of Schofield's army arrived at Franklin before daybreak, on the morning of November 30th. After personally inspecting the withdrawal from Columbia, General Schofield rode rapidly forward and reached Franklin with the head of the column. The town lies on the south bank of the Harpeth river, partly inclosed by a deep bend in the stream. General Schofield immediately selected for defence, in case of attack, a semi-circular line, a few hundred yards from the outskirts of the town, its flanks resting upon the river above and below. As the brigades and divisions arrived they were assigned their positions.

The soldiers, although greatly exhausted by the extremely arduous toil of the previous day and night, without a moment of sleep, at once covered their front with substantial field-works, built from whatever materials could be obtained. Then they threw themselves upon the ground for a few hours of sleep.

To us the privilege of rest was denied. It was near morning when we left Spring Hill, Wagner's division being from that point the rear of the column, and it was past noon when we arrived at Franklin. The

brigades of Conrad and Lane were immediately posted upon either side of the Columbia pike, about half a mile in front of the main line of Union intrenchments. Conrad's brigade faced directly southward, east of the pike, upon which its right rested, connecting with Lane's left, west of the pike. The Sixty-fifth was upon the extreme left flank, the Sixty-fourth joining its right.

It will presently be seen how these hapless brigades were made to suffer for somebody's atrocious and inexcusable blundering, and how, by the same maladroit performance, the



THOMAS H. B. JOHNSTON,
SERGEANT COMPANY K, SIXTY-FIFTH.
COLOR-BEARER AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

safety of the army was again seriously jeopardized. By some strange theory of combat, these brigades were placed in this advanced position and held there as a sort of cushion, to receive the first impact of the expected charge and deaden its initial violence. There are questions touching the responsibility for this amazing folly which will never be sufficiently answered to dispel the fog in which the subject is enveloped. It is declared on the one

hand that General Wagner's orders were to so place these brigades for the purpose of observation, and that if the enemy developed an assault in force they should not fight there, but retire behind the line of intrenchments. A single regiment deployed as skirmishers would have been far better. It would have answered every purpose of "observation," and there would have been no possibility of the well-nigh fatal mistake which marked the opening of the battle. On the other hand General Wagner, to the day of his death, averred that his orders were for Lane and Conrad to make stout resistance and hold the advanced position as long as possible. At all events, such were the directions given to regimental and company commanders and they were obeyed, with results that were necessarily calamitous; by no possibility could they have been otherwise.

General Stanley, in his official report, disclaims any responsibility for the confusion of tongues with regard to what Conrad's and Lane's brigades were directed to do. He said: "By whose mistake I cannot tell, it certainly was never a part of my instructions, but these brigades had orders from General Wagner not to retire to the main line until forced to do so by the fighting of the enemy." It is probably true that Wagner misunderstood or misinterpreted the orders he received.

It was not General Schofield's wish to deliver battle at Franklin, nor did he intend to do so unless assailed by Hood. It is true that the Union troops might have passed the Harpeth river and continued their retreat to Nashville, about twenty miles distant. In that event, however, Schofield would have been forced to sacrifice a large part of his train, as it would be a work of many hours to get this safely across the river. As fast as the wagons arrived they were hurried to the north bank. During the day this progressed so rapidly that, in accordance with orders from General Thomas, Schofield directed that if the enemy did not attack, the army should cross the river, starting at six o'clock in the evening, and retire to the very strong defensive position at Brentwood, a few miles south of Nashville, where it would be augmented by large reinforcements from Thomas. The latter had been unable up to this time to forward troops to Schofield, owing to the delay in their concentration. Thomas had hoped to

collect his scattered forces, take the field, meet Hood about Columbia and there deliver battle. The advance of A. J. Smith's two divisions of the Army of the Tennessee did not, however, reach Nashville until the day of the battle at Franklin, and the main body not till the following day. Five thousand men under General Steedman, from Chattanooga, also arrived December 1st.

Chafing under the keen disappointment of the previous day, in the miscarriage of his plan to strike a deadly blow at Spring Hill, General Hood pushed forward his army, determined to assail Schofield at Franklin, where he hoped to catch him in the confusion of crossing the Harpeth. Stung by the reproofing words of their chief, Hood's subordinate commanders were in a state of mind which would lead them to fight with the utmost desperation, should the opportunity occur. The van of the rebel army was but two or three miles behind the rear of Schofield's column, and about one o'clock halted within sight of the Federal army. By three o'clock the corps of Stewart and Cheatham were all up and they were formed for the assault.



THOMAS H. EHLERS,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Killed at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.,
May 9th, 1864.

Few battlefields of the war were so free from obstructions, or offered so little cover for an attacking force. For a mile in front of the Union line the ground was nearly flat, an immense cotton-field, affording to those behind the intrenchments the greatest facility for the free use of musketry and artillery. It should have been said that Wood's division, of the Fourth corps, was sta-

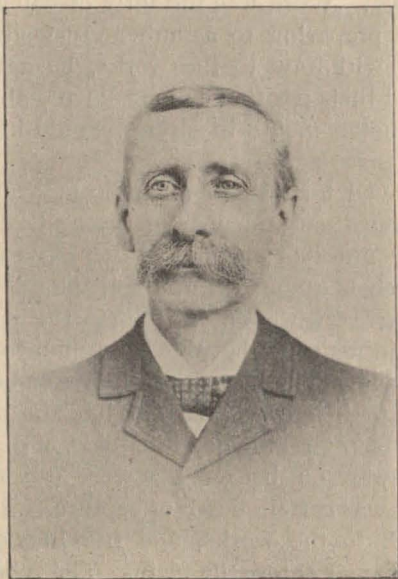
tioned as a reserve upon the north bank of the river, where, also, on a high bluff, was posted such artillery as could not find position upon the line of defence.

For three hours the soldiers of Conrad and Lane lay behind a slight earthwork which they had thrown up, watching for the foe. It was about four o'clock when the peering eyes of our two brigades discerned the long lines of gray emerging from a wood. General Wagner should have been with his brigades at the front, but he chose to stay in the town. Word was instantly dispatched to him that the rebels were preparing to assault. Instead of ordering Conrad and Lane to withdraw to the works, he again directed them to fight and hold their position as long as possible. The rawest of our recruits, not a month in service, would have known better.

The Confederate lines moved forward in magnificent array. In obedience to orders, the three thousand men of those ill-fated brigades firmly grasped their muskets and braced themselves to meet the shock. When the rebels came within range, the line of Conrad and Lane was ablaze, as with nimble fingers the men loaded and fired with might and main. That they could not long hold their position was inevitable. The blast from their muskets checked the ardor of those in their immediate front, but the advancing line extended a quarter of a mile on either side, and, as those upon the right and left swept on, both flanks were quickly enveloped. To remain longer was certain death or capture. The order was given to fall back to the works, and the luckless brigades went streaming to the rear across the plain. The rebels swept off about eight hundred prisoners from the dozen regiments which were the victims of somebody's folly. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth must have been expert runners, for they lost less prisoners than the others. About forty from each were captured, mostly new men. Their loss in killed and wounded at this point was small, for the rebels did little firing, as was customary in making a charge. To avoid the temptation to stop and fire, soldiers making an assault were often sent in with empty muskets.

The fleeing Union fugitives served as a perfect screen to the rebels closely following in their rear. The men at the works were

impatient to open fire with muskets and cannon, but they could not do so on that part of the line until Wagner's broken battalions had passed. As the latter leaped the works the rebels were intermingled with them, and they, too, began to pour over. In the indescribable confusion of the moment, the men of the Twenty-third corps, behind the works, became unsteady and broke away, while the rebels, with loud yells, crowded to the breach. The situation was critical in the extreme, and it was all due to the



SCHUYLER C. GATES,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY C,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

vicious order which compromised our two brigades and put the army in the greatest peril. Most fortunately, Wagner's remaining brigade, Opdycke's, was lying in reserve, a few rods in rear of the point where the danger was greatest. Without waiting for orders—for every second of time was priceless—Opdycke seized the colors of a regiment and sprang forward, calling upon his men to follow. A moment later and Opdycke's brigade was engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with the intruders, of whom several hundred were now within the intrenchments. In this fierce conflict were also engaged

the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, the members of which, as soon as they passed the works, turned and bravely faced the foe. Ten minutes and the peril was averted. The breach in the Union line was closed and all the Confederates within the works were killed or prisoners. Colonel Opdycke richly deserved the promotion he received for his gallantry at this crucial moment.

The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth crossed the works at and

near the gin-house, which all who were at Franklin will remember. The colors of both regiments were pierced by many bullets, and the staff of the national flag of the Sixty-fourth was shattered almost to splinters. Behind the intrenchments the men were massed four or five deep, those of the different regiments being promiscuously intermingled. The various commands were much broken and disordered, but the men, with scarcely an exception, were individually firm. There was no sign of demoralization or panic. Every soldier knew what to do, and did it, whether under the immediate eye of his officers or not. So fierce was the combat that at times the men fought hand to hand upon the parapet, with bayonets and clubbed muskets. So thick was the fringe of blue along the line that it was not possible for all the men to reach the works to deliver their fire. Those at the rear loaded muskets and passed them to those in front, and in this way a rapid and murderous fire was kept up without cessation.

The Confederate General Cleburne fell directly in front of the point where a large number of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were loading and firing with desperate energy. Cleburne's adjutant-general was wounded upon the parapet and was hauled over, a prisoner, by a member of the Sixty-fourth. Colonel Brown talked with him after the fighting had ceased, and he gave Brown a personal message for General Thomas, with whom he said he had been acquainted in former years. Captain Wolff, of the Sixty-fourth, was confronted inside the works by a Louisiana colonel, who demanded his surrender. Wolff declined compliance, and, brandishing a hatchet which he had in his hand, made a similar demand. The colonel, more courteous and obliging than Wolff, promptly surrendered. The captain secured his sword and brought it to his home in Mansfield. It bears the inscription: "Presented to Colonel Austin, by his friend A. J. Smith."

The Sixty-fifth took three Confederate battle flags. Sergeant Alexander C. Copeland, of Company H, secured one and it was borne in triumph to Nashville. Private Joseph Walters, of Company I, picked up two on the field, but they were claimed by soldiers of the Twenty-third corps. Walters was a drafted man, and gave them up. They belonged to the Sixty-fifth, and had they been in the possession of one of our veterans they would not have been surrendered without a fight.

Until after dark the battle raged all along the line with the greatest fury. Again and again the Confederates charged with desperate courage, but were as often repulsed. The human waves dashed against the intrenchments, only to be broken into spray. The assailants went down by hundreds before the storm of death that swept the field, from ten thousand muskets, and cannon



RILEY W. SNYDER,
COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.

double-shotted with canister and grape. The valor of the Confederates was never surpassed on any field of war, challenging the historic gallantry of those Virginians who charged with Pickett to the crest of Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. Generals leading their divisions or brigades were shot from their horses at the very muzzles of the Union muskets. The desperate fighting during the two closing hours of that November day has few parallels. The courage of the rebels was in vain, and as night curtained the awful scene they gave up the battle.

The carnage was frightful. In those two hours of fierce conflict seventeen hundred Confederates were slain, including six general officers. One of them, Major-general Patrick R. Cleburne, was beyond compare the best division commander in Hood's army. He fell, pierced by half a dozen bullets, as his horse was leaping the ditch at the works. Six other generals were wounded and one was captured. In no other battle of the war was the loss of general officers half as large, proportionate to the number engaged, as that of the Confederates at Franklin.

More than five thousand rebels were wounded—most of them severely, owing to the close fighting—and seven hundred were made captive. The Union army, protected by breastworks, lost less than two hundred killed, about one thousand wounded, and eleven hundred prisoners. Two-thirds of the latter were from the two brigades of Wagner, whose misfortunes have already been described. General Stanley, commanding the Fourth corps, was severely wounded, and the command of the corps passed to General Thomas J. Wood.

In writing of the battle of Franklin, General Jacob D. Cox, who commanded the Twenty-third corps, does injustice, at least by implication, to the brigades of Conrad and Lane. In his volume of the Scribner series, page 97, he says that Wagner "rallied the disorganized brigades at the river but they were not again carried into action." It is no doubt true that Wagner did not again carry them in, but it is also true that three-quarters of the officers and men carried *themselves* in, remained at the works and fought to the end. We *know* this to be true of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth. Few of them went to the river at all—until they crossed it that night with the army—they were not that kind of men. It was noticeable that many of our recruits "faced the music" like veterans. They had not been drilled any to speak of, but they knew how to load and fire, and their conduct was worthy of all praise. Our men were not demoralized or panic-stricken by the rough handling they received at the extreme front. When ordered to retreat, they fairly flew back to the works, each man for himself, which, under such extraordinary circumstances, was the correct thing to do. They bore a most honorable part in the fighting which followed.

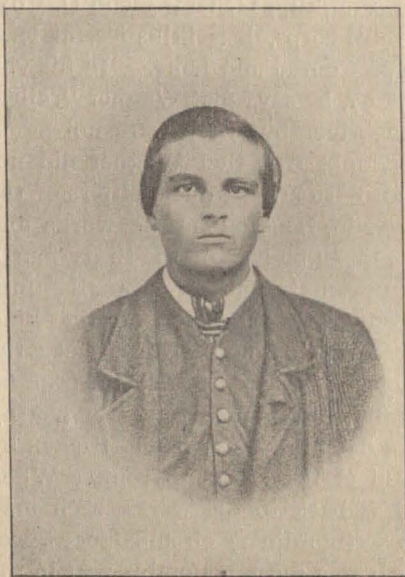
The Sixty-fourth lost in the action one officer wounded; five men killed, twenty-one wounded, and thirty-eight captured—total, sixty-five. The Sixty-fifth lost three men killed, twenty wounded, and forty-one missing—total, sixty-four. The loss of Wagner's division was twelve hundred and forty-one, exceeding by two hundred the aggregate loss of all the rest of Schofield's army—the Twenty-third corps and Kimball's division of the Fourth, Wood's division not being engaged.

The battle virtually closed at dark, although the firing was

continued at intervals far into the night. Before daylight General Schofield had skillfully withdrawn his army, and by the close of the next day it was safe at Nashville. After we had crossed the Harpeth river, about midnight, and were stretching away for Nashville, rations were distributed "on the wing," from a supply train which had been sent to meet us. There was no red tape about that issue. The wagons stood by the wayside, and boxes of hardtack and slabs of bacon were handed out. In less time

than it takes to tell it, the boxes were smashed in with the butts of muskets and each man helped himself, while the men cut the bacon into pieces and passed them around as they marched. Everybody was well-nigh famished, and crackers and raw meat were eaten with a keen relish.

Notwithstanding his galling repulse and the crippling of his army by great losses, General Hood followed closely upon Schofield. On December 3rd he drove in the Union outposts and established his lines half way around Nashville, his flanks reaching to the Cumberland river above and below the city.



REUBEN W. TITUS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.
COLOR-BEARER AT NASHVILLE.

Major Smith, of the Sixty-fifth, was disabled at Spring Hill by a bullet which struck the plate of his sword-belt, directly over the stomach. The plate stopped the ball, and no doubt saved the major's life, but the violence of the blow placed him *hors de combat*. It was a long time before he fully recovered, although he resumed command at Nashville. When he was disabled at Spring Hill he was succeeded by Captain Howenstine, who was stricken

down a few minutes later. During the remainder of the engagement, and through the battle at Franklin, the Sixty-fifth was ably commanded by Major Samuel L. Coulter, of the Sixty-fourth.

A singular and blood-curdling experience was that of Israel O. Gaskill, of Company B, Sixty-fifth. In the wild scamper for the works he found himself directly in front of the Sixth battery, the guns of which were double-shotted, and men stood grasping the lanyards, impatient for the word to fire. Between the cannon, the parapet bristled with the muskets of the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio, loaded and cocked, with a finger upon every trigger. It was impossible for Gaskill to get over the intrenchment, and he could only drop into the ditch and wait for an opportunity to scale the works. In an instant the parapet was ablaze with musketry and the artillery was belching canister. The rebels pressed forward, going down by scores before the fiery blast. Dead men fell upon Gaskill until he was literally covered by corpses. When the assailants recoiled he shouted lustily for assistance. His cries were heard by Captain Benjamin F. Trescott, of the Sixty-fifth, and Captain Aaron P. Baldwin, of the battery, who, with one or two men, leaped the works, lifted off the bodies, and rescued him from his most unpleasant predicament. Stained with blood and grime, but unhurt, Gaskill was overjoyed to find himself free, and sprang nimbly over the parapet.

At this time the Sixty-fifth was called upon to part with Adjutant Brewer Smith, a young officer of the highest capacity and courage, and greatly beloved by the officers and men of the regiment. Enlisting when but a "kid" of sixteen, in Company G, he was, at its organization, exalted to the rank of corporal. At Camp Buckingham he always went around with the visor of his cap turned up at an angle of forty-five degrees, giving him a saucy, independent air. He was one of the most expert penmen in the regiment. In this respect it was about a stand-off between him and John C. Zollinger, of the same company, who subsequently rose to be quartermaster. Smith's capacity for business was so apparent that in June, 1862, he was appointed sergeant-major. Upon the death of Adjutant Massey, from wounds received at Stone River, Smith, at seventeen, was promoted to lieutenant and appointed to the vacancy. He served in that position nearly two



DAVID S. STANLEY,
MAJOR-GENERAL, COMMANDING FOURTH CORPS.

years. For gallantry in action and fidelity in the discharge of official duty, we stand ready to back him against any other adjutant in the Army of the Cumberland. Having been promoted to captain, he was, the day after the battle of Franklin, detached as adjutant-general of the brigade. A few days later he was called to the staff of General Elliott, commanding the division, as aide-de-camp, in which capacity he served until the end. From New Orleans Elliott was sent to command the District of Kansas. Captain Smith accompanied him to Fort Leavenworth, and was not with us in Texas. He was ordered to Ohio to be mustered out with the Sixty-fifth, but he missed connection with us at Columbus, and we did not see him after we left New Orleans. Captain Smith was brevetted major for "gallant and meritorious services."

For a time Lieutenant Christian M. Bush acted as adjutant. Bush was a prime soldier and esteemed not less by his men than by his fellow officers. He was extremely scrupulous regarding his personal appearance and always looked



JAMES L. HALL,
SERGEANT, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.

as neat as a pin, whenever such a condition was possible. In his manner he had all the grace and suavity of a Chesterfield. Preferring to serve with his company, Lieutenant Bush was, at the end of a month, upon his own request, relieved from duty at headquarters.

Lieutenant Edwin E. Scranton was then duly appointed adjutant. He was one of those faithful, patient ones, who earned their successive promotions by long service. He trudged in the

ranks as a private of Company B for a year, when he was appointed corporal. He kept on climbing until he reached the rank of captain. He continued to serve as adjutant until the discharge of the regiment.

CHAPTER LIX.

WHAT THE BATTERY DID.

A BIVOUAC AT SPRING HILL—AN ALARM AND A SCAMPER—THE GUNS IN POSITION—OVERLOOKED IN THE RETREAT—A CHEERFUL PROSPECT—A PERILOUS PASSAGE—THE FENCE CORNERS FULL OF REBELS—SAVING THE WAGON TRAIN—THANKS FROM THE GENERALS—FIERCE FIRING AT FRANKLIN—GHASTLY SCENES ON THE FIELD—FALLING BACK TO NASHVILLE.

THE services of the Sixth Ohio battery at Spring Hill, during the retreat to Franklin, and in the battle at the latter place, were of great importance and value. The gallant conduct of its members and their thrilling adventures during those thirty-six hours of peril will be the subject of this chapter. The narrative, as written by Captain Baldwin, is given almost entire:

On the morning of November 29th, after a hasty breakfast, the battery left Columbia, following the wagon train. It reached

Spring Hill about two o'clock and was ordered to go into camp on a ridge covered with open timber, near the pike. The guns were parked and horses quickly unhitched, fed and watered; the men were busy getting coffee and, as usual, arranging for a night camp. About three o'clock Captain Lyman Bridges, chief of artillery of the Fourth corps, rode into camp and said:

"Get ready to move as quickly as possible."

The bugle sounded the order and in ten minutes the battery was following Captain Bridges. We passed through Spring Hill to the northern outskirts of the town, where he directed the battery to go into position. Captain Bridges said he had ordered two guns from the Twentieth Ohio battery to be sent to this same position. Rebel cavalry had been encountered coming from the direction of Nashville and it was supposed there was infantry close by. He said:

"You are to remain here as long as a man can stand to the guns. You cannot expect any infantry support and your battery will be expected to hold this position against anything that may come in your front."

By this time the section from the Twentieth Ohio battery had reported and was assigned to a position on the left of the Sixth. The guns were loaded and the men stood ready for any emergency that might come, when we prepared to eat dinner. Stewart Miller, of the battery, having received a twenty days' furlough, was anxious to get north. He was directed to go into Spring Hill where he might catch a train for Nashville. He was accompa-



JOHN HOGAN,
SIXTH BATTERY.

nied by Thomas Gagen, whose time of service had expired and who had been excused from further duty. While passing through the village a woman came running out of her house saying :

"There are thousands of rebels over that ridge. Oh, dear, where shall I go !" to which he replied, "You go home and go down cellar !"

Miller proceeded to reconnoiter, and upon gaining the crest of the ridge, he saw, as the woman stated, thousands of rebels moving slowly toward the pike in line. He at once retraced his steps and meeting Opdycke's brigade gave the startling information that the rebels were close upon them.

The rebel cavalry had passed around the army and captured Thompson's station, some four miles north, destroyed some cars, and were coming down the pike to Spring Hill. Meeting Opdycke's brigade on the edge of the town, the rebels moved off by their left flank. At the same time Opdycke's sonorous voice could be heard, "On the right, into line ! Begin firing !" Like the unwinding of a whip lash the brigade rolled into line, and as every man came to the front he brought his gun to his shoulder and began firing. It was a beautiful sight and wonderful to hear the fire rolling along the entire length.

Six batteries of artillery had been thrown into the most available positions and were so placed as to cover a wide front. The infantry had been stretched out until it was merely a skirmish line, but every advance of the enemy was met with a destructive artillery fire, and the stubbornness with which the skirmishers held to their line led the rebels to believe that they confronted an entire army corps. After repeated attempts to break through at different points, in order to gain the pike, and being everywhere repulsed, Cheatham withdrew and awaited the arrival of reinforcements.

Darkness soon covered the contending forces. With the arrival of General Schofield the wagon trains were started toward Franklin, and by eight o'clock in the evening all were well under way. The artillery followed the wagon trains. The Sixth Ohio battery, notwithstanding all the other batteries had been relieved and sent to Franklin, continued to occupy the position where it had been posted during the afternoon, although the spare car-

riages—that is, the caissons, battery wagon, field forge and the transportation wagons—had been sent forward with the trains about dusk.

Between one and two o'clock in the morning General Stanley, with his escort, stopped abreast of the battery on the pike and made the remark, "Now, everything is practically gone," but upon looking toward the position of the battery he said: "That looks like a wagon up there." He was informed that it was a gun and that it was the Sixth Ohio battery. General Stanley immediately asked: "Why have you not been relieved?" He was answered by the statement that the battery had been posted there early in the afternoon and as yet had received no orders to retire. He then said:

"You are now relieved. Take your guns and proceed toward Franklin; and I desire to say to you that you have not one chance in a hundred of reaching that place. There are more than thirty thousand rebels between you and Franklin, and you will undoubtedly be attacked or cut off before you get through. Should you be attacked, do all you can to destroy your carriages and spike your guns. Have your cannoneers mount the off horses, cut the traces, and by passing over the country to the left some of you may possibly reach Franklin. Should you get there with your battery, I desire you to report to me in person."

With this information, everything indicated that we were likely to have an interesting time, whether we reached Franklin



WILLIAM H. BATES,
SERGEANT, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.

in safety or not. We only had gun detachments with the battery, all extra men having been sent forward with the wagon train. The men were called together and the instructions of General Stanley were told them. Orders were immediately issued to limber to the rear. The cannoneers were instructed to wear their equipments and to mount the carriages. It was distinctly understood that in case we should be attacked we were to get into battery and open fire with solid shot; that if we should attempt to get away without a show of resistance the majority would find their way to Andersonville, there to starve and die. The blacksmith artificer (James A. Moody) rode along with the commander, carrying gun spikes and a hammer for the purpose of spiking the guns should that become necessary.

It was a beautiful night—the atmosphere was very cool. The battery started for Franklin and the horses were immediately put into a trot. After moving along without hearing a sound of any other troops for an hour or more, we came in sight of the rebel camps, which had been formed along the ridge running parallel with and from two to four hundred yards from the pike upon which we were passing. The sentinels could be seen marching on beats, as they passed their camp fires, with great distinctness. About three o'clock in the morning we came to a steep grade in the pike. The moon, which had been shining when we started on our march, had set and it had become quite dark, and as the guns rolled over the pike the chuck of the wheels upon the axles and the clanking of the harness chains were the only sounds that greeted the ear.

We were going slowly up the incline when Corporal Kimberk stepped to the side of the writer and pulling his coat, said in an undertone, "Do you know those fellows in the fence corners?" It did not take much of an effort to guess who they were, and I replied, "I suppose they are Johnnies." The words were hardly spoken when one of the rebels crawled up on the fence not twenty feet from us and said:

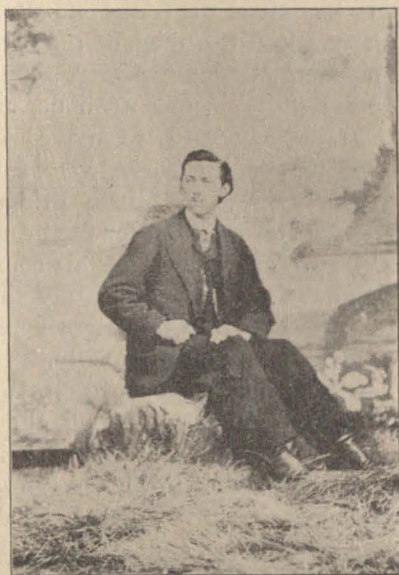
"Hello, thar, who are you-uns?"

Corporal Kimberk replied, "Tenth Alabam! What regiment are you-uns?"

"Fo'teenth Mississippi!" replied the Johnny, and immediately settled down into his nest in the fence corner.

Upon close scrutiny we discovered that the fence corners were filled with sleeping rebels. Our hearts were in our throats, for if they had discovered who we really were, a single volley would have unquestionably killed the majority of the men and the horses of the battery. We soon passed over the top of the ridge and immediately swung out into a trot, putting distance between ourselves and the sleeping rebels as fast as possible. After jogging along for a full hour we passed General Wood and a brigade of infantry with battery M, Fourth United States artillery, which were halted beside the road. After proceeding a full half mile we came in sight of our wagon train which was also halted on the track.

We kept on and after passing a dozen wagons we heard the rebel yell. Looking across the pike we could see a long line of rebel cavalry charging down, whooping and yelling and firing in every direction. The day had begun to dawn, and with the coming of daylight it was evident that the time had come when prompt action was necessary. The command was given: "Battery by the left flank! Fire to the rear!" The trails of the guns had scarcely touched the ground before the guns were loaded. The limbers had not time to reverse into their proper position before bang! bang! went the guns. We had no infantry support, nothing but the naked battery. After we had fired two or three rounds the enemy disappeared from sight, when the command, "Cease firing!" was given. A section was moved through the train into the open cottonfield, where it again



HENRY H. BILSING.
COMPANY K, SIXTY-FOURTH.

went into position and opened with case shot upon the retreating rebels, who could be yet seen in the distance.

General Wood came riding up at this time and inquired, "What in the world is the matter here?" He was informed that the rebel cavalry had made a dash for the wagon train, and that as the battery was in a direct line of the charge, we dropped our trails and opened fire upon them. General Wood exclaimed:

"Thank God you were here. The Sixth Ohio battery is always just where it should be when it is wanted. Baldwin, your battery has saved the trains of both army corps by this action. I thank you and the men of the battery for their gallant conduct this morning."

Daylight was now upon us, and we resumed our march toward Franklin, where we arrived safely about noon. The battery was parked, the horses were fed, and the men were getting their dinners, when Captain Bridges, chief of artillery, rode to the battery and inquired for the headquarters and said:

"General Stanley sends his compliments and desires to thank you and the men of the battery for what you have done today. There will probably be a fight here, and when the battle is over he desires to see you personally."

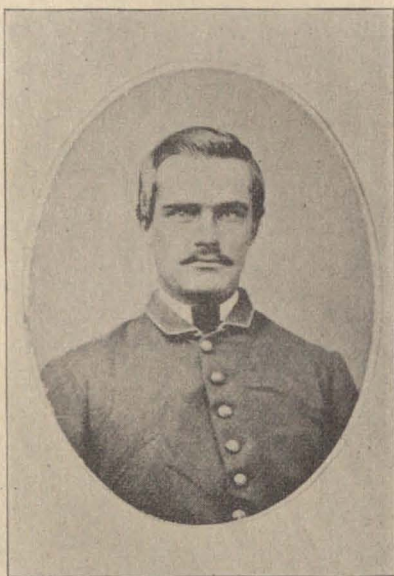
At the time we opened fire upon the rebel cavalry when charging the train about dawn, the members of the battery vied with one another in their bravery in standing by their guns and getting into action with the least possible delay. By their prompt and gallant service they unquestionably saved the wagon trains of the two army corps, and deserved the thanks and the praise that they received from General Wood and General Stanley.

Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon the battery was ordered to report to General Cox. It was assigned a position to the left of the cotton gin and very near it, and was supported by part of the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio infantry. Two guns of the battery were ordered down next to the Lewisburg pike, and about in the center of General Casement's brigade. The men of the battery immediately proceeded to arrange embrasures and to make all preparations for safety in the coming struggle. When the two brigades of Wagner's division, which had been stationed far in advance of the main line, were com-

pelled to fall back, there was a wild rush, the rebel yell sounding high above the din of battle. The artillery and infantry of the main line opened fire from the right and left, while we in the center were compelled to hold our fire to give Wagner's men a chance to gain the works.

The enemy came surging forward close upon the heels of our retreating brigades, holding their fire until they should reach our earthworks. We stood by our guns, each of them loaded with double rounds of canister and a "dummy"—this was an old stocking filled with damaged infantry ammunition. The writer stood on the earthworks, using every effort to get our retreating comrades to pass over to the right or left of the guns. As the embrasures were somewhat lower, they rushed in over the guns, making it impossible to open fire. At last, when the enemy's lines were within fifteen feet of our works, the command was given to fire. The rebels had become massed and had lost all their line formation in following Wagner's men.

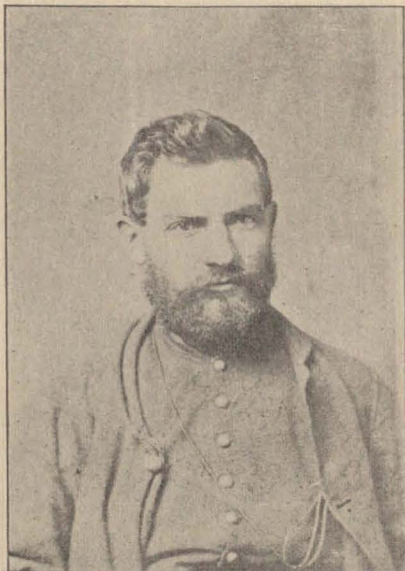
A terrible and indescribable roar followed the belching of the guns; it sounded like the crashing of an immense forest tree, which had been chopped down, when its branches struck the ground. The guns were loaded and fired as rapidly as possible, the men not stopping to sponge the pieces, and using double rounds of canister. The enemy seemed to be swept out of existence with every discharge and yet they re-formed their lines and repeatedly charged to the muzzles of our guns, only to be swept away by the terrible storm of canister.



HARRISON A. JOHNSON,
SERGEANT, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FIFTH.

The last fierce charge of the day was led by General Pat. Cleburne and General Adams. The latter rode straight for the works not twenty feet from the right gun of the battery. His horse reached the parapet where he was shot to death, his rider falling bleeding and dying in the ditch in front. Not more than fifty feet to his left rode Cleburne, and at about the same moment the gallant rider and horse went down pierced with a dozen balls.

The fire having considerably slackened in our immediate front, a great many rebels



GEORGE M. HUTCHINSON,
SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.

surrendered, the writer taking more than thirty over the works at the right of the battery. Among the prisoners were men belonging to the Twelfth Alabama heavy artillery. They had come to the line as infantry, at the same time wearing the equipments of light artillerymen, and carrying primers, lanyards and priming powder. When asked what they had these for, they replied:

"We reckoned we would take them thar guns, and if we could git some ammunition we'd clean you-uns out before you knew it."

He was answered: "You certainly got the ammunition, but we still have the guns."

They said they knew very well that they had got the ammunition; that they had never been in a fight like that in all the war and never wanted to see another. Their colors, which were carried within ten feet of the breastworks immediately in front of the guns, fell into the hands of the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio, as did twelve standards of infantry colors.

In the early dusk of the evening an effort was made to throw a column of infantry out of the breastworks and move over the field. The writer passed over the works in the rear of the infantry, and it was scarcely possible to avoid stepping upon the dead or wounded. The fight was so fierce at this place that many a hand-to-hand conflict took place. Private Jacob Stambaugh, of the battery, turned to the commander and said:

"Dem tam rebels tries to shoot me every time I loads the gun!" He was told to "knock them over the head with a pickaxe."

Two rebels had lain down in front of the right gun of the battery and after each discharge they would rise and fire on the gunners. An infantryman of the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio said that if Stambaugh would take care of one, he would attend to the other. Stambaugh had taken a pickaxe and had it resting over his shoulder ready to strike. The gun was fired and up bobbed the two rebels. Stambaugh buried the pickaxe in the head of one, while at the same time the man of the One Hundred and Fourth struck the other fairly in the face with the end of his musket and fired at the same time. Those two Johnnies troubled that gun no more.

About eleven o'clock at night came orders for the battery to fall back from the works across the Harpeth river, join the Fourth corps and move to Nashville. Instructions were given to cover the wheels of the guns with blankets. The movement immediately commenced and was completed without any casualty. The battery lost one man in this engagement, William Welch of Uhrichsville. He was Number four upon the right piece. The writer had run to the limbers for ammunition and was returning with all he could carry, and when close to Welch, a rebel officer jumped upon the works and sang out, "Cease firing with those guns." Making a slight pause I simply looked to see who gave the order, when Welch fell in front of me, shot through the breast. He was taken to the rear to a house in Franklin, where a family took care of him, but he died before midnight and on the following day was buried in the door-yard.

The main force of the enemy's charge on the left of the cotton gin was directed upon the position occupied by the Sixth

Ohio battery. In all the battles of the war in which the Sixth took part, no braver men than those of the One Hundred and Fourth Ohio ever supported it or any other battery. Not a man flinched, and the fact that they captured thirteen battle flags on the battery front is ample proof of their gallantry.

The battery arrived at Nashville early in the morning of December 1st, and was immediately placed on a hill in front of what was known as the Acklin place, where it remained until the battle was fought by General Thomas on the 15th and 16th of December.



AUGUSTUS LAHMON,
CORPORAL, COMPANY A, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Mortally wounded at Stone River, Tenn.,
December 31st, 1862.

The dangers which enveloped the battery during its march from Spring Hill to Franklin, its exceedingly narrow escape from capture or destruction, and the value of its services at Franklin, have not been overstated. It was the last battery in the long procession, and the fact that it succeeded in getting through safely is the highest compliment that can be paid to its officers and men, for their coolness and judgment. In the line of battle at Franklin, no guns were more rapidly and efficiently served. The Sixth

occupied a position where the stress was greatest, and was an important factor in the bloody repulse sustained by the Confederates. One more battle yet to come, and its work will have been done.

CHAPTER LX.

NASHVILLE.

TWO WEEKS OF WAITING—OUR NON-VETERANS GO HOME—IMPATIENCE AT WASHINGTON—THE GROUND COATED WITH ICE—THOMAS COMMANDS "FORWARD!"—TWO DAYS OF FIGHTING—THE REBELS DRIVEN IN ROUT AND PANIC—HOOD'S ARMY WELL-NIGH DESTROYED—THE UNION SOLDIERS WILD WITH JOY—THE PURSUIT THROUGH FATHOMLESS MUD—WE LIVE ON PARCHED CORN, BUT ARE HAPPY—RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

NEVER were men more worn, weary and exhausted than were the pilgrims of the old Sherman brigade when they took the position assigned them in the line of defences at Nashville. For three days and two nights of incessant turmoil and wild excitement they had not closed their eyes. They had, during that time, marched nearly forty miles and fought two battles, playing a leading part in a most thrilling act of the great drama of the war. None but those who have experienced it can realize the unspeakable physical and mental prostration that followed such an extreme and protracted test of endurance, when the peril was over and there came moments of relaxation. For a

time some, even of the veterans, were in a condition of utter collapse. They flung off their accouterments, threw themselves upon the ground and lay for hours like men dead, totally oblivious of their surroundings. Sleep, rest and food gradually revived them and restored their vigor, and the next day there were few who were not ready again to respond to any call of duty.

For two weeks we lay at Nashville, before the uplifted arm of Thomas delivered the mighty blow that crushed his adversary



THOMAS PARKINSON,
CORPORAL, COMPANY E,
SIXTY-FOURTH.

and sent him reeling and staggering back across Tennessee. Little occurred during our stay that was of special interest. Every thought was of one more battle, which all knew would take place as soon as "Old Pap" was ready to strike. We had little to do in the way of building fortifications, for this had already been done. A cordon of heavy forts and intrenchments was built in 1862 and had ever since been maintained. During the retreat of Schofield's army from Columbia, the works had been greatly increased and

strengthened by the labor of many thousands of men, white and black, under the personal direction of Thomas. We had but to occupy them.

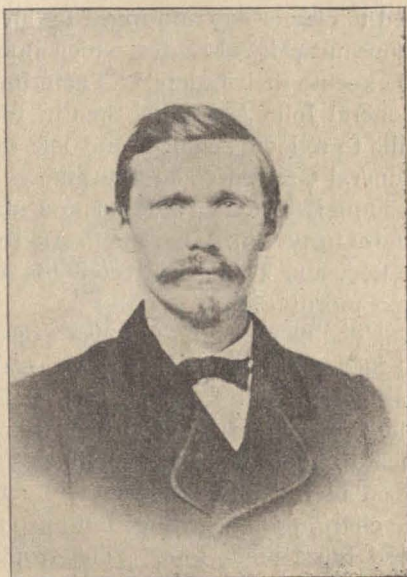
The time of our non-veterans had expired, and soon after our arrival the little squads were mustered out, bade us farewell, and left for home. Their turn to rejoice had come at last. They remained behind when the veterans went home from East Tennessee; now they set their glad faces toward Ohio and we stayed. They had served bravely, faithfully and well; they had paid to the uttermost farthing the bond they gave when they enlisted for three years; they went home crowned with unfading laurels.

Among the non-veterans who were mustered out was Sergeant-Major George S. Pope, of the Sixty-fifth. In stature he was one

of the shortest men in the regiment, but in all the attributes that enter into the make-up of a brave and faithful soldier he was ten feet high. He served for fifteen months as a private in Company E, and by reason of his size—or rather lack of size—he was always at the tail of the company. When drilling, how his legs used to fly, at the extreme left flank, when the company was executing a “right wheel!” He was promoted to sergeant major early in 1863, when Brewer Smith became adjutant, and in that position he served the remainder of his term, winning universal confidence and esteem.

For the misconduct at Franklin, charged upon General Wagner, he was relieved from the command of our division. He was succeeded by General Washington L. Elliott.

The fact that Nashville was again under siege, while Sherman was four hundred miles away, scampering through Georgia, caused the liveliest apprehension throughout the north and at Washington. Wiseacres were quick to declare that Sherman had committed a fatal blunder



JOHN W. KIELY,
ARTIFICER, SIXTH BATTERY.

in dividing his army, and they predicted only dire disaster to both him and Thomas. The latter was sharply criticised because he did not immediately hurl his army upon Hood. From Washington he was urged, importuned, and then imperatively ordered, to assail the enemy. Unmoved by these appeals, the imperturbable Thomas would not move until he was ready. He knew best the conditions and circumstances surrounding him, and he was determined that when the blow was struck it should be a decisive one,

By the 7th of December, General Thomas had matured his plan of battle, and issued orders for the army to move against the enemy on the 9th. But upon the intervening day, the 8th, began a storm of sleet which froze as it fell, completely covering the ground with a thick incrustation of ice. For days neither man nor horse could scarcely stand or move, and to maneuver an army was not within the bounds of possibility. All who were there will remember how we slipped and slid and tumbled about while we lay ice-bound. The authorities at Washington, who continued to clamor day and night for an advance, should have sent fifty thousand pairs of skates, which alone would have made it possible to execute their orders. Their impatience became so great that General John A. Logan, then in the east, was ordered to Nashville to relieve Thomas, and left immediately upon his mission. General Grant deemed the emergency so great that he left his headquarters at City Point and started for Nashville, to direct affairs in person. On the 14th the weather moderated, the ice melted, and Thomas directed his army to be ready for battle the next morning.

The result of the first day's operations—December 15th—was all that could be desired. General Thomas's well matured plan was carried out to the letter; there was no failure at any point. The Confederates were driven from their advance line and forced back to their main intrenchments upon the Harpeth hills, and Hood's left flank was completely turned. We did our share of the charging and yelling, but encountered no severe fire and suffered but trifling loss. The trophies of that day were twelve hundred prisoners and twenty pieces of artillery. To the President and Secretary of War the telegraphic dispatches from Thomas that night were a bright augury of victory. General Grant, on his way west from Virginia, paused at Washington, and General Logan, who twenty-four hours later would have taken the reins from the hands of Thomas, was stopped at Louisville. To General Thomas were sent messages of congratulation and cheer.

The hostile armies bivouacked in line of battle. There was little sleep, for the night was very cold and the ground wet and muddy. Hostilities were renewed at dawn. Thomas pressed the enemy closely, endeavoring to find a vulnerable point in his line.

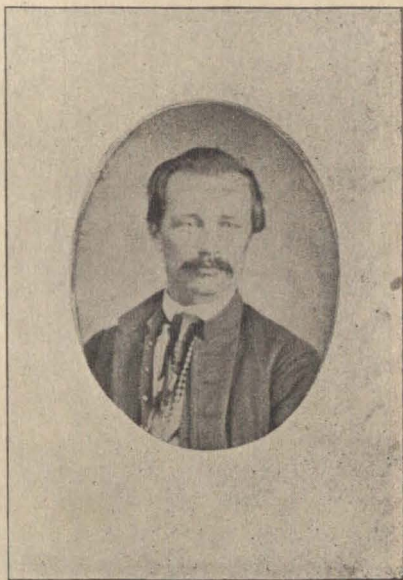
For a considerable time we lay under a heavy fire of artillery, which, though uncomfortable and disturbing to our sensibilities, was not destructive.

Toward noon Elliott's division made a gallant attempt to pierce the enemy's line, but without success. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth suffered a number of casualties. Among the killed was Jonathan Lewis, of Company D, Sixty-fifth, who up to this time had served as a musician. A few days before, of his own choice, he had given up his drum and taken a musket, and was appointed sergeant. During this charge a cannon ball passed through his body.

When the order to advance was given, Lieutenant John Kanel, commanding Company K, Sixty-fifth, observed one of the drafted men crouching behind a stump, with the evident purpose of staying there. Kanel was always at the front, himself, and had no mercy upon a skulker. He sharply ordered the man to go forward, but he did not stir.

Kanel then aimed a blow at him with the flat of his sword, but the man dodged and the sword struck the stump with such force as to break the blade squarely in two. With his revolver he got the man started on a double-quick and both were soon in their places.

Until past noon the Confederates stood firmly and defiantly behind their intrenchments. An attempt to carry Overton's hill, by Post's brigade of the Fourth corps, was repulsed with severe loss.



WILLIAM SHEARER,
SERGEANT, COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

About three o'clock McMillan's brigade, of the Sixteenth corps, by a very gallant charge, pierced the Confederate line. The supporting troops rushed to the breach and delivered to the right and left a deadly enfilading fire. The rebel line crumbled rapidly and soon gave way. Astride his horse, upon an eminence near the center, General Thomas, noting with eager eye the progress of the battle, saw that the supreme moment had come. He ordered the bugler at his side to sound the "charge." A hundred

waiting bugles gave instant response. The whole Union line, leaping up, swept forward like a tornado. Everywhere the Confederates fled in rout and panic. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were second to none in the ardor of the irresistible assault. The men clambered over the rebel works and through the embrasures. The cannon in them were hot from constant firing. On and on we swept, through field and wood, at the heels of the flying foe, everybody fairly howling in the mad enthusiasm of the hour.

We had them on the run; it was Mission Ridge over



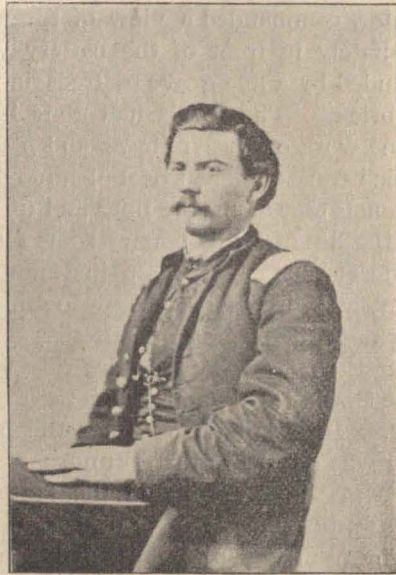
JOHN MILTON TODD,
SURGEON, SIXTY-FIFTH.

again. Prisoners were gathered in by scores and hundreds. The Union cavalry, under that gallant leader, General James H. Wilson, dashed upon the routed army in flank and rear, capturing hundreds more.

We continued the chase as far as Brentwood hills, when darkness fell, and the order was given the panting, breathless soldiers to halt. We had suffered little injury except to our throats, which were rasped and sore from furious yelling. Most

of the men were so hoarse they could scarcely speak intelligibly. Around their bivouac fires that night the soldiers rejoiced with exceeding great joy. They felt that at last they had given the finishing stroke to the enemy, whose blazing muskets they had faced on so many hard-fought fields. The splendid victory was fairly won. It was the complement of Spring Hill and Franklin. None had more fairly earned the right to shout and be glad than the survivors of those who first shouldered muskets at old Camp Buckingham.

The triumph was complete and overwhelming. The route of the retreating army was thickly strewn with arms, blankets and equipments, flung away by the luckless Confederates in their flight. Nearly every piece of artillery on Hood's intrenched line was taken. The captures of the two days were four thousand five hundred prisoners—including four generals and three hundred officers of lower grades—sixty cannon, twenty-six battle flags, and many thousands of small arms. Amidst the great and universal rejoicing at the north, nothing more was said of Thomas's two weeks of delay at Nashville.



DAVID S. CUMMINS,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The Sixty-fifth lost in the battle four killed and seven wounded—all on the second day. The Sixty-fourth was fortunate, losing none killed and but five wounded.

The Sixth Ohio battery, still operating with Wood's division, held its position on a ridge in front of the Acklin homestead, during the two weeks that intervened between the arrival of the

army at Nashville and the battle. At the foot of the ridge, behind the battery, the men established a comfortable camp and greatly enjoyed a season of rest and comparative quiet, after their exceedingly arduous service during the campaign from Pulaski to Nashville. General Wood having been called to the command of the Fourth corps, General Stanley being disabled by reason of his wound received at Franklin, the division was commanded by General Sam. Beatty.

The high position occupied by the battery, near the Union center, commanded a view of the enemy's line for miles. Immediately in front of the battery was a beautiful residence, surrounded by a fine grove of trees and numerous out-buildings, all of brick. The rebels had gone into the basement, cut out the stone work of the windows, and placed there a battery of artillery, which caused a great deal of annoyance. One morning General Thomas rode along the lines and undertook to demolish the house by the fire of a rifle battery some four hundred yards to the right. General Wood had given instructions that whenever any movement was discovered in front looking toward the location of earthworks or the posting of batteries, our artillery should open fire at discretion. The fire of the rifle battery was wide of its mark. The Sixth Ohio opened and the first shot knocked off the chimney. Inside of ten minutes the house took fire from the shells and was burned to the ground.

On the first day of the battle the battery remained at the Acklin place until three o'clock in the afternoon, when it moved to the front, down the hill and across the plain, going into bivouac in the line of battle. About dark a rebel lunette was captured, containing four twelve-pound guns. From it the battery took two wagon loads of ammunition, besides filling its limber chests. The ammunition thus secured was found, from the lettering on the boxes, to have been made at Woolwich Arsenal, England. Being of the exact caliber to fit the guns of the Sixth Ohio, this ammunition was used by the battery in its firing the following day. Captain Baldwin says: "It was better than our own. The powder was sharper and would burn quicker, and we took delight in giving it back to the rebels by the aid of our Napoleon guns."

Early on the 16th, the battery moved over to the Granny White pike, and thence across the fields to the Franklin pike, where it went into position five hundred yards in front of Overton's hill. The latter was strongly fortified and held by a large Confederate force. About ten o'clock the guns of the Sixth opened on the hill, and for three hours the firing was furious and incessant. This bombardment was the prelude to the first assault, which failed to dislodge the enemy. After the assault the battery resumed firing. Its shells, as was soon afterward learned, exploded two of the rebel ammunition wagons. Then followed the break of the rebel line and the rout, heretofore described.

During the ensuing two weeks we were engaged in the pursuit of Hood. General Thomas pushed forward infantry and cavalry with great energy, in the hope of overtaking and destroying the remnant of the rebel army before it could get across the Tennessee river. We passed again through Franklin and Spring Hill, under circumstances very different from those which enveloped us two weeks before. Now we were doing the chasing. At both places we recovered a number of our severely wounded, who had been left there after the battles. We of the Sixty-fifth were delighted beyond measure to find at Spring Hill Captain "Andy" Howenstine, whom we had supposed to be mortally wounded. The captain actually wept for joy at the sight of the familiar faces of his comrades. His wound was a grievous one, but he recovered, though disabled for further

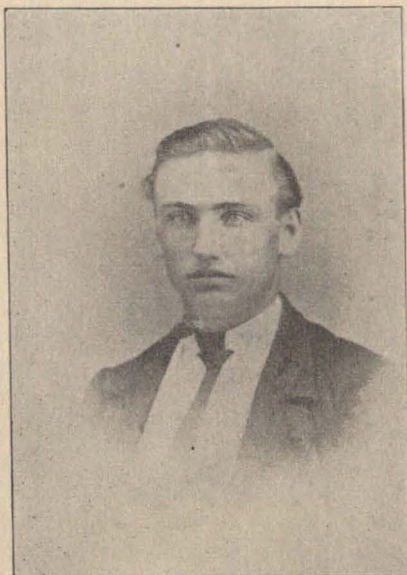


WILLIAM D. GOWIN,
SIXTH BATTERY.

duty, and was mustered out in March following. He was a brave, big-hearted fellow, weighing about a hundred and eighty, and popular among officers and soldiers. Many will recall his toast, which he rarely omitted when he tipped up a canteen :

"Well, boys, here's to the stars and stripes ; long may she waver !"

The weather during that midwinter chase was simply awful—it could not have been worse. It rained almost incessantly, and



GEORGE F. MARVIN,
SERGEANT, COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

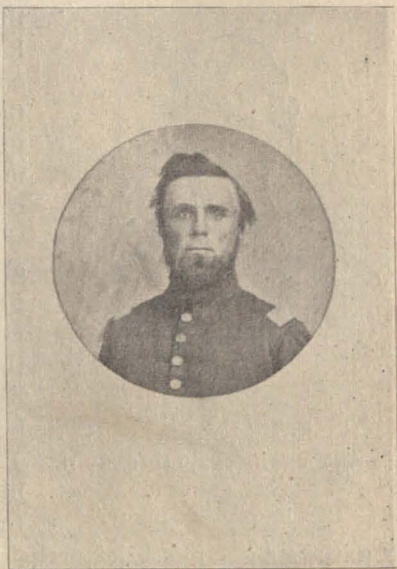
after we had left the pike the roads were a continual quagmire, through which we floundered and toiled. It was not possible for a wagon to reach us, and it was only by Herculean labor that a few pieces of light artillery were dragged along. Our supplies became wholly exhausted and we had nothing but what we could pick up along the route. This was little enough, for it was a barren country, and the rebel army—or what remained of it—had passed before us. For more than a week we lived almost entirely upon parched corn, now and then greased by a stray bit of

fresh pork. Those were days of great privation, hardship and suffering. But the glad-hearted soldiers uttered no word of complaint; they needed no urging to press forward. Drenched by rains, marching and bivouacking in the mud, with light hearts and empty haversacks, they plodded on after the fugitives. Each day yielded a harvest of rebel stragglers and deserters. General Hood caused the destruction of all bridges behind his fleeing battalions. The streams were swollen to torrents, no pontoons

could follow us, and the unavoidable delay thus caused saved the fragment of Hood's army from total annihilation. To bridge such a wide, rapid stream as Duck river was no easy task. All along the route were the wrecks of wagons and artillery which the rebels had been compelled to abandon.

To cut off Hood from recrossing the Tennessee river, two gunboats had been sent by General Thomas, to prevent the laying of a pontoon bridge. This should have been accomplished, but the officers of the boats acted with singular feebleness, suffering themselves to be frightened away by a battery of small field pieces. pontoons were laid at Bainbridge, and on the 26th and 27th of December Hood's dejected soldiers crossed the great river, took up the bridge, and were safe from further pursuit. They continued their march to Tupelo, Mississippi, where Hood was able to muster but sixteen thousand men. These, only, were left of the seventy thousand who opposed Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta. Well, indeed, had Thomas performed the part assigned him, and his brave, patient, long-suffering men might well share the glory of "Sherman's march to the sea." To General Thomas, and his soldiers floundering in that muddy wilderness, the first day of January, 1865, was truly a "happy new year."

The Sixth battery participated with the Fourth corps in the pursuit of the fugitive rebels. Owing to the protracted rains and the execrable condition of the dirt roads after leaving the pike at Pulaski, the artillerymen were put to their best trumps. The



ALBERT ELLIS,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Sixth was one of the very few batteries that were dragged and pushed through the almost bottomless pit of mud. Extra horses were furnished for each gun and caisson, but with all the tugging, lifting, prying and yelling, slow progress was made. After Hood recrossed the Tennessee, and the chase was abandoned, the battery pulled through to Huntsville, Alabama, where it went into winter quarters.

The battle of Nashville and the pursuit of Hood virtually



JOHN B. KING,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY D,
SIXTY-FOURTH.

Best known as "Bunty."

closed the record of the war in the Department of the Cumberland. There was no longer an enemy to fight, and no more hostile shots vexed our slumbers by night or disturbed our peace of mind by day. Hood's army had been so nearly destroyed that it was no longer a factor in the great problem, now fast approaching its final solution. General Hood—who had lost thirty-five thousand men since he took command of that army before Atlanta in the previous July—asked to be relieved and his request was granted. The fragments of his army reappeared

upon the stage for a brief period when, a few weeks later, they were sent to the Carolinas to assist in the fruitless attempt to stay the northward sweep of Sherman's army from Savannah. General Thomas re-occupied the important points in Tennessee and northern Alabama, which had been stripped of their garrisons, to swell the army at Nashville. Our comrades of the Twenty-third corps were ordered to North Carolina, whither they proceeded by rail and sea, and bore an honorable part in the closing operations of the war in that quarter. General Wilson, with the cavalry of Thomas, made a devastating circuit, slashing his way through Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia, overriding, capturing and destroying everything in his path. He was at the flood-tide of suc-



SAMUEL M. WOLFF,
COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.

cess when the end came, and his victorious sabers were sheathed for the last time.

Thus I have sketched the immediate results of that campaign, the salient points of which were Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville—the latter its culmination. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth and the Sixth battery did their full share, a fact which every one of their members may recall and cherish with pride and satisfaction.

There was no grander figure in the war than General George H. Thomas. Born in Virginia, he was bound to the south by all social and family ties. Most of his relatives and the associates of his early life espoused the cause of the rebellion. When Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, both Virginians, resigned their high commissions in the army of the United States to enter the Confederate service, the greatest pressure was brought to bear upon Thomas to go with his native state. True to his allegiance, he remained steadfast unto the end. We, of the Sherman brigade, know how priceless to the Union cause were his sturdy patriotism, courage and faithfulness. For his distinguished services, particularly at Mill Springs, Chickamauga and Nashville, he richly earned the love of his countrymen and the admiration of the world.

The following order was issued by General Wood, commanding the soldiers of the Fourth corps. The captures mentioned include only those of this corps:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH ARMY CORPS, }
HUNTSVILLE, ALA., January 6th, 1865. }

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Fourth Army Corps:

You have received the commendation of his Excellency, the President of the United States, for your glorious deeds in the various conflicts around Nashville on the 15th and 16th ult. You have also received the commendation of the commanding general of the forces engaged in these conflicts, not only for your splendid achievements on the field of battle, but for your cheerful endurance of privations and hardships, in the most inclement weather, during the long and vigorous pursuit which followed the rout of the enemy in the vicinity of Nashville.

As your actual commander on the field and in the pursuit, I desire to add my commendation to the high encomiums you have already received,

and to tender you my grateful thanks for your soldierly conduct, both on the field of battle and in the trying pursuit.

Without faltering, at the command of your officers you repeatedly assaulted the enemy's strongly entrenched positions and drove him from them in confusion and dismay. When he was utterly routed and no longer durst confront you in battle, you at once commenced the most vigorous pursuit, continued it more than a hundred miles at the most inclement season of the year, over the most miserable roads and across deep and difficult streams, which were passed by your labor alone, and until the enemy was driven in utter disorganization across the Tennessee river.

The substantial fruits of these glorious deeds were twenty-four pieces of artillery, five caissons, several stands of colors, many thousand stands of small arms and two thousand four hundred and eighty-six prisoners. Such noble services entitle you to the lasting gratitude of the Nation. Fortunately this great success was achieved with comparatively slight loss to the Corps. Seven hundred and fifty killed and wounded will cover the entire casualties of the Corps in the two days' conflict.

To the friends of the gallant dead and to the wounded—and I am sure you will join me in this tribute of comradeship—I offer my sincere sympathy and condolence.

TH. J. WOOD,
Brig.-Gen'l Vols.

The official changes during the year 1864 were as follows:

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

KILLED IN ACTION:

Colonel Alexander McIlvaine, at Rocky Face, May 9th.
First Lieutenant Thomas H. Ehlers, at Rocky Face, May 9th.
First Lieutenant George C. Marshall, at Dallas, May 27th.

PROMOTIONS:

Lieutenant-colonel Robert C. Brown to colonel, June 24th.
Major Samuel L. Coulter to lieutenant-colonel, June 27th.
Assistant Surgeon Hugh P. Anderson to surgeon, July 24th.
Moses H. Quinn, commissioned assistant surgeon, July 25th.
First Lieutenant George Hall to captain, July 13th.
First Lieutenant Thomas E. Tillotson to captain, August 11th.
First Lieutenant David Cummins to captain, November 3rd.
Second Lieutenant James D. Herbst to first lieutenant, July 13th ;
to captain, November 3rd.
Second Lieutenant Alonzo W. Hancock to first lieutenant, July
13th ; to captain, December 9th.
Second Lieutenant Jacob G. Bittinger to first lieutenant, July 13th ;
to captain, December 9th.
Second Lieutenant Alfred A. Reed to first lieutenant, August 11th ;
to captain, December 9th.

Second Lieutenant John Q. McIlvaine to first lieutenant, July 13th.

First Sergeant William G. Patterson to first lieutenant, September 26th.

Quartermaster-sergeant Charles E. Baker to first lieutenant, September 26th.

First Sergeant Harrison Lawrence to first lieutenant, November 3rd.

Sergeant Christian M. Gowing to first lieutenant, November 3rd.

Commissary-sergeant William H. Farber to first lieutenant, November 9th.

First Sergeant William J. Holden to first lieutenant, December 9th.

RESIGNATIONS :

Surgeon Abraham McMahon, July 14th.

Captain Michael Keiser, June 18th.

Captain David Cummins, October 29th, on account of wounds received during the Atlanta campaign.

First lieutenant Riley Albach, May 7th, on account of wounds received at Missionary Ridge.

First Lieutenant John Q. McIlvaine, July 26th.

FROM OTHER CAUSES :

Captain Samuel Neeper, honorably discharged, May 17th.

Captain Robert S. Chamberlain, honorably discharged, September 23rd, on account of wounds received at Rocky Face.

Captain William O. Sarr, mustered out by order, August 26th, to accept a commission as captain in the United States Engineers.

First Lieutenant Frank H. Killinger, dismissed, June 21st.

SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

KILLED IN ACTION :

Brigadier-general Charles G. Harker, (colonel, Sixty-fifth) at Kennesaw, June 27th.

Captain Nahum L. Williams, at Kennesaw, June 27th.

Second Lieutenant Ebben Bingham, at Muddy Creek, June 18th.

PROMOTIONS :

Colonel Charles G. Harker to brigadier-general, June 5th, to take rank from September 20th, 1863.

Captain Thomas Powell, commissioned chaplain, July 1st.

First Lieutenant Wilbur F. Hinman to captain, June 14th.

First Lieutenant Benjamin F. Pealer to captain, July 13th.

First Lieutenant Joseph F. Sonnanstine to captain, July 13th.

First Lieutenant Brewer Smith to captain, August 29th.

Second Lieutenant Joseph H. Willsey to first lieutenant, June 14th; to captain September 26th.

Second Lieutenant Otho M. Shipley to first lieutenant, June 14th ; to captain, November 1st.

Second Lieutenant Philip P. McCune to first lieutenant, June 14th ; to captain, December 7th.

Second Lieutenant Christian M. Bush to first lieutenant, June 14th ; to captain, December 9th.

Second Lieutenant John S. Talmadge to first lieutenant, June 14th.

Second Lieutenant John Body to first lieutenant, June 14th.

Second Lieutenant Benjamin F. Trescott to first lieutenant, July 13th.

Second Lieutenant John C. Zollinger to first lieutenant, July 13th.

Second Lieutenant Edwin E. Scranton to first lieutenant, July 13th.

Second Lieutenant Ezekiel Moores to first lieutenant, July 13th.

First Sergeant Jonas Smith to first lieutenant, July 13th.

First Sergeant William A. Bell to second lieutenant, July 13th ; to first lieutenant August 29th.

First Sergeant Edward G. Powell to first lieutenant, September 28th.

First Sergeant John Kanel to first lieutenant November 26th.

Sergeant-major George S. Pope to first lieutenant, December 9th.

RESIGNATIONS :

Surgeon John M. Todd, December 7th.

Assistant Surgeon Wilson S. Patterson, May 31st.

Captain Richard M. Voorhees, March 28th, on account of wounds received at Stone River.

Captain Charles O. Tannehill, September 16th.

Captain John C. Matthias, November 17th.

Captain Franklin Pealer, December 12th, on account of wounds received at Stone River.

First Lieutenant John S. Talmadge, July 20th.

First Lieutenant John Body, August 7th.

First Lieutenant Joel P. Brown, November 20th.

FROM OTHER CAUSES :

Captain Lucien B. Eaton, commissioned lieutenant-colonel Sixty-ninth United States colored troops.

SIXTH BATTERY.

MORTALLY WOUNDED IN ACTION :

First Lieutenant Oliver H. P. Ayres, died July 8th, at Vining's Station, Georgia, from wounds received July 6th, at the Chattahoochee river.

RESIGNED :

First Lieutenant James P. McElroy, March 10th.

M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

MUSTERED OUT :

Major Richard Rice, November 19th, on expiration of term of service.

RESIGNED :

Captain John L. Skeggs, December 12th.

First Lieutenant George W. Pomeroy, May 30th.

CHAPTER LXI.

TEN LAZY WEEKS.

AT MADISON STATION AND ATHENS—BROKEN INTO DETACHMENTS TO GARRISON BLOCKHOUSES—FIELD AND STAFF OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH IN LUXURIOUS QUARTERS—CALLED DOWN BY THE GENERAL—SOCIAL GAYETY AT MOORESVILLE—TWO YOUNG OFFICERS IN A DILEMMA—THE SIXTY-FOURTH AT ATHENS—AN INSURRECTION CAUSED BY EGGS—COLONEL BROWN AND MAJOR COULTER RESIGN—THE OFFICERS GIVE THEM A FAREWELL "BLOW-OUT"—QUARTERMASTER TIP MARVIN AND DOCTOR QUINN "GOBBLED" BY THE JOHNNIES—HOW THEY GOT BACK TO THE REGIMENT—CHARLEY BAKER AND THE JUDGE—HOW DOCTOR QUINN PLAYED IT ON CHAPLAIN THOMPSON.

OUR WORK was done, but our long pilgrimage was not yet ended, by several thousand miles. We spent Christmas jogging through the mud from Lynnvile to Pulaski, a wretched tramp of sixteen miles. We plodded along day after day, reaching Huntsville on the 5th of January. At Decatur, brigade headquarters were established. The Sixty-fifth was broken up into detachments of one or two companies each,

which were stationed for some weeks at blockhouses, guarding railroad bridges. We had nothing to do but lie around and go on picket—for sleepless sentries kept watch night and day around each post. No vagrant rebels came that way and we were not molested. The blockhouses were the most comfortable habitations which had fallen to our lot in all our devious wanderings. They were built of oak timbers, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, placed endwise deep in the earth, about eight feet to the eaves, and roofed also with heavy timbers. At the proper height the walls were pierced for muskets. They were usually six or eight sided, so as to command the approaches in every direction. They were fitted up with bunks, fireplaces, floors and rude furniture. Time hung heavily on our hands, and we led a lazy life; but nobody complained of a chance to rest a little, after cantering over the country so long. We had very little reading matter, and the principal industries were whist, euchre and old sledge. The officers improved the opportunity to bring up the arrears of their reports and official records.



WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS,
CORPORAL, SIXTH BATTERY.
Mortally wounded at Dallas, Ga.,
May 27th, 1864.

In February, 1865, First Lieutenant Asa M. Trimble, who had served for three years as quartermaster of the Sixty-fifth, was mustered out, his term having expired. He was succeeded by First Lieutenant John C. Zollinger, formerly of Company G. For more than two years Zollinger had filled, with the highest efficiency, the position of quartermaster-sergeant and was thoroughly equipped to step into Trimble's shoes. Some months before, however, he had been promoted to first lieutenant and had commanded Company K. Zollinger was "business" from head to foot and his accounts as quartermaster were always in prime order. While the regiment was in Texas, he served as depot quartermaster at Port Lavaca.

At times, swollen by copious rains, the Tennessee river was "on the rampage," the water in the channel rising more than twenty feet. Once, a boom of logs came floating down and utterly wrecked the pontoon bridge at Decatur. Half the pontoons went sailing down the raging torrent. A gunboat gave chase to the fugitives and recovered most of them. The bridge was patched up and communication with brigade headquarters was restored. For two or three days rowboats had been used.



MARTIN BOWSER,
COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Died at Murfreesboro, Tennessee,
January 2nd, 1863.

When the various companies of the Sixty-fifth were distributed at the blockhouses along the railroad, the headquarters of that regiment were first established at Huntsville. This was one of the prettiest and most attractive towns we had found in all our wanderings through the south. Among its inhabitants were many loyal people, who hailed with delight the success of the Union arms. Major Smith and his official family fixed themselves in a private house, where they lived in style. Captain Scranton, who was then adjutant, writes:

"We had feather beds to sleep on, splendid, warm, first-class meals to eat, and some nice young ladies to furnish music and good society. I tell you, Major Smith, Quartermaster Zollinger and I were just in clover!"

But this bright and beautiful dream did not last long; the brigade commander wouldn't have it that way. He thought they were having altogether too much riotous living, and ordered them to move headquarters to Madison station, a scraggly village ten miles toward Decatur. He made the excuse that at Huntsville they were too far from the regiment. It was rough on those giddy young officers, but they had to go. Indeed, it

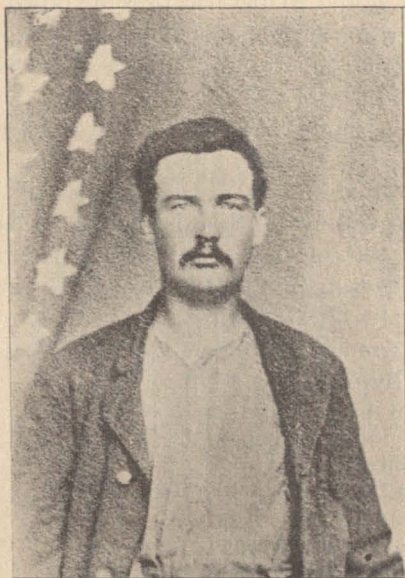
served them right, for they had no business to fare so sumptuously—"nice young ladies," "splendid, warm, first-class meals," "feather beds," and all that—while the rest of us were chewing hardtack at the blockhouses, with only mosquitoes to "furnish music" for us. There was no equity or reason in such an unequal condition of things; it was a "misdeal." In great vexation of spirit, and with much wailing and gnashing of teeth, they pulled up and went to Madison station, where they took up their quarters in an old, abandoned store. They had to come down to army rations, except as these were supplemented by such things as could be bought or foraged—chiefly the latter. Here the headquarters remained until the hegira to East Tennessee.

Captain Trescott and Lieutenants Moores and Bell were not only "extra A 1" as soldiers, but they had the same rating as "skylarkers." They were all stationed at posts adjacent to Mooresville, where we had camped for a fortnight two and a half years before. At and around Mooresville were fifteen or twenty ladies, more or less pretty and young, and these officers and some of their men plunged recklessly into the whirl of social gayety. Dances were of frequent occurrence, of which it may be said, with abject apologies to Lord Byron:

There was a sound of revelry by night,
Mooresville and Sixty-fifth had gathered then
Their beauty and their chivalry; and bright
The "dips" shone o'er fair women and brave men.
Two dozen hearts beat happily, and when
The squeaky fiddle cast voluptuous spell
Sheep's eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all was gay with Trescott, Moores and Bell.

Of these dissipations Captain Scranton says: "By a happy arrangement with the girls at Mooresville, our boys would go there one night, taking their guns along, and have a dance, and perhaps the next night the 'Johnnies' would come over, across the river, and dance with the same girls, the latter, who were impartial in the bestowal of their favors, always fixing it so that there would be no collision. Once, when on a tour of inspection, I lay over a night at Lieutenant Moores's post, and he and Bell got up a dance for my benefit. Some twenty or twenty-five of us gathered up the girls in town and went to a kind of hall where they usually held these gatherings. The boys sat their

muskets against the wall, got the music started and we waded in. I had never danced in my life—and never have since, for that matter—and knew nothing about it; but in the shake-up for partners they generously gave me the best dancer and the best-looking girl in the whole outfit: She did her part nobly—put me through the movements, swung me around, and patiently showed me how to perform, so that, taking the evening through, I think I acquitted myself creditably. I enjoyed myself hugely, and, by

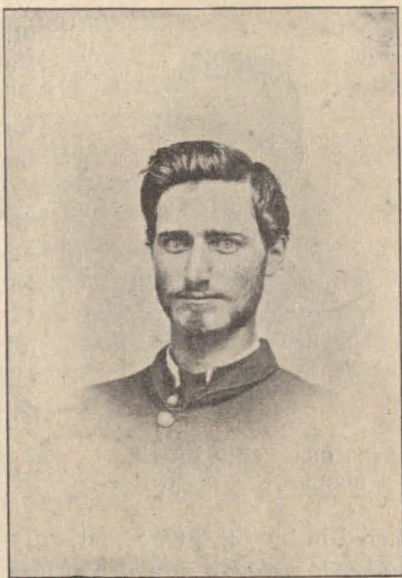


HUGH WOODS,
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

the way, I got considerably struck on the girl. I expected, of course, to see her home, but in the confusion of the break-up, one of the privates slipped around and played a cruel joke on me, by getting my girl and walking off with her. By the time I could recover from my surprise the girls were all taken but one. She had got left because she was an old maid and the homeliest one in the lot. I made the best of it and took her, and by the time we reached her house I found Lieutenant Bell had her sister. So you see the officers didn't always come out ahead!"

One more tale should not be omitted. It is concerning two young officers who were about as badly scared as Lieutenants Moores and Bell were at Lafayette. In both cases each of the victims could say, as Adam did after he had eaten of the forbidden fruit: "The woman beguiled me!" Adjutant Scranton, of the Sixty-fifth, used to get a little lonesome, sometimes, at Madison station, and then he would climb upon his horse and ride to Beaver Dam, a few miles distant, where his old company, B, Cap-

tain Trescott, was stationed. He did so one Sunday, about the last of February. Trescott proposed that they ride out two or three miles to call upon "my friend, Judge Perkins." He said he had been there several times and had become well acquainted with the judge and his family, in which there were two charming and in every way excellent young ladies. Scranton bit eagerly at a hook so temptingly baited. Trescott had a mule with which he used to scour that region, and together they went, lured by the charms of those comely damsels. As they rode gayly along, Trescott confidentially informed Scranton that one of the girls had a "beau" in the rebel army—one Captain McDonald—who was in the habit of stealing over occasionally to visit her. Trescott said that he did not relish the idea of the rebels courting the girls in his bailiwick, but he knew of no way to prevent it; and, besides, he had a fellow feeling for them, because if he had as good a chance to see his girl up in Ohio, he would take the same risks that they did. Some of the members of Company B wanted to slip out at night and capture McDonald, but he would not listen to the proposition.



SILAS S. MALLORY,
PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN, COMPANY E,
SIXTY-FOURTH.

Arriving at the house, they were cordially received by the judge, who seemed a little confused but showed his guests into the parlor. There, to their surprise, they found, not only the judge's pretty daughters, but three or four other young ladies. It was clear that something out of the ordinary was going on.

Our heroes were quite overcome in the presence of such a feminine aggregation, but they managed to master their embarrassment and did the best they could to make themselves agreeable.

In about a quarter of an hour the judge, who had retired after presenting them to the young ladies, re-appeared, and with him was a tall, fine-looking gentleman, in citizen's garb, whom he introduced by a name which, as they suspected, was a fictitious one. From the moment of his entrance, Trescott and Scranton

were satisfied that he was none other than Captain McDonald, of the Confederate service, on a visit to his lady-love. He had a military bearing, wore cavalry boots with spurs, and looked every inch a soldier. "When that man came into the room," said Trescott, in narrating the incident, "he looked to be twenty feet high, while I felt about as tall as that"—indicating with his hands a stature of five or six inches.



CHARLES P. SMITH,
BUGLER, SIXTH BATTERY.

The aspect of affairs became alarming when, a moment later, four other gentlemen were

ushered in by the judge and duly presented to the "Yankees." The latter were not armed, and if they had been, the odds against them, counting in the judge, were three to one. No doubt all the visitors were rebel soldiers, and should they improve the opportunity offered and combine business with pleasure by demanding the surrender of the pair of blue-coats, debate would be useless. Visions of Libbey and Andersonville arose before Trescott and Scranton in most uncomfortable vividness. Scranton, writing of the situation, says: "*You bet we were two scared officers!*"

They stayed about an hour, engaging in the conversation and making desperate efforts to appear at ease, with only indifferent success. But their fears proved groundless, for both parties had come on a peaceful errand, and by common consent a truce

prevailed. Venus and not Mars was the reigning deity. But Trescott and Scranton felt vastly relieved when, after saying their adieux, they mounted their steeds and galloped away. It may be added, to round up the story, that a few days later, Trescott, who couldn't keep away, paid another visit to the judge's daughters and learned that their surmises were correct—their rivals that day were Captain McDonald and some of his fellow Confederate officers.

One dark night, about the middle of February, a sorry trick was played upon the field and staff of the Sixty-fifth. All their horses, except two, and six mules were stolen from the headquarters at Madison. The guards must have been asleep that night, for the raid was not discovered till morning. The animals were traced to Watkins's ferry, where they had been taken across the river, probably for the Confederate army.

The Sixty-fourth had its headquarters at Athens. The greater part of the regiment was stationed there, three or four companies being detached as bridge guards between Athens and Decatur. The officers—field, staff and line—took possession of a large brick dwelling which had been abandoned by its former occupants. Here they lived and moved and had their being for two months, with few family jars to disturb the placid flow of their domestic enjoyment.

The most serious insurrection occurred in the headquarters mess, and it was caused by a question of eggs. There was some poultry in the neighborhood which had escaped the ravage of the foragers, and the hens showed much industry in the daily deposit of eggs, evidently with the commendable purpose of assisting the people of that community in recouping their losses sustained by the war. The "Yankees" of the Sixty-fourth evinced a passionate appetite for the fruit of the hen, and the people were quick to take advantage of this by putting up the price of eggs to seventy-five cents a dozen and keeping it there. Now, eggs are wholesome, nourishing and palatable. They glide so easily down the esophagus that one can eat half a dozen almost before he knows it. But a robust appetite and eggs at seventy-five cents a dozen, form a dangerous combination that tends to rapid impoverishment. The caterer of the mess, Tip Marvin, bought eggs right and left,

with a reckless disregard of consequences. The officers ate and were thankful, and everything went serenely until the day of reckoning came, when the accounts were footed up and each member of the mess was called upon to "pony up." This precipitated a riot, for the deficit was so alarming that it looked as though the mess would have to make an assignment or go into the hands of a receiver. Chaplain Thompson and Surgeon Anderson promptly organized a strike, fixing their ultimatum at one



ALFRED G. ANDERSON.
HOSPITAL STEWARD, SIXTY-FOURTH.

egg per man for each meal. Colonel Wolff, who stood at the head on the eating list, and always had his appetite with him, declared with some asperity that if they didn't like the way that mess was run they could secede and get up a caravansary of their own. The chaplain did pull out of the mess, averring that he could not conscientiously say grace for the benefit of such gourmands. Doctor Anderson stayed in, but he continued to utter seditious language whenever Colonel Wolff showed a disposition to gorge himself with eggs—at seventy-five cents a dozen.

In February, Lieutenant-colonel Brown and Major Coulter had a somewhat malignant attack of "cotton fever." It then looked as though our active field service was at an end and they resigned, secured a large plantation near Huntsville, and prepared to "make" a crop of cotton, as the people in the south express it. Captain Samuel M. Wolff was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and Captain Norman K. Brown to major. Adjutant Charles E. Baker was promoted to captain and Lieutenant William H. Farber was appointed adjutant.

The amateur planters went to Nashville to purchase implements and supplies for the summer campaign. When they returned to Athens, the officers gave them a "blow-out." All the testimony bearing upon the occasion justifies the statement that they had a "high old time"—a slight foretaste of that incomparable and unapproachable jubilee a few weeks later, in the wilds of East Tennessee, when the tidings came to us that Lee had surrendered to Grant. The testimonial to Brown and Coulter was in the nature of a farewell reception, followed by a "stag" dance, to the music of the regimental string band. It was a unique, fantastic and thoroughly successful affair, in proof of which it is only necessary to say that Colonel Wolff, Captain Patterson and Captain Hancock served in the capacity of "executive committee."

The stay of the Sixty-fourth at Athens was pleasant, as soldiering goes. Duty was light and the time passed in the usual diversions, athletic and sedentary. Some pleasant acquaintances were formed in the town, and young ladies were not wanting to beguile the officers with smiles, music, social pleasures—and snuff dipping. There were plenty among officers and men who were always ready for a frolic. There was great sport one day when Assistant Surgeon Quinn and Hospital Steward Anderson, armed with washboard and soap, paraded the officers' quarters and proclaimed their desire to "take in washing." A liberal patronage was bestowed upon them, but they soon wearied of the job and threw up their contracts.

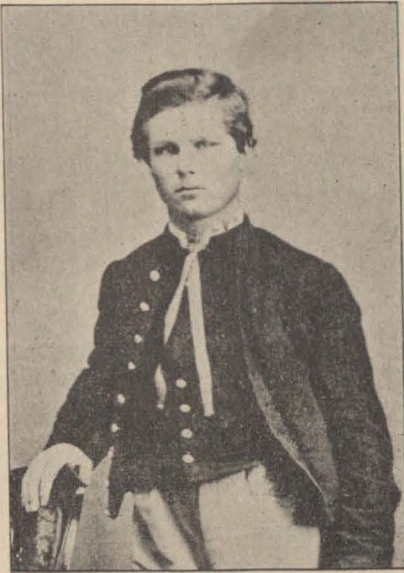


AMOS BAKER,
FIRST SERGEANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

While the regiment lay at Athens occurred the finale of an incident which may properly be related here. On the 23rd of November, 1864, the Sixty-fourth being near Pulaski, Tennessee, a few days before Spring Hill and Franklin, Quartermaster Tip S. Marvin and Assistant Surgeon Moses H. Quinn were "gobbled," to speak in the phrase of the time. They rode out to a house within sight of the camp and were industriously stowing away a good dinner, when the Philistines came upon them and in the

twinkling of an eye, to their unspeakable chagrin, they found themselves prisoners. Their horses and equipments were appropriated by their captors, as lawful prize of war.

It was naturally surmised in the regiment that Tip and "Doc" had been taken in, but nothing was heard of them until two or three days after the battle of Nashville. When the Sixty-fourth reached Franklin, during the pursuit of Hood, Doctor Quinn was found there, ministering to our wounded. He and Marvin had been taken along with the rebel army, and after the battle, nearly three weeks before, the doctor was left



SAMUEL MAY,
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Mortally wounded at Rocky Face, Ga.,
May 9th, 1864

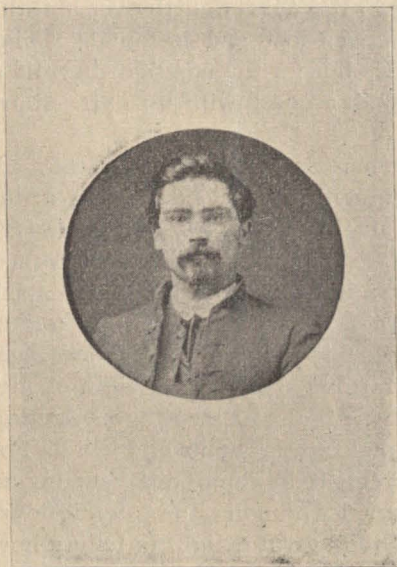
to care for the wounded of our division. For them his capture was a fortunate thing. The rebels had robbed him of his cash, stripped him of his fine clothes and boots, and rigged him out in a full suit of butternut, with a most disreputable slouch hat and a pair of the coarsest brogans. He was a sight to behold, grotesque and comical in the extreme, and his appearance at the reg-

iment was greeted with such a demonstration as rarely falls to the lot of man. It will be always remembered by those who witnessed or participated in it; to others it must be left to the imagination, for it cannot be described. At the headquarters mess it was like the return of the prodigal son, of whom we are told in the parable. Indeed the parallel is a good one, for, like the prodigal, Quinn and Tip had left their father's house and gone into "a far country" and were "wasting their substance in riotous living" at that farm-house when the Johnnies gathered them in. There was great rejoicing in the Sixty-fourth over him that "was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." They would have killed the fatted calf, but for the fact that they didn't have any, and so they filled up all around with an extra allowance of sowbelly.

The rebels skinned Quartermaster Marvin just as they did the doctor. Tip served his time with the Confederates by acting as commissary for the Union prisoners. Carried along with Hood's army on its hasty flight from Nashville, Tip watched his chance, and on the 21st of December gave his guards the slip and escaped. He made his way to the Tennessee river, hailed a Union gunboat, and was taken on board, looking like a Confederate vagabond. He rejoined the Sixty-fourth at Athens. At sight of him the entire regiment, officers and men, almost went into hysterics, welcoming him with boisterous and frantic shouts and yells. For many days the principal entertainment in camp was listening to Tip's graphic recital of his experiences among the Johnnies during his month of captivity. He took great delight in telling how the rebels pricked "Doc" Quinn with their bayonets when he lagged behind on the march, and taunted him with letters from his "girl" which they had taken from him. To Tip's auditors it was "as good as a circus." No doubt he embellished the story somewhat, at the doctor's expense, causing the latter now and then to have a "hot box." Lieutenant Marvin was mustered out of service in the latter part of April, his term having expired. He was succeeded as quartermaster by Lieutenant William J. Holden.

There lived in Athens an old gentleman of great renown as a master of the game of checkers. He was reputed to be the

champion player of Alabama. Adjutant Charles E. Baker was something of a player, himself, and he and the judge often met for a battle royal. Baker won at nearly every sitting, much to the chagrin of the old gentleman. It was not so much being defeated as it was being beaten by a Yankee. The judge was greatly disturbed one day to find that a raid had been made upon his smoke-house. He complained at headquarters that his bacon and hams had been stolen, and demanded that a thorough search



JOHN S. GOSHORN,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY B, AND
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

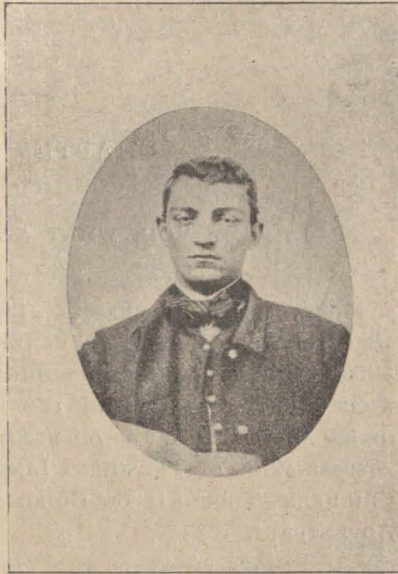
be made in the camp, in order that condign punishment might be meted out to the offenders. Now, the truth is that the meat in question was scattered all through the Sixty-fourth, but the men were warned of the raid and concealed their plunder so carefully that nothing was found. After the fruitless search was finished a report was made that "it must have been the d—d niggers." In lieu of anything better, the judge was compelled to accept this as an explanation of the disappearance of his swine's flesh. He probably had his suspicions, as to where it had gone, but the debate

was closed; there was nothing more to be said.

Doctor Quinn and Chaplain Thompson were "partners," tenting together. One radical point of difference between them was that Quinn never had a canteen two days after getting into camp. What became of all his canteens nobody could tell, but they disappeared, and whenever a march was in prospect he would have to scratch around to supply himself. The chaplain,

on the other hand, always had a nice, clean canteen, which he kept with great care, exciting the envy of the doctor. The latter finally hit upon a scheme which worked beautifully. When there were symptoms of a move he would pour into the chaplain's canteen a little whiskey, the odor whereof was highly offensive to the nostrils of the reverend gentleman. One sniff was enough; the chaplain would fling the canteen aside, declaring that it wasn't his, for he "never used the stuff." Then the doctor would appropriate it, with the observation that he wasn't so confounded particular and it would do well enough for him. After Quinn had played this on him two or three times, the chaplain kept his canteen locked up when not in use.

The health of the soldiers while at Athens was generally good. The weather was of all sorts—cold and rainy at times, with pleasant, sunshiny days sandwiched between. There were no armed rebels left in that neighborhood, and the sudden calls to arms, that had been so frequent during previous years, were unknown. The days and nights dragged lazily along, while everybody waited for the great movements and combinations elsewhere, which all were confident must end the long and bitter struggle.



SAMUEL PANGLE,
SERGEANT, COMPANY F, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Killed at Spring Hill, Tennessee,
November 29th, 1864.

CHAPTER LXII.

"OH, WHAT A NIGHT!"

ONCE MORE IN EAST TENNESSEE—THE STAY AT BLUE SPRINGS—A DISPATCH ANNOUNCING THE SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY TO GRANT—THE TIDINGS CAUSE A PRODIGIOUS UPROAR—A WILD HILARIOUS NIGHT—THE CAMP A LITERAL PANDEMONIUM—A HURRICANE OF JOY AND ENTHUSIASM—A TERRIBLE REVULSION—NEWS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—STRONG MEN WEEP LIKE CHILDREN—THOUGHTS OF GOING HOME—THE SIXTH BATTERY'S ADVENTURES.

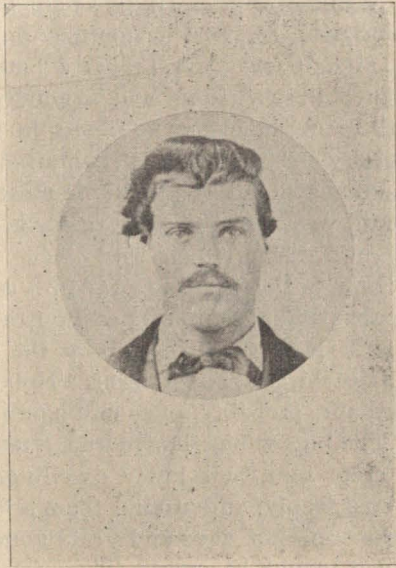
TOWARD the end of March we again changed our base. Orders were issued for the Fourth corps to go once more to East Tennessee. In the event that General Lee should be driven from Richmond, it was considered a possible thing that he would retreat westward across Virginia to the mountains, and in such case the Fourth corps might come in handy. The regiments of our brigade were withdrawn from the block-houses and assembled at Decatur, Athens and Huntsville.

On the 28th of March we left by rail. At that time we had but a very foggy notion regarding our destination. We reached

Chattanooga and after a stay of a few hours pulled out for Knoxville. We did not stop even there, but kept on to Bull's Gap, sixty miles to the northeastward. Here we were told to unload ourselves and our belongings. The trip from Huntsville was a tedious, jerky one, occupying nearly three days.

It was the first day of April when we pitched our little tents in the woods at Bull's Gap. Nobody, from the commander down, had the faintest idea how long we would stay there, but we were directed to fix up the camp in good condition, which we did, scratching away with great zeal to clean up the rubbish, not omitting to build pavilions of boughs over our tents.

On the 4th, news came to us which evoked such yelling as we had never before done, except when we trod upon the heels of the fugacious rebels at Nashville. A dispatch was received at headquarters, and quickly disseminated among the brigades and regiments, conveying the intelligence that "Old Glory" floated over Richmond and Petersburg, and Grant and Sheridan were hot upon the trail of the flying Confederates. Will anybody wonder that we cheered and howled with delight, until the woods and hills re-echoed the sound? It seemed to us that we could discern the glimmer of the dawn of peace, after the long, dark night of war; and yet, so long as a hostile army under such a commander as Robert E. Lee, remained in the field, none could foretell the end. But we kept up our frantic demonstration until we could yell no more.



JOSEPH W. COE,
COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Mortally wounded at Chickamauga,
September 20th, 1863.

The next day, April 5th, the bugles blew the call to strike tents. A good many of the boys thought we were going to start for home, and, amidst another cyclone of shouts and yells, we put ourselves in traveling trim. We marched a few miles to Blue Springs, somewhere in the wilderness, not far from the North Carolina line, and went into camp. There were no rebels to annoy us, the weather was pleasant, we had plenty of rations and good water, and our sojourn there was one of the few oases in the desert of our army life.

While at Blue Springs, Colonel Joseph Conrad, commanding the brigade, received a commission as brevet brigadier-general. Of course it had to be properly "moistened," in accordance with the prevailing custom, and a goodly number of officers were invited to headquarters to assist in the services. It is scarcely necessary to say that that commission was not only "wet," it was drenched and soaked in the most thorough manner. General Conrad was not the man to have any halfway business upon such an occasion.

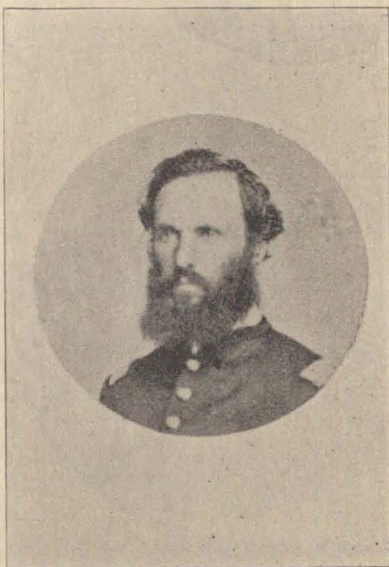
Late in the evening of April 10th there came to us tidings that threw the camp of the Fourth corps into an indescribable uproar. My pen shrinks from the attempt to portray the scenes of that wild, hilarious night. Nobody ever saw anything like it before nor, probably, ever will again.

The bugles had blown the "tattoo." Most of the soldiers had crept into their lowly dwellings. The expiring campfires flickered feebly, and around them a few were yet sitting, recounting the scenes of days and years gone by. They wondered when the war would be over. They felt that the Fourth corps had finished its work; but when would come the close of the mighty struggle in the east, and with it the end of the conflict? Except their low voices, all was quiet within the lines, save the tread of the sentinels, as they moved to and fro upon their beats around the sleeping army.

Suddenly the long roll sounded at division headquarters. It was such a long roll as we had never heard before. The drummer beat his drum as if he were pounding for his very life. In an instant the drums at the headquarters of each brigade took up the sound, and the buglers began to blow their loudest blasts

The startled sleepers kicked off their blankets, rushed out of their tents, hurriedly buckling on their accouterments, seized their muskets, and at the "Fall in!" of the orderlies, companies were in line in a moment. The bugles blew again, the companies marched with hasty steps to the color-line, and the regiments were formed ready for action. Everybody inquired breathlessly what the matter was. We had long since learned that such alarms meant something. But for months, since the battle of Nashville, we had laid us down and slept, and there had been none to molest or make us afraid. In our bivouac in the wilds of East Tennessee, we did not imagine there was any armed force of the enemy within a hundred miles of us. It was natural to suppose, from the sudden tumult, that there was imminent prospect of an attack, but we vainly listened to catch the sound of firing. Nothing was heard except the bustle of the assembling troops and the shouts of the officers as they gave the necessary commands.

An orderly from brigade headquarters dashed up to the Sixty-fourth and handed a paper to Adjutant Farber, who looked at it and gave an unearthly yell. He passed it to Major Norman K. Brown, who was in command of the regiment, Lieutenant-colonel Wolff being then on his way back from a leave of absence. Brown ran his eye rapidly over the message, jumped four feet in the air, and let off a yell that was even louder than Farber's. The boys thought they had gone crazy—but in a few minutes the camp was full of the wildest lunatics and bedlamites



JOSEPH S. COVERT,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

that the world ever saw. Farber mounted a stump, and the regimental orderly, William M. Hahn, climbed up beside him with a candle, while the members of the regiment gathered around, with eyes and ears agog. In stentorian tones Farber read the dispatch, which was from Secretary of War Stanton, at Washington, announcing the surrender of Lee's army to Grant.

Similar exercises were going on in the other regiments of the brigade, and within five minutes after the dispatch was received



WILLIAM M. HAHN,
MUSICIAN, COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

at headquarters, everybody knew the glad tidings. What a scene was that which followed! How officers and men danced and yelled and howled in the delirium of joy! We thought we had heard shouting and yelling before, and that we had, ourselves, at times been fairly successful in making a racket, but all previous demonstrations of enthusiasm "paled their ineffectual fires" before the lurid eruption that was caused by this glorious news. We have all heard of people "painting the town red" on occasions of extraordinary hilarity, but no job of "painting" was

ever done with such elaborate and artistic completeness as that performed by the soldiers of the Fourth corps during that memorable night.

Regiment after regiment took up the shout, until the uproar was enough to frighten the very trees of the forest. Men laughed and danced and hugged each other, and made all the variety of noises possible to the human voice. When the cheering subsided, from sheer vocal exhaustion, the men began to look about for

other means to produce noise. It made no difference what it was—the more discordant the better, only so that it helped to swell the awful din. Meanwhile all the brass bands were playing; the shriek of fifes and rattle of drums were heard on every hand, and the buglers strained to make themselves heard, until it seemed that they would burst. Then the artillery opened. Battery after battery joined in the mighty chorus, and the very earth quaked.

Captain Atwater, commanding the Fifty-first Illinois, hunted up some blank cartridges and yelled himself hoarse in his frantic efforts to get his men into line. When they found out what he wanted to do, they quickly responded and went to loading and firing, yelling like madmen. Several other regiments followed suit, and if they didn't have suit they played trumps, which was just as well. Men took the cartridges from their boxes, poured the powder into their muskets, and used the paper for wadding, throwing away the bullets. There was no further use for them.

Then the crazy soldiers looked up all the available camp kettles and tin pans and paraded in every direction, beating them with sticks and stones. The noise was deafening. The camp was a perfect and literal pandemonium. Of course no attempt was made to check the riot. Generals and colonels were just as crazy as anybody else. There was no rank in camp that night. Officers and men joined in the appalling racket, and vied with one another to produce the most startling effect.

George Stebbins, of Company E, Sixty-fourth, the brigade blacksmith, sent word to the boys that if they would furnish him with some powder from their cartridges, he would turn up his anvil and make a contribution to the festivities in old-fashioned, Fourth-of-July, country style. The powder was forthcoming, and Stebbins, with his improvised battery, awakened such of the echoes as were not already fully aroused.



EDWARD S. COLLIER,
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

A happy thought seized the generals. It was acted upon at once, and the commissaries were directed to issue to all the men a double ration of—whiskey! Shades of Bacchus! What language can depict the scenes that followed! With a few exceptions, all seemed to have the idea that was expressed by Colonel Wolff, upon his return to the Sixty-fourth three or four days later. Said he:

“A man who wouldn’t get drunk that night don’t deserve to have a country.”

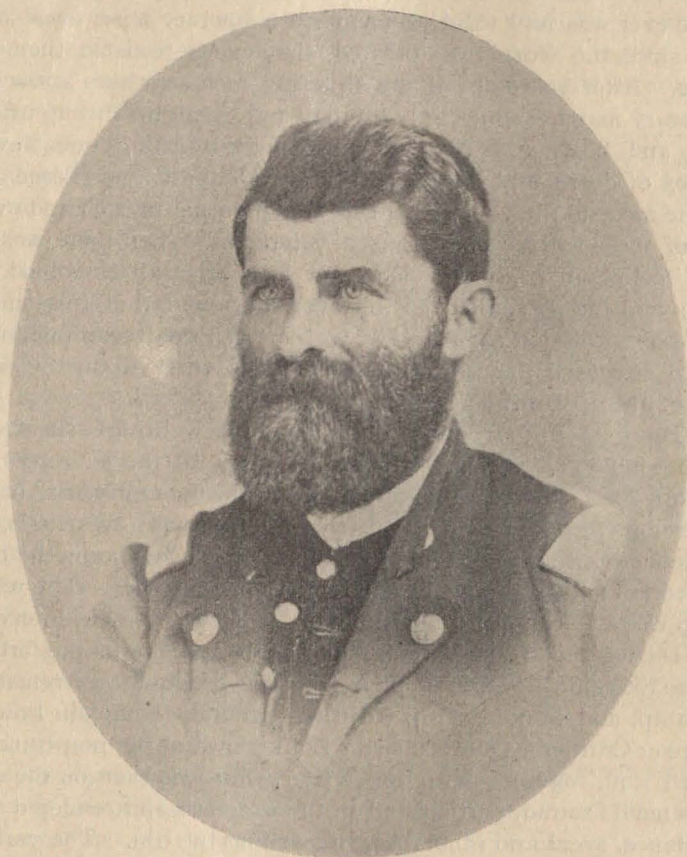


HENRY H. KLING,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.
Killed at Missionary Ridge, Tenn.,
November 25th, 1863.

This appeared to be the prevailing sentiment, and it was very generally carried out. After the “influence” began to be felt, the din was even wilder than before. There was no violence, no fighting—all had had enough of that. It was simply a “happy” drunk all around. Men climbed trees, made heroic speeches from logs and stumps, turned their clothes inside out, rode one another on poles—in fact they did all the ridiculous and grotesque things that exuberant enthusiasm could suggest.

At brigade headquarters, General Conrad superintended in person the making of a horse-bucket full of egg-nog, and he and most of his staff gathered round it. Three hours later they had all, with two exceptions, gone “under the table.” No one knew where the eggs came from, but they had some which must have been laid by neighboring hens especially for the occasion.

Now there are, no doubt, in this year of our Lord, many



NORMAN K. BROWN,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, SIXTY-FOURTH.

most excellent people who will say that the soldiers did very wrong to get drunk that night. In reply it may be said that none except those who have "been there," can rise to the full comprehension of such an occasion. This was before the days of the temperance crusade, and the provocation was extraordinary. If there ever was any valid excuse for a temporary lapse from sobriety, since the world was created, that excuse existed then and there. After years of toil and suffering such as others know not; of weary marches and vigils, by day and by night, through fierce heat and beating storm; of skirmish and battle, amidst awful scenes of death and anguish—these were past and Peace and Home arose to the view. All this was personal to each and every one of those scarred and bronzed veterans. Then there was the glad feeling of complete victory at last, after all the blood and woe; and the patriotic rejoicing over the downfall of treason and rebellion—a nation saved! Let us hope that the Recording Angel veiled her face that night, and made no entry upon the debit side of the account.

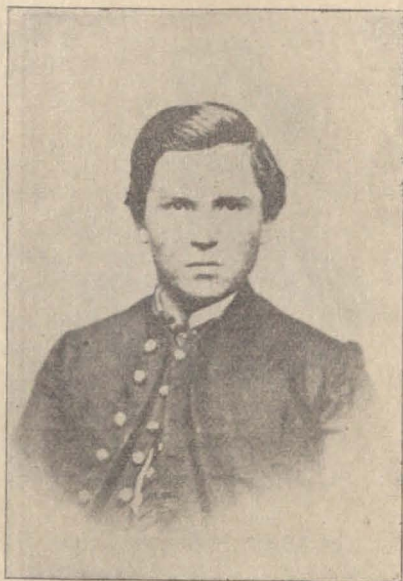
Hour after hour, until the night was well-nigh spent, the prodigious uproar was continued. After all the resources for making a noise had been exhausted, and the "commissary" began to have its secondary effect, one by one, from very weariness, the soldiers crept into their tents to sleep. After a few hours the boys turned out and began again where they had left off. The whole camp was a volcano, and eruptions broke out at frequent intervals.

During this night of the great "jamboree" it was the fortune of the Sixty-fifth to be on picket. The headquarters remained in camp, and Major Smith, Adjutant Scranton, Chaplain Powell, Surgeon Cruthers, Quartermaster Zollinger, and the non-commissioned staff, together with the writer, who was then on the staff of General Conrad, participated in the exercises and rendered able assistance, vocal and otherwise, in swelling the din. The various companies were on the outposts, the line being about half a mile from camp. When the racket began, the pickets were thrown into a state of amazement. They could not conceive what the trouble was all about. It seemed like a battle, but they were morally certain that no rebel force could have slipped between the sentinels, unobserved, and attacked the camp. For more than an

hour their imaginations were actively engaged in trying to invent some explanation of the strange performance. At last the word reached them, and they were the happiest lot of pickets that ever kept watch around an army. Of course they could not shoot off their guns and yell and do crazy things, for that would be "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline," but they rejoiced and were glad, and none of them slept that night. The next day, as soon as they were relieved, they went in strong, and made up for lost time.

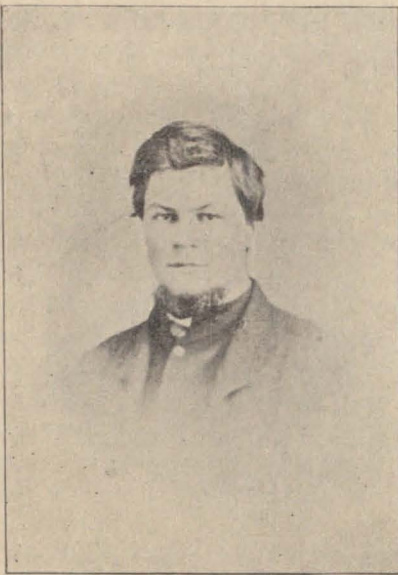
The 14th of April—Friday—was observed, in accordance with a proclamation issued at Washington, as a day of formal thanksgiving for the great victories, east and west, which presaged the certain and speedy collapse of the rebellion and the end of the war. The great jollification, that has been feebly described, was a wholly spontaneous, free-for-all affair, gotten up on the spur of the moment, without the slightest attempt at a systematic celebration. On the day appointed, one hundred guns were fired at corps headquarters, and before night every battery in the corps took a hand. There was a fresh outburst on the part of the soldiers, with plenty of yelling, but, as may readily be imagined, it lacked something of the tremendous and overwhelming enthusiasm of the hurricane that swept the camp and blew itself out during the twenty-four hours immediately following the reception of the news.

Religious services were held in each brigade, and all the chaplains had a chance to preach. Of course the sermons—if



VIRGIL H. GREGORY,
SERGEANT, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH.

such they could be called—were upon the one topic that absorbed every thought. These assemblages were rather noisy, from an orthodox view of the strict order and decorum that should characterize divine services; but these combined, in about equal parts, religion and patriotism. Indeed, the latter was the more conspicuous, and the sermons were frequently interrupted by tempestuous applause and cheers. There was not a man in the army who did not know at least snatches of the more familiar hymns, and



MOSES WALTERS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.

the Tennessee woods and hills rang and re-echoed with the strains of "Coronation" and "Old Hundred." The day was given up to celebrating. The generals and colonels laid aside their official dignity and mingled freely with "the boys," shaking hands and speaking words of congratulation. Some of their tongues were a little thick and their speech "rocky," but the wonder was that they were able to talk at all.

On the evening of the 15th came a dreadful revolution of feeling. A dispatch was received and read to each regiment, announcing the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. The whole camp was plunged in a moment from the pinnacle of rejoicing into the lowest depth of grief and mourning. Mr. Lincoln was peculiarly endeared to the soldiers, and to each of them his death came as a sore personal bereavement. For a little time after the baleful tidings were made known, the men seemed dazed by the sudden and grievous blow. Then "the fountains of the great deep were broken up." Hundreds of those brawny, war-worn

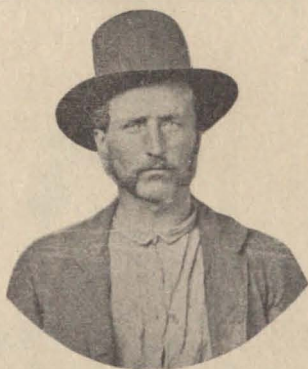
veterans wept like children. Their mingled and conflicting emotions were uncontrollable—sorrow for the cruel death of "Father Abraham" and a convulsion of rage and exasperation. Bitter and without restraint were the maledictions invoked upon the perpetrators of the diabolical deed. Could those soldiers have laid their hands upon the assassins, they would have torn them limb from limb, and no power on earth could have stayed their avenging passion. The world never witnessed such turbulence of emotion, such contrast of supremest joy and profoundest grief, as followed the tidings of those two momentous events, within that brief space of time.

That the war was at an end none could doubt. With the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee, the structure of the Southern Confederacy tumbled in ruin, as fell the temple of the Philistines when Samson "bowed himself" and wrenched away its pillars. The surrender of the forces under Johnston and the other battered and shattered fragments of the Confederate army

soon followed, the last rebel battle-flag was furled, and Peace once more reigned from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

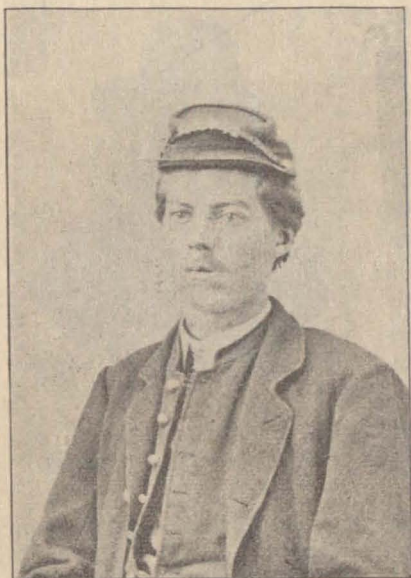
Now the soldiers thought and talked of little besides going home. After more than three years of unrelenting and arduous service, always in the forefront of every campaign and battle, the hearts of the survivors of the Sherman brigade were filled with joy at the prospect of soon clasping to their arms the loved ones from whom they had been so long separated. But we were to suffer a keen disappointment, for the fates decreed that nearly nine months more must "drag their slow length along" before we would be permitted to stack arms for the last time and lay off the army blue.

It will be remembered that the Sixth battery brought up at



ISAAC ROOSE,
SERGEANT, SIXTH BATTERY.

Huntsville after the chase of Hood was abandoned. The men built comfortable "cottages" out of such old lumber and bricks as they were able to confiscate. On January 13th, a farewell visit from Captain Bradley was the occasion of much pleasure. He was mustered out of service and left soon afterward for his home in the north. About the 20th of the same month the battery was ordered to Florence with Wood's division, which had been directed to proceed by steamboat down the Tennessee and Missis-



WILLIAM FIELDS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.

sippi rivers, and thence to Mobile, to assist in the reduction of that place—the only important port, on sea or gulf, except Galveston, over which the Confederate flag yet floated. The boys were loth to leave their luxurious quarters, but orders must be obeyed. After splashing through the mud toward Florence for three days, they were overtaken by a courier with directions to face about and return to Huntsville. The program had been changed and the Mobile order rescinded. Of course, upon reaching their camp they found it a howling wilderness. Other troops had

torn down all their shanties and appropriated everything to their own use. A Kansas cyclone could not have made cleaner work of it. The battery boys had to skirmish around lively for materials with which to restore their ruined village.

The battery went with the Fourth corps to East Tennessee and pitched its tents at Greenville, the home of Andrew Johnson, and the scene of the death of John Morgan, while trying to escape the Union soldiers, a few months before. Here the battery boys

received the news of the surrender of Lee. The guns thundered and everybody went crazy, just as we did in our camp at Blue Springs. Over them, too, fell the same pall of deepest grief and sorrow when the tidings came that Lincoln was dead.

CHAPTER LXIII.

AGAIN AT NASHVILLE.

ALL THE WAY BY RAIL—DOMICILED IN CAMP HARKER—LOOKING IN VAIN FOR THE ORDER TO BE MUSTERED OUT—GRAND REVIEW OF THE FOURTH CORPS—CONGRATULATORY ORDER BY GENERAL THOMAS—FATAL ACCIDENT TO A SIXTY-FIFTH OFFICER—A LADY GUEST AT HEADQUARTERS—EFFECT UPON THE YOUNG OFFICERS—GENERAL GRANT'S FAREWELL ORDER.

ON THE 20th of April we were thrown into a state of violent effervescence by an order to break camp at once and start for Nashville. We all supposed that this would be but a way station on the direct route to Ohio, and that we would soon be mustered out—but alas! Marching back to Bull's Gap, we proceeded thence by rail. Near Strawberry Plains one of the trains, carrying the Fifteenth Missouri and brigade headquarters, was partially wrecked by several cars leaving the track. One soldier of the Fifteenth was instantly killed and ten or twelve others were injured, some of them severely. Five or six horses were also killed. During the delay caused by the accident, the dead man was buried in a solitary grave near the railroad.

Reaching Nashville on the 24th, we established a delightful camp, a few miles from town, which, in honored remembrance of our former commander, was named "Camp Harker." It was located near the Hardin pike, on the plantation of General Hardin. This was one of the most attractive places we saw in the south. The grounds around the old mansion were elaborately laid out, with a deer park and other features of unusual beauty. Here we lay, doing nothing to speak of, for several weeks. Orders

were being issued for the muster-out of large bodies of troops, and, with eager eyes and ears, we watched and listened impatiently for our release—which did not come.



WILLIAM A. FLORA,
CORPORAL, COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

On the 9th of May General Thomas reviewed the Fourth corps, in Nashville, in the presence of a multitude of people. It was a grand and inspiring spectacle—the steady march of those victorious battalions, the veterans of which had fought on every field of the army of the Cumberland, with burnished bayonets, bearing their flags, faded and rent in many a storm of battle.

It was a perfect day, officers and men were at their best, bands filled the air with music, and there was a mutual feeling of admiration, pride and affection, far deeper than the formal salutes that were exchanged, between the troops and grand "Old Pap" Thomas. Our comrades of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps, who had followed Sherman's conquering banners, were a thousand miles away, in Washington. There they passed in final review before the president, his cabinet and a vast concourse.

The next day General Thomas issued the following congratulatory order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, }
NASHVILLE, TENN., May 10, 1865. }
GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 30. }

The General Commanding the Department takes pride in conveying to the Fourth Army Corps the expression of his admiration, excited by their brilliant and martial display at the Review of yesterday.

As the Battalions of your magnificent Corps swept successively before the eye, the coldest heart must have warmed with interest in contemplation of those men, who had passed through the varied and shifting scenes of this great, modern tragedy, who had stemmed with unyielding breasts the rebel tide threatening to engulf the land-marks of Freedom; and who, bearing on their bronzed and furrowed brows the ennobling marks of the years of hardship, suffering and privation, undergone in defence of freedom and the integrity of the Union, could still preserve the light step and wear the cheerful expression of youth.

Though your gay and brodered banners, wrought by dear hands far away, were all shred and war-worn, were they not blazoned on every stripe with words of glory,—Shiloh, Spring Hill, Stone River, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville and many other glorious names, too numerous to be mentioned in an order like this.

By your prowess and fortitude you have ably done your part in restoring the golden boon of peace and order to your once distracted but now grateful country, and your Commander is at length enabled to give you a season of well earned rest.

But, soldiers, while we exult in our victories, let us not be forgetful of those brave, devoted hearts which, pressing in advance, throbbed their last amid the smoke and din of battle; nor withhold our sympathy for the afflicted wife, child and mother, consigned, far off at home, to lasting, cruel grief.

BY COMMAND OF MAJOR GENERAL THOMAS:

WM. D. WHIPPLE,

Assistant Adjutant General.

In the latter part of May each Ohio regiment was directed to send one delegate to the Union state convention, to be held at Columbus, June 21st, to nominate candidates for governor and other offices. Captain William H. Farber was chosen to represent the Sixty-fourth and Captain Wilbur F. Hinman, the Sixty-fifth. These officers, with twenty days' leave of absence in their respective pockets, packed their gripsacks and hied homeward in

a state of great mental exaltation. They rejoined their regiments at New Orleans on the 8th of July.

Early in June a fatal accident brought a cloud of sadness upon the Sixty-fifth. First Lieutenant Jonas Smith, of Company I, fell from a mulberry tree, which he had climbed to gather berries, sustaining a fracture of one leg and other injuries, from which he died June 10th. He had been with the regiment from the beginning, always brave and faithful, carrying musket and

knapsack for more than two years. His sad fate, after the war was ended, filled the hearts of his comrades with sorrow.

A very pleasant incident of the stay at Nashville was a visit from the wife of Chaplain Thomas Powell, of the Sixty-fifth. She arrived early in June and remained about ten days. She was a beautiful and attractive little woman, and her presence in camp, among those bronzed veterans, was a benediction. Captain Edwin E. Scranton, who was then adjutant of the Sixty-fifth, writes:

"Chaplain and Mrs. Powell boarded at our headquarters mess, and it seemed so nice and refining



LEVI SEAVOLT,

COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Killed at Atlanta, Ga., July 22nd, 1864.

to have a lady with us that we wished she might stay. I remember that about that time quite a fever prevailed among the young officers like myself to get a furlough, go home and get married. It is quite likely that the gracious presence of Mrs. Powell in camp had something to do with this epidemic. But I also re-

member that when I heard from *my* girl on the subject, I gave it up *quick!*"

This will explain, what we never understood before, why our good friend Scranton was "in the dumps" for some time thereafter. It is gratifying to know, however, that when he finally got home, it didn't take him long to muster his "girl" into the hymeneal service.

Of the seven weeks at Nashville, it may be said—which is true of but very few and very brief periods in our four years of service—that the boys really enjoyed themselves. They breathed the balmy air of spring; the camp was carpeted with grass and shaded by trees of luxuriant foliage, in which birds sang and chirruped as if they, too, were glad the war was over; no arduous duty was imposed upon us, and Camp Harker is remembered only with pleasure.

While at Nashville the Sixty-fifth received from the state of Ohio a new stand of colors, and the Sixty-fourth, soon afterward. The flags which had been confided to our keeping when we left Ohio as veterans, were faded and tattered. They had been triumphantly borne through the fierce conflicts of the last year of the war and were pierced by many bullets. The staff of the national flag of the Sixty-fourth had been twice shot in two and replaced. Once this had also occurred to the flag of the Sixty-fifth, and its last staff bore the scars of three bullets. These precious flags were sent to Columbus and assigned a place in the flag room of the statehouse.

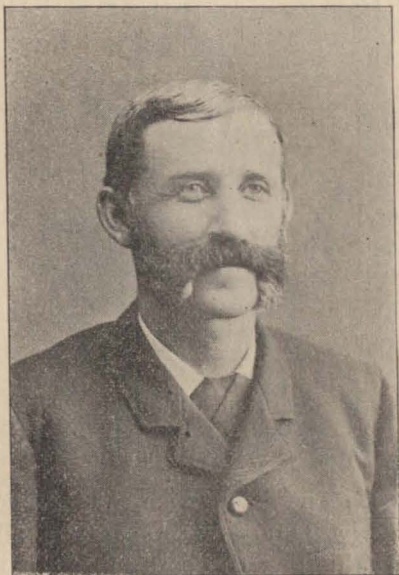
The new flags of both regiments were neatly decorated with the names of our battles upon the stripes, in gilt letters. The cost of this for the Sixty-fifth, amounting to \$54, was paid by "Andy" Stevens, the sutler of that regiment, as a compliment to the boys.



JEFFERSON A. HOUSER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY I,
SIXTY-FOURTH.

Mention has been made of the colored boy, "Green," who was picked up at Alpine by Lieutenant Moores, of the Sixty-fifth, and became a fixture of the line officers' mess of that regiment. The colored servants in the brigade were much addicted to games of hazard, and especially poker, in playing which they spent most of their leisure hours in camp, as well as most of their money. "Penny ante" was usually the size of the game. Green soon learned the mysteries of poker, and it became with

him, as with the rest of the darkeys, the "ruling passion." In or under the wagons, the players would often keep it up the greater part of the night. One morning when the officers went to breakfast they noticed that Green was in an unusually happy frame of mind. He sang and danced and frisked about as he engaged in the discharge of his matutinal duties. The cause of his overflow of spirits was soon apparent. One of the other negro boys coming within earshot, Green sang out:



SAMUEL W. ROSS,
SIXTH BATTERY.

"I say, dar, Bill, who c'yarries de shucks dis mawnin'!" Breakfast had to be suspended for a time until the officers got through laughing. It was clear that Green had been a winner at the last session. "Who c'yarries de shucks" was immediately adopted into the regimental vernacular.

Before we left for Texas our drafted men and substitutes were mustered out and sent home. Their term of service was but one year, and of this but two or three months remained. These men, who had joined us at Chattanooga, just as we were

entering upon the campaign against Hood in Tennessee, discharged their duties in a manner every way creditable. It is true that nearly all the substitutes had seen previous service, but the drafted men, with scarcely a day's drill, were plunged at once into the most arduous and dangerous service, which taxed to the uttermost the mettle and endurance even of the veterans. During those trying days, from Pulaski to Nashville, the "raw" men, generally speaking, acquitted themselves with high honor. Few, indeed, of them "showed the white feather." They bravely faced the muskets of the foe and many of them were killed or wounded in those "struggles fierce and wild." The discharge of this contingent left only the veterans and a few three-year recruits. Neither the Sixty-fourth nor Sixty-fifth could muster scarcely more than enough for one large company.

Worthy of insertion here, is the congratulatory order issued by General Grant at the close of the war:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1865.

Soldiers of the Armies of the United States:

By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm—your magnificent fighting, bravery and endurance—you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws, and of the Proclamation forever abolishing SLAVERY—the cause and pretext of the Rebellion—and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil.

Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of result, dim the luster of the world's past military achievements, and will be the Patriot's precedent, in defense of Liberty and Right in all time to come.

In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defense. Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriot hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen, and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens.

To achieve these glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen, and posterity, the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these, a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

U. S. GRANT.

Lieutenant-general.

CHAPTER LXIV.

NEW ORLEANS.

AN ORDER THAT PROVOKES A MUTINY—THE FOURTH CORPS VETERANS EMBARK FOR TEXAS—A REBELLIOUS SPIRIT MANIFESTED—PROSPECT OF SERIOUS TROUBLE AT CAIRO—FORTUNATELY IT BLOWS OVER AND NOBODY IS HURT—TRIP DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI—A SICKLY CAMP AT NEW ORLEANS—A CHANGE OF COMMANDERS—GENERAL SHERIDAN VISITS HIS OLD DIVISION—GOOD-BYE TO THE SIXTH BATTERY—IT IS MUSTERED OUT.

TOWARD the middle of June, an order was received which caused more grumbling and discontent than any other which was ever issued to the Fourth corps. It was for the veterans of that corps to take their departure for far-off Texas. This body of troops was ordered thither as a "corps of observation." A revolution, or something of that sort, was going on in Mexico. Fears were entertained that the United States might become involved, and it was thought best to have a force of soldiers at hand.

It is not a matter of wonder that the complaints of the veteran volunteers were long and loud and deep and wide. They

had enlisted, and re-enlisted, to aid in putting down the rebellion. Had the war continued they would have served patiently and faithfully to the end of their term, if need be, without a murmur. But the war was over; they had finished the work which they promised the government to do. Other troops, by tens and hundreds of thousands, were to be at once mustered out and sent home. Why, our men argued, should not the government send to Texas the soldiers who did not enlist until the eleventh hour and had been in service but a few months, and permit these who had so long and cheerfully borne the burden and heat of the day to return to their friends and enjoy that rest and peace which they had done and suffered and sacrificed so much to secure? They felt, and most keenly, that they were not treated with that fairness, justice and consideration to which they were entitled. Nor, it may be said, has their opinion changed in all these years.

But there was no way of escape and the boys, with tempers very much ruffled, packed their traps, shouldered their muskets



GEORGE R. MOORE,
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FOURTH.

once more, and started for Johnsonville, on the Tennessee river, seventy miles from Nashville, where they were to embark for New Orleans. All the bad language that was used—and there was a good deal of it—should be charged up to the United States of America, and not to the persons who blew off steam in that way. Conrad's brigade left Nashville by rail, June 15th, and the following day, at Johnsonville, took passage on the steamer Indiana. The waste of war is painfully shown by the fact that there

was room on a single boat for the entire six regiments—Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio, Fifteenth Missouri, Forty-second, Fifty-first and Seventy-ninth Illinois. These regiments had had upon their rolls the names of more than seven thousand officers and men. Of these about twelve hundred remained for duty, one-sixth of the aggregate. Probably a third of them bore hon-

orable scars of wounds received in battle.



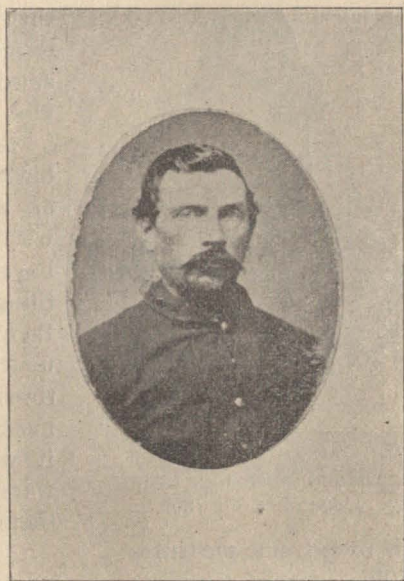
DANIEL CARPENTER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.

As a chronicler of the events which make up the history of the Sherman brigade, whose purpose is to present a full, faithful and true narrative, I am not disposed to pass over the insubordination that was so openly manifested, and which came so near to violent expression, during the early part of the voyage to New Orleans. It was the most exciting occurrence between the great "jambo-ree" in East Tennessee and our final discharge. No doubt there are some who will say that our boys ought to have cheerfully obeyed orders, submitted quietly to their hard fate,

and gone right along without any fuss. From a strictly military point of view, there can be no doubt of the correctness of this proposition; to such an argument nothing can be said in reply. According to the regulations governing the armies of all civilized nations, under no circumstances is insubordination justifiable. Those who seek by such means to redress real or fancied grievances are punished by the severest penalties. This is the purely military view of the matter. If considered from any other stand-

point, every advantage of the argument was with the veterans. We all believe that the order demanded of them a sacrifice that was as severe and unjust as it was unnecessary. None can blame them for the rebellious feelings they entertained, and yet it was well for the turbulent ones, and for all concerned, that they did not carry out the threats which they so freely made. The officers shared, in a great degree, the feelings of the soldiers, but they could do nothing else than enforce obedience to orders. Had they done otherwise, they would, themselves, have been liable to trial by court-martial and the severest punishment. Under the circumstances there was but one thing to do and that was to go! They did go, and scores of the brave veterans of the Fourth corps, who had been through nearly four years of fire and blood and suffering, died at New Orleans or on the arid plains of Texas, from the midsummer fevers of that almost tropical climate.

From the hour of leaving Nashville the soldiers brooded over the cruel injustice, and talked constantly of what they felt to be a grievous wrong. By the time they reached Paducah and steamed down the Ohio river toward Cairo, a mutinous spirit was more or less apparent in all the regiments, not only in those of our own brigade but in those of the others as well. Many of the soldiers declared that they would go no farther than Cairo; that they would land there and that they would shoot down any officers who should attempt to restrain them. Of course such talk was not wise, and to execute



JOHN MURRAY,
COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.

their threats would have been, for themselves, supreme folly. But the men were very much excited, and not a few of them stiffened their courage with "commissary." This had its natural and logical inflammatory effect and some were in such condition that reason and discretion no longer held sway. It is but just to say that the turbulence was much less apparent in the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio than in the Missouri and Illinois regiments of the brigade. The latter would be very near home at



EZRA WHITNEY,
SIXTH BATTERY.
Died at Nashville, Tenn.,
December 9th, 1862.

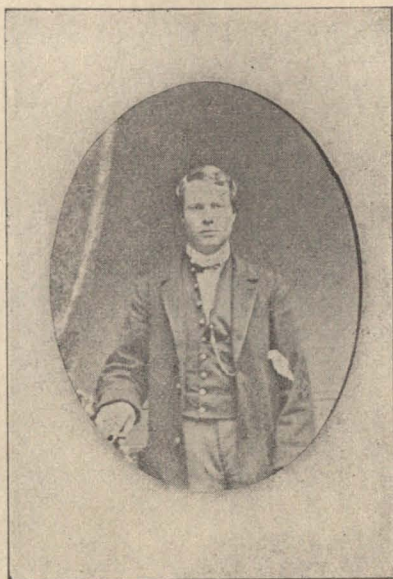
Cairo, and a large number of their members avowed their determination to "make a break" as soon as the boat should reach the landing at that place. Threats were made to burn or blow up the boat should there be an attempt to run past Cairo without stopping—which would have been a mad and senseless thing to do, with themselves and their comrades on board. But under such excitement men threaten, and sometimes do, the most preposterous things. When it was all over, probably none were so glad as the malcontents themselves that they did not

resort to extreme measures.

The officers counseled prudence and sought by every means at their command to allay the tumult, but with little effect. During the passage from Paducah to Cairo the ferment seemed hourly to increase. "Cairo" was the watchword or countersign that day among the disturbers. It passed from lip to lip on board the Indiana, and was shouted back and forth between it and the boats on which were the two other brigades of Elliott's division, whenever these came within hailing distance, as they did a number of times during the day. As the fleet neared Cairo the situation was ominous; the apprehension and alarm felt by the officers were not unfounded. Each of these brigades was wrought up to

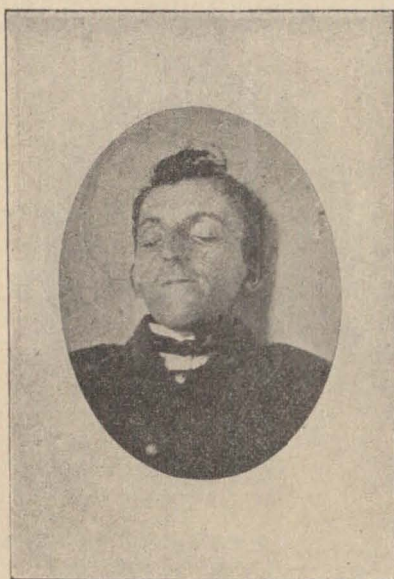
such a tension of excitement that a single act of ill-considered violence would be likely, as a spark dropped in a powder magazine, to precipitate a conflict, the result of which the mind shudders to contemplate. It must be borne in mind that all the soldiers had muskets and bayonets, and while it can scarcely be conceived that any would use them upon their officers and comrades, it cannot be doubted that a number, dangerously large, chiefly among the Illinois and Missouri soldiers, were sufficiently crazed and desperate to have done so if the spark had fallen among them. This picture is not overdrawn. It is not a pleasant one to contemplate, but such was the condition of those three brigades of veteran soldiers—who, time and again, had cheerfully obeyed the order to charge into the smoke and blaze of hostile guns—as they rapidly drew near to Cairo. It seemed like an anomaly; but it should not be forgotten that their provocation was great.

When within a short distance of Cairo, General Conrad, commanding the Third brigade, issued an order directing that all regimental and company officers remain with their commands, and that no one should be permitted to leave the boat, under any pretext. The anxiety that was felt as the steamer drew up to the landing could not be concealed. As soon as the gang-plank was run out, a detail was sent ashore and posted as guards along the bank, with orders to arrest any who might go on shore and attempt to pass. General Conrad and his staff, with drawn swords, planted themselves on the narrow pas-



JOHN HAZLETT,
CORPORAL, COMPANY K, SIXTY-FOURTH.

sage-way, like Leonidas and his little band of Spartans at Thermopylæ, and bravely faced the excited, clamoring crowd. The latter made a rush down the gang-plank, some with arms in their hands, pushed Colonel Conrad aside and ran over his staff, and in a twinkling a large number were ashore. Those who escaped found no difficulty in passing the guards. Several of the latter reversed their muskets, pushed the bayonets into the ground and left them to join the runaways. There was but one casualty dur-



JACOB KANSIG,
COMPANY K. SIXTY-FIFTH.
Prisoner at Andersonville; died eight
days after reaching home.

ing the melee. Captain "Joe" Willsey, of the Sixty-fifth, adjutant-general on the staff of General Conrad, while bravely striving to stem the tide that flowed down the gang-plank, was hustled off into the water. After some vigorous splashing he reached the shore in safety, but madder than a dozen March hares.

Finding the odds too great, General Conrad, desirous of avoiding bloodshed, came down gracefully and directed that all who desired might go on shore for thirty minutes, at the expiration of which time the boat would leave and he expected to see every man on board. The trouble ended then and there.

Everybody who wished went ashore, and nearly all scrambled to get on board when the whistle blew. Some from each of the regiments slipped away and probably went home; they did not rejoin their commands, nor, so far as the writer knows, were any of them ever arrested as deserters. At the next roll-call there were five or six from each of the Camp Buckingham regi-



EMERSON OPDYCKE,
COLONEL ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH OHIO,
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL.

ments who were not "present or accounted for." They just wanted to go home and they went. There was no further friction after leaving Cairo. The boys came to the sensible conclusion that after all it was best to swallow the pill, bitter though it was. From that time on the most rigid inspector could have found no fault with the discipline and good order that prevailed.

The voyage down the Mississippi was uneventful, though by no means devoid of interest and pleasure—for having had their big "kick" and made up their minds to endure what could not be cured, discontent no longer ruffled the current of their lives and the boys found no little enjoyment in the novelty of the long trip on the "Father of Waters." All along the great river were objects of interest, and spots made historic by prominent events in the mighty struggle which had just closed. Island Number Ten, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Vicksburg, Hard Times—where Grant crossed his army to enter upon that masterly campaign which ended with the fall of the Gibraltar of the west—and many other places were passed, the names of which were made familiar by the war. At Vicksburg the boat stopped several hours, and many of the pilgrims improved the opportunity to "do" the town. Those who ascended the tower of the courthouse had a magnificent view. A sweep of the eye for miles took in the city and its surroundings, the long lines of fortifications built by the two armies before and during the siege, and the famous tree under which Grant and Pemberton held their interview to arrange the terms of surrender.

On the morning of June 23rd, as the steamer rounded a bend in the river, the city of New Orleans appeared in view. It was a superb spectacle—the broad stream, a mile and a half from bank to bank, dotted with boats, large and small; the shore for two miles lined with river and ocean shipping; and the beautiful Crescent City, the metropolis of the south, stretching away, with its forest of spires and marts of trade. The boat steamed four miles below the city, where the brigade debarked and went into camp on the old Jackson battle-ground—known as Chalmette—where the British under Pakenham were so beautifully whipped by "Old Hickory" in 1815. Within a stone's throw of the camp

stood an old building which was the headquarters of Pakenham before the battle, and less than a mile distant was the spot where he fell, mortally wounded.

There was immediate and abundant evidence of a change of latitude. The men threw themselves upon the grass to rest in the shade of orange trees, rich with fruit, and magnolias adorned with blossoms of surpassing beauty; while alligators ten feet long were disporting in a pond near by, snakes were crawling about, and mosquitoes and other ravenous insects filled up the picture. It was almost like being transported to a new world.

The Sixty-fifth remained at New Orleans nearly four weeks; the Sixty-fourth stayed two months longer. The camp was probably as good as could be found in that vicinity, but the face of the country is low and perfectly flat and the air in hot weather miasmatic. The men were totally unaccustomed to the climate and many were attacked by the fevers peculiar to that latitude. The surgeons had little to do at Nashville, but here they soon had a large number of patients on their hands. Several died during the month of our stay. The water was bad, the Mississippi river being our only supply. It was warm, roily and totally unfit for drinking, except when made into coffee. No doubt the unhealthy water had much to do with the sickness that prevailed.



SILAS O. KIMBERK,
CORPORAL, SIXTH BATTERY.

Our life was monotonous and without excitement of any kind. A lazy camp-guard was maintained, and this was about all the duty, except the necessary work to keep the camp in the best possible sanitary condition. There was no drilling to speak of, and only the ceremonial guard-mounting and dress-parade each day. Passes to visit New Orleans were given with considerable freedom and the men were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege.

General Washington L. Elliott was relieved from the command of our division and ordered to the Department of Kansas. General Elliott was of patriotic and fighting stock, being a son of Commodore Elliott, who commanded one of the vessels of Perry's fleet in the famous battle of Lake Erie, September 10th, 1813, in which the British were so signally defeated. He was born on board his father's ship. We had seen but little of Elliott, for he had never been associated with the Second division until assigned



JOSEPH BEVOE,
COMPANY F, SIXTY-FOURTH.

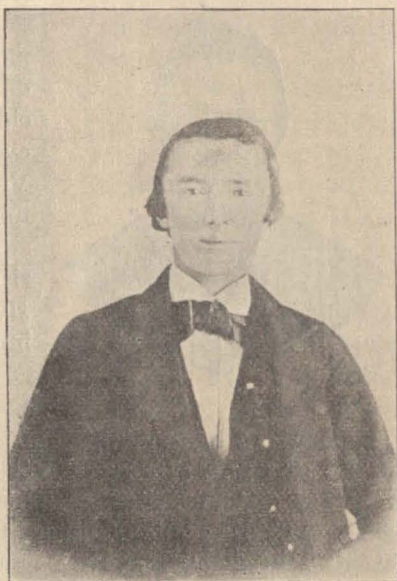
to its command soon after the battle of Franklin. He had previously served in the cavalry. It is not likely that half the soldiers of the division knew him even by sight. He was an officer of fine presence and martial bearing, a thorough soldier and a courteous gentleman. Captain Thomas F. Tillotson, of the Sixty-fourth, was a member of his staff while he commanded the division.

The command of our division devolved upon Brevet Brigadier-general Joseph Conrad, who continued to preside at division headquarters until the break-up in Texas. Our brigade was thereafter commanded by Colonel Edgar D. Swain, of the Forty-second Illinois. The Twenty-eighth Kentucky was attached to the brigade and formed one of our family until the muster-out. Colonel Swain was a prime soldier, who had served continuously through the war with his regiment. His duties as brigade commander were not arduous. So far as our service after leaving New Orleans was concerned, the brigade might have been commanded by any corporal in its ranks. We

said good-bye to our friends of the Seventy-ninth Illinois, which was ordered to be mustered out, its term having expired. Lucky dogs!

One day General Philip H. Sheridan, who then commanded the Department of the Southwest, with headquarters at New Orleans, paid a visit to our division, which he had led in the assault upon Missionary Ridge. He was greeted with the utmost cordiality by officers and men. Wherever he went he received the rich tribute of soldiers' heartiest cheers. General Sheridan spent two hours at the headquarters of our brigade. He did most of the talking, for the reason that everybody else wanted to listen, as he told in a most entertaining way of his campaigns with the Army of the Potomac, during the last year of the war.

In the latter part of April the Sixth battery returned with the corps to Nashville. The war being ended, three officers of the battery tendered their resignations and went home, viz: First Lieutenant E. H. Neal, First Lieutenant George W. James and Second Lieutenant George R. Wright. These had gone up by regular promotion from the ranks. They had served during the entire war and had proved faithful and gallant officers. Their resignations promoted Sergeant Adam P. Galloway to First Lieutenant and Sergeant Lemuel Krisher to Second Lieutenant. These, also, had served from the beginning, and their promotions, were in every way merited by their patient devotion to duty.



JAMES NEISWANDER,
COMPANY F, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Died in Hospital at Henderson, Ky.,
□ May 23rd, 1862.

In accordance with a special order from the War Department, a number of men who had joined the battery during the previous year were discharged, their services being no longer required.

The members of the battery, like ourselves, were impatient for their muster-out, now that the war was over, and it was with much perturbation of spirit that they obeyed an order, soon after the middle of June, to pull up stakes and march to Johnsonville, on the Tennessee river, there to take boat for New Orleans. The

long trip to the Crescent City, on the steamer Emerald, was a pleasant one and without event of special interest, save a sad accident which brought sorrow to every heart. While passing Vicksburg, private John R. Hinton fell overboard between the steamer and the barge that carried the guns, and was drowned. He was not seen after he slipped into the water.



JAMES M. RHOADS,
CORPORAL, COMPANY D,
SIXTY-FOURTH.

From New Orleans the battery was ordered a few miles from the city and stationed in Saint Bernard parish. It used for a stable an old sugar power

house, which was built of brick in the form of a circle and some sixty feet in diameter. It was said to have been used by the English as a fort in which they placed artillery, in the memorable battle of New Orleans. The change from the climate of Tennessee, to that of the low, flat country lying about New Orleans, brought on much sickness among the troops. Many members of the battery were sent to hospital, where William Randolph and William A. Davis died. It was a hard fate for men who had survived the perils of camp and field to thus meet death after peace had come.

Early in August the battery was ordered to embark for Texas. A day or two later, however, an order was issued to muster out four batteries of the Fourth corps, and in the shuffle

the Sixth Ohio drew a prize. On the 20th its commander was directed to turn over the entire outfit to the ordnance and quartermaster departments, and to proceed with the company at once to Camp Wade, Cleveland, Ohio, for muster out of the service. This order was greeted with cheers and shouts and extravagant demonstrations of joy. With nimble hands and feet, and glad hearts, officers and men fell to and in twenty-four hours they were ready to start for "God's country." We of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were fated to munch hardtack four months longer.



PETER SMITH,
COMPANY I, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Killed at Stone River, Tennessee,
December 31st, 1862.

The voyage to Cairo was made in quick time, on the steamer White Cloud No. 2, and on the 29th of August the battery reached Cleveland. Thence it went, two days later, to Columbus, where officers and men were mustered out with the usual red tape formalities, paid off and discharged. Farewells and handshakes were brief, for everybody was in a panic to get home. The battery was discharged with nearly full ranks, the number being one hundred and thirty. From first to last it had upon its rolls the names of nearly three hundred men.

No body of men, in all the vast multitude that put off the army blue in 1865, made for itself a more honorable record for courage, efficiency, patient endurance and faithfulness than the Sixth Ohio battery.

CHAPTER LXV.

LAND-LUBBERS AT SEA.

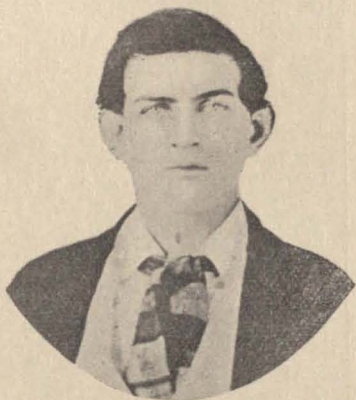
WE EMBARK FOR THE "LONE STAR" STATE—ON BOARD THE STEAMER DANIEL WEBSTER—A FINE TRIP TO THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI—ON THE GULF IT IS NOT PLEASANT BUT QUITE THE REVERSE—THE AWFUL RAVAGES OF SEASICKNESS—THE VETERANS CONQUERED AT LAST—THE UNIQUE EXPERIENCE OF MAJOR ORLOW SMITH—AT ANCHOR OFF MATAGORDA BAY—TRANSFERRED BY LIGHTERS TO LAVACA—"CAMP IRWIN," ON THE ARID PLAINS OF TEXAS.

ON THE 17th of July the Sixty-fifth received orders to pack up and pull out for Texas. We had indulged the hope that the government would get over its Mexican scare and that we would not have to go there, after all, but be sent home from New Orleans. We were obliged to drink the cup to its dregs. On the 18th we embarked on the ocean steamship Daniel Webster. The vessel had an impressive name, but she was an old, rickety, creaking side-wheeler, scarcely seaworthy. Indeed, although she took us in safety across the gulf, she went

to the bottom in a blow upon her next trip. Her staterooms were small, stuffy and ill-savored, and bedbugs were as numerous as graybacks were on the march from Alabama to Louisville. I may remark here that during our stay at Nashville, with plenty of clothing and facilities for that cleanliness which somebody has said is "next to godliness," we had almost entirely eliminated the grayback as a factor in our daily life. If anybody "had 'em" during the remainder of our service, it was because he was neglectful of himself, and it was without excuse.

The trip of a hundred miles or so to the mouth of the Mississippi was full of interest and enjoyment. The river, on either side, was lined with extensive orange groves and sugar and rice plantations, all of which were new to persons raised in Ohio. The forest trees were covered with Spanish moss, great festoons of which hung from the branches, often quite to the ground, in the most fantastic shapes. We passed Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, under the belching guns of which, Farragut, more than three years before, ran his fleet and snatched from the Confederacy the prize of New Orleans, its chief commercial city.

Pretty soon after we struck the deep blue water of the gulf the fun suddenly ceased. We were nearly three days on the brine. Most of the time there was a stiff wind, the boat rolled and pitched, and nineteen out of every twenty on board had the usual experience of land-lubbers at sea. I doubt if the world ever saw a sicker crowd. Those who had conquered on many battlefields, went down before old Neptunel ike grain before the reaper. Ere the close of the first day out the victims of *mal de mer* by hundreds were scattered all over the boat in grotesque attitudes, their cadaverous faces the pictures of unutterable woe.



SAMUEL M'NULTY,
MUSICIAN, COMPANY F,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

The more susceptible ones began to turn pale and to experience internal commotion before we had been an hour on deep water. Each new victim was the target of endless gibes, fired at him by those of his comrades who had thus far escaped, and who believed that they were proof against seasickness. But nearly all of these, one by one, went under, each in turn receiving a volley of cruel squibs from those who were still stout of heart—and stomach. As a rule, the longer a man bravely held out against it, the sicker he was when it did tackle him.



WILLIAM CHRISTY,
CORPORAL, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The picture of Major Orlow Smith arises before me as vividly distinct as I saw it then. The major started in as one of the valiant. He promenaded the deck and cabin, staggering in the effort to get his sea legs on, cheerily chattering to the boys, giving them fatherly advice, and rallying the sick ones on their weakness.

"I don't mean to be personal," he said, "but a man is a fool to be seasick. All he's got to do is to just brace up and have a little sand, and there won't be any trouble. Exercise your will power, just as I do, and you'll go through all right. I've been on the water before, and I was never seasick. It's a sure sign of a feeble intellect!"

Then he would circulate around, poking everybody under the short ribs and laughing in his hearty way at the miseries of those who were lying about, in all stages of the prevalent distemper. When a fresh victim made a break for the rail, the major would nag him in a way that was wildly exasperating. Of

course, everybody had a consuming desire to see the malady strike the major, and they wanted him hit hard. The universal wish was abundantly gratified.

After a while it was noticed that Major Smith wasn't quite so chipper as he had been. The color left his face and he took on the appearance of a ghost. He made a bold bluff by trying to keep up the fire of jokes, but there was a ghastliness about them that plainly told of the effort they cost him. The boys were quick to observe the change that was creeping over him, but they didn't say a word; they wanted to wait until the thing got ripe, and they knew it wouldn't be long. Pretty soon the major started on a double-quick. He reached the rail, leaned far over, and gazed down into the deep, blue sea. Then the boys broke loose;

"There it comes, now!
Steady, Company G!"

"Brace up, brace up,
Major!"

"All you've got to do,
Major, is just to have a little sand; seasickness is all poppycock!"

This is the kind of fire the major had to stand. It was as bad as the volleys at Chickamauga.

"That's all right, boys," he sputtered, as soon as he could get a chance to speak. "I wasn't feeling very well when we left New Orleans, and I was going to take an emetic, anyway. I ain't seasick, not a bit of it. This is just what I wanted!"

Then he quietly slid around into the cabin, and lay down on



GEORGE JACOB SPEELMAN,
CORPORAL, COMPANY F, SIXTY-FIFTH.

a sofa. For several hours he scarcely moved, except once or twice when he had more business over the rail. On each trip the few who were not themselves gone by this time, exhorted him to "brace up." Along in the evening, when he was so sick that he could not stand, some of the boys carried him into a state-room, undressed him and put him to bed. He lay there for twenty-four

hours. Then he got up and ventured out, looking as white as a plaster model.

"Boys," said he, with a seasickly smile, "that's one on me!" The major didn't deliver any more lectures on seasickness.

Among the hundreds of soldiers on board the Daniel Webster, there were not more than a dozen who passed unscathed through it all and ate their regular three square meals a day. These went, like good Samaritans, among the sufferers, doing whatever could be done to alleviate their woes. But the peculiarity about seasickness—its trademark, so to speak—is the fact that you can't do anything for it; you can only just let it have its own



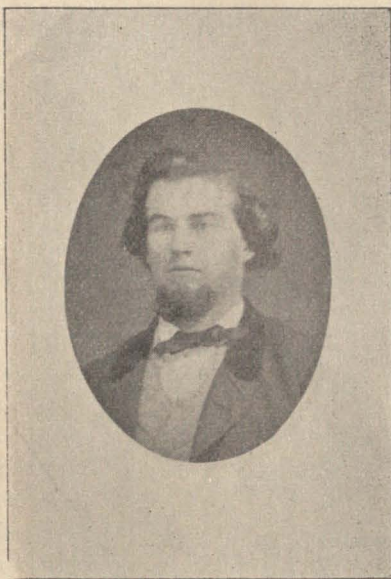
DANIEL HOWE,
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FOURTH.

way. This was fortunate for us, because every last one of our doctors was in a state of hopeless and helpless prostration. "Physician, heal thyself!" didn't go in their case. The victims lay around everywhere, upon the sofas, the cabin floor and the decks. The boat looked like a battlefield—and that is about what it was, with the casualties more numerous than those caused by bullets in any of our engagements. The writer was one of the fortunate

dozen who were not in the smallest degree affected. As the "spared monuments," we were the only ones who found any pleasure in that trip across the gulf. From a somewhat extended observation during those three days and nights, it would appear that the only good thing about seasickness is the pleasure of getting over it.

There was but little eating done during the voyage. Of all the officers on board, but two or three regularly occupied their places at table. These were warmly complimented and congratulated by the captain of the boat on their sea-going qualities. After each meal they would exasperate the sufferers by telling them how much they had enjoyed it.

We reached Matagorda bay on the 21st, and came to anchor off the entrance. The Daniel Webster drew too much water to pass the bar, and we were obliged to lie idly two days waiting for a lighter to land the cargo, animate and inanimate. Sharks in large numbers hovered around the steamer and some of the boys practiced their marksmanship upon them. One which was killed was



OLIVER EVANS,
COMPANY G. SIXTY-FIFTH.
Mortally wounded at Chickamauga, Ga.,
September 20th, 1862.

hauled on board by means of tackle. It was twelve feet long and weighed about four hundred and fifty pounds. It was as great a curiosity as the star freak in a dime museum. Its fins were cut off and its savage-looking teeth pulled out for souvenirs.

On the 23rd a light draught steamer came alongside. The sea was quite rough, and the transfer of troops and baggage was

tedious and difficult, and attended with no little danger. The vessels pitched about so much that no gang-plank could be laid from one to the other. We were obliged to watch our chance and jump to the deck of the small steamer, when they were near together. It was almost a wonder that no accident occurred, but after three hours we were all safely on board the lighter. We steamed away over the bar, bidding farewell to the Daniel Webster without a sigh of regret. The boys were satisfied that, however good soldiers they might be, they were mighty poor sailors.



TRUMAN S. RAYMOND,
SERGEANT, COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Two hours later our steamer came to anchor off the town of Indianola, half a mile from shore. This proved to be another transfer station, and we were stowed away on small sailing vessels, by which we were carried over shallow water to Port Lavaca, fifteen miles farther up the bay. Here we once more set foot on shore. We were in Texas. The village hotel—a good one for such a place—was liberally patronized that evening at supper and its resources were greatly overtaxed.

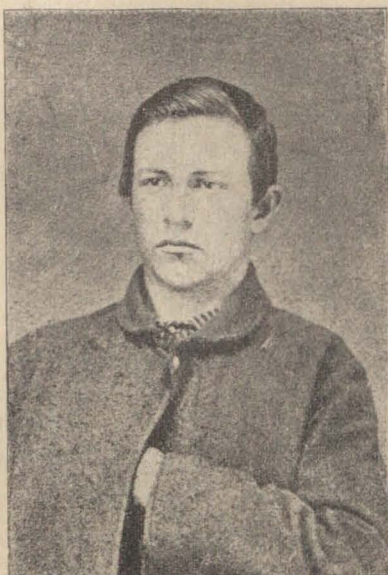
Many had not been in condition, on account of internal disturbances, to enjoy a good meal since leaving the mouth of the Mississippi.

There was a fine beach at Lavaca, and many indulged the luxury of a salt-water bath, keeping a sharp lookout for sharks. There was an oyster bed at the bottom of the bay, and the boys fished up a good many of these bivalvular delicacies, locating them with their feet and then ducking down and bringing them

up with their hands. There is no "R" in the names of the mid-summer months and the oysters were not at their best for eating, but the boys seasoned them with salt and pepper and declared them excellent.

Everything being on terra firma, we marched, the next day, thirteen miles in a northwesterly direction and established our camp near Placidor creek, about eight miles from the Guadalupe river. We were on a seemingly boundless, arid plain, with, for our use, only the nauseous, tepid water of the sluggish stream, in which thousands of cattle daily slaked their thirst; and the straggling trees that fringed its banks, for fuel. The prairie was completely barren of timber, except narrow belts along the water courses. Before a great while all our wood had to be hauled in wagons a long distance. Our first habitat was the identical spot which was used as a camp during the war with Mexico. A Mississippi regiment commanded by Colonel Jefferson Davis lay here for a time, while en route to Mexico, in 1846. It was then called "Camp Irwin," and General Conrad, commanding our division, directed that the name be retained during our occupancy.

The two succeeding chapters will tell something of our life in that desolate region, while we impatiently waited for the order that was so long in coming—to go home.



MILAN BAKER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY A, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Died at Chattanooga, Tennessee,
May 26th, 1865.

CHAPTER LXVI.

LIFE ON THE TEXAS PLAINS.

RAILROAD BUILDING UNDER A BROILING SUN—THE SIXTY-FOURTH STAYS TWO MONTHS LONGER AT NEW ORLEANS—REJOINS THE BRIGADE IN SEPTEMBER—ENLARGING OUR KNOWLEDGE OF NATURAL HISTORY—MOSQUITOES BY MILLIONS—TARANTULAS, CENTIPEDES, COYOTES AND HORNED TOADS—ABUNDANCE OF PECANS—FRESH BEEF GALORE.

WE SPENT four sizzling months in Texas. Time dragged heavily, and the days and weeks were unutterably dreary. We lay near the line of a so-called railroad from Lavaca to Victoria, the latter, about twelve miles beyond Camp Irwin, being the headquarters of the division. The railroad, most of which was destroyed during the war, had been but a wretched affair at its best. It was built of the primitive strap rails, spiked upon wooden stringers. The track had been laid upon the surface, with very little attempt to grade the inequalities. For a time we were kept out of mischief by being employed, with other troops, in reconstructing this road from Lavaca to Victoria, as it was needed for the transporta-

tion of supplies. I don't think we made a very good job of it—not much better than we did of our never-to-be-forgotten corduroy at Hall's gap. The weather was extremely hot, and I doubt if the sun ever looked down upon a lazier aggregation of mortals than the soldiers of our brigade, as they were strung along that alleged railroad, day after day, like a lot of "Paddies." If we had been paid in proportion to the work we did, we would scarcely have earned our salt. But in course of time we met the party working toward us from Lavaca, and that wonderful railroad was in running order. One or two wheezy locomotives and a few rickety cars were patched up and these made daily trips, bringing us food, clothing and the mails. A train was in great luck that did not run off the track two or three times while making a trip, so that the speed was often not much better than that of an average mule train.

The Sixty-fourth remained at New Orleans nearly two months longer than the Sixty-fifth. It was in charge of the baggage and trains of the Fourth corps, loading them upon boats as fast as these were provided. It was the last regiment of the corps to get away. During its long stay at New Orleans it suffered much from sickness, chiefly malarial fevers. A number of men died, some of them veterans who had shared all the vicissitudes of the regiment from the beginning. It embarked for Texas, September 14th, on the steamer Clinton. The passage across the gulf had precisely the same effect upon officers and men as it did upon those of the



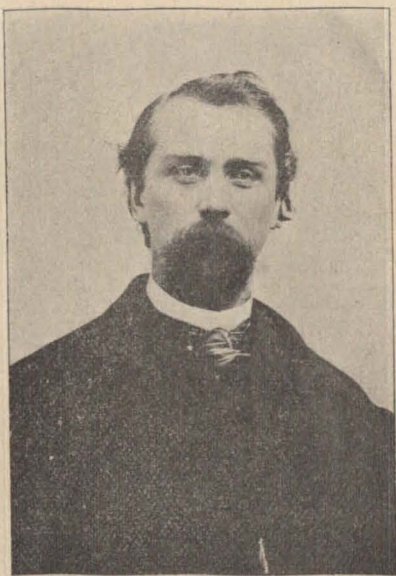
HENRY A. CAVNAH,
SERGEANT, COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Sixty-fifth. The great leveler, sea-sickness, had no respect for rank and scarcely a baker's dozen escaped prostration. To describe their experiences upon the salt water, it is necessary only to put "ditto" marks under what has been said of the Sixty-fifth.

Landing at Indianola on the 17th, the Sixty-fourth "lightered" to Lavaca and marched out to Placidor creek. A short time afterward the regiment moved to a water-tank, on the railroad, ten miles from Victoria, and there remained until it began its

homeward journey. The men took a hand in repairing the railroad, and were engaged for some time in cutting and hauling ties from the Guadalupe river.

While in Texas we had an opportunity to enlarge our knowledge of natural history. We formed the acquaintance of several varieties of insects, worms and reptiles to plague, pester and vex us, to which we had heretofore been strangers. We had already had a large experience with mosquitoes, but it was here that we found them in their highest state of carnivorous development. They swarmed about the camp in

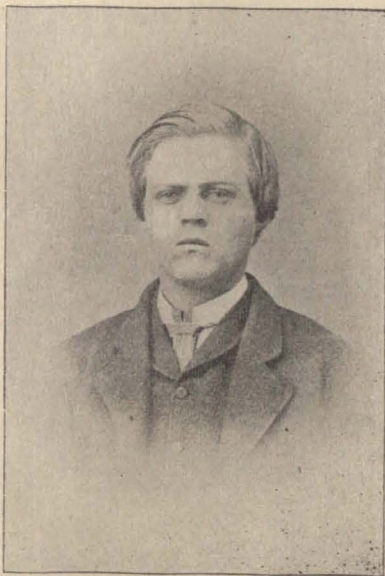


JOHN C. GILL,
ASSISTANT SURGEON, SIXTY-FIFTH.

myriads. During September and October, after sunset, the visitations were simply appalling. A few had foreseen the evil and provided themselves with netting before leaving New Orleans, but to the great mass of the soldiers the remembrance of those nights is like a hideous dream. The boys frequently sat up a good part of the night, their "pup" tents tightly buttoned—a smudge of weeds and grass within. Besides, every one had his pipe filled with "navy plug" or "niggerhead," and the viler the

tobacco the more effective was the smoke upon the mosquitoes. Through this fearful smudge, the sputtering candle, in the socket of a bayonet, scarcely gave light enough to enable the boys to see whether they held "three of a kind," a "bobtail flush," or only a measly pair of deuces. If "old sledge" was the game of the evening, the dealer could "flip jack" from the bottom of the pack, without fear of detection.

One afternoon I rode a horse from the camp of the Third brigade, over the open prairie, to Victoria, a distance of twelve miles. Before starting, I took the precaution to cover my hands with gauntlets, and to swathe my head in handkerchiefs until I looked like a mummy. By the time I reached Victoria, myself and portions of the horse were completely covered with masses of mosquitoes, clinging to each other and hanging in great festoons. Six quarts of them could easily have been scraped from my clothing and the beast I rode. Such a ravenous gathering of these insects I never saw, before nor since.



DANIEL W. CLUFF,
CORPORAL, COMPANY F, SIXTY-FOURTH.

While we were at New Orleans I met an officer who had spent a year in western Texas, when General Banks was in command of the department. Speaking of our expected departure for that region, I asked him if the mosquitoes were not troublesome. He answered that he did not see a single mosquito there. I expressed surprise at this, whereupon he continued:

"I said I did not see a *single* one. This is true, for they are all married and have tremendous families!"

Here we found the tarantula, a repulsive looking animal, too large to be called an insect, and properly classed among reptiles. He is nothing more nor less than an exaggerated spider. His bite is venomous, and often fatal. He was known to comparatively few of the northern soldiers, as he is only found in the extreme southern latitude of the United States, and but rarely outside of Texas. He lives in the ground, and comes out of his hole to wander about in quest of prey. He frequently made his appear-



ANDREW J. KNOX,
SERGEANT, COMPANY F, SIXTY-FIFTH.

ance in the camps of the Fourth corps. We did not know what to make of him at first, but the matter soon became serious. One morning a soldier of the Fortieth Indiana was bitten in the foot by a tarantula, which during the night had crept into one of his shoes. The poisonous nature of the reptile was not realized until it was too late, and the man died in a few hours.

It is well known that copious draughts of whiskey are considered an effective antidote for the bite of a venomous reptile of any kind. The tarantula gave the boys a chance, and for a few days they "worked the racket" for all it was worth. One of them when thirsty would prick his foot or hand with a knife, just enough to bring the blood, and then he would start on a wild run for the doctor's tent, shouting that he had been bitten by a "tarantler." The doctor would pour whiskey down his throat until he had filled him up, and he would go away happy. This ingenious scheme worked very nicely for a time, but it soon wore out. When the doctors

discovered the trick, they began to put castor oil, asafetida, and other nauseating drugs into the whiskey, and that settled it. One soldier who tried the dodge had to carry a heavy stick on his shoulder in front of headquarters for a couple of hours, and that was as much of the tarantula game as *he* wanted.

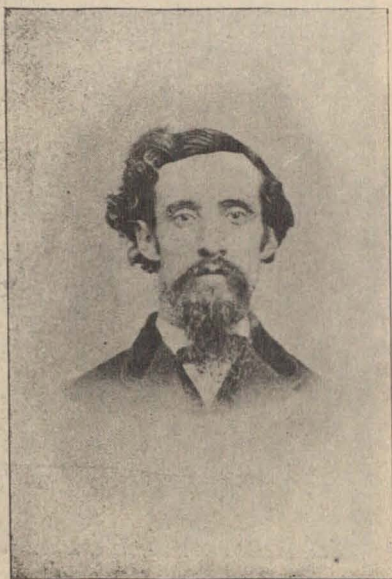
The custom was established of thoroughly policing the camps daily, as far out as the guard line, and thereafter the tarantula did not often find his way across the border. If he did his life was certain to be forfeited. It was a common thing to meet tarantulas when walking over the prairie, but they could always be killed without difficulty or danger, as their movements were not rapid. In the southern part of Mexico and other tropical countries, the tarantula attains greater size and is very dangerous.

"Centiped," signifying "a hundred feet," is a generic term applied to the numerous kinds of worms which have a very absurdly large number of legs—more than they have any use for. Anything of this sort, from the lazy "thousand-legged worm" with which every country boy is familiar, to the swift running, poisonous worm of Texas, may properly be called a centiped. We did not find the bite of the Texas centiped to be fatal, although somewhat poisonous, and a thing which it was more pleasant not to have. Unless antidotes were speedily applied, it would cause a large and painful swelling, sometimes resulting in a malignant sore. This worm was found in the same localities as the tarantula, and was one of the crosses we had to



DAVID R. BRUBAKER,
COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.

bear during our stay in the Lone Star state. There was a tradition among the soldiers that the centipede would leave behind a poisoned trail when crawling over the body, but personal experience and observation did not verify this. Nor did he often bite unless molested. He would crawl around in an unpleasantly familiar way, but if not provoked he was usually harmless. Although we had some cases of painful bites from the centipede, the name was, on the whole, more terrifying than the worm itself.



LLOYD FORDING,
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FIFTH.

To add to the "abomination of desolation" which reigned over that desert waste, the nights were often made hideous by the howling of prairie-wolves, or coyotes, which prowled around in large packs. They were arrant cowards and always kept at a safe distance from the lines of the camp. One man could put a hundred of them to instant flight. They were harmless, but very disagreeable neighbors.

The "horned toad," so often seen in Texas, was a curiosity, but it was wholly innocuous. Probably he couldn't hurt anybody if he

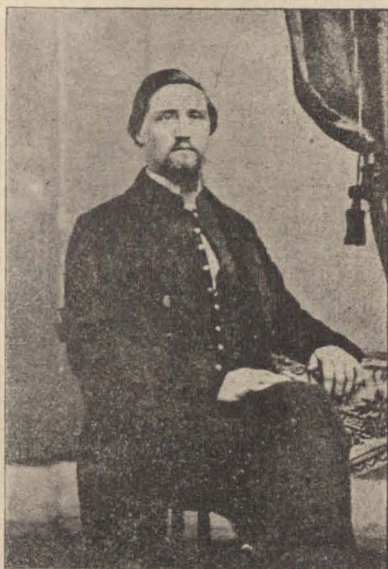
tried, which he never did. This little animal seems to have been misnamed, for he bears no resemblance to a toad. He does not travel by jumps, but runs nimbly along on his four feet, like any ordinary quadruped. Another point of difference is that he has a long tail for his size; orthodox toads do not have tails. Upon the top of his head are two hard, sharp horns, a quarter or three-eighths of an inch long, and from this peculiarity he takes his name, though why even the scientific men class him as a toad is

not clear. When we left Texas a large number of the men took with them one or more horned toads each. Most of them died on the way to Ohio.

In the groves skirting the streams were many birds of rare and beautiful plumage, which we had never seen before. Mocking-birds were numerous and many of these were caught in traps and snares. Very few of them survived captivity. While on our homeward way, some invested part of their surplus in mocking-birds, at New Orleans.

Captain Hinman, of the Sixty-fifth, paid ten dollars for a pair, took them out to camp, and both died that night. During the northward trip his comrades took delight in harrowing his feelings by singing and whistling in his ears "Listen to the Mocking-bird!" at all hours of day and night.

Pecans grow in abundance along the rivers in that part of Texas. During October and November these toothsome and favorite nuts were gathered in large quantities. Parties often went from camp, with mule teams and wagons, to the Gaudalupe, usually taking two or three days for the trip. This large stream was skirted by a streak of timber, in which were many pecan trees, loaded with nuts. Such as could be climbed yielded a bounteous harvest. Hundreds of the soldiers took home from a bushel to a barrel each. Squirrels and other game were found along the river. One day a member of a party from the Sixty-fourth killed two fine deer, which yielded many choice morsels,



ISAAC N. THOMPSON,
CORPORAL, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FOURTH.

We had fresh beef, of prime quality, without limit. Immense herds of cattle roamed at will over that vast plain. Two or three times a week, details were made to go after beef. There were few days when there was not a herd in sight. A dozen men, going with a couple of wagons, selected fat, young steers, brought them down with bullets, and butcher-knives quickly did the rest. In a majority of cases only the hind quarters were skinned and taken, so that everybody had tender, juicy steak.



ROBERT O. LUCAS,
HOSPITAL STEWARD, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Beef formed a very considerable part of our daily *menu*. A peculiar feature of the hot, dry air of that Texas plain was the fact that fresh meat, when cut into slips and hung up, would not putrefy but would in one or two days be so thoroughly dried, or jerked, that it would keep for an indefinite time. The soldiers prepared large quantities of it in this way for use at pleasure. Those Texas cattle had enormous horns—often with a spread, from tip to tip, of four or five feet. Men who were gifted with both skill and patience, decorated some of these horns with all sorts of military and sentimental designs, engraved in a highly artistic manner, and took them home as mementoes of their sojourn on the Texas prairie.

On the 10th of October the Ohio regiments participated in the election for state officers. More than four-fifths of the votes for governor were cast for the Republican candidate, General Jacob D. Cox.



WASHINGTON L. ELLIOTT,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, COMMANDING SECOND DIVISION,
FOURTH CORPS.

Many junketing trips into the region round about were taken, by way of diversion, it being necessary to go a long way to find a human habitation. As a sample of these, a story may be told of the adventures of a party from the Sixty-fifth, which went out from Camp Irwin.

One day two young men came into camp with a rickety vehicle which had on board a cargo of melons, for sale or barter. They had driven sixty miles to find a market. A year or two earlier, the boys would have just confiscated the entire outfit, but now the war was over and matters had settled down to a commercial basis. Very few had any money to invest in melons or anything else, but they had plenty of army rations and there was no difficulty in furnishing an equivalent.

Some of the soldiers took a liking to the young men, who seemed to be a grade above the average of the natives whom we had met in that sparsely populated country. They assisted them in disposing of their load, for coffee, sugar, salt or cash. The Texans invited Sergeants Roland Critchfield, of Company A, and Harrison Johnson, of Company G, to go home with them. Permission was easily obtained and the invitation was accepted. They stayed a day or two and were hospitably entertained by the family, whose name was Hersheiser.

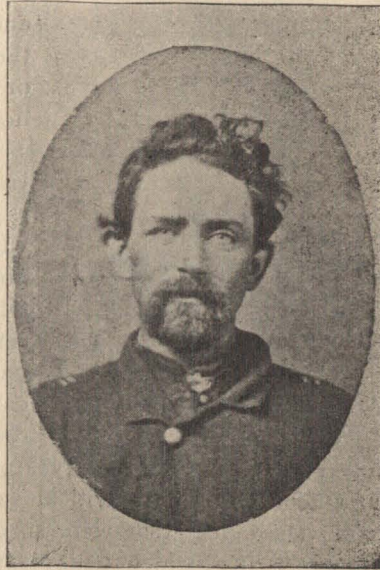
Not long afterward there came to camp an invitation to a dance at Hersheiser's. The prospect of a frolic, with real, live girls to dance with, caught the boys, and a party was soon made up. It consisted of Sergeants Critchfield and Johnson, who had made the first trip, reinforced by First Sergeant Horace W. Curtis, of Company G, Clark Headington, of Company A, and Captain Ezekiel Moores to shed upon the occasion the dignity of shoulder-straps. Each soon procured a "mount," Major Orlow Smith kindly loaning his horse to one of the party.

The start was made about noon, and by fast riding they reached Hersheiser's just after dark. The guests, girls and boys, gathered from far and near, some having come a distance of twenty miles. The house was full of young people. One of the company was a man named Patterson, who had been a lieutenant in the rebel army. Every man was armed, and before the festivities began, the host, as a prudential measure, asked that all the

guests disarm themselves and leave their revolvers or other weapons in his custody. This request was readily acceded to, and Hersheiser stowed away all the pistols and knives in a cupboard, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then the fiddlers tuned up, and the order was given to turn on the steam full head and "let her go." She went, and the pace was fast. There were quadrilles, and waltzes and reels, following one another in rapid succession. It may be imagined that our boys made the most of such an opportunity.

All went merrily until about eleven o'clock, when a dispute over a partner arose between "Roley" Critchfield and the rebel lieutenant. Both were quick of temper, and the sparks began at once to fly in a way that was symptomatic of trouble. The disputants lost their heads and both started for their revolvers, evidently intent upon smashing in the door of the arsenal, if Hersheiser should refuse their demand that it be unlocked. By this time the mercury in the social thermometer was above boiling point and excitement ran high. The girls began to scream and break for the doors. There was an excellent prospect of a fight, with long odds that somebody would get hurt.

Hersheiser planted his back against the door of the cupboard and shouted to the belligerents to cease their wrangling. Harrison Johnson seized a poker while "Hod" Curtis grabbed a stick of stovewood. They took post in front of Hersheiser and made known their purpose to smite the first man who should



SAMUEL NEEPER,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

attempt to force the guard and get the weapons. The chances were that if any man had tried it he would have been promptly brained. The freshet of wrath soon abated and both Critchfield and the lieutenant wisely concluded that it would be better to call a truce. Matters soon quieted down and "On with the dance!" was the cry. The fiddlers struck up a lively tune and the ruction was over.

The revelry continued until daylight. Our boys took girls behind them upon their horses, and in this way went home with them. Part of them stayed two or three days in the neighborhood, and were in high feather.



HUGH P. ANDERSON,
SURGEON, SIXTY-FOURTH.

There was plenty of music in our Texas camps. Every regiment had scores of men who could sing, and ours were not exceptions. Solos, quartets and choruses were often rendered in a style that would have done credit to trained vocalists. There were several fiddlers and men who could play

them—perhaps not in the style of Ole Bull or Remenyi, but their audiences were not critical—and the music was all-sufficient for the stag-dances that were so common. There was a guitar in the Sixty-fifth, which had escaped all the perils of campaigning for more than two years. Many will remember the frequent visits of Dr. Wheeler, of one of the Illinois regiments, who used to play the guitar and sing by the hour.

CHAPTER LXVII.

LAST DAYS OF OUR SERVICE.

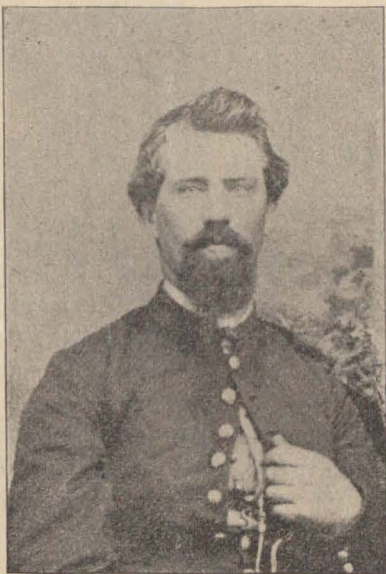
PLEASURE TRIPS TO LAVACA—A NAVAL CATASTROPHE—OFFICERS AT A NEGRO BALL—WATCHING FOR THE MUSTER-OUT ORDER—CAPTAIN "CHARLEY" BAKER'S STORY—THE FIFTY-FIRST ILLINOIS GOES HOME, WHICH GIVES US HOPE—CAMP SHERMAN—TEXAS NORTHERS—A WRECKED AND DELUGED CAMP—MAJOR ORLOW SMITH AND HIS PIPE—LIEUTENANT KANEL'S JOKE—PROMOTIONS THAT DID NOT PROMOTE.

HEAT and mosquitoes combined to make our existence at Camp Irwin almost insupportable. The daily round became monotonous in the extreme. Occasional relief was found in excursions to the Guadalupe river, and to Lavaca, which was our "watering place"—a sort of Saratoga. Leaves of absence from camp for two or three days could usually be had for the asking. Small parties frequently went to Lavaca to sail and bathe and fish and gather oysters. On one of these trips, in which the writer was a participant, General Stanley and General Conrad were met at Lavaca, on pleasure bent. A large fishing party was organized, which filled four or five boats. The

one in which Stanley and Conrad were passengers capsized, and both generals went overboard in water five feet deep. After a deal of splashing and floundering, they were hauled into other boats and the capsized craft was righted and bailed out. Few fish were caught on any of these excursions, but it was an unspeakable relief to get away from the broiling camp and out upon the water, where the "skeeters" ceased from troubling.

On the day of the naval catastrophe just mentioned, the colored people of Lavaca were

having some kind of a celebration, and in the evening there was a grand ball for the dusky beaux and belles. The officers were invited and all of them went. They had fun enough to last a month. All the girls were bedecked with cheap finery and jewelry in flamboyant style, and the young "gem'men" were fixed up to match. There was one tall, good-looking darkey whose clothes were worn and shabby and none of the girls would dance with him. Some of the officers rigged him out with a long-tailed linen coat, a white handkerchief and a bright red neck-



SAMUEL CAMPBELL,
QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT,
SIXTY-FOURTH.

tie. Then he sailed in, and from that time on he had his pick among the ebony damsels.

Day after day we watched and prayed for the order that would cut the cords that bound us to Texas and to the army. Heartily sick and disgusted, our impatience knew no bounds. We had scarcely settled ourselves in Camp Irwin until rumors came to us that we were soon to be released. These increased daily in number and "reliability," but for a long time all proved

to be "grapevines." The weeks dragged wearily by, as we sweltered and fought mosquitoes, deluding ourselves with that hope which, long deferred, "maketh the heart sick."

One day Captain Charley Baker, of the Sixty-fourth, who was a member of the brigade staff, returned from Lavaca, whither he had gone on a skylarking trip. Knowing that he would be bombarded with inquiries for the latest news in regard to our discharge from service—as everybody was who visited Lavaca or division headquarters at Victoria—Baker concocted a paralyzing story which he gravely told to a crowd of open-mouthed listeners. He said that while he was at Lavaca, a boat arrived from New Orleans. One of its passengers was an officer having the custody of an order for the immediate muster-out of the entire Fourth corps. A severe storm came up during the passage. The vesselsprang a leak and all on board gave themselves up for lost. With great presence of mind, the officer in question put the order in a bottle—the original contents of which he had probably absorbed—sealed it with official wax, wound it with red tape and threw it overboard.

"For two days and nights!" said Baker, "I tramped up and down the beach watching for that bottle to come ashore. I did for a fact!"

Along in September the first official order was received for the muster-out of veteran regiments. The number was small



LEWIS LAWBAUGH,
SERGEANT, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FIFTH.

and neither of ours was on the list, but it served for a starter, and we were comforted by the well-grounded belief that our discharge would not be long delayed. One regiment of our brigade, the Fifty-first Illinois, was so fortunate as to be included in the first installment. Our "Sucker" comrades, with whom we had been intimately associated for two years, bade us adieu on the 26th



HIRAM BELL,
SERGEANT, COMPANY A, SIXTY-FOURTH.

of September and started for—paradise. The disintegration had begun, and our corps, division and brigade organizations were gradually broken up. The brigade staff melted away, and Captain Charles E. Baker, of the Sixty-fourth, and Captain Wilbur F. Hinman, of the Sixty-fifth, who had been members of General Conrad's household for several months, returned to their regiments.

About the middle of October the Sixty-fifth moved camp six miles, joining the Sixty-fourth at the water tank on the railroad. This place was named Camp Sherman, in remembrance of the worthy progenitor of the Sherman brigade. If

the truth be told, the camp did not reflect as much honor upon him as his name did upon the camp. It will be understood that this observation applies to the location and surroundings, and not to the soldiers who dwelt there for five weeks. As a matter of fact we were—except for an occasional norther, of which I will presently speak—much more comfortable there than at Camp Irwin. At the latter place wood had become so scarce that we were obliged to haul it in wagons two or three miles. At Camp

Sherman there was plenty, convenient of access. There were two or three springs, the water of which was a decided improvement over that of the miserable branch which had hitherto supplied us. As the autumn advanced, the weather became much cooler and the pestiferous mosquitoes almost entirely disappeared. "For this relief, much thanks."

About this time we began to look out for northers—the name given to violent storms which sweep those Texas plains during the fall and winter months.

Very soon after our arrival at Camp Sherman, we had a dry blizzard which we thought was bad enough, but which proved to be only a foretaste, a gentle hint, of what was to come. The wind blew furiously for a day. It was heavily loaded with dust and sand, which it had gathered in its course, and which filled our eyes, ears, noses—and mouths, if we didn't keep them shut. It drove everybody to cover.

Not long afterward we had the genuine article. Toward evening, lowering clouds overspread the sky and it was evident that mischief was brewing. Tent pins were driven home, guy ropes were tightened, and everything possible was done in the way of preparation for the expected storm. I can best illustrate what happened that night by narrating my own mishaps, for I think I fared as badly as anybody. My tent was in the headquarters row of the Sixty-fifth. After a rubber of whist I lay down, with an abiding faith in the integrity of the pins and ropes which supported my canvas domicile. I had not had more than "forty



HENRY WILSON,
CORPORAL, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.

winks" when the storm broke. "And the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house and it fell not;" so I rolled over on my bunk, as there came a lull, and went to sleep. But the storm had only slackened to get a fresh grip. Soon I was awakened by a flapping of canvas and snapping of ropes. Instantly the whole establishment was lifted up and carried away, while the rain poured down in a literal torrent. I started in undress uniform, on a wild hunt for shelter. It was



JOHN J. SMITH,
COMPANY I, SIXTY-FOURTH.

the very blackness of darkness, except when the scene was lighted up for an instant by vivid flashes of lightning. I stumbled and fell upon the wreck of Colonel Smith's tent, which had met with the same fate as my own. I broke for the adjutant's tent and found it yet standing, and within a candle was dimly burning. Colonel Smith and Adjutant Scranton, in scanty apparel, were hanging to the tent poles for dear life. They greeted me with shouts of derisive laughter, which I have no doubt were justified by my appearance, in drenched undergarments, and the

water streaming down my face. Suffice it that we held the fort in the adjutant's tent that night. The extreme violence of the storm soon abated, but it continued, in fitful gusts, all the next day. Morning dawned upon a wrecked camp. More than half the tents were prostrated, many of them blown rods away. Those who had been so rudely unhoused found shelter in the habitations that withstood the storm, but all their belongings were soaked with water. Before we left we had other storms, but none so violent as this,

By the first of November the weather was so cold as to be uncomfortable. Especially was this true of the evenings, when we sat and shivered, bewailing the destitution of materials with which to build fire-places. Generally we had been able to find old bricks for this purpose; while here, nothing of the kind was obtainable. But means were found to overcome the difficulty. The ground was literally baked to a considerable depth and one of the officers conceived the idea of digging up chunks of the hard earth, shaping them in blocks with a hatchet and laying them with mud. He set his darkey to work with a pick and opened a quarry. The other officers taunted him with scoffs and jeers, as one void of understanding, declaring his scheme to be wholly impracticable and illusory. With faith in his genius, he kept on and in two days had a fireplace, with a chimney extending above the ridge of the tent. It was not a thing of beauty, indeed quite the reverse, but it proved to be a "joy forever," as long as it had a mission to fulfill. In the evening he built a fire to test the value of his achievement. It worked to a charm. Its draft was excellent; in fact it drew to his tent all of his fellow officers to enjoy its genial warmth. Those who had scoffed the loudest were now the most enthusiastic in its praise. The next morning every one of those officers set about a similar enterprise, and in two or three days their tents were all equipped with these most comfortable accessories.



BENJAMIN F. SPRAGUE,
COMPANY F, SIXTY FIFTH.

During the last month of our stay, wagon loads of pecans were hauled to camp from the Guadalupe bottoms. The nuts

having ripened, they were blown off by the high winds and were easily gathered in large quantities.

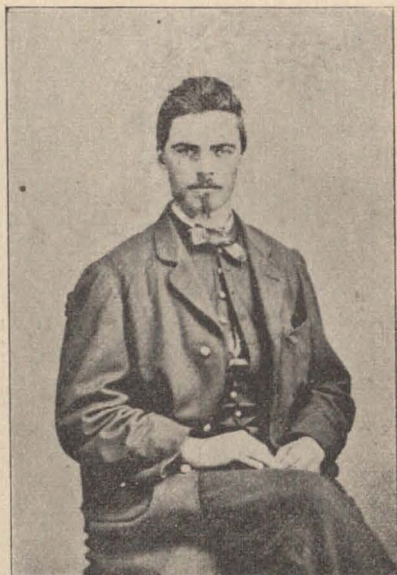
John Linkhart, of Company F, Sixty-fourth, was an adept in woodcraft. Wild bees were numerous in the woods along the Guadalupe, and Linkhart, who could locate a "bee-tree" with unerring precision, was the means of providing large quantities of delicious honey. He was also a "mighty hunter," like Nimrod of old. It was his rifle that brought down the deer which were

hauled to camp from the Guadalupe. Like all such men, Linkhart was a spinner of yarns which were an extremely heavy tax upon the credulity of his hearers. One day some of his comrades were talking about the branding of the great herds of Texas cattle, to mark the ownership. Much curiosity was expressed as to the manner in which it was done.

"Why, it's easy enough!" said Linkhart. "They just loads a cannon with red-hot letters, and shoots 'em right into the herd!"

One more little joke on Major Orlow Smith is

worth telling. The major, like so many others, found a great deal of solace in his pipe. This was a large meerschaum, with a bowl of generous proportions, which would hold enough for an hour's smoke, with gentle and judicious suction. The major was famous, not only in Company G, but throughout the entire regiment, for never buying any smoking tobacco. He seemed to know by intuition when anybody, officer or soldier, was going to take out his pouch to "load up," for he was almost certain to



JESSE CASHELL,
SERGEANT, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.

appear at the right moment with his pipe, for a charge of tobacco. He traveled a regular beat along the line of company officers, nearly all of whom kept a stock on hand. He would begin at one end, calling at each tent in order when he wanted a fresh smoke. His intervals between smokes were brief, so that he generally got around about once in two days. It was his habit to fill his big pipe and then take a handful besides, for a supplementary load or two. He kept this up pretty regularly for two or three years.

It happened one day while we were in Texas that somebody detected him in the act of buying a pound bale of Kinnikinick from Andy Stevens, the Sixty-fifth sutler. The news quickly spread through the camp that Major Smith had some smoking tobacco. Eight or ten of the company officers immediately organized a procession, each with pipe in hand, and, with a fife and drum leading, marched in Indian file to the major's tent. The major had just opened the bale and was filling his pipe when the column halted. Captain "Zeke" Moores, who was formerly orderly sergeant of "G" when Smith was its captain, acted as spokesman.

"Major," he said with great solemnity, "there's a good deal of excitement in camp."

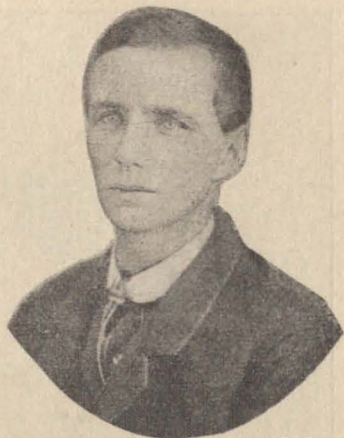
"Why, what's the matter?" inquired the major, with eagerness.

"Well, they say you've got some smoking tobacco. I'd just like to try a little of it."

"Certainly, Captain, have a smoke with me!"

Moores crammed into his pipe as much as it would hold and then scooped up a handful, remarking:

"I'll just take along a little for another smoke,"



SAMUEL H. TUCKER,
SIXTH BATTERY.

Then came, successively, McCune and Trescott and Bell and Covert and McFadden and Crow and Kanel and Powell and Hinman. The major sat down upon his bunk and exclaimed, in a helpless, despairing way:

"Just help yourselves, gentlemen, it's my treat today!"

By the time each of his visitors had repeated Zeke's performance that bale of tobacco looked very much emaciated. The major was fortunate if he got half a dozen smokes out of it.

The next day he started around again, with the same old pipe, the sight of which was so familiar to us all. It is believed that he did not venture to buy any more tobacco while he was in the service.

Smoking was not quite universal in the army, but those who did not smoke were the exceptions. It was the dessert after every meal, and especially when a day's march was done. A vast deal of comfort was extracted from millions of pipes, by the soldiers of both armies, as they gathered around their campfires, often wet, cold and weary, and smoked and spun yarns. There was scarcely more than one man



GEORGE CLEMENT,
CORPORAL, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Mortally wounded at Stone River,
December 31st, 1862.

in ten who did not think as much of his pipe as he did of his coffee-kettle, and he stuck to it "closer than a brother." Cigars were very rarely seen, except at a general's headquarters. Smoking material was often scarce, but those who had any would always divide as long as it lasted. Sometimes supplies were obtained by trading coffee for tobacco with the Johnnies, as hereto-

fore described. Frequently the natural leaf, cured for market, was confiscated in large quantities. A drying-house would sometimes stock up a whole regiment. The great majority of pipes used were made by the soldiers. A pipe that was altogether satisfactory could be made in a few minutes from a section of a corn-cob, with a reed for a stem. The advantage of the primitive cōb pipe was that when it reached the limit of its usefulness it was so easily replaced by a new one. More pretentious and enduring pipes were made from brier and laurel root, many of which were elaborately carved, showing great ingenuity and skill.

Chewers of tobacco were also numerous; and there were many who rarely bought any, but depended upon begging from their comrades. A chronic tobacco mendicant was very likely to lose the respect and esteem of his brother chewers. Sergeant Culbertson Henwood, of Company A, Sixty-fifth—afterward a lieutenant, and killed at Chickamauga—used to keep a regular account in a little book which he carried, of "chaws" due him, or by him to others. He was rarely

without a supply, and his debtors were much more numerous than his creditors. Whenever anybody begged a chew of him he would immediately charge it up in his book, regarding it as a "call loan." If he happened to be out, himself, he would make a requisition upon somebody who was in his debt. If his comrade twitted him on being a "tobacco beggar" he would whip out his



ROLAND CRITCHFIELD,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY A, AND
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

book and present the account, showing day and date, with all the exactness of a counting house ledger. Of course this put an end to the debate. One day when Henwood and I were on picket together he showed me his book. I observed that among his debtors Lieutenant-colonel Cassil, formerly captain of Company A, like Abou Ben Adhem, "led all the rest." The account showed him in debt to Henwood for twenty-six chews. I suggested that he ought to foreclose on the colonel.



THOMAS F. STEM,
COMPANY F, SIXTY-FOURTH.

"I'll be even with him in a few days," said the sergeant, as he drew a plug from his pocket. "I stole this from him the other day and every time I take a chaw I give him credit for it. That's the only way I could get square."

Officers will remember how worn-out and decrepit accouterments or camp and garrison equipage had to be inspected and condemned by a board of survey, which usually consisted of three officers. This board would hold a solemn inquest upon crippled knapsacks or leaky canteens; and then, after much writing and signing

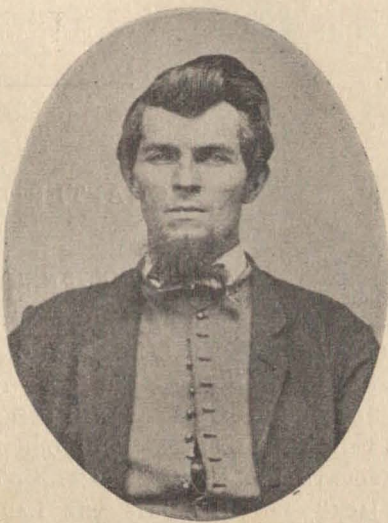
of majestic documents, the officer responsible for them was authorized to drop them in his quarterly return. Lieutenant John Kanel, of the Sixty-fifth was quite a dry joker. One day he applied to Major Smith for a board of survey to condemn ordnance stores. The usual order was issued, naming the officers detailed for the board. They buckled on their swords and marched grandly up to Kanel's tent, for the discharge of their duty. They did not see any old stuff lying around awaiting condemnation, and asked the lieutenant to show it to them.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said Kanel, "come right this way!"

He conducted them back of his tent where, in a hardtack box, lay one worn-out little tompion, the list price of which was one cent. Of course everybody laughed, but the "board" went right ahead with its inquest. The tompion was condemned and the regulation reports to that effect were made out and signed in due form. Then the officers picked up the box, carried it to Major Smith's tent, and showed him its contents, demanding that Kanel be tried by court-martial for trifling with their dignity as officers of the United States army. The major almost went into a fit with laughter.

While we were in Texas a large number of promotions—on paper—were made at Columbus. The officials there kept the mill going and ground out commissions to the very end. They were pretty to look at, and that was all. Our regiments were but the merest skeletons, and there being no active service—except fighting mosquitoes—the War Department

would allow only one field officer, and he a lieutenant-colonel, to each, and two officers to a company. This was well enough as a measure of economy, but it was exasperating to the boys to receive commissions which they had earned by long and faithful service and then be turned down by the mustering officer. In August, official notice was received of the resignation of Lieutenant-colonel Horatio N. Whitbeck, of the Sixty-fifth, on account of wounds. He had been entirely disabled since the ball entered his body at the battle of Kennesaw. He was brevetted a brigadier-general, to date from March 13th, 1865, "for gallant and



JAMES BRANDON,
CORPORAL, COMPANY E, SIXTY-FIFTH,

meritorious services," a compliment that was well deserved. Major Orlow Smith was mustered as lieutenant-colonel in October, but others who would have been glad to go up a peg, just stayed where they were, feasting their eyes on their delusive commissions. It was the same in both regiments. Many could look over into the promised land of higher rank, but "Jordan rolled between." Lieutenant-colonel Orlow Smith also received from the president the brevet rank of brigadier-general, for his long and faithful service.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

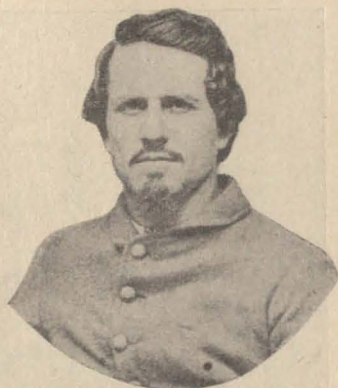
"HOME, SWEET HOME."

RELEASE COMES AT LAST—THE ORDER TO BE DISCHARGED—UNWINDING RED TAPE—THE RUSH TO COMPLETE THE ROLLS—THE SIXTY-FIFTH GETS AWAY FIRST—LAST NIGHT IN CAMP—THE TRIP TO COLUMBUS—PAID OFF AND DISBANDED—THE SIXTY-FOURTH JOINS THE PROCESSION—THE TRIBULATIONS OF "HAPPY JACK"—BUT HE GETS THE LAUGH ON THE BOYS—CHAPLAIN THOMPSON'S MOCKING-BIRDS—AT CAMP CHASE—"BREAK RANKS."

ON THE 16th of November, upon authority from Washington, an order was issued by General Stanley, commanding the Central District of Texas, whose headquarters were at San Antonio, directing the muster-out of twenty-one veteran regiments therein named. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio were included in the list. For seven months we had looked with unutterable yearning for such an order. It was read on dress parade, and, albeit such a proceeding was a grave breach of military decorum, officers and men swung their hats and let off a composite yell that could have been heard a

mile. When the parade was dismissed the men were well-nigh frenzied with joy. No attempt was made to restrain their exuberance, and it was long past midnight when they quit yelling and lay down to sleep. Of course it took a good deal longer to get out of the army than it did to get in, for there was no end of red tape to be untangled.

It was announced that as fast as transportation could be provided the regiments would be started to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," in the order in which their rolls were completed. Then followed a frantic scramble to procure the necessary blanks—the supply of which was for a time inadequate to meet the demand—and get them properly made out, which was no small undertaking. Each of the rolls was about as large as a barn-door, and for a regiment nearly ninety were required. A prodigious amount of writing was necessary. We did not get started for two or three days after the order was received, for want of blanks, a delay that few

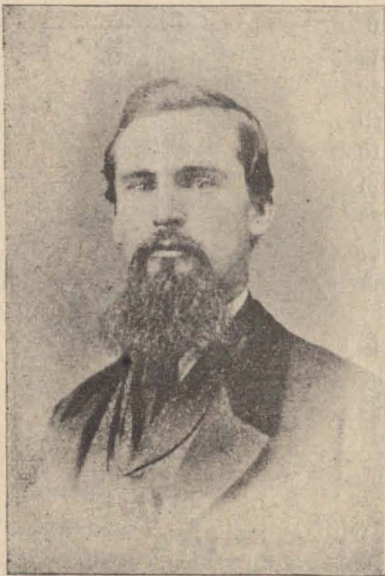


GEORGE SIMPKINSON,
SERGEANT, COMPANY F,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

had patience enough to endure with equanimity. The most expert penmen were selected, desks and tables were fitted up, and when the blanks did come we were ready to "pitch in" with a fully organized force. In each regiment an officer skilled in such work was detailed to carefully supervise and see that it was done in accordance with the regulations made and provided. If everything was not just right, the weak spots were sure to be detected by the searching eyes at department headquarters. Some regiments tried to rush things too fast, and after making out a complete set of rolls had to do their work all over again. The Sixty-fifth went sailing through in fine style, and was the first regiment of the brigade to be mustered out under that order. Our esteemed contemporaries of the Sixty-fourth got ahead of us in

East Tennessee on the veteran furlough, but we got even with them at the final "round-up" in Texas, and turned our faces homeward several days before they did.

The 30th of November was a red-letter day in the annals of the Sixty-fifth. It was the anniversary of the battle of Franklin. On that day we crossed the Rubicon and burned the bridge behind us—we were mustered out of the service, a few days more than four years after our muster-in at Camp Buckingham. Up



LEVI A. CARPENTER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.

to the last moment some were tormented by a vague apprehension that it would be our "luck" that something would happen to cause a revocation of the order. They could scarcely realize or believe that they were really to be discharged; it was too good to be true. Not until the formidable documents were duly "signed, sealed and delivered" were all doubts and fears dispelled and a glorious happiness, such as they had never before known, filled all hearts. Language has no power to describe our emotions. The "thirty days of heaven," when we went home on veteran furlough, were

full to the brim of pleasure, and yet they were clouded by the thought of the darkness, the fierce storms of death, that we knew must follow those days of sunshine. Now the ordeal was past, the end had come, and the few who were left were going home to "Dream of battlefields no more."

What a day that was in our little camp! Has any one of that band of war-worn veterans forgotten it? Could he forget it were he to live a thousand years? Numerically we were but "a

feeble folk." The six Sibley tents of a single company at Camp Buckingham would have sheltered all that remained of the Sixty-fifth. There were one hundred and twenty-two officers and men to answer to their names.

At dress-parade that evening an order was read directing the regiment to break camp the next morning and march to Lavaca, there to embark for New Orleans. In view of their experience on the water, some of the men declared that they would rather travel the entire distance to New Orleans on foot than go through another three days of seasickness. There was little sleep in camp that night. For a while the men were busy in getting their belongings in order for an early start. When this was done they abandoned themselves to mirth and jollity. They shouted and cheered, sang all the songs they knew, played all sorts of jokes and pranks upon one another, until long past midnight. It was perhaps two o'clock when somebody suggested that a little sleep would be a good thing, in view of the march the following day, and proposed that the services close with



ROBERT FIX,
CORPORAL, SIXTH BATTERY.
Mortally wounded near Dallas, Ga.;
died June 10, 1864.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" Few of those men were distinguished for their piety, but it is safe to say that never was the old doxology sung with greater fervor, sincerity or volume of melody.

The reveille was sounded at dawn. The men kicked off their blankets and were hustling around before "Jake" Byers

was half through blowing his bugle. From force of habit the orderlies turned out the men for roll-call, but with less than a dozen in a company this did not take more than a minute. The boys were as frisky as spring lambs that morning. Breakfast was over almost in a jiffy, and then they spryly jerked down their "pup" tents and packed their knapsacks, impatient to leave that desolate prairie where they had spent four dreary months. We took it easy on the march, reaching Lavaca in the afternoon.



JAMES W. DELANO,
SERGEANT, COMPANY G, SIXTY-FIFTH.

There was no boat ready for us, but we had made a start for home and nobody complained; grumbling would not expedite the journey.

After lying a day at Lavaca, we boarded sailboats and landed at Indianola. Here we stayed six days, delayed by a fierce and protracted norther, during which it was not possible for steamers to pass the bar. All were willing to wait, for nobody wanted to go to sea in such weather. Oysters were in season and were abundant at Indianola. Money was extremely scarce, for we had not seen a paymaster for many moons, but

those who could not buy oysters fished them up from the bay in large quantities, and during our stay they formed a large part of our daily food. Two or three officers might be named who ate so many at a sitting that the surgeons had as much as they could do to bring them through the gripings of a prodigious colic.

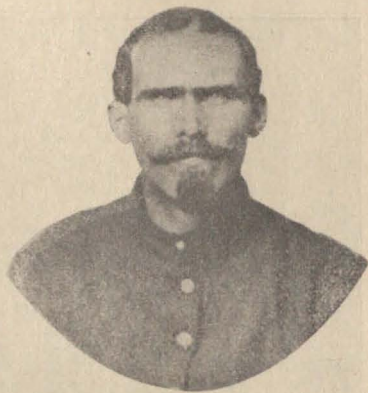
At length the storm abated and the screw steamer Tappahannock arrived from New Orleans, with a full cargo. The

soldiers were informed that as soon as the boat was unloaded they could go on board and start at once. Several regiments were ready and anxious to go, but it was decided that the Sixty-fifth Ohio and Thirteenth Wisconsin had the right of way, the accommodations of the steamer being sufficient for those two regiments. The men, some three hundred in all, took off their coats and snatched the freight out of that vessel with a suddenness that was almost amazing. They were a lively lot of "roustabouts" and "dockwallopers." They worked all night by reliefs, and by daylight the cargo was on shore.

Then the work of stowage began. We had a large and very miscellaneous assortment of baggage—barrels, boxes and bags of pecans, enormous cattle horns, and a menagerie of horned toads, mocking-birds and other delegates from the Texas desert. We had a fairly comfortable trip across the gulf. There was a good deal of seasickness, and some did not seem

to care much whether the ship went down or stayed afloat. There was not, however, so much misery to the square inch as on the former voyage. There seemed to be a general and burning desire for the malady to strike those who were not affected before, and who had made so much sport of the sufferers, but, as I remember, their good fortune stayed by them and none of them went under.

Our stay at New Orleans was brief and without incident. Then we went on board the fine, new steamer *Cornelia*. The worst part of our journey was over, and home seemed almost in sight, as the boat left the landing and turned her prow up the Mississippi. During the week of our trip to Cairo everybody lay around doing what he pleased. I remember a protracted game of



SILAS T. WAGNER,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY K, AND
SECOND LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

whist, which continued without cessation, except for meals, for forty hours. From Cairo to Columbus we went by rail. During the night Michael Turney, one of the faithful and steadfast veterans of Company E, fell between the seats of the car while asleep, and in the morning was found dead upon the floor.

Our own, and all other homeward-bound regiments which passed through Indianapolis, were there entertained with a sumptuous "feed." The proverbial hospitality of the Hoosier capital

during the war was not abated as long as there remained any soldiers upon whom it could be lavished.

We had hoped to reach home before the holidays, but in this we were disappointed. We arrived at Columbus on Christmas day and took up our quarters in barracks at Camp Chase. A well remembered incident was a visit from Captain Charles O. Tannehill, who had resigned from the Sixty-fifth after the Atlanta campaign. Apprised of our northward journey, he went to Columbus to see the boys. He had shaved off the tremendous moustache which he always wore in the army,



MAHLON WIRICK,
COMPANY I, SIXTY-FIFTH.

and this so changed his appearance that he wandered among his old comrades wholly unrecognized, until he made known his identity.

An amusing feature of our short stay was the consuming desire of the clothing dealers to secure the patronage of the discharged soldiers—and the Sixty-fourth and all the other regiments had the same experience that we did. The Hebrew cloth-

iers well knew how eager the veterans were to get out of their army clothes, and how lavishly they spent their money. Their runners boarded our train fifty miles from Columbus and distributed the business cards and circulars of their respective houses, together with cheap cigars and liquid refreshments. On reaching Columbus, they took many to restaurants and fed and wined them, footing all the bills.

They stayed with the boys day and night and almost slept with them. When the paymaster began to feed the boys with greenbacks, the runners steered them to 'busses that were in waiting and took them to the stores in the city. They made up for all their outlay by the big prices they charged for their "clothings." Everybody was flush just at that time, for our pay was eight months in arrears. No paymaster had visited us at New Orleans or in Texas. Each officer received three months' extra pay, which was probably intended as an offset to the bounty which was paid to the soldiers who re-enlisted.

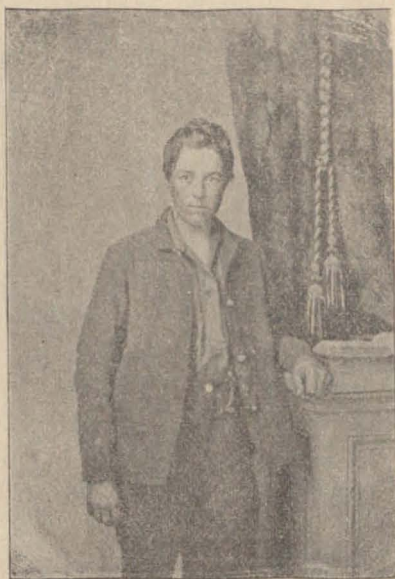
There was more red tape to be unwound, but at the end of four days the exacting regulations had been complied with, the paymaster had fulfilled his mission, and we were DISCHARGED! This word should be in letters a foot high!

Once more the fragment of the Sixty-fifth was formed in line. A farewell order from Major Smith was read and the regi-



ALEXANDER HICKERSON,
SERGEANT, COMPANY K; COLOR-BEARER,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

ment broke ranks for the last time—never again to fall in for roll-call or battle charge! Tender and affectionate farewells were exchanged between the members of that "band of brothers," linked together by ties stronger than any others on earth except those of family and kin. Then came the separation, many of those comrades no more to meet in this world. A few hours, and we were clasped in the arms of loved ones. That was a "Happy New Year" for the survivors of the Sixty-fifth.



JACOB A. THUMA,
COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.

The Sixty-fourth was mustered out on the 3rd of December—one hundred and forty-two officers and men present. The occasion was "painted" by scenes of tempestuous hilarity similar in all respects to those which enlivened the camp of the Sixty-fifth a few days before. The next day the regiment marched to Lavaca, and loaded its baggage on lighters for transportation to Indianola. While this was going on old "Happy Jack," the tattooed sailor—whose name was John C. Manson—slipped away and made the "grand rounds" of all the sample-rooms in

the town. Jack was an artistic whistler, his imitation of the mocking-bird being a really wonderful performance. Wherever he went he entertained the saloon-loungers with his whistling and received numerous invitations to drink, not one of which was declined. The result was that he got filled to the brim with fire-water. As the boats were about to start, Jack appeared in the offing, describing the route of a rail fence, alternately singing and whistling, in a state of the highest exaltation. The

gang-plank was not wide enough for him, and at one corner of the rail fence he pitched off into the bay. After a good deal of splashing and yelling he was fished out, carried on board, wrapped in blankets and laid on the deck. Indianola was reached about dark, and the men debarked and pitched their tents on the sand along the beach.

A delay of many days, waiting for a steamer, sorely tried patience and temper. Captain Farber says: "We stayed there, breathing and eating sand, gathering shells on the strand, and praying for a boat of some kind to come and take us away. Finally, on the 15th, the steamer Morgan came into port, and as it was our turn to go next—for other regiments were waiting, as impatient as ours—some of the boys who wanted to 'make a stake' worked on the dock at fifty cents an hour, unloading the cargo, so that we could get away sooner."

During the evening the regiment, with its baggage and horses, was transferred to the Morgan. There was a large amount of impedimenta, resembling in quantity that with which the regiment left Camp Buckingham. Like ourselves, the men of the Sixty-fourth had "improved each shining hour" by harvesting pecans and collecting ox-horns, horned toads and other Texas products. Chaplain Thompson had devoted a good part of his time to snaring mocking-birds. He caught a good many, most of which died in captivity, but he showed up at the boat with a considerable assortment, in willow cages which the deft fingers of "Happy Jack" had made for him. Very few of the chaplain's birds survived to reach Ohio



JOSEPH H. GLEASON,
SERGEANT, COMPANY C,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

During the stay at Indianola "Happy Jack" was in clover again. He circulated among the saloons, tattooing the natives, whistling "The Mocking-bird," and emptying the glasses which were constantly set before him. His days and nights were a continual round of pleasure—of his kind. Company I, to which Jack belonged was known, by the way, as "the devil's own company." It was a coincidence that Company I of the Sixty-fifth, which had Phil Sheridan on its roll, had the same popular designation.

Captain Christofel, of the latter, used to speak fondly of the men of this company as his "jewels."

When the order was given to go on board, "Happy Jack" could not be found, and a detail from Company I was sent to hunt him up. He was easily located, for they knew where to look for him. The boys steered him on board, but during the delay of loading the baggage Jack began to feel the old thirst creeping over him and disappeared. He was not missed until the steamer had started on her voyage. The boat was



GEORGE W. LOW,
COMPANY F, SIXTY-FIFTH.

searched in every part, but Jack could not be found. It was not considered worth while to put back after him, for no one doubted that a man who had sailed the seas in all parts of the world would have no difficulty in making his way.

To finish the story here, although it is anticipating somewhat, when the regiment reached Columbus, Ohio, about two weeks later, there was "Happy Jack," drawn up in a wavering line, to receive it. What a yell went up as the boys caught

sight of his familiar face! Jack had the laugh on them, after all. It appears that soon after the departure of the Sixty-fourth another boat left Indianola for New Orleans, having on board the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, and on this Jack secured passage. On reaching New Orleans he found that his regiment had left for Cairo. He immediately followed, and, getting on a faster boat, passed the Sixty-fourth on the voyage, and reached Columbus ahead of it.

The Morgan did not go directly to New Orleans, but in a stress of weather put into Galveston where she lay eighteen hours. The rest of the voyage was made without incident or accident, barring the expected prevalence of seasickness. Everybody was happy when the steamer crossed the bar and entered the fresh, smooth water of the Mississippi. On December 20th the Sixty-fourth embarked at New Orleans on the steamer Stephen McCollum, and after a tedious trip of nine days reached Cairo. Thence, whirling homeward by rail, the miles were

rapidly passed. On the morning of January 2nd, the regiment went into barracks at Camp Chase, Columbus. Three or four days were occupied in winding up its affairs, preparatory to its permanent retirement from business. Then officers and men were paid off and discharged, the colors were placed in the hands of the state authorities, and the Sixty-fourth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry ceased to exist—its work done, its record closed. Adieus were spoken, and the members of that heroic band were borne swiftly to their homes.



NATHANIEL CRITCHFIELD,
DRUM-MAJOR, SIXTY-FIFTH.

During the year 1865 the following official changes occurred:

Sixty-fourth Regiment.

PROMOTIONS:

Captain Samuel M. Wolff to major, February 23rd; to lieutenant-colonel, March 18th; to colonel, December 15th.

Captain Norman K. Brown to major, March 18th; to lieutenant-colonel, December 15th.

Captain George Hall to major, December 15th.

First Lieutenant William G. Patterson to captain, January 28th.

First Lieutenant Charles E. Baker to captain, January 28th.

First Lieutenant Christian M. Gowing to captain, March 18th.

First Lieutenant William H. Farber to captain, April 26th.

First Lieutenant William J. Holden to captain, June 16th.

Sergeant John F. Couter to first lieutenant, March 18th; to captain, December 15th.

First Sergeant Andrew Lybold to first lieutenant, March 18th.

Sergeant-major Stephen A. McCollum to first lieutenant, March 18th.

First Sergeant Albert Thomas to first lieutenant, March 18th.

First Sergeant John W. McChesney to first lieutenant, March 18th.

First Sergeant Samuel Garrett to first lieutenant, March 18th.

Quartermaster-sergeant Thomas L. Thompson to first lieutenant, April 26th.

First Sergeant Joseph Andrews to first lieutenant, April 26th.

First Sergeant Samuel E. Smith to first lieutenant, April 26th.

Commissary-sergeant David B. Leiter to first lieutenant, May 31st.

Sergeant William A. Dillon to first lieutenant, May 31st.

First Sergeant John A. Gillis to first lieutenant, September 4th.

First Sergeant Andrew Andrews to first lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant Augustus Noeltner to second lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant David E. Barrett to second lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant Robert Fisher to second lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant John Rhodes to second lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant John W. Leidigh to second lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant Samuel Campbell to second lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant Silas S. Mallory to second lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant Josiah Galbraith to second lieutenant, December 15th.

First Sergeant George Davey to second lieutenant, December 15th.

Hospital Steward Alfred G. Anderson to second lieutenant, December 15th.

RESIGNATIONS:

- Colonel Robert C. Brown, February 16th.
- Lieutenant-colonel Samuel L. Coulter, February 16th.
- Captain James D. Herbst, January 3rd.
- First Lieutenant Harrison Lawrence, May 11th, on account of wounds received at Spring Hill.
- First Lieutenant Samuel E. Smith, October 16th.
- First Lieutenant Thomas R. Smith, March 7th.

FROM OTHER CAUSES:

- Captain Bryant Grafton, mustered out May 27th, at expiration of term of service.
- Captain Dudley C. Carr, mustered out February 16th, at his own request.
- First Lieutenant Tip S. Marvin, mustered out April 13th, at expiration of term of service.
- First Lieutenant John K. Shellenberger, mustered out February 6th, at expiration of term of service.

Sixty-fifth Regiment.**DIED FROM ACCIDENT:**

- First Lieutenant Jonas Smith, June 10th.

PROMOTIONS:

- Major Orlow Smith to lieutenant-colonel, October 10th; to colonel November 24th.
- Captain Wilbur F. Hinman to major, October 10th; to lieutenant colonel, November 24th.
- Captain Joseph F. Sonnanstine to major, November 24th.
- John H. Cruthers commissioned surgeon, January 4th.
- W. E. Patterson commissioned assistant-surgeon, February 15th.
- First Lieutenant Benjamin F. Trescott to captain, February 10th.
- First Lieutenant Edwin E. Scranton to captain, April 8th.
- First Lieutenant Ezekiel Moores to captain, October 10th.
- First Lieutenant William A. Bell to captain, October 10th.
- First Lieutenant Edward G. Powell to captain, November 24th.
- First Sergeant William H. H. Smith to first lieutenant, March 29th.
- First Sergeant George W. Carpenter to first lieutenant, March 29th.
- Sergeant-major George W. McFadden to first lieutenant, March 29th.
- Sergeant Joseph S. Covert to first lieutenant, March 29th.
- Commissary-sergeant Joseph Crow to first lieutenant, March 29th.
- Quartermaster-sergeant James P. Mills to first lieutenant, November 24th.
- First Sergeant Alexander C. Copeland to first lieutenant, November 24th.

THE BATTERY AND SQUADRON.

First Sergeant John S. Goshorn to first lieutenant, November 24th.

First Sergeant Horace W. Curtis to first lieutenant, November 24th.

Hospital Steward William H. Mozier to first lieutenant, November 24th.

First Sergeant Roland Critchfield to second lieutenant, November 24th.

First Sergeant Christopher Bushert to second lieutenant, November 24th.

First Sergeant Joel Wright, to second lieutenant, November 24th.

First Sergeant Thomas Clague to second lieutenant, November 24th.

First Sergeant Hugh Woods to second lieutenant, November 24th.

First Sergeant David Walter to second lieutenant, November 24th.

First Sergeant Silas T. Wagner to second lieutenant, November 24th.

Sergeant-major Melville C. Porter to second lieutenant, November 24th.

Commissary-sergeant Joseph W. Meredith to second lieutenant November 24th.

Principal Musician Joseph Critchfield to second lieutenant, November 24th.

RESIGNATIONS :

Lieutenant-colonel Horatio N. Whitbeck, August 16th, on account of wounds received at Stone River, Chickamauga and Kennesaw.

Assistant Surgeon W. E. Patterson, August 25th.

Captain Joseph M. Randall, January 19th.

Captain Andrew Howenstine, March 10th, on account of wounds received at Spring Hill.

Captain Asa A. Gardner, May 15th, on account of wounds received at Stone River and Chickamauga.

Sixth Battery.

MUSTERED OUT :

Captain Cullen Bradley, January 17th.

RESIGNATIONS :

First Lieutenant George W. James, June 4th.

First Lieutenant E. H. Neal, May 29th.

Second Lieutenant George R. Wright, May 29th.

McLaughlin's Squadron.

HONORABLY DISCHARGED :

First Lieutenant Jacob O. Stout, May 2nd.

MUSTERED OUT :

Second Lieutenant Anthony Limbird, May 15th.

CHAPTER LXIX.

WHICH TREATS OF VARIOUS THINGS.

A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL CHARLES G. HARKER—A VISIT TO HIS BOYHOOD HOME BY HON. WASHINGTON GARDNER—YOUNG SOLDIERS OF THE SHERMAN BRIGADE—HOW JOHN C. WEBER GOT INTO THE BATTERY—AGES OF THE MEN AT ENLISTMENT—SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES—FLAGS THAT WENT THROUGH THE STORMS OF BATTLE—THE CHICKAMAUGA MONUMENTS—THE SULTANA DISASTER—CASUALTIES IN THE SHERMAN BRIGADE—SCHEDULE OF OUR LONG PILGRIMAGE—DISTANCES TRAVELED—ODDS AND ENDS GATHERED UP.

THERE are several matters which, while they do not strictly belong to the history of the Sherman Brigade during its service in the field, will be of interest to all its members. These I have determined to group in a chapter at this point. In connection with them will be given a few incidents which escaped me while writing the body of the "Story," or have come to my knowledge since that time.

A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL HARKER.

It may be said in truth that no military commander, of any grade, in this or any other war, was more endeared to the officers and soldiers whom he led, than was Colonel and Brigadier-general Charles G. Harker. By nature, and by his assiduous labor during his years of preparation at West Point, he was pre-eminently equipped to achieve success in the profession of arms, which he had chosen. In his deportment as an officer he filled the highest ideal of soldierly bearing. When he laid off his sword he was kind, considerate and courteous, to officer and soldier alike. No

salute was ever given to him which was not returned, cheerfully and with scrupulous care. He knew no fear when duty called. He always *led*; his command was "Come!" not "Go!" He asked none of his soldiers to meet a danger that he, himself, did not face. No more inspiring picture was ever seen in war than Harker, with gleaming face and flashing eye, hat and sword in hand, pointing to the crest of Missionary Ridge, or cheering his men up the blazing heights of Kenne-



JAMES P. M'ELROY,
FIRST LIEUTENANT,
SIXTH BATTERY.



ALFRED A. REED,
CAPTAIN, SIXTY-FOURTH.

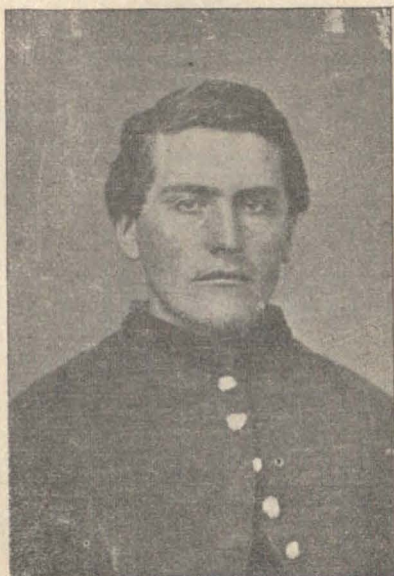
saw, where he met his death. No words can overstate the affectionate remembrance in which he is held by the members of the Sherman Brigade. It is worthy of note that a number within the writer's personal knowledge—and no doubt there are many others—have sons who are named "Charles Harker." Thus his name is perpetuated in the hearts and homes of those whom he so often led to battle.

It gives me pleasure to insert here the following tribute published in 1889, from the pen of Hon. Washington Gardner, who

served in Company D, Sixty-fifth, from the beginning to the end, and is now (1897) Secretary of State, of Michigan:

A most interesting incident in our brief sojourn in New Jersey was a visit to the childhood home and to the grave of the late General Charles G. Harker. It was nearly sunset Saturday evening, June 8th, as the train slowed up at Mullica Hill, a quaint old town near the west shore, the quiet seclusion of which was but recently invaded by the railroad. Here the pleasant and hospitable home of Colonel (now Judge) Stratton, presided over by a sister of General Harker, opened to us, where, in hearing and relating reminiscences of him, the memory of whom brought us here, we soon forgot that we were among strangers. It was while clerking in a store in this village, thirty-five years ago this summer, [1889] that Harker, then a bright-eyed, clear-brained, noble-hearted youth of nineteen, orphaned of both father and mother, through the influence of Congressman Stratton, father of the present Judge Stratton, secured an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. The night following the morning that brought the mail notifying him of his appointment, young Harker never closed his eyes in sleep. The next day in relating this to his sister, whom he loved devotedly, he said: "I made up my mind I never would disgrace you nor our family." That resolution, made in the stillness of the night, when sleep would not come, while a new world was dawning upon him, was never broken.

Four years at West Point, and three in service on the Pacific Slope, brought him in the fall of 1861 to Mansfield, Ohio, as colonel of the Sixty-fifth Ohio infantry volunteers. The boyish-looking young man of twenty-six became, during three years in active service, the beau-ideal soldier to many a brave fellow who followed him to death, as well as to many who still survive. Shortly after we went into camp of instruction, and while our colonel was comparatively unknown by us, a member of our company wandering around regimental headquarters one night, when he ought to have been at his quarters asleep, came in and said: "Boys, Harker's all right. I peeked in his tent, and saw him reading his Bible." The impression made by that remark on our then boyish mind has never been effaced. Though seen under the most trying circumstances, we never heard



JONAS FEIGNER,
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FOURTH.

Harker use an oath, nor give expression to a word or sentence that might not have been spoken with propriety in the presence of his sisters.

A soldier by profession, a strict disciplinarian, as brave a man as ever led to battle, he gained and held to the last the confidence and affection of the men of his command. When the assault was made on Kennesaw Mountain, Sherman selected Harker with his brigade to lead. The conviction that he was to fall was upon him. He made disposition of his personal effects, and requested that in case he was killed, his body might

rest beside that of his mother. He had almost gained the parapet of the enemy, with hat and sword in hand, cheering on his men, when a ball struck him in the chest. Before the sun went down his soul was with its God. His last words were, as a smile played upon his handsome face, "Did we take the mountain?" Many heroic men, from generals high in command to the rank and file, wept when Harker fell. General Grant gave expression to his sincere sorrow, and pronounced him the most promising brigadier-general in the Army of the Cumberland.

In the family lot where rest his parents, in the Episcopal cemetery at Sweedsboro, New Jersey, near where he first saw the light, reposes the body of this noble and valorous man. A granite shaft, "erected by the officers and men of his command," testifies their abiding affection for him. About



CHARLES F. TOY,
SIXTH BATTERY.

his grave were the Memorial-day tributes that told us his memory is still cherished in his childhood home, while a reunited, prosperous, and happy country tells to all the world that the sons who gave their lives in her defense did not die in vain.

It will be remembered that while we were on the march from Nashville to Savannah, Tennessee, we encamped one night near the plantation of General Gideon J. Pillow, of the Confederate army. Colonel Harker passed some time at the Pillow mansion, and there made the acquaintance of Miss Narcissa P. Saun-

ders, a relative of the family. They were mutually attracted, and



ROBERT W. LONG,
SERGEANT, COMPANY D, SIXTY-FIFTH.

the friendship thus formed was continued. Love laughs at political and sectional differences, and the two hearts became bound together by the closest ties of affection. They engaged to marry when the war should be ended. She removed to Nashville, and until his death they communicated with each other as frequently as the exigencies of the service would permit. The lady has never married and at this time of writing is still living in Nashville.

Bearing upon this tender episode in the life of General Harker, is an incident related by "Wash." Gardner in an address delivered at the Brigade reunion, held at Mt. Vernon, in August, 1897. He said :

"The night we camped at the Pillow plantation I went upon a little foray after some wood with which to cook supper. You all remember that at that period in our career we were not permitted to assault the fences, as we did in later months and years. In cases of extreme need we were allowed to take the top rail only. This seemed to me one of those emergencies, for we were all very hungry, so I took a top



OSCAR D. WELKER,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, SIXTY-FIFTH.

rail from one of Pillow's fences. With it upon my shoulder, I started for camp, carefully endeavoring to elude the eyes of the officers. Colonel Harker saw me and quickly dispatched a guard who marched me to headquarters. The colonel ordered me to promenade to and fro in front of his tent, carrying that rail. Of course I did what he told me to do, and kept it up for an hour. By this time I was pretty well tired out, for I had marched all day, and my feet were smarting from the blisters. Colonel Har-

ker then directed me to take the rail back and put it where I got it. I did that, too, for he sent the guard along to make sure of my obedience. I was much younger then than I am now, and in my boyish impatience I thought he might let me have that rail and say nothing about it. But when I learned the story of the colonel's romance, I understood why he was so careful of those fences. The wound he had inflicted upon my feelings quickly healed and left not even a scar behind."



SOLOMON BANBURY,
COMPANY A, SIXTY-FIFTH.

A touching incident was told me in a personal letter by Captain Cullen Bradley, of the Sixth Ohio

battery. He wrote: "While the battery was in the cornfield, on the first day of the battle of Stone River, the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were at our left. After the brigade was flanked by the enemy, Colonel Harker rode up to me and ordered me to retire the battery, directing me to a new position in the rear. He told me that the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth had already fallen back. I pointed to where the regiments had been and told

him to look and see them, still there, lying upon the ground. He replied: 'Bradley, those men you see are the dead and wounded.' As he said this and turned away I saw that there were tears in his eyes. I did not know that the regiments had gone; the dead and wounded lay so thickly along the line that I thought they were still in the position they had occupied."

OUR "KID" SOLDIERS.

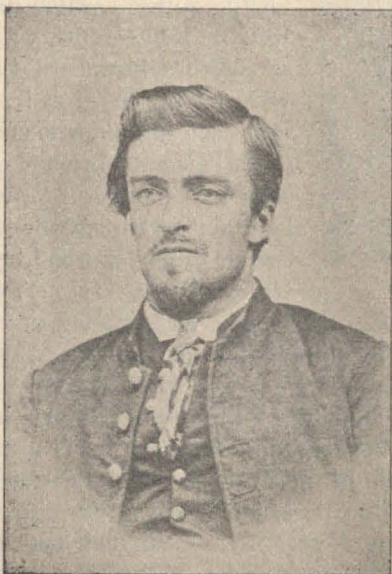
Something has heretofore been said concerning the tumultuous young patriots who told fibs to the recruiting officers.

In their raging desire to get in before the war should end, and



WILLIAM. H. THOMPSON.
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FIFTH.

the way to martial glory be forever closed to them, they declared themselves to be eighteen, when in reality they were, in some cases, from two to four years under that figure. Generally boys of sixteen or seventeen, of luxuriant growth and robust appearance, had little difficulty in getting their names upon the rolls, provided parental consent was not wanting. This was an important factor in the problem, for under the law a parent could secure by civil process the discharge of a son who was under the age of eighteen, and had enlisted contrary to his or her wishes.

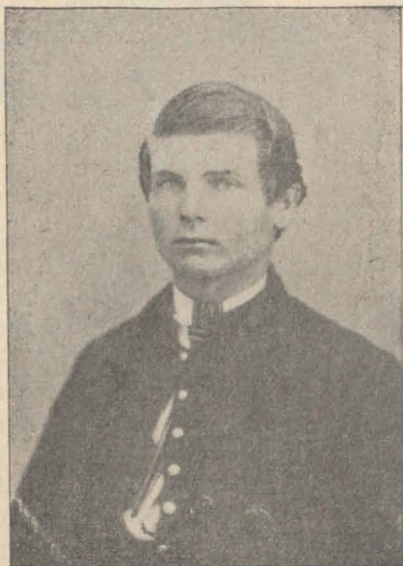


MORTIMER D. KIBLER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY B, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Hundreds of boys were thus prevented from going to war, and

left to bemoan the hard fate which had denied them birth a few years sooner. Some as young as fifteen, and even fourteen, were accepted, but one had to be pretty large for his age to pass muster.

Many a lad tried again and again before his long deferred hope reached full fruition, and he was permitted to be a soldier and with the soldiers stand. In the hearts of many such the fire was kindled and began to blaze furiously when the trumpet sounded to arms in 1861.



SAMUEL T. DEWEES,
COMPANY G, SIXTY-FOURTH.

How eagerly they watched the progress of the struggle, hoping that the war would last long enough for them to get a smell of burning powder! After each new call for volunteers they renewed the effort, pleading with fathers and mothers for the consent which they were so loth to give. And all the time how hard they were trying to grow! In 1864 the organizations of the Sherman Brigade received a number of these juvenile recruits, who for two or three years had been trying to enlist. The bloody campaigns of the

last year of the war gave them abundant opportunity, and they proved themselves prime soldiers.

One of the youngest members of the Sixth battery was John C. Weber. At the Mt. Vernon reunion, in 1897, I heard him tell his experience in getting into service. He did not know that my ears were open with a purpose, but I will venture to repeat the story here, because it so well illustrates what has been said upon this subject, and is the counterpart of the trouble that beset many others. He said:

"When Lieutenant Baldwin was recruiting in Akron for the battery I wasn't quite seventeen; but I took the war fever and

had it bad. I was a runt of a boy, but I made up my mind I was going in that battery. I couldn't see just how I was going to make the rifle, for my father, who kept a hotel in Akron, was dead against it. He wouldn't listen to it for a single minute. But I kept getting warmer and warmer till finally I couldn't stand it any longer. On the 21st of October I walked into the recruiting office and told Baldwin I wanted to 'list. He asked me how old I was and I said 'Eighteen last August.' I guess Baldwin thought I was lying, but he went through all the red tape, told me to sign my name, and swore me in as a recruit. Of course I never let on at home, and nobody there knew anything about it till the lieutenant started with his men for Mansfield. This was two or three weeks after I enlisted. I thought if I could only give father the slip and get to camp it would be all right. At the time for the company to start I sneaked away from home and joined it at the depot. Before I could get aboard the train I felt somebody take hold of my ear. It was father, and he didn't let go till he had got me home.

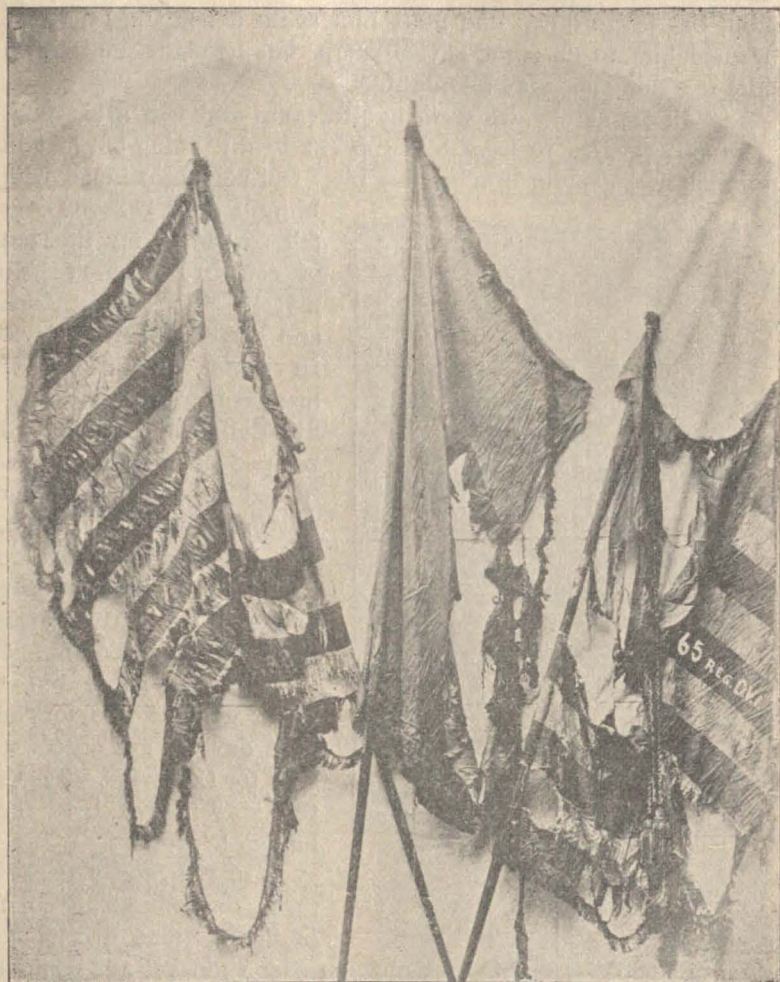


THEUDAS WARD,
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FIFTH.

"I lay low and kept quiet for a week, and father thought I had given it up. Lieutenant Sanders had raised a squad of men for the Sixty-fourth. When he started for Camp Buckingham, I stole away from home, got on the train and went with him. I joined the battery and then I thought everything was lovely. But after I had been in camp about a week I got a telegram from a friend in Akron, telling that father was going to start the next day to take me home. This made me sick. I went to Lieutenant Baldwin and we both went to Captain Bradley to talk it over. I



BATTLE-FLAGS OF THE SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO,

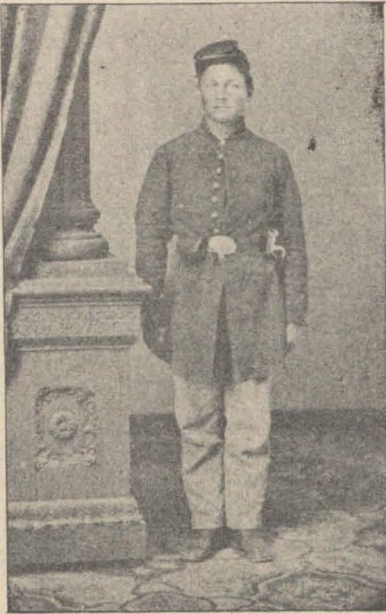


BATTLE-FLAGS OF THE SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO.

told them that I would go and stay in the woods while they coaxed father to let up. They advised me not to run away from him, but to go down and meet him at the depot, and I did. I wanted him to go right out to camp, but he made me go with him to a hotel and stay all night.

"The next day we went out to camp and had a big talk. The officers tried to have him consent to my going but he still refused, and Captain Bradley told me I had better go home with

him. I don't believe I ever felt so bad in my life, but of course I couldn't help myself. So I went back and stayed about ten days. In some way or other I managed to raise twenty-five dollars and one night I jumped on a train and returned to camp. Father saw that I was bound to go, and he wrote me that he would not oppose me any longer if I would come home and say good-by. I would have gone but I didn't get a chance, for the next day we got orders to start for Louisville. That's the way I got into the battery!"



EPHRAIM SIMPSON,
CORPORAL, COMPANY C, SIXTY-FOURTH.

On the face of the returns, the youngest member of the Sherman Brigade to

strap a knapsack on his back and shoulder a musket was Samuel T. Dewees, of Company I, Sixty-fourth. He enlisted November 12th, 1861, for three years. According to the muster-roll he was then eighteen years old; as a matter of fact he was fourteen years and nine months. He tramped and fought with the regiment, and when the boys caught the veteran fever he went in for three years more. He re-enlisted before he was seventeen, served to the end, and when mustered out with his company was not yet nineteen.



ELEAZER H. NEAL,
FIRST LIEUTENANT,
SIXTH BATTERY.

otherwise it is not at all likely that the ambitious young patriot would have left the parental fireside. A picture of Albert, engraved from an old ambrotype, will be found on page 598 of this volume. Observe the revolver, rampant, which he holds in his hand. No doubt he imagined, in his fervid zeal, that with that weapon he would destroy a large part of the rebel army, leaving the route of the Sixty-fourth a continuous cemetery. The plucky little drummer boy looks different now. At this time of writing he is a minister of the gospel in Ware, Massachusetts.

The youngest member of the battery was Asbury S. Fowler.

Company D, of the Sixty-fourth, presents its claim for having the youngest enlisted person in the Union army, and files as an exhibit in the case, Albert C. White. I have said enlisted "person," because he could not have been inventoried as a "man," except in the army of Lilliput. Albert was nine years and twenty-nine days old when he shouldered his drum to march, march away from Camp Buckingham. If there was a younger lad who trudged along in active field service, evidence to establish the fact will be in order. Albert's father, Cornelius C. White, was first lieutenant of the company;



LYCURGUS K. FORCE,
SIXTH BATTERY.

He enlisted before he was fourteen, but the fact that he appears in the roster as nineteen shows how much stronger was his patriotism than his conscience. He enlisted in 1863 and served to the end.

AGES AT ENLISTMENT.

To gratify my own curiosity, I have, with a considerable expenditure of time and patience, conned the roster from beginning to end, to find the number who entered the service at the various ages. In some cases the age is not given, so that the total of each organization does not exactly tally with the number on its

rolls, but the figures are very nearly correct. The number of men entering into this calculation is as follows: Sixty-fourth, 1317; Sixty-fifth, 1220; Battery, 281; Squadron, 339—total 3157.

A few of the youngsters apparently gave their ages truthfully, for there appear in the roster as being sixteen at enlistment: Sixty-fourth, 2; Sixty-fifth, 7; Battery, 1—total, 10; and as seventeen years: Sixty-fourth, 15; Sixty-fifth, 22; Battery, 3; Squadron, 4—total, 44. It will be understood that those upon the muster-rolls as eighteen years old include scores who were under that



JONATHAN MORRIS JOHNSTON,
COMPANY B, SIXTY-FIFTH,
Killed at Stone River, December,
31, 1862.

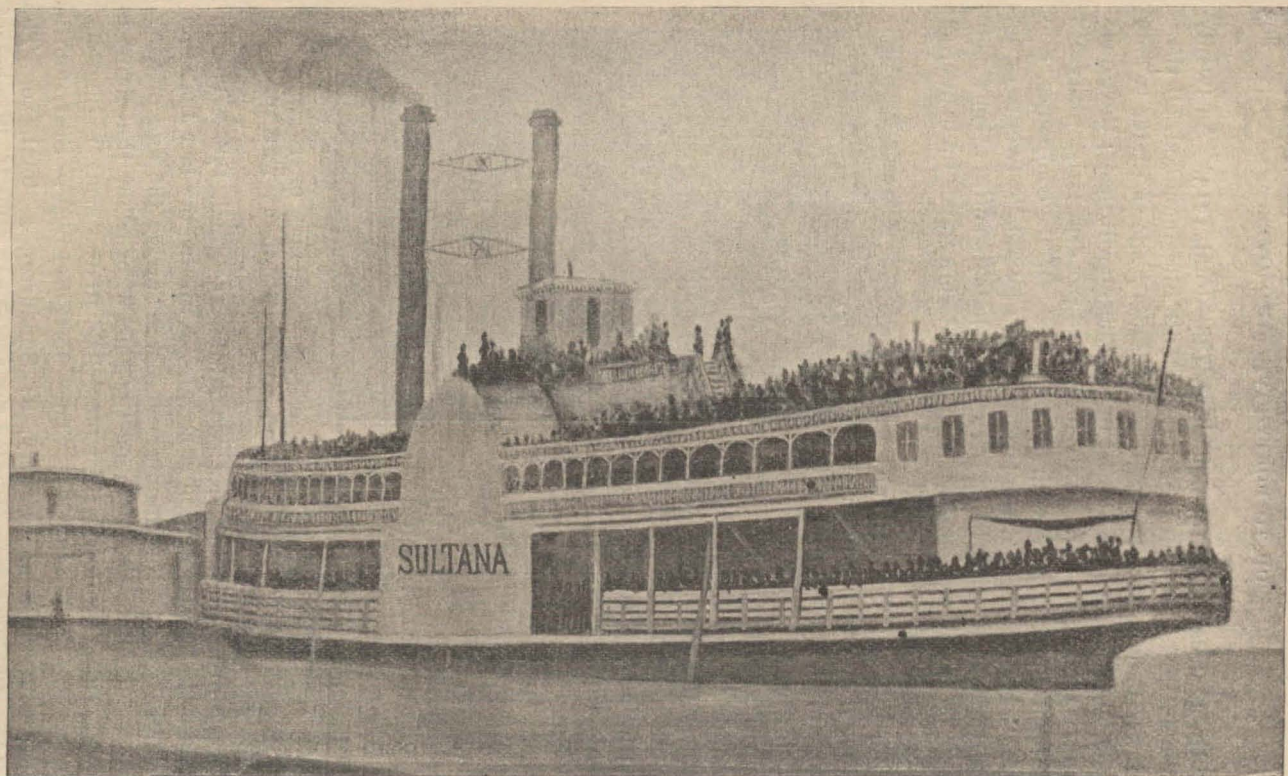
age—how many, it is, of course, impossible to state. The number enrolled as eighteen is as follows: Sixty-fourth, 266; Sixty-fifth, 179; Battery, 45; Squadron, 73—total, 563. At nineteen I find: Sixty-fourth, 133; Sixty-fifth, 107; Battery, 50; Squadron, 27—total, 312. At twenty: Sixty-fourth, 95; Sixty-fifth, 110; Battery, 20; Squadron, 34—total, 259. The whole number who enlisted at the age of twenty or under is: Sixty-fourth, 531; Sixty-

fifth, 425; Battery, 119; Squadron, 138—total, 1213. As twenty-one is the legal point that divides youth and manhood, all there-under may be termed boys. The Battery shows under twenty-one, 42 per cent., the highest in the Sherman Brigade; the Squadron, 41 per cent.; the Sixty-fourth, 38 per cent.; the Sixty-fifth bringing up the rear with 34 per cent. Of the companies, B, of the Sixty-fourth, had the largest crop of "kids"—twenty or under—numbering 68, being very nearly half its entire membership.

Of the ages from twenty-one to twenty-five, inclusive, the organizations had: Sixty-fourth, 395; Sixty-fifth, 382; Battery, 89; Squadron, 85—total, 951. From this point upward in age the shrinkage in number was rapid. From twenty-six to thirty, inclusive, there were: Sixty-fourth, 188; Sixty-fifth, 201; Battery, 36; Squadron, 48—total, 473. From thirty-one to thirty-five, inclusive: Sixty-fourth, 100; Sixty-fifth, 112; Battery, 14; Squadron, 36—total, 262. From thirty-six to forty, inclusive: Sixty-fourth, 72; Sixty-fifth, 65; Battery, 11; Squadron, 15—total, 163. From forty-one to forty-five, inclusive: Sixty-fourth, 86; Sixty-fifth, 73; Battery, 4; Squadron, 15—total, 178. The increase in the last section is accounted for by the fact that in it were a considerable number who were above the age of forty-five, but who were put upon the rolls at or below that figure to bring them within the limit prescribed in the army regulations. The number on the rolls above forty-five was: Sixty-fourth, 18; Sixty-fifth, 22; Battery, 8; Squadron, 2—total, 50. The oldest man who appears upon the roster was John M. Weeden, of Company E, Sixty-fifth, whose age was sixty-five, corresponding



WILLIAM ORR,
COMPANY H. SIXTY-FIFTH.



STEAMER SULTANA—EXPLODED AND BURNED NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN., AT 2 O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 27, 1865.
Nearly Fifteen Hundred Union Soldiers, Released Prisoners of War, Perished.
(From a Photograph Taken the Previous Day at Helena, Arkansas.)

to the number of the regiment. Matthias Gessford, of Company



JACOB C. MILLER,
SERGEANT, COMPANY C,
SIXTY-FIFTH.

greater proportion of the latter from whom drafts were made. With a few exceptions, it was the young men who fought the rebellion to its death. Those above the age of forty did not lack in zeal or courage, but they could not endure the toil, hardship and exposure, and within a year fully three-fourths of them had disappeared from our ranks—died from disease or discharged for disability. It was the same in all regiments throughout the army.

Usually the boys were full of "ginger" and ambition. They got all the fun they could out of army

H, Sixty-fifth, was a good second, at sixty-one. Major William McLaughlin, of the Squadron, was fifty-nine. The oldest man in the Sixty-fourth was Joseph F. Gilbert, of Company G, who was fifty-three.

The average age of the 3157 men who have been considered in these calculations was a fraction under twenty-four years. The average age of the drafted men was considerably higher than that of the volunteers; for, as the figures show, the young men enlisted much more freely than the older ones, leaving a

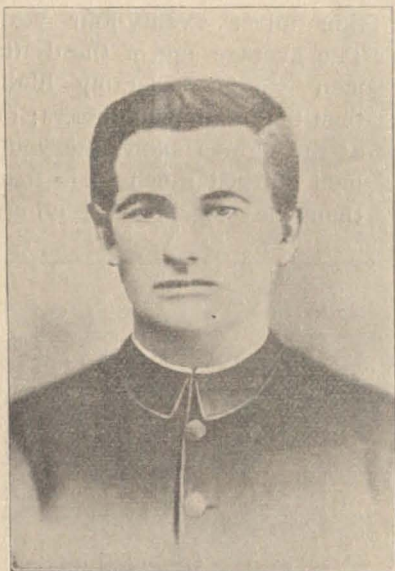


ANDREW J. STIFFLER,
SERGEANT, COMPANY F, SIXTY-FIFTH.

life as they went along, and their flow of good spirits did much to promote their physical health and well being. They adjusted themselves more readily than the older men to the sudden and radical change from life at home to that of the campaign and the bivouac. The country owes very much to the youngsters.

BUT FEW WERE LEFT.

The full complement of commissioned officers when the brigade left Camp Buckingham was eighty-eight—thirty-eight in each of the regiments, five in the battery and seven in the squad-



JACOB W. VARNER,
SERGEANT, COMPANY B.,
COLOR-BEARER, SIXTY-FIFTH.

ron. Of the original officers, but six were upon the rolls at the discharge of the organizations, near the end of the year 1865, although a number of others had remained in service until the fighting was ended, and then resigned for business or other reasons. Those of the Sixty-fourth who stayed until the regiment passed out of existence were Colonel Samuel M. Wolff, who entered the field in 1861 as Second Lieutenant of Company H; Lieutenant-colonel Norman K. Brown, who began as Second Lieutenant of Company F; and Surgeon Hugh P. Anderson, who dosed the boys,

felt their pulses and inspected their tongues for four years. In the Sixty-fifth there were two—Colonel Orlow Smith, the first captain of Company G, and Chaplain Thomas Powell, who at the beginning was First Lieutenant of Company E. All others of the field and staff at the muster-out were men who had served in the ranks, and all the companies were officered by those who had carried musket and knapsack from one to three years. In the battery only Captain Aaron P. Baldwin, an original Second Lieu-

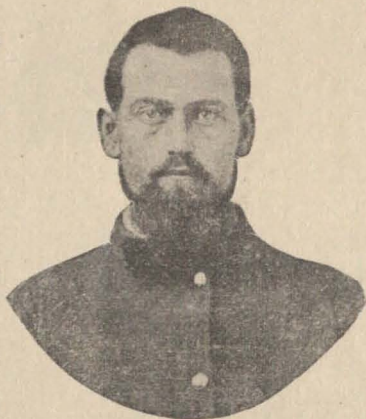


MONUMENT TO THE SIXTH OHIO BATTERY,
Erected by the State of Ohio in Chickamauga National Military Park,

tenant, remained. In the squadron not one of the original officers was left.

THE SULTANA DISASTER.

Nothing in the history of steam navigation equals in horror the explosion and burning of the steamer Sultana on the Mississippi river, soon after midnight, on the morning of April 27th, 1865. The close of the war had opened the doors of the southern prisons and a multitude of Union soldiers, who had for months suffered the tortures of confinement, had been sent to Vicksburg, Mississippi, for transportation northward. More than twenty-two hundred



JOHN G. GORHAM,
COMPANY G, SIXTY-FIFTH.

men, two thousand of them released prisoners, were crowded upon the Sultana. Memphis was reached without accident. The steamer left that place about midnight of April 26th, and at two o'clock her boilers exploded. The boat took fire and burned to the water's edge. More than fifteen hundred persons perished. Space will not admit of any description of this direful calamity, nor, indeed, is it necessary, for there are few who are not familiar with its harrowing details. The occurrence is alluded to here only because the Sherman Brigade lost twenty-five of



JOSHUA BEAR,
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FIFTH,

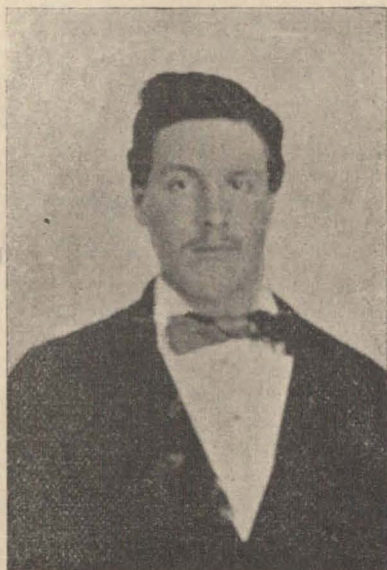
its members in the waters of the Mississippi. Of these, nine

were from the Sixty-fourth, eight from the Sixty-fifth, and eight from McLaughlin's Squadron. The overloading of the Sultana to more than twice its capacity was an act of atrocious criminality. A long government investigation was made, but, as usual, nothing came of it. In this chapter is given an engraving of the crowded steamer. It was made from a reproduced photograph, for which I am indebted to Rev. S. H. Raudebaugh, of Findlay, Ohio, formerly of Company K, Sixty-fifth, one of the survivors of the disaster.

THE CHICKAMAUGA MONUMENTS.

In this chapter are given excellent engravings of the monuments which stand in the Chickamauga National Military Park, to commemorate the services of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth regiments and the Sixth battery in that historic grapple between the armies of Rosecrans and Bragg. The Chickamauga Park is to the west what the Gettysburg Park is to the east. Both are to mark, forever, the high-water point reached by the great Rebellion, and to honor the valor of the soldiers who fought on those fields.

Ohio had more soldiers engaged in the battle of Chickamauga than any other state. The monuments were erected by the state, at a cost of about \$2500 each. Upon each is a bronze tablet on which is inscribed a brief statement of the service rendered during the battle by the organization it represents. The Sixth battery monument stands upon a spot near the Lafayette road, which was occupied by the battery during the action of Saturday afternoon, September 19th. The monuments of the Sixty-fourth and



CORNELIUS F. SONNANSTINE,
COMPANY C, SIXTY-FIFTH.
Mortally wounded at Shiloh,
April 8, 1862.



MONUMENT TO THE SIXTY-FOURTH OHIO REGIMENT.
Erected by the State of Ohio in Chickamauga National Military Park.

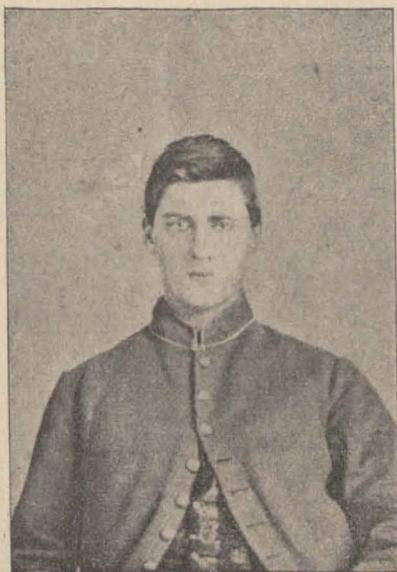


MONUMENT TO THE SIXTY-FIFTH OHIO REGIMENT.
Erected by the State of Ohio in Chickamauga National Military Park.

Sixty-fifth are located in a commanding position upon Snodgrass hill, where these regiments so distinguished themselves on Sunday afternoon, the 20th. Besides the monuments there are two "markers" for each of the regiments, near Viniard's and in the Dyer field, indicating respectively the positions occupied by them at 4:30 o'clock p. m. on Saturday and at 12:30 o'clock p. m. on Sunday.

INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES.

A careful and painstaking analysis of the Sherman Brigade



LINAS MAVIS,
COMPANY A, SIXTY-FIFTH.

Roster which occupies the closing pages of this volume, shows some interesting facts and figures relative to the various organizations—their total strength, volunteers, drafted and substitutes, the losses by death from the blows of battle and the ravage of disease, the number of wounded, the captured, the discharges for disability expiration of term of service, and other causes, and the number at the final muster-out. These figures are given in tabular form on page 814, following. They speak eloquently of the long, hard and continuous field service of the

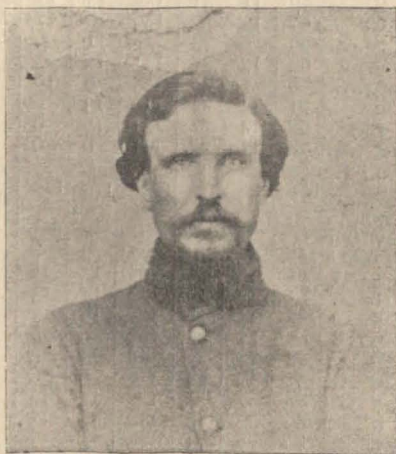
members of this brigade family. Each organization—the regiments, the battery, and the squadron—may well be proud of its own record and that of its fellows.

In this table are reckoned only those who actually served or were enlisted as soldiers. It does not include the members of the regimental bands or the "unassigned" drafted and substitutes. Adding these to the total strength of the regiments it will be seen that the aggregate upon the rolls of the Sixty-fourth was 1329, and upon those of the Sixty-fifth, 1232. The battery had

294 and the squadron 347, making the whole number who at any time belonged to the Sherman Brigade, 3202. Those who were killed in battle or died of wounds are included under one head. Those who died of wounds are omitted from the column of wounded, to avoid duplication. The close parallel between the totals of the various columns for the two regiments is surprising. The number of dead and the number of wounded, as shown by the table, is precisely the same in each, as is also the number who died in rebel prisons or perished by the Sultana disaster. A study of the table will be found most interesting. It may be accepted as very nearly correct; it is not possible to make it absolutely so, owing to the defects in the roster, which cannot be remedied.

In the column "discharged for disability" are included those who were transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps. Such transfers were on account of disablement from wounds or disease, and were equivalent to discharge, so far as their connection with the Sherman Brigade was concerned.

The officers and men unaccounted for in the table are those who resigned; those missing from various causes; those of whose discharge there is no record; those who enlisted or were drafted and never reported for duty; and those who were transferred to other branches of the service. The credit of being "veterans" is in some cases omitted in the roster, but the dates of enlistment and discharge show the full length of service. A "veteran," strictly speaking, was a soldier who volunteered in 1861, re-enlisted at the beginning of 1864 and served to the end, unless killed, died or discharged before that time. The table alluded to, follows:



EBENEZER SIERS,
COMPANY H, SIXTY-FIFTH.

64th Regiment.	Volunteers 1861.	Volunteer Recruits.	Drafted and Substitutes.	Total Strength.	Killed and Died of W'nds	Died of Disease.	Died in Prison & on Sultana.	Total Dead.	Wounded.	Captured.	Discharged for Disability.	Veterans.	Mustered out at Expiration.	Mustered out at End.
F'ld & St'ff	29	4		33	1			1	6	2	4	3	4	7
Co. A.....	89	3	16	108	20	12	5	37	17	9	27	33	18	20
Co. B.....	94	36	5	135	11	11	2	24	28	9	38	29	16	40
Co. C.....	86	11	31	128	15	15		30	15		51	22	23	17
Co. D.....	84	19	36	139	10	17	4	31	13	9	65	12	20	6
Co. E.....	89	6	23	118	11	9	4	24	17	12	45	16	24	17
Co. F.....	82	17	32	131	11	20	1	32	25	2	51	21	22	13
Co. G.....	86	1	48	135	9	16	1	26	20	2	67	15	24	10
Co. H.....	81	14	24	119	13	8	2	23	21	3	44	13	23	14
Co. I.....	90	4	37	131	10	8	4	22	25	6	53	13	31	10
Co. K.....	78	11	22	111	9	6	2	17	16	7	36	22	19	24
Total	888	125	274	1288	120	122	25	267	203	61	481	199	224	178
65th Regiment.														
F'ld & St'ff	27			27	3	2		5	6		2	2	1	7
Co. A.....	91	12	22	125	12	22		34	22		48	20	20	16
Co. B.....	93	12	18	123	14	13		27	20	7	52	14	19	11
Co. C.....	81	15	12	108	10	13	4	27	19	10	30	19	22	16
Co. D.....	90	1	33	124	9	9	3	21	22	4	55	11	30	6
Co. E.....	82	10	23	115	9	8	4	21	13	4	60	15	12	15
Co. F.....	91	2	25	118	6	6	2	14	24	5	54	20	31	14
Co. G.....	90	2	28	120	12	13	5	30	22	6	57	14	17	8
Co. H.....	89		29	118	13	13	1	27	16	7	46	22	21	12
Co. I.....	89	7	23	119	13	17	1	31	18	2	51	17	19	7
Co. K.....	84	6	21	111	15	10	5	30	21	11	41	20	21	9
Total	907	67	234	1208	116	126	25	267	203	56	496	174	213	122
Battery....	159	131	4	294	9	33	1	43	10	3	69	63	25	126
Squadron..														
F'ld & St'ff	4			4		1		1		1	1		1	
Co. A.....	96	74	1	171	8	16	15	39	4	33	46	29	14	41
Co. B.....	92	79	1	172	7	17	7	31	3	33	51	36	13	46
Total	192	153	2	347	15	34	23	71	7	67	98	65	27	87
T'rl Brig..	2146	471	514	3137	260	315	74	648	423	157	1144	501	489	513

The Sixty-fourth regiment had eighteen wounded twice and four thrice; the Sixty-fifth, nineteen twice and three thrice. Sergeant George F. Marvin, of Company H, Sixty-fourth, was wounded four times, and Sergeant William H. Thompson of Company H, Sixty-fifth, five times.

OUR DEVIIOUS MARCHES.

On the next two pages is a schedule of the distances traveled. No account is made of the thousands of miles, more or less, that we tramped on drill:

	FOOT	RAIL	BOAT
1861.			
From home to Mansfield, O., (average) November.....	50		
Mansfield to Cincinnati, O., December.....	195		
Cincinnati to Louisville, Ky., December.....			150
1862.			
Louisville to Bardstown, Ky., January.....	50		
Bardstown to Lebanon, Ky., January.....	25		
Lebanon to Ha(e)ll's Gap, Ky., January.....	55		
Hall's Gap to Lebanon, Ky., February.....	55		
Lebanon to Munfordville, Ky., February.....		80	
Munfordville to Bowling Green, Ky., February.....	50		
Bowling Green to Nashville, Tenn., March.....	70		
Nashville to Savannah, Tenn., March, April.....	130		
Savannah to Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April.....			10
Pittsburg Landing to Corinth, Miss., with variations, April, May.....	50		
Corinth to Tuscumbia, Ala., June.....	55		
Tuscumbia to Decatur, Ala., June.....	50		
Decatur to Mooresville, Ala., June.....	10		
Mooresville to Stevenson and Bridgeport, Ala., July.....		80	
Sundry expeditions, July, August.....	25		
Stevenson and Bridgeport to Nashville, Tenn., Aug., Sept....	150		
Nashville to Louisville, Ky., September.....	200		
Louisville to Perryville, Ky., October.....	90		
Perryville to Harrodsburg, Ky., October.....	20		
Harrodsburg to Danville, Ky., October.....	25		
Danville to Wildcat, Ky., October.....	40		
Wildcat to Columbia, Ky., October.....	85		
Columbia to Glasgow, Ky., October.....	35		
Glasgow to Scottsville, Ky., November.....	30		
Scottsville to Gallatin, Tenn., November.....	35		
Gallatin to Silver Springs, Tenn., November.....	15		
Silver Springs to Lebanon, Tenn., and return, November....	25		
Silver Springs to Nashville, Tenn., November.....	20		
Foraging and wild goose chasing, December.....	110		
Nashville to Murfreesboro, Tenn., December.....	30		
1863.			
Reconnoitering and foraging expeditions, Murfrees- boro, January to June.....	150		
Murfreesboro to Hillsboro, Tenn., June.....	90		
Divers tramps after forage, etc., July, August.....	30		
Hillsboro to Jasper, Tenn., August.....	40		
Jasper to Chattanooga, Tenn., August.....	45		
Chattanooga to Lee and Gordon's Mill, Ga., September.....	15		
Lee and Gordon's Mill to Chattanooga, Tenn., September....	15		
Chattanooga to Knoxville, Tenn., December.....	110		

1864.		FOOT	RAIL	BOAT
Knoxville to Strawberry Plains, Tenn., January.....			20	
Strawberry Plains to Blaine's Cross-roads, Tenn., January....	15			
Crazy cavortings in East Tennessee, January, February.....	100			
Blaine's Cross-roads to Knoxville, Tenn., January.....	25			
Knoxville to Chattanooga, Tenn., January, February.....	110			
Chattanooga to Nashville, Tenn., January, February.....		155		
Nashville to Louisville, Ky., January, February.....		185		
Louisville to Columbus, O., January, February.....		225		
Home and return (average) February, March.....		180		
Columbus to Louisville, Ky., March.....		225		
Louisville to Nashville, Tenn., March.....		185		
Nashville to Chattanooga, Tenn., March, April.....	165			
Chattanooga to Atlanta, Ga., with variations, May to Aug....	250			
Atlanta to Lovejoy's, Ga., August, September.....	40			
Lovejoy's to Atlanta, Ga., September.....	30			
Atlanta to Chattanooga, Tenn., September.....		140		
Chattanooga to Bridgeport, Ala., September.....		30		
Seeking forage and "beating the bush," October.....	20			
Bridgeport to Chattanooga, Tenn., October.....		30		
Chattanooga to Alpine, Ga., October.....	50			
Alpine to Chattanooga Tenn., October.....	50			
Chattanooga to Athens, Ala., November.....		125		
Athens to Pulaski, Tenn., November.....	35			
Pulaski to Columbia, Tenn., November.....	40			
Columbia to Spring Hill, Tenn., November.....	15			
Spring Hill to Franklin, Tenn., November.....	15			
Franklin to Nashville, Tenn., December.....	20			
Nashville to Pulaski, Tenn., December.....	90			
Pulaski to Lynnville, Tenn., December.....	20			
1865.				
Lynnville to Athens, and Decatur, Ala., January.....	55			
Athens and Decatur to Chattanooga, Tenn., March.....		125		
Chattanooga to Knoxville, Tenn., March.....		110		
Knoxville to Bull's Gap, Tenn., March.....		70		
Bull's Gap to Blue Springs, Tenn., March.....	10			
Blue Springs to Bull's Gap, Tenn., April.....	10			
Bull's Gap to Knoxville, Tenn., April.....		70		
Knoxville to Chattanooga, Tenn., April.....		110		
Chattanooga to Nashville, Tenn., April.....		155		
Nashville to Johnsonville, Tenn., June.....	70			
Johnsonville to Cairo, Ill., June.....			165	
Cairo to New Orleans, La., June, July.....			1080	
New Orleans to Port Lavaca, Tex., August.....			550	
Port Lavaca to near Victoria, Tex., August.....	30			
Victoria to Port Lavaca Tex., December.....	30			
Port Lavaca, to New Orleans, La., December.....			550	
New Orleans to Cairo, Ill., December.....			1080	
Cairo to Columbus, O., December.....		480		
Home, Sweet Home, (average) December.....		90		
Total.....	3315	3115	3585	
Aggregate miles traveled 10,015.				

McLaughlin's Squadron.

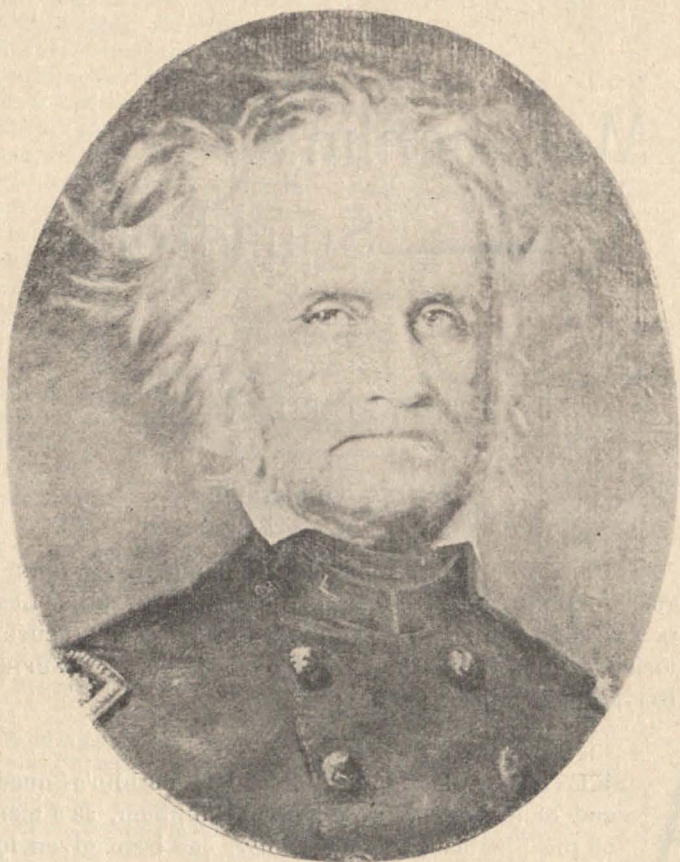
CHAPTER LXX.

TAKING THE FIELD.

UP THE OHIO TO CATLETTSBURG—CAMPAIGNING IN EASTERN KENTUCKY—"BOOTS AND SADDLES"—A SCRAMBLE TO ARMS—LESSONS IN FORAGING—MAJOR MCLAUGHLIN AND THE GOOSE—LIEUTENANT FISHER'S PIG'S FEET—UNDER COLONEL JAMES A. GARFIELD—BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK.

A SKETCH of the organization of McLaughlin's Squadron, and of its sojourn at Camp Buckingham, as a member of the Sherman Brigade family, has been given in the opening chapters of this volume. It remains to trace its devious wanderings, during nearly four years of constant, active service in the field.

Leaving Mansfield December 17th, 1861, the Squadron reached Cincinnati early the following morning. The boys had an immediate taste of "roughing it," preparing and eating their breakfast along the bank of the Ohio river, in the nipping air of



WILLIAM M'LAUGHLIN,
MAJOR, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

Died at Cross Creek Shoals, Kentucky, July 19th, 1862..

a bleak winter morning. It was decreed that the Squadron must at once sever its association with the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth regiments and the Sixth battery, these going down the Ohio from Cincinnati, while the Squadron was ordered up the river. It had been expected that all would serve together in the field, but our domestic arrangements were not considered by those who had the direction of affairs.

The Squadron embarked on the transport Great Western, with a tow for its horses, and toward evening arrived at Catlettsburg, at the mouth of the Big Sandy river, this being the boundary between Kentucky and Virginia. The command disembarked and an order was received to march immediately, the objective point being Louisa, up the Big Sandy, twenty-seven miles distant. This threw the members of the Squadron into a state of delirious excitement. The opinion was almost universal that they would have a big fight before morning, and few were able to suppress their raging emotions, as the necessary preparations for the march were hastily made. It was ordered that the wagons be left behind, to follow at convenience.

"Boots and saddles" was sounded about dark, and the column soon trailed out upon one of the worst roads ever traveled by man or beast. It skirted the river, closely following its windings, and in many places it had been washed by high water, leaving gulleys and gorges and holes and rocks, over and through and among which the amateur troopers stumbled along in the darkness. Now and then a man was unhorsed, and was greeted with the jeers of his comrades as he again climbed into the saddle. The weather was bitterly cold and the men suffered most keenly. It was a hard breaking-in and severely taxed the endurance and the tempers of the riders. There were constant rumors of rebels ahead in countless numbers. These had the good effect of warming the blood and quickening the pulses, and kept the boys from freezing. The country is mountainous, and up and down an unending succession of hills the column crept along for eight wearisome hours.

It was not far from midnight when the Squadron reached Louisa and went into camp. The men were scarcely asleep when a shot was heard, and the "long roll" —the instant call to

arms—threw everybody into a frenzy of excitement. In frantic haste horses were again saddled and the men mounted to their places, ready to cleave the heads of the foe with their sabers. There was much wild rushing around and hurrying to and fro, the officers uttering their commands in tremulous tones, and the men striving, in the darkness and confusion, to obey. The cause of the disturbance was soon disclosed. It appeared that the brigade commander, coming upon some pickets which had been hastily posted, not having the countersign, fired his pistol, apparently with a view of stirring up the boys. In this he was eminently successful. The officer of the guard soon reached the post, the belated commander was passed in, and quiet was restored.

At the time the alarm was sounded, the members of Company A were asleep on the second floor of the courthouse, of which they had taken possession. The men tumbled down stairs in almost a delirium of excitement, dragging saddles, sabers and other accouterments and making noise enough to have frightened away any body of rebels. Several of the men, including one of the sergeants, put their saddles on wrong end foremost. Old Johnny Harlan, in addition to this, had his curb-chain over the nose of his horse instead of under the lower jaw. After he mounted he found that his saber was stuck fast in its scabbard. While making furious efforts to loosen it he shouted:

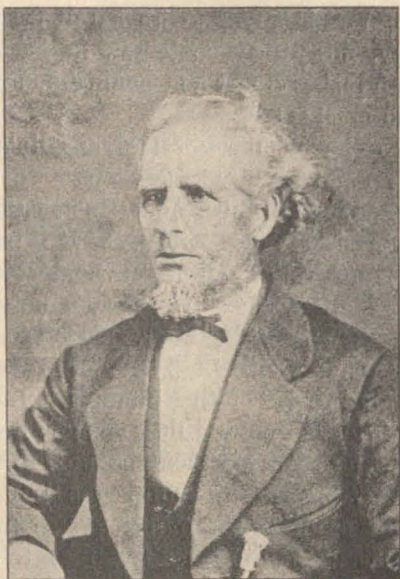
“Captain, for God’s sake come an’ help me load me saber!”

One of the boys assisted him in getting it out, and then all was ready for the battle to begin. With Johnny’s saber loaded, there could have been no doubt as to the result. Many of the boys were really disappointed that there was nobody for them to whip, for, like all new soldiers, they had a consuming desire to fight.

The Squadron remained in camp at Louisa for a few days. It was attached to a brigade which was being organized by Colonel James A. Garfield for a movement against General Humphrey Marshall, who commanded a Confederate force in eastern Kentucky. The Forty-second Ohio and Sixteenth Kentucky infantry were already there, together with a considerable body of cavalry, and other troops were on the way to augment the force.

While at Louisa the field transportation of the Squadron was organized, and the teamsters had the usual initiatory experience of breaking in the mules and subduing their stubborn and depraved dispositions. The midwinter weather was extremely inclement, and the sufferings of the men were severe. It seemed as though they had begun their soldiering at the butt end. Cold, rainy days and freezing nights soon began to tell upon the health of the troopers, and before many days had passed a considerable number of the Squadron were in hospital. Their experience was much the same as that of the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, about the same time, at Hall's Gap, and that of the Sixth battery, on the bank of the Cumberland river. All the organizations of the Sherman Brigade, though widely separated, thus drank deep of the bitter cup at the very outset. It would be difficult to tell which fared the worst.

Here the Squadron boys first tried their hands at foraging. Everywhere in the army the average cavalryman was conspicuous for his skill and audacity as a forager. His advantages over the meek and lowly soldier who trudged along on foot and carried his belongings on his back, were many and obvious. Mounted on a horse, he could scoot hither and thither and skim the cream of field, orchard, barnyard and smokehouse. His superior facilities for transportation enabled him to carry a week's supply at a time. After a little foray he would trot gayly into camp with hams and poultry dangling from the pommel of his



SAMUEL R. BUCKMASTER,
CAPTAIN, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

saddle, and a sack of apples or sweet potatoes across the back of his horse. Then, too, when upon the march the trooper usually led the way, or scouted along the flanks of the column, and this gave him abundant opportunity to secure the first pick of everything. The plodding infantryman was compelled to satisfy himself with the leavings—when there were any. If the cavalryman couldn't find any more than he wanted himself, he would just take it all. The man on horseback was usually conscious of his vantage ground and was very likely to "feel his oats." As he pranced along, with a full cargo of plunder, what looks of pity, not to say contempt, he bestowed upon his comrade who, with blistered feet and aching shoulders, was lugging knapsack and musket!

The members of McLaughlin's Squadron started early and developed rapidly as foragers. They began to take lessons—and they didn't require much instruction—as soon as they set foot upon the soil of Kentucky. It is true that now and then a man who got caught at it ran against a snag, for the officers were more or less imbued with the notion that prevailed during the early months of the war, that no confiscation on private account must be permitted. They got bravely over this after a while, just as did those of the infantry. Indeed, it is likely that they reached that point a little sooner, because their better facilities for foraging rendered them less able to withstand temptation.

While the Squadron was lying at Louisa, one of the boys, while scouring the outlying region, captured a goose and took it into camp. As he had forgotten to pay for it—a mere oversight, of course—the citizen who claimed the ownership of the goose followed him and told his tale of woe to Major McLaughlin. The major carefully cross-questioned him at considerable length, possibly for the purpose of giving the soldier time to safely conceal the fowl so that it might not be found. The major assured the man that none of his soldiers would steal and that there must certainly be some mistake—"an infantry soldier hath done this!" But the butternut was inflexible. He had seen soldiers enough to be able to distinguish a cavalryman by his clothes. Moreover, with his own eyes he saw the goose taken and followed into camp, hot upon the trail of the captor. It must be one of the major's men, as there was no other cavalry there.

Then the major, as in duty bound, in obedience to the instructions he had received from the United States of America, caused the bugle to be sounded and the members of the Squadron were drawn up in imposing array. The major took his post in front of the line, and near him stood the citizen who had lost the goose. Major McLaughlin gave the boys a five-minute lecture, somewhat sulphurous in character, in which he depicted, with all the earnestness of a camp-meeting preacher, the enormity of such an offense as stealing a goose. He told them that if he ever heard of another goose being stolen by the Squadron—he was careful not to mention anything else—and could catch the man and his plunder, he would strap the goose upon the culprit's back and make him carry it in front of headquarters for a whole day, with other grievous pains and penalties added thereto. Of course this greatly pleased the old "shellbark," and he went home, serene in the belief that no more depredations would be committed and his geese might squawk and paddle around with none to molest or make them afraid. The parade was dismissed, and a few minutes later Major McLaughlin, tall and soldierly, went limping along the line of tents—for he was a little lame.

"Boys," he said, and there seemed to be a twinkle in his eye, "when you're out *don't starve*; and if you come across any good tobacco, you all know I like that!"

A few days later another incident occurred. Near the camp lived a woman by the name of Skeggs. It does not appear that she was a relative of Captain John L. Skeggs. She was well stricken in years, and the boys called her "Mother Skeggs." In a pen near her house was a nice pig, which she was nurturing with much care, in hope of future hams and flitches of succulent side meat. One day when Mother Skeggs went to the abiding place of that pig, as was her wont, to appease his appetite, there was a vacuum in the pen. It may seem strange, but that misguided woman actually had the effrontery to charge the Squadron with the theft of that pig, and made formal complaint to Lieutenant Samuel H. Fisher, of Company A. Fisher told her that his men were models of honesty and integrity and would scorn to steal her pig. But the worthy dame declared that she had found the *feet* of her pig in camp. Fisher, who thought pigs' feet were all very much alike, tried to convince her that the feet in question

were those of some other pig. She insisted so vehemently that she "knowed them feet," that the lieutenant, in the kindness of his heart, actually paid her four dollars for the pig. Then he got his four dollars' worth by blowing off steam among the boys, giving them particular fits—not for taking the pig, but because they didn't burn or bury those feet!

The latter part of December and the first days of January were occupied in frequent scouting and picketing. Louisa is at

the confluence of the two branches of the Big Sandy. The Squadron moved by stages up the west fork some twenty miles to a point near Paintsville. During these movements the pickets and scouting parties of the enemy were occasionally encountered, which provoked a few spirited brushes. On New Year eve there was a brisk skirmish, in which four men of Company B fell into the hands of the Philistines.



FRANKLIN GRIBBEN,
QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

Early in January Colonel Garfield, having matured his plan, ordered his bugles to sound the advance. His force consisted of about five thousand in-

fantry and cavalry. Almost immediately the pickets of the enemy were encountered and brisk firing began. Brave old Major McLaughlin rode proudly at the head of the Squadron, animating his men by his words and his example of soldierly bearing. It was the first time they had heard the sound of hostile muskets and it was not strange that hearts beat quickly as the men pressed forward to meet the enemy.

After the rebel skirmishers had been driven back upon the main body, Colonel Garfield ordered a halt to make the necessary dispositions for battle. Under cover of night the Confederates fell back, taking up a strong position among the hills on Middle creek, a short distance from Paintsville. Early the following morning, January 10th, 1862, Garfield advanced in order of battle. The withdrawal of the enemy was soon discovered and Garfield directed his force to push forward with all possible haste. McLaughlin's Squadron had the honor of the advance, Company B being the vanguard. After a brisk ride of four or five miles, the rebels were found, evidently in the mood to offer resistance. Without faltering for an instant the Squadron rode right at them, delivering a volley which killed one and wounded several of the enemy. The aggressive spirit of McLaughlin's men had the immediate effect to chill the ardor of the Confederates and they fell back with precipitation to the shelter of Marshall's army.

It was now apparent that the main body of the Confederates was near at hand, but they were so well posted and so concealed among the trees upon the hills through which the road ran that it was impossible to make out their exact position. Colonel Garfield, therefore, directed Major McLaughlin to send a detail in advance to draw the enemy's fire and thus disclose his line of defence. In prompt response a detachment under the command of Sergeant George W. Pomeroy dashed forward in handsome style, into the very teeth of the enemy. The latter opened a vigorous fire, by which several of the brave troopers were wounded. The purpose of the dash having been fully accomplished, the detachment, acting under orders, retired, bringing off the disabled men, but leaving behind a number of horses which had been killed. The wounded were placed in ambulances and conveyed to the rear for surgical treatment.

From this time the battle progressed in earnest. Colonel Garfield formed his line, advanced up the hill on the right of the road, and drove the rebels from their position, after a sharp, quick fight. The cavalry moved up the road at the same time, giving the rebels a severe fire as they crossed a ravine to take position on the opposite side, where a portion of them had already been stationed. The firing now became slow and irregular.

Two twelve-pound guns were brought up and opened on the rebels, which made the woods too hot for them, and they became very restless. As soon as this unsteadiness on the part of the Confederates was observed by Colonel Garfield, he ordered the Forty-second Ohio to charge, which it did in fine style, driving the rebels from the cover and taking one six-pound gun. The rebels were now in full retreat and the cavalry in hot pursuit. During the pursuit the squadron captured twenty-seven prisoners, one cannon and three wagons, and killed and wounded a number of men. Marshall fled into Virginia. All the troops were warmly complimented by Colonel Garfield in his official report, and he was promoted to brigadier-general for his masterly conduct of the campaign. It is worthy of note that the boys of the cavalry contingent of the Sherman Brigade found what they were looking for—that is, a fight—very much sooner than did those of the infantry and artillery. The Squadron ran into a hornets' nest a little less than a month after leaving Camp Buckingham, while the rest of the brigade tramped for more than a year without finding anything more than the mere sniff of burning powder which they had at Shiloh and before Corinth.

CHAPTER LXXI.

CAMPAIGNING ON THE BIG SANDY.

FOUR WEEKS OF COMPARATIVE QUIET—GUERRILLA WARFARE—MAJOR WITCHER AND HIS HORSE—THE ENGAGEMENT AT POUND GAP—TRIP TO WHITESBURG—A WHIRL TO GLADESVILLE—REBEL PRISONERS AND THEIR SWEETHEARTS—A BRISK ACTION AT PIKETON.

AFTER the action at Middle Creek, in which the Squadron acquitted itself so handsomely, the troops went into camp near Paintsville, where they remained about four weeks. During this time little occurred that was worthy of note. Scouting and picketing and the ordinary routine of camp duties occupied the days and nights. Some excitement was afforded by an occasional exchange of shots with the hostile cavalry, small bands of which were constantly hovering about, watching for opportunities to snatch up unwary blue-coats. Much of the time the weather was exceedingly inclement, but the boys were apt in learning the ingenious shifts to which the soldiers resorted to make themselves comfortable. The various diseases most incident to camp life claimed daily victims, and the Squadron's effective

strength became much reduced. The boys found occasional diversion in dancing with the Kentucky maidens, at social gatherings which were gotten up at various houses in the vicinity.

On the 8th of February the Squadron left Paintsville, having been ordered to proceed up the west fork of the Big Sandy, to scour the country in quest of guerrillas, which committed frequent outrages and depredations upon the persons and property of loyal citizens. As a matter of fact, the term "guerrilla" was sometimes misapplied, being given too wide a scope. Strictly speaking, a guerrilla is not a regularly enlisted soldier, but one who engages in "bushwhacking" on his own account. The word was often applied to such bodies of cavalry as those commanded by John Morgan in the west and Mosby in the east. These were not guerrillas, but horsemen duly enlisted in the Confederate service for partisan warfare. The real guerrillas or bushwhackers were of all created beings most despicable. They had not the right to kill which is given by a regular enlistment. They frequented the swamps, forests and mountains, and from ambush shot down Union soldiers and citizens who might pass that way. In many localities they terrorized loyal people, using rifle and torch in their diabolical work. During the first year the Squadron experienced much of this guerrilla warfare, alike arduous and dangerous. In such service the Union cavalry were at the greatest disadvantage. The bushwhackers were perfectly familiar with the mountains, the by-roads, and the hiding places, from which they would fire upon those who might come within range, and then leap on their horses and scurry away. I do not think the men of the Sherman or any other brigade found much pleasure in any kind of fighting, but it may be safely said that bushwhacking was the meanest and most exasperating of all. The members of the Squadron did much hard riding in search of the elusive marauders, but no engagement of consequence took place.

The most noted guerrilla chieftain in eastern Kentucky was Major Witcher. He was lame, but on horseback he was a terror. He had a horse as black as ebony, which was as well fitted for that kind of warfare as his master. The animal scaled the mountains with a facility that was wonderful; and even climbed trees—at least Sergeant Pomeroy makes this averment. It lacks, how-

ever, the affidavit necessary to back up the statement, and the chronicler cannot vouch for its truth. At all events, for months the name of Witcher was constantly heard, and many futile attempts to catch him were made.

The rebel force under Marshall had withdrawn into Virginia and there were no indications that he would return to the scene of his discomfiture. The action at Middle Creek was not a great battle, as the subsequent encounters of mighty armies were measured, but it was the first Union victory of importance in the middle department, and caused much rejoicing at the north. Colonel Garfield displayed such capacity to command that, having been appointed brigadier-general, he was ordered to the army of General Buell, then preparing to advance upon Nashville, and assigned to the Twentieth brigade. By a coincidence this was the one to which the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth and the Sixth battery belonged.

The Squadron passed five weeks in the vicinity of Prestonburg and Piketon—the latter being about forty miles a little east of south from Paintsville—engaged in the arduous service heretofore described. It was joined by a small body of infantry; and about the same time the mounted force was augmented by two battalions of the Tenth Kentucky cavalry.

On the 14th of March a strong force of infantry and cavalry, under the command of Major Taylor, of the former, was dispatched to capture Pound or Sounding gap, a gateway through the



THOMAS EVERLY,
BUGLER, COMPANY B,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

Cumberland mountains into Virginia and an important stronghold of the rebels, the possession of which would give either party great power for good or evil to the citizens in that region. This gap receives its name, "Sounding," from the deep rumbling noise that continually arises to the ears of passers, and is supposed to be the roof of an immense cavern. Streams of cold, clear spring water traverse the mountains on each side of the road, in almost every direction, here and there losing themselves for a time and then again bursting up to continue their capricious course. The mountains are capped with snow at all times of the year, which could be distinguished extending about a quarter of the distance down from the top. The gap is forty or fifty miles from Piketon, and was guarded by two or three hundred Confederates.

Sergeant Pomeroy writes: "We reached the foot of the mountain on the evening of the second day of our march and, as usual, found that the rebels were aware of our approach. They had felled trees directly across and lengthwise of the road leading into the gap, to obstruct the passage. The command was divided, the infantry, under Major Taylor, guided by an old citizen, taking a mountain path to the left, intending to come down on the rebel flank, just inside the summit of the gap, while the cavalry, under Major McFall, commenced the tedious ascent directly in front, by the main road. Much difficulty was encountered in getting over the fallen trees, but we succeeded by riding around or jumping over them until we had mastered the first blockade and about half the distance to the gap, when it was thought advisable by the major to dismount, leave the horses in the road, and take the hill on foot.

"From this point we climbed directly up the hill until near the brow, when we were suddenly fired upon by Confederates, who had been thrown out as a skirmish line. This reception somewhat disconcerted the boys, and each took himself to a tree. Then followed a brisk little skirmish, our fellows advancing steadily and cautiously until we had gained the top. We could now see an occasional graycoat gliding through the woods in the direction of the gap, from which we were but five or six hundred yards distant and in good view of the rebels. We could see them moving around and apparently making preparations for

a stern resistance. We dared not advance further until we heard from the infantry on the other side, while the rebels would not leave their fortifications to attack us, although they knew we were there in small force, because the infantry might occupy their position in the meantime.

"Presently we saw the rebel skirmishers on the opposite side fire and move back slowly to their position, and very soon distinguished the blue-coated infantry come straggling over the brow of the hill. We were now in position, and only waited the signal for a simultaneous attack, which was soon given, and we advanced rapidly, under a severe fire. It now became evident that we outnumbered the Confederates. The latter were deeply impressed by the display of blue-coats pouring in upon them, and made but slight resistance. When the enfilading fire opened upon them from above, they declined to further discuss the question and incontinently fled.

"We immediately occupied the position, sent parties after the fugitives, and looked around to see what we had gained. We had two or three men wounded, who were immediately cared for. We could not tell whether any Confederates had been killed, as we could see none. This was merely a fight where numbers prevailed against a few. After some search, axes were obtained and men were sent to chop a passage through the fallen trees, in order that the horses might be brought into the gap. The rebels had been in good quarters, consisting of log huts built after the architecture of soldiers while in permanent camp, some of them being very comfortable, even in cold weather, with good water and plenty of food, all of which we greatly enjoyed after our long march and the extra exertions of the day. The horses were fed with cornmeal, of which there was a large quantity among the captured commissary stores. The pursuing parties returned and reported that they had been entirely unsuccessful, as the Johnnies had taken to the woods. Pickets were then stationed, and the camp became quiet. The pickets were disturbed several times during the night with long squirrel rifles, but nothing serious resulted. Finding that it would be impracticable to hold the gap, it being so far from the base of supplies and without any direct communication, it was considered

a "white elephant," and abandoned. We started on the return march about ten o'clock and reached camp at Piketon on the evening of the following day, March 18th."

The ensuing two months were almost devoid of excitement or interest. There was much scouting and an occasional alarm, but all was without tangible result. One exception to the prevailing dullness was the adventures of a detachment which left camp May 24th on an extended tour of observation. In the evening of the following day the party ran up against the redoubtable Major Witcher and his band of vagrant horsemen. A short, sharp skirmish followed, the outcome of which was the hasty retreat of Witcher. The Squadron boys took three prisoners, and recaptured eight Union soldiers who had fallen into Witcher's hands. The next day the detachment returned to camp, "bringing their sheaves with them."

On May 28th the Squadron started on an expedition to Whitesburg, thirty-five miles to the southward. It reached that place without encountering the enemy. Returning, the Squadron reached a point where the road forked, a few miles from the village. Company B took the road to the right and Company A the one to the left. The latter spent the night and the next day at Rock House, on the north fork of the Kentucky river. In the meantime Company B had fallen in with a detachment of the enemy and by a quick, bold dash had routed it, killing one and capturing a number of prisoners. A dispatch sent by courier conveyed information of this to Company A, at Rock House, and asked assistance, as an attack the next morning was expected. Company A started immediately and by a rapid night march rejoined Company B. The rebels did not again appear and the prisoners were sent under guard to Piketon.

Captain McFall, with the main body of the Squadron, started immediately under orders for Gladesville, Virginia, by way of Pound gap. The objective point was reached on the evening of May 31st. The boys took possession of the town without molestation, remaining about twenty-four hours. Before leaving, a number of vacant houses in the place were burned. This was not an act of vandalism; the buildings were destroyed because they had been fitted up and were being used as barracks for Confederate soldiers.

Sergeant B. F. Morris, of Company A, relates this incident, which occurred at Gladesville:

"We learned that about seven miles toward the Abingdon salt works there was a Confederate captain at home. Sergeant John L. Skeggs was sent with ten men to go out and capture him. I went along without being detailed, just for the fun of it. When we arrived at the house the rebel officer could not be found, but our guide said there was a Confederate lieutenant at the next house, so we went after him. As we neared the place we discovered a body of armed men drawn up in line across the road at the house. This was a surprise to us, and we had no means of knowing their strength. Our first impression was that our guide was false and had led us into a trap. But we put spurs to our horses and made a dash for them. In jumping a ditch my horse stumbled and fell upon one of my legs, giving me a painful hurt. The rebels fired several shots and then broke and ran for cover in the underbrush by the roadside. The boys dismounted and followed, taking five of them prisoners.



FRANCIS R. MARKS,
BUGLER, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

"While this was going on I had got out from under my horse and was watching to see if we were likely to be flanked. I noticed a man in rebel uniform coming along the fence toward the road, and when he reached it he started toward me. I held my carbine in position so that I could use it quickly if need be. Just at this moment a young woman came out of the house and when she saw the man in uniform she hurried to where I was and said: 'Oh! that is my father; don't shoot him!' She stood trembling by my side and begging me not to shoot. He walked up directly in front of me and I took him prisoner. He was the lieutenant

that we were after. The five other prisoners taken were home guards. It was Sunday and they were going to church. As it was early they walked down the road to the house where we discovered them. There were several young ladies there and these home guards were their lovers; they had come to have a chat with them before church time. But the fun came when we started with the prisoners, for those girls hugged and kissed their sweet-hearts with great fervor, locking their arms around their necks and refusing to let them go. We were obliged to separate them by force. When we started with them there were bitter tears shed, and the girls called us by many names that were much more expressive than polite. In the skirmish one of our horses got away from us and ran over to the rebels, and they took him captive. The captured lieutenant proved to be a thorough gentleman."

The column left Gladesville that evening, June 1st, for its return to Piketon. Upon reaching the mountains it was learned that a force of rebels was concealed in the gap to assail it as it passed through. A squad of thirty men was sent, dismounted, by a circuitous route to reach the other end of the gap and prevent the escape of the rebels, but the latter got wind of the movement and made haste to depart. The night was stormy and very dark. Surgeon P. M. Bowland became separated from the column, lost his bearings, and lay all night upon the mountain. After passing through the gap, the Squadron came to a halt and remained till morning. After breakfast the march was resumed and Piketon was reached that evening.

A few days later the Union force at Piketon moved northward to Prestonburg. Soon after the withdrawal, Piketon was occupied by a body of Confederates commanded by Major Witcher, who established there a recruiting rendezvous. About the middle of June a detail from the Squadron was sent to "clean him out." Sergeant Pomeroy thus describes this expedition and its result:

"We started at dawn and rode rapidly until we got within three or four miles of Piketon, when we experienced much trouble and danger. The rebels, having learned of our approach, bushwhacked and annoyed us in every possible way. A halt was called several times during the march and skirmishers were sent out to drive the rebels from the woods which lined the road.

The efforts of the enemy were of no avail and only delayed the scout. The march was continued, with occasional shots from the woods by which several horses were killed or wounded, until we came in sight of the village. The charge was sounded and we galloped into the town, driving the rebel pickets before us. We could see horsemen, at every street crossing, join and rush along with the pickets. We fired several volleys after them with revolvers, killing one man—a Doctor Cecil who lived in Piketon—and causing several to surrender. We then halted and ascertained from an old darkey that the rebels had posted themselves in the woods on the outskirts of the town and thrown up rail barricades. After receiving this information we proceeded cautiously. About a quarter of a mile from town we were fired upon by rebel pickets and one man was wounded. We then deployed to the right and left of the road and advanced in skirmish line. We soon came upon the Confederates, who gave us so severe a volley from all kinds of guns, that we were compelled to halt and fall back. Then preparations for the grand finale began. After a few moments the command "Forward" was given by the lieutenant, and we rode furiously at the barricades, behind which the rebels were concealed. The barricades were soon carried and the enemy hastily departed. Our spoils were twenty-seven prisoners and a number of horses and seven of the enemy killed or wounded. Our loss was three men wounded and four horses killed. After this affair we returned to Piketon for the night. The following day the rebel quarters were destroyed, the wounded placed on floats and sent down the river, the mounted men keeping pace with them until we reached camp at Prestonburg about midnight."

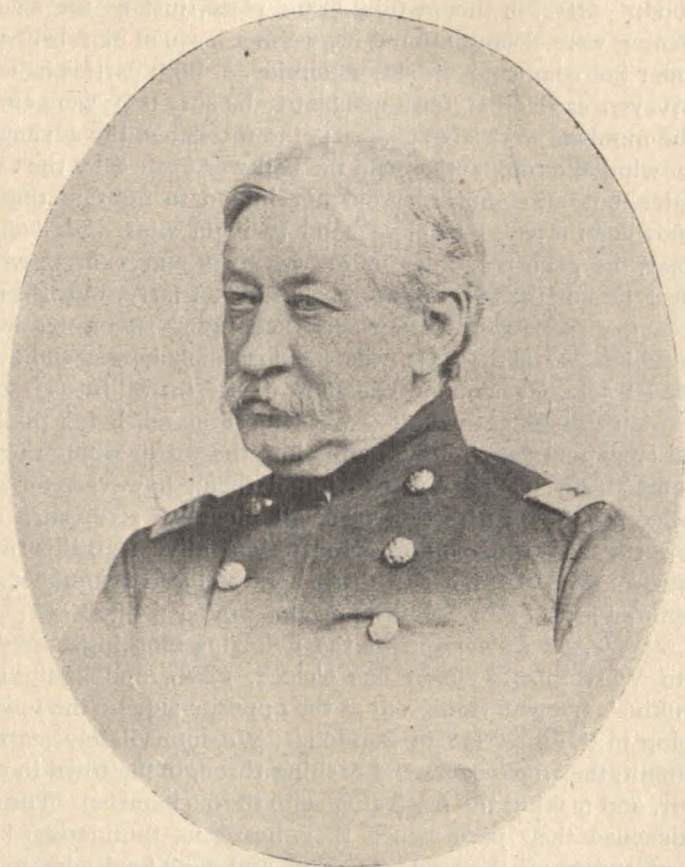
CHAPTER LXXII.

ALONG TWO RIVERS.

RIDING DAY AND NIGHT—TRIP TO WEST LIBERTY—DEATH OF MAJOR McLAUGHLIN—LIVELY DAYS AT PAINTSVILLE—DULL AND HOT AT LOUISA—A FEW GET FURLONGS—DOWN THE BIG SANDY AND UP THE OHIO—OPERATIONS IN THE KANAWHA REGION—ONCE MORE BACK TO LOUISA—A COLD AND CHEERLESS DECEMBER—A STORY ABOUT HORSES.

DURING the next three weeks the Squadron, in a body or by detachments, vibrated between Piketon and Prestonsburg, and scoured the adjacent territory in every direction, sometimes riding day and night. There were brushes with the enemy now and then, but no encounters worthy of mention. On July 7th part of the Squadron was ordered to West Liberty, Kentucky, about forty miles to the westward, under the command of Lieutenant Fisher. The purpose of this and other expeditions was to clear the rebels from that section of country. The West Liberty episode is thus described:

"We marched early and had a pleasant ride through a better country than we had yet found in Kentucky, without seeing any-



GAYLORD M'FALL,
MAJOR, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

thing of import until evening, when we rode into the gloomy shadows of 'Cracker's Neck.' Our path wound its way up the dry course of a stream between hills of such height that it made one dizzy to look to the top, and overshadowed by the densest wood. Here, in this awfully grand place, just as the shades of evening were closing around us, we met a squad of rebel cavalry, under the command of Major Jenkins. Both parties halted and surveyed each other for a moment to be sure they were enemies. The numbers were about equal; the rebels had the advantage of knowing the country. Soon the ball was opened by the Confederates, but our commander did not intend to fight in that way. Knowing the effect of close hand to hand work and a ringing cheer, he gave the order to draw sabers and charge, with the effect he anticipated. The rebels did not tarry, but fled up the stream, we following closely and exchanging shots occasionally, by which two or three Confederates lost their horses and eventually fell into our hands. The affair finally turned into a race, the best horses taking the lead. At length the rebels left the bed of the creek and dashed up a ravine into the wood, where they concealed themselves. We soon found them; however, for as we halted in front of a thicket of small pines we received a volley from the fellows, which caused us to look alive. In this running fight we had two men and three horses slightly wounded. We captured fifteen rebels, killed one and wounded three.

"We got an early start the following morning. We rode into West Liberty about one o'clock, P. M., and again espied Jenkins's troopers riding out at the opposite side of the town and going in the direction of Stanton. We immediately started in pursuit, the whole command dashing through the town in sets of four, and making the place alive with the excitement. The rebels quickened their pace, when they heard us thundering behind them, turned off the road, dispersed, and were finally lost to view. We returned to the town without effecting anything, and billeted ourselves upon the citizens, with the intention of remaining over until the morrow. On the morning of the third day we started on the return trip, arriving at night at the eastern entrance to Cracker's Neck, and reaching camp in the afternoon of the fourth day."

While in camp at Prestonburg the Squadron suffered a sore bereavement, in the death of its organizer and commander, valiant Major William McLaughlin. He had won an honorable name by service in the war with Mexico. When the rebellion broke out he was past seventy years of age, but his ardent patriotism impelled him to seek active service in the field, to do battle for the Union. He fell a victim to hardship and exposure, and on the 19th of July he died in a house at Cross creek shoals, on the west fork of the Big Sandy. He had shown symptoms of breaking down during the severe campaigning of the winter. His friends urged him to secure a leave of absence and go home to recruit his impaired health; he was even advised to resign on account of his age and physical disability. To all these he turned a deaf ear. He had an iron will, and nothing could shake his determination to stay with "my boys" as long as he could sit in the saddle. He expressed a wish to "die in the harness," and so he did. He was brusque of manner and rugged of speech, but he had a kind heart, full of affectionate regard for the officers and men of his command. He expected each of them to do his duty, as he was always ready to do his own. Willing, himself, to face any danger, he had no mercy for a skulker. For some time before his death, Major McLaughlin had been too ill for service. As his malady increased he was removed to the house which has been mentioned. Kind hearts and hands ministered to his needs, but without avail. He sank rapidly until the flickering light went out. He was a true patriot and a brave soldier, and his death was deeply mourned by all the members of his command. His remains were sent to his home in Mansfield, Ohio, where they were buried with the honors of war, the citizens paying to his memory the highest tribute of respect and sorrow.

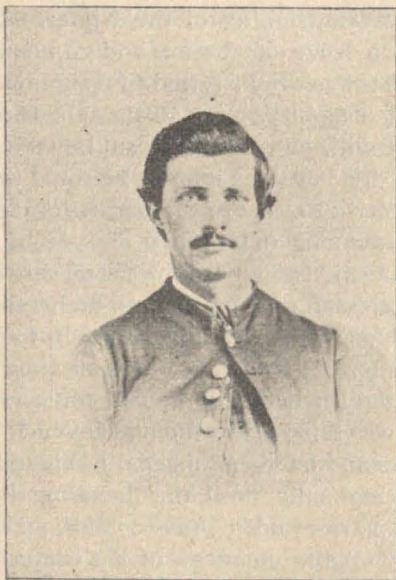
During the illness of Major McLaughlin the Squadron was commanded by Captain Gaylord McFall, of Company A, who, soon after the former's death, was promoted to major. Some time previous, Captain Samuel R. Buckmaster, of Company B, had resigned on account of ill health. To fill the vacancies in Company A, Second Lieutenant Samuel H. Fisher was promoted to captain, and First Sergeant John L. Skeggs to second lieutenant. In Company B, Sergeant Richard Rice was promoted to captain, and Sergeant John Dalzell to second lieutenant.

About this time Major McFall, acting under orders from the brigade commander, sent Lieutenant Fisher with twenty men to Paintsville, going himself, with the remainder of Company A, upon a flying trip to Mount Sterling, some thirty miles beyond West Liberty, toward Lexington. Company B remained at Prestonburg. McFall's detachment did some hard riding, making the round trip in four or five days, without special incident. Along the beaten paths over which the Squadron had traveled to and

fro for so many months, there was little chance to forage, for man or beast, but during this trip the boys rode through "fresh fields and pastures new," and lived like princes.

A new disposition of the Union forces was now made. The Squadron was stationed at Paintsville, while all the infantry of the brigade was ordered down the river to Louisa.

Soon afterward Major McFall received word that the rebel guerrillas in the vicinity were massing, under command of Major Witcher, to attack the camp at Paintsville, and fears were entertained of the result, as there was only the



BARZILLAH F. MORRIS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

Squadron to oppose them. The major sent to the captain of Company B for his best mounted man for a quick night ride to Louisa. Sergeant Albert A. Pomeroy was selected. He reported to the major, received a written dispatch to Colonel Cranor asking for two or three hundred men to reinforce Paintsville, and was soon speeding on his lonely ride. He experienced much trouble and danger in avoiding rebel scouting parties which were sta-

tioned along the route to intercept all communication. The messenger succeeded in reaching Louisa, and the reinforcement was soon on the road, arriving at Paintsville in due time. Reconnoitering parties were then sent out to learn the force of the rebels, but they returned with very meager information.

On the day after the reinforcement arrived, the pickets were driven in from the opposite side of the Big Sandy and the rebels appeared upon the bank with a force of five hundred men. A spirited long-range fight ensued, the rebels in the meantime trying to ford the river, and being repulsed with some loss. Finding so many men where they expected but a few, they rode away. The boys could scarcely hope to be rid of them so easily, and a vigilant watch was kept for them. They moved up the stream, crossed at another ford, and a few hours later attacked the Squadron with great fury. But the Yankees stood well to their work, repulsed them at every point, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them take up their wounded and move off. The loss of the Squadron in this affair was two wounded.

About the 1st of August the force at Paintsville, including the Squadron, moved to Louisa, rejoining that part of the brigade which had preceded it. Five quiet weeks ensued. The troops lay in camp, having little to do except the daily routine. The rebels had been pretty thoroughly driven out of that vicinity and the boys had a rest from the almost ceaseless round of scouting which up to this time had been their portion. Now and then a detachment was sent to one place or another, but there was no apparent object in view, and it is likely that these expeditions were organized just to keep the boys from getting rusty. The weather was exceedingly hot. Sergeant Morris says that on August 11th the mercury stood at 108 degrees in the shade. It might be inferred from this specific statement that the boys of the Squadron were supplied with thermometers as part of their outfit; if so, our great and glorious government was decidedly partial in dispensing its bounties, for, speaking for the infantry, I can say that we never had any. The troops built pavilions of boughs over their tents, to temper the heat of the sun's fierce rays, and, with plenty of rations, were as comfortable as it was possible for them to be. The Squadron was within easy reach of home, and during

this season of quietude a considerable number of furloughs were granted to both officers and men. It may be remarked here that although Uncle Sam did not pay very big wages, he had fed the boys their rations of greenbacks at pretty regular bi-monthly intervals during the time since they entered his employ.

In September there was a new move on the chessboard. On the 12th the brigade received marching orders. It was announced that the immediate objective point was Gallipolis, Ohio. The brigade started on Saturday, the 13th, and by easy marches reached Catlettsburg, at the mouth of the Big Sandy, on the evening of the following day. The Squadron crossed the Ohio river on the 18th by fording. Quicksands rendered the passage very dangerous to both men and horses, but the crossing was made without casualty and the troopers found themselves once more on the soil of their native state. The heads of the horses were immediately turned up the river and the command moved to Gallipolis, where it went into camp on the bank of the Ohio river, a few miles below the mouth of the Great Kanawha. The force was augmented by several regiments of infantry and it appeared that a movement of some magnitude was being planned.

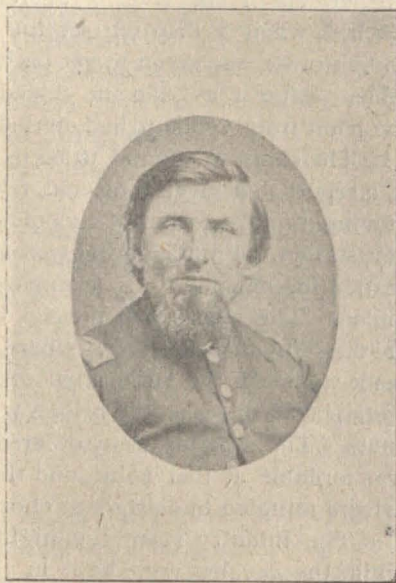
On the next day a detachment of the Squadron—Company B—was sent on a trip to Winfield, West Virginia, a small town about twenty miles from the mouth of the Kanawha river, which the rebels were reported to have occupied the day previous. The object of this expedition was to learn, if possible, their force and location. It crossed the Ohio on pontoons, moved up the west bank of the Kanawha river, and halted directly opposite Winfield. The rebel pickets could be distinguished on the opposite side watching the movement. When the detachment attempted to cross they opened fire from a battery supported by a small force of infantry. Moving down the river until a more available place to cross was reached, it was soon on the hostile side. After learning that the rebel force occupying the place was not large, the commander thought that by making a dash he could capture the battery, the fire of which had foiled the first attempt to cross the river, opposite the town. On approaching the outskirts, the officer gave the order to charge. With a ringing cheer the Squadron went into them, and in a hand-to-hand fight took and spiked the

guns, captured many of the enemy, recrossed the river and returned to Gallipolis. The rebel dead and wounded were left to the kind offices of the good people of Winfield. The Union loss was slight for so sharp a conflict. The rebels having been assailed in flank and rear, their battery was useless.

A week later Company A took a trip in the same direction, accompanying a small body of infantry. This force did not reach Winfield, finding the enemy in a strong position at a small place called Buffalo. A number of shells from a Confederate battery seemed to say "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." It was ascertained by reconnoitering parties that the strength of the enemy was largely in excess of the Union force, and an attack was not deemed prudent. The troops returned to their camp, the cavalymen not having been out of their saddles for twenty-four hours.

During the next few days the troops were kept in a more or less tumultuous condition by constant rumors that a great freshet of rebels, commanded by General Loring, was sweeping down the Kanawha valley. At one time, according to reports, this human wave was but ten miles distant.

On the 12th of October the Squadron received orders to prepare three days' rations in haversacks and be ready to march at a moment's warning. The destination was not known and the boys did the usual amount of guessing as to whither they would go next. The following day the troops crossed the Ohio river and



JOHN L. SKEGGS,
CAPTAIN, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

started down on the Virginia side. They hitched along, a few miles at a time, and after a lazy trip of four days reached Guyandotte, about thirty-five miles below Gallipolis. On the 18th the Squadron went upon a scout to Barboursville, a railway station a few miles southeast. No rebels were found and the trip was a calm and peaceful affair, without incident.

Nothing further occurred worthy of note till the 24th, when the Squadron was ordered to Catlettsburg, some twelve miles further down the river. Scarcely had the destination been reached, when a dispatch set the buglers to blowing furiously and an order was given to get back to Guyandotte as soon as possible. After a fast ride the Squadron arrived about midnight at the point from which it had started in the morning.

The camp was found to be in a raging fever in consequence of a report that seven thousand rebels were at Barboursville and moving rapidly toward Guyandotte, intent upon slaughter and devastation. Frantic efforts were being made in the way of preparation for defence. Great excitement and much confusion prevailed. The troops had crossed by the bridge to the west bank of the Guyandotte river, where the proper dispositions were made to meet the anticipated attack. Two pieces of artillery were posted to sweep the bridge with a blizzard of grape and canister. The wagons were ordered across the Ohio river, which was fordable at that point, and the bray of mules and the yell of drivers mingled in discordant chorus.

* The infantry spent the night throwing up intrenchments, while the cavalry were kept in the saddle, scouting hither and yon to gather tidings of the foe. The weather was raw and cold, and as no fires could be permitted the men suffered severely. It was a long night, and the dawn was most welcome. As there were no indications in sight of a hostile force, a detachment of the Squadron was sent toward Barboursville. It returned two or three hours later with the information that the number of rebels was about seven instead of seven thousand. This had a quieting effect and the troops returned to their camp.

While the scare of the previous evening was at its height, an Irishman belonging to Company A of the Squadron, impressed with the idea that "self-preservation is the first law of nature,"

quietly slid away from the company and crossed to Ohio with the teams, returning with them when the ruction was over. His commanding officer called him to account for his absence without leave.

"Cap'n," he said, "'d'ye s'pose I was goin' to shtay here an' be kilt intirely?"

The officer was greatly amused at the Irishman's idea of a soldier's duty. Inasmuch as there had been no actual need of his services the offence was condoned, after a pointed lecture and a promise that he "wouldn't do so no more."

During its entire service, and particularly while campaigning in eastern Kentucky and western Virginia, the Squadron had abundant experience with wild but groundless alarms, of which the foregoing incident is an illustration. Times without number, at all hours of the day and night, in camp and on the march, the boys were summoned to meet imaginary legions of the enemy. They—just as it was with the infantry—were thrown into frequent and violent palpitations by absurd "grapevine" rumors. Once in a while one proved to be the real thing, and as it was impossible to draw the line between the genuine and the false, the only path of safety was that of caution—to be always ready.

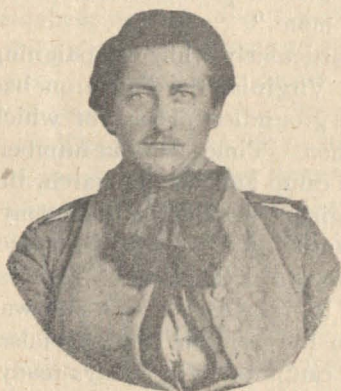
The next spurt of the Squadron was on the 28th, to Doolittle's mill, where it captured a number of horses and cattle and escorted them back to camp.

On the 31st an enterprise of some magnitude was set on foot. The Squadron and some five hundred infantry started up the Kanawha valley. The infantry and sixty cavalry went as far as Charleston, driving before them the small bands of Confederates which had been prowling about that portion of the valley. The other part of the cavalry, leaving the main body at Hurricane bridge, went to the falls of the Guyandotte river. The expedition was absent four days.

During the ensuing two weeks quiet reigned over the camp at Guyandotte. The weather was wretchedly disagreeable, with alternate rain and snow, and the days and nights were about equally cheerless.

At the middle of November the base of operations was once more changed. On the 14th the troops struck tents and marched

down the Virginia side of the Ohio to the mouth of the Big Sandy at Catlettsburg. Remaining here a few days, the Squadron was almost constantly in the saddle, scouting, picketing, and guarding wagon trains. The force which had operated in the Kanawha region was broken up, several regiments of infantry being sent down the Ohio river for service elsewhere. The Fortieth Ohio, which had been associated with the Squadron from the beginning, remained at Catlettsburg and on the 19th left for



CHARLES H. WATERS,
SERGEANT, COMPANY B,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

Louisa. To this place the Squadron was also ordered. Before its camp was established there, detachments made two or three trips to Louisa, as escort for the trains. When the boys turned their faces up the Big Sandy their hearts almost sank within them at the prospect of again tramping and camping, for an indefinite time, upon the same ground where they had spent so many months. They were weary of the monotonous hills, rocks and streams of that God-forsaken country and longed for a more extended field, with a change

from the dull round of such duty as they had been called upon to perform. They would have "kicked" hard could this have brought about what they desired, but the orders were inexorable and they plodded along upon their winding way to Louisa. There the Squadron went into camp about the 1st of December. Had the boys been told that they were destined to stay there six weary months, they would have felt like committing suicide.

The month of December was full of discomfort and suffering. The weather could scarcely have been worse. Part of the time there was mud of almost fathomless depth, while during the remainder the ground was frozen hard, and occasionally covered to the depth of several inches with snow. The members of the Squadron fixed up their quarters as comfortably as was possible

with such means as were at their command, but they were often compelled to leave the camp and face the rigors of cold and storm. Scarcely a day passed but a company or detachment was ordered upon a scout, to Catlettsburg as train guard, or for the discharge of other duties which mounted men were constantly being called upon to perform. One of the scouting parties, under Captain Fisher, went as far as Piketon. That which, perhaps, was done with the least grumbling was to escort a paymaster from and back to Catlettsburg. The dreary midwinter life at Louisa was brightened at holiday time by the visits of a number of friends from home—fathers and brothers of the boys—who brought with them boxes and packages of toothsome delicacies from far-away mothers and wives and sisters, and various articles to contribute to comfort in camp.

An incident which happened here will illustrate one of the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" by which the boys improved their "mounts," as occasion offered. It may be remarked by way of introduction that, for reasons which will be apparent to every reader, a cavalryman always wanted a good horse. It was much the same with the horses which were drafted into the army as it was with the men who enlisted—many of them were physically unable to endure the service. In the case of man or horse, the only way to find out whether he could meet the rigorous demands of war was to try him. When a new regiment of cavalry took the field and plunged into hard campaigning, the horses very soon began to "peter out." Besides the casualties of battle and the sprains and bruises and cuts incident to such "roughing it" as fell to their lot, they were subject to all of the many ills to which horseflesh is heir. Diseases seemed to develop rapidly and in more malignant form than in the ordinary peaceful pursuits of the farm or the road. Every regiment of cavalry and battery of artillery had its veterinary surgeons, whose business it was to doctor up sick and wounded horses. At convenient points there were hospitals or convalescent corrals established, where animals suffering from disability were cared for. Few of these horses, however, were ever thereafter of much account. As a general thing, when a horse gave out that was the end of his usefulness as a factor in put-

ting down the rebellion. During an active campaign, with occasional fighting, vacancies in the ranks of the able-bodied horses were of daily occurrence. If a trooper discovered that his beast was lame or in any other way disqualified for keeping to the standard, he at once set about getting a new mount. His first choice was to confiscate a good animal. He felt that by doing this he was not only strengthening the army of Uncle Sam, but was at the same time diminishing the resources of the enemy. If there was no opportunity to supply himself in this way, and no reserve of horses belonging to the government at hand, he would steal one from some other regiment or battery.

At the time of which I am writing the Thirty-ninth Kentucky regiment was organized and equipped as mounted infantry. Its horses were shipped up the Big Sandy and reached Louisa late one evening. A detail was made from the Squadron to assist in leading the animals from the steamboat landing to the courthouse yard, where they were to be picketed for the night. There was a rush to get upon that detail, by those who had lame, sick or vicious horses. When one of the boys found a fresh horse that suited him, he would just lead him, in the darkness, to the camp of the Squadron to replace his own. Then he would steer the latter over to the courthouse yard for one of the Kentuckians. Having supplied himself in this way he would let a comrade who needed a new horse take his place on the detail and go through the same formula.

A night or two later "Cal" Moorehead, of Company A, exchanged his own discouraged beast for a fine one which belonged to one of the officers of the Thirty-ninth Kentucky. This was skating on pretty thin ice, for an officer's horse was his own personal property. Knowing that a search would be made, he concealed the animal in some bushes on the bank of the river. But the officer found him, and leading him through the camp of the Squadron he made diligent inquiry as to the ownership of the halter, hoping in that way to detect the marauder. Of course nobody would claim that halter, and Moorehead finally told the officer to "throw it on that shed and the owner will find it."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

A LONG STAY AT LOUISA.

A CHEERLESS WINTER CAMP—RESIGNATION OF MAJOR MCFALL—
 GEORGE EASTMAN'S REHEARSAL—JONAS FOUGHT AND THE BLACK
 PONY—SCOUTING AND MORE SCOUTING—FRUITLESS CHASE OF A
 REBEL WAGON TRAIN—AFTER CAPTAIN "BILL" SMITH—THE BOYS
 GET PUP TENTS—"JIM" MAKES THE GRAND ROUNDS WITH CAP-
 TAIN SKEGGS—THE FIGHT AT GLADESVILLE.

NEW YEAR DAY, 1863, found the Squadron in camp at Louisa. The winter days and weeks "dragged their slow length along," devoid of excitement. Life in that desolate country was dull enough and everybody now and then had a spell of the dumps. Picketing and scouting were kept up, and often detachments were absent for two or three days at a time, suffering much from the severity of the weather. Now and then there was a little brush with the rebels, but the casualties were few. On the 10th of January a scouting party started on a somewhat extended trip. It returned at the end of three days, bringing four prisoners which they had picked up.

About this time the force was joined by the One Hundred and Seventeenth Ohio infantry, which went into camp a few miles south of Louisa. This regiment had been operating since October, elsewhere in eastern Kentucky. It remained but three or four weeks when it moved to Catlettsburg and thence down the Ohio river, having been ordered to Covington. The boys of the Squadron would have hailed with delight an order to go there, too—or anywhere else for that matter—for their fourteen months on the



BENJAMIN F. SEIBERT,
COMMISSARY-SERGEANT, COMPANY B,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.
Nine months in Andersonville.

Big Sandy had filled them with a disgust that could find no utterance in words. In the latter part of February the Fortieth Ohio, the Squadron's companion in misery, received orders to join the Army of the Cumberland, and left for Nashville. But the Squadron stayed right along; it seemed to be a fixture there.

On the 28th of January Major McFall bade farewell to the boys, having resigned, and left for home. He had commanded the Squadron since the death of Major McLaughlin. He was an able and efficient officer and his departure was greatly regretted. Captain Richard Rice was promoted to major and assumed

command. Within a short time several other changes occurred in the official roster. Captain Samuel H. Fisher, of Company A, resigned near the end of February. First Lieutenant John L. Skeggs was promoted to captain, Second Lieutenant Erastus P. Coates to first lieutenant, and Corporal Ross R. Cowan to second lieutenant. The latter was chosen for promotion by a vote of the

company. In Company B an additional vacancy was occasioned by the resignation of First Lieutenant Benjamin B. Lake. Second Lieutenant John Dalzell was promoted to captain, Sergeant George W. Pomeroy to second lieutenant and a month later to first lieutenant, and Sergeant Jacob O. Stout to second lieutenant.

During the winter the hearts of the boys were gladdened by receiving visits from friends at home. Sergeant B. F. Morris, in his diary, mentions among the guests at camp, Messrs. Gilbert, Oberlin, Morris, Baker, Moorehead, Fickes and Thompson, from Richland and Williams counties in Ohio. All these had sons or near relatives in the Squadron. The good things to eat which they brought afforded a most welcome change from the hard, tooth-testing provender furnished by a beneficent government. The stay in camp was a little rough on the visitors, and they went home impressed with the idea that there was not very much fun in soldiering.

One day Sergeant Frank Gribben was in charge of a detachment on picket, stationed at what was called the "crabtree post." Along after midnight it became George Eastman's turn to go upon one of the outposts as vidette. In the course of an hour the sergeant was startled by hearing Eastman call out: "Halt! Who comes there?" Still more startling was the report of a shot, a moment later. Gribben sprang into the saddle and dashed off to the post at a gallop, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. He found Eastman astride his horse, with his gun on the pommel of his saddle, sitting as unconcerned as if no such thing as the Confederate States of America had ever been heard of. The sergeant hastily inquired what the trouble was about.

"Oh, nawthin'," said George, "I was only jest *practicin'*, to see 'f I could do it all right 'f they should come."

Sergeant Gribben did not appreciate Eastman's style of rehearsal, and lectured him in a way that gave him enough to think about the rest of the night.

By the latter part of March the chill of winter had given way to the warm breath of spring and the spirits of the boys kept step with the rise of the mercury. On every hand there were symptoms of renewed activity. The rebels began to give evidence that they, too, had thawed out, and once more the crack of carbine and revolver and the clank of saber were heard.

One day it was reported that a squad of rebels was engaged in grinding corn at a mill a few miles from camp. Company A, of the Squadron, was dispatched post haste to capture them—or at least to try. One of the horses of this company was known as the "Black Pony." He was famous for running away upon the slightest provocation. Nobody wanted to ride him, for when in one of his tantrums it was impossible to hold him. Jonas Fought had declared that he could make a bit by which the fractious animal could be managed. For some days he had been at work upon his invention and had finished it just in time for this trip. So Jonas geared up Black Pony with the new bit and gayly climbed into the saddle, determined to show the boys what genius could do. Everything went well for a time. The conduct of Black Pony was "without spot and blameless," and Fought was in high feather as he proudly bestrode his charger, twitting the boys on his superior skill in horsemanship.

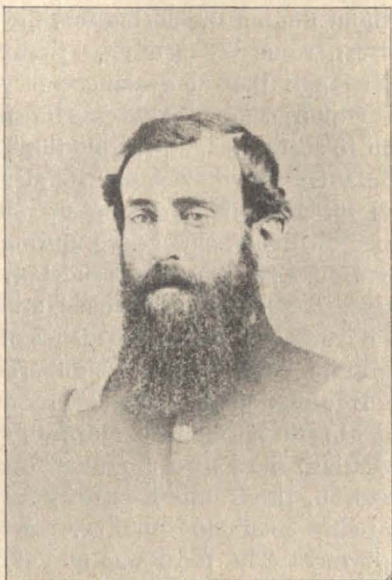
"'Ther' ain't nothin' the matter 'th this 'ere animile!" he said, "You fellers don't know beans 'bout managin' a hoss!"

When within half a mile of the mill the command "Trot!" was given. As soon as this movement began, Black Pony pricked up his ears and dashed away at a mad gallop. It is quite possible that the animal may have been started by a sharp cut from one of Fought's mischievous comrades, but at all events he had things his own way and Jonas and his fancy bit were not "in it." The pony charged forward between the two ranks, thumping the boys on either side and skinning their legs, while shouts and imprecations only increased his speed. Fought had as much as he could attend to in keeping his seat. The pony soon left the company behind, keeping up his gait until he reached the mill, when his career was checked. The rebels had gone and Fought was in calm possession of the mill when the company arrived. Fought had the laugh on the boys, after all, but his adventure took all the conceit out of him. He traded Black Pony to some other fellow. Soon afterward the beast was foundered in consequence of eating too many oats at a session, and became a back number.

On the 20th of March an order was promulgated for each man to stock up with forty rounds of ammunition and to gird up

his loins for business. The Squadron was at once sent out eight miles, but found nobody who was in a fighting mood. The boys went on picket and remained till late in the evening, when they returned, reaching camp at midnight. For the next four or five days this was kept up pretty regularly, detachments being sent in all directions to beat the bush and flush the game, provided there was any. These scurrying trips were generally barren of result, but they kept the boys very busy, night and day.

On the night of the 24th a scouting party stirred up the enemy's pickets and sent them scampering off. Three horses and one lone Johnny didn't get away and were taken in. The detachment remained out all night. In the morning it was joined by the remainder of the Squadron and a battalion of the Tenth Kentucky cavalry. They met the rebels some nine miles from camp and a brisk skirmish ensued, in which one man of the Squadron and one of the Tenth Kentucky were wounded. It was deemed best for the entire force to fall back slowly, for the purpose of drawing the rebels toward camp. It did so, skirmishing with them for five miles, reaching camp about noon.



SAMUEL H. FISHER,
CAPTAIN, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

In the afternoon the enemy's scouts appeared in view. The hostile force was reported to be fifteen hundred strong, under the command of General Humphrey Marshall, of whom the Squadron had heard little since his signal defeat at Middle Creek. It was believed that the Union force would be assailed next morn-

ing, and there was much hurrying to and fro to make the best possible preparations for defence. Company A of the Squadron was ordered on picket and passed the entire night in the saddle. A short time before dawn, eight or ten shots were fired, which caused a general pricking up of ears, for it appeared that the expected attack might be at hand. Nothing came of it, however, and daylight disclosed the fact that the enemy had disappeared. The Tenth Kentucky was ordered in immediate pursuit, the Squadron being directed to follow. After a hard ride of twenty miles, without finding the fleeing foe, the chase was abandoned.

After one day of quiet, a tumult was again occasioned by another report that an avalanche of rebels was about to fall upon the Union camp. The cavalry leaped upon their horses and went to scouting again, while the Thirty-ninth Kentucky mounted infantry seized axes, picks and shovels and chopped and dug as if for dear life, throwing up intrenchments. This was continued for two or three days, during which time the tents of the Squadron, as a measure of prudence, were moved within the line of defence. No attack was made, although the events of the next few days gave abundant evidence of the presence of a large Confederate force in the near neighborhood.

Information having been received that a long wagon train, belonging to Humphrey Marshall's command, might be had for the taking, the entire mounted force at Louisa, consisting of the Squadron, the Tenth Kentucky cavalry, and the Thirty-ninth Kentucky mounted infantry, started for it, on the evening of April 1st. The force was absent three days, returning on the 4th. It brought no captured wagons, because the train had twenty-five miles the start and succeeded in getting out of the way. The rebels were reported to be at Wayne Courthouse, Virginia, thirty miles northeast from Louisa, and about midway between that place and Winfield.

At two o'clock on the morning of April 8th, a detachment of the Squadron went out to hunt Johnnies and found some, as may be inferred from the fact that it returned in the afternoon bringing in four prisoners, one officer and three soldiers, clad in butternut. A week later word was received that at a point twenty miles distant an infantry detachment had met the enemy and captured a

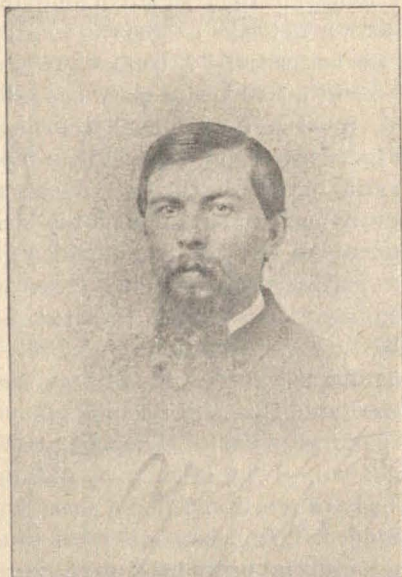
dozen prisoners and one piece of artillery. Prompt assistance was asked. The Squadron was dispatched to the scene and escorted the infantry, prisoners and cannon back to Louisa. The following day the Thirty-ninth Kentucky, which had been absent two or three days, came into camp with seventy-four captive Confederates, the largest catch of the season up to that time. The number of prisoners now on hand was above one hundred and they were sent to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio. Sergeant Frank M. Davis, of Company A, and four men from the Squadron, were detailed to assist in guarding the prisoners to Camp Chase.

About the 10th of May it was learned that a band of rebels, commanded by Captain "Bill" Smith, had made its way to the river below Louisa, pounced upon a government transport steamer plying on the Big Sandy, captured and burned it. The marauders had fled into the mountains of Virginia. Of course an attempt must be made to capture and properly punish the boat burners, and two strong detachments of troopers were hustled off in quest of them. One of the parties, riding all night, reached Wayne Courthouse the following day. A short distance beyond that place the boys found what they were looking for—"Bill" Smith and his squad. But that did not seem to be the day that Smith wanted to fight. He preferred to run, and he and his men put spurs to their horses and galloped away. The boys tried hard to catch him but without avail. The other party did not find Smith, but struck another body of rebels and had a sharp engagement, losing two men wounded. At least one rebel was killed, and eight were captured and brought back to Louisa. Other trophies of the victors were eight horses and a rebel flag.

The ensuing four weeks passed without any exciting events. There was the same endless succession of scouting parties, but the rebels seemed to have quitted that section for the time, and had ceased from troubling. The weather was warm and pleasant. The per capita circulation of money in camp had been largely increased by a visit from the paymaster, and the various financial operations peculiar to the soldiers after a pay-day were in a flourishing condition while the money lasted.

On May 24th Captain Skeggs with a squad of men was sent with prisoners to Camp Chase. A noteworthy event on the 27th

was the advent of the shelter or "pup" tent. The peculiarities of this little domicile have been fully described on previous pages of this volume. It need only be said here that the boys of the Squadron had the same experience with them that did we of the infantry. They grumbled at first just as fervently as we did, but ere long they came to regard them with content and satisfaction. Indeed, for active campaigning the pup tent was an even greater boon to the cavalryman than to the foot soldier. It was not possible



JACOB O. STOUT,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

to carry the large tents when upon scouting trips, and much of the time hitherto the horseman had been without shelter when upon his forays, except such as he could improvise from the materials at hand. The weight of the shelter tent was nothing for a horse, and the rider always had it with him. The tent could be pitched in five minutes, and struck and packed in half that time. In appearance it was very far from the majestic Sibley tent, but for usefulness in the field its superiority will not for a moment be questioned by any veteran of the war.

One evening a member of Company A, whom we will call "Jim," looked a little too long upon some Kentucky applejack when it was red—or some other color—and got into a condition sometimes described as "half seas over." Captain Skeggs was officer of the day, and Jim declared his purpose to accompany him, as one of the escort, when he went upon the "grand rounds" of the picket posts at midnight—a trip that was always lonely and often dangerous. When the

time came and the captain mounted his horse, there was Jim, somewhat hilarious and in a mood for any adventure. The little cavalcade started upon its mission, and as it approached one of the reserve posts the sergeant in charge halted it, according to the form for such cases made and provided, and asked, "Who comes there?"

This conundrum was answered in an altogether unexpected way by Jim, who yelled at the top of his voice:

"Who the dickens d'ye s'pose it is but Cap. Skeggs 'n' me!"

"Dickens" is not exactly the word he used, which had but one syllable, but it will answer the purpose of this narrative.

No sooner had Jim uttered these paralyzing words than he dashed the spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped directly upon the post, the men scrambling in every direction to get out of the way. Then he reined up and trotted back to the post in great glee, telling the officer that he was ready to proceed on the rounds. Captain Skeggs, however, concluded to dispense with his services and detailed a man to take Jim to camp, where he was put in the guard-house to cool off. It was a long time before Jim heard the last of going the grand rounds with Captain Skeggs.

About the 1st of June the force at Louisa was joined by the Sixty-fifth Illinois infantry and four pieces of artillery. On the following day a soldier of the Sixty-fifth was drowned in the river.

On the 12th, the troops were directed to provide four days' rations in haversacks and to hold themselves in readiness for instant movement. No marching order was received that day, nor the next, but on the 14th the Sixty-fifth Illinois and the artillery started up the river. These were followed two days later by the wagons. Early on the 17th, the cavalry and mounted infantry drew out by the same road, and overtook the infantry at Paintsville in the evening. Next day the march was continued to Prestonburg, where the Squadron went into camp on the very spot which it had occupied a year before.

During the next few days everybody was kept in a continual stew by orders and disorders of every kind. There were rumors of rebels here and there, and the Squadron was kept dodging about, with apparently no digested plan as to what it was to do.

On the 20th it marched six miles on the road to Piketon, and went into camp. Each man was directed to provide himself with five days' rations, thirty pounds of corn for his horse, and one hundred rounds of ammunition. The Squadron was ordered to march at daylight the next morning to some unknown destination. All this had a strong flavor of business. The boys did not go, however, for the order was countermanded. The only thing done was to make a trip a few miles up Beaver creek after forage and provisions. The next two days were occupied in throwing up fortifications. This was in consequence of a report that an attack was imminent. On the 27th the Squadron was ordered out with three days' rations, but it only went four miles up the creek, faced about and went back to Prestonburg.

After five or six days more of fitful fever the Squadron finally managed to get away on July 3rd, marching that day to within three miles of Piketon, camping on the farm of Judge Cecil. The weather was rainy, and while here there was a heavy thunderstorm. The rain fell in a literal deluge. The men took to houses, barns, and outbuildings, each for himself, to find such shelter as they could. The haps and mishaps of one party may be given, as a sample of the experience of all:

"We were fortunate enough to find a house about dark. We put away and fed our horses, got supper, and went to sleep before a large fireplace, the rain still pouring down. About midnight all were awakened by a sensation of dampness, and we found ourselves lying in water about two inches deep. The situation was comprehended immediately. A small creek which ran past the house, and scarcely noticeable when we retired, had grown into a swiftly rushing stream, overflowed its banks, found its way into the house and thus disturbed us. Our host said he had not seen the creek so high for twenty years, and then it carried away his house. The present flood promised him the same blessing. We vacated the premises without the least delay and waded knee-deep in water to the stable where the horses were. The stable, being on higher ground, had not been reached by the flood, and we sheltered ourselves under its roof, but in a miserably cold and wet condition.

"During the night the house was carried away and lodged

among the trees about a hundred yards down the stream, which was slowly resuming its natural size. The rain had ceased. A large fire was built and breakfast prepared, after which we started on our journey. Piketon again! Some of the men had arrived there a few hours before us and some did not get in till after dark. For two or three days houses, barns, chicken-coops, beehives, etc., continued to come down the river, which was a raging torrent. It was a horrid desolation for those Sandyites—worse than the Yankee cavalry, according to their own testimony.”

During the following day the scattered troopers made their way singly or in squads to Piketon. Many were the experiences they had to relate—of narrow escapes from drowning in the swollen and swiftly rushing streams, or of being unable to find shelter and sitting on their horses, drenched to the skin and chilled to the bone, throughout the pitiless storm.

On the morning of the 6th the troops started on the march at daylight, taking the well-remembered road to Pound gap. The weather had cleared, and the air was cool and bracing. The roads were in fairly good condition and they marched rapidly, passing through that wildly beautiful part of eastern Kentucky. At the mouth of Indian creek the advance guard was attacked by rebels and three of the Squadron were wounded. The following account is given by one of the participants, a member of the Squadron, heretofore quoted :

“We reached the gap in the evening and occupied it until about one o'clock that night, when we started for Gladesville, where, as we learned, a rebel regiment, being formed by a Colonel Caudill, was encamped, and which we contemplated surprising at an early hour. Gladesville is about twelve miles from Pound gap, and apparently isolated from the rest of the world, being



WILLIAM K. SPENCER,
CORPORAL, COMPANY B,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

surrounded by mountains and dense forests. It had then a population of about three hundred—and probably has about the same number now.

"The night ride was most tedious. We neared the town as daylight began to appear, and made all necessary arrangements for a dash upon the enemy, under orders to advance with drawn revolvers, be as quiet as possible, and not to fire a shot until we were among them. About five o'clock the order was given to move. At the outskirts of the town the advance guard was fired upon by the Confederate pickets, who immediately took to the woods. After the alarm given by the pickets, silence was unnecessary, and we rode rapidly into the town on the only street it boasted. On the right side of the road was a row of strong log houses, and on the left were a few low huts, behind which, and surrounded by a thicket of underbrush, were the rebel tents. On discovering the tents the Fourth Kentucky was deployed to the left with the view of surrounding them, while the Squadron continued down the road and halted in front of the log houses above mentioned. During the time these preliminaries were being made random shots were heard and men were seen moving among the tents, waking the inmates, and the camp soon became very lively.

"The Tenth Kentucky dismounted and assisted in arousing the sleepers, by entering the tents and pulling them out and informing them of the changed conditions, some being humorous and others severe in their communications. Many prisoners were taken, but some of the Confederates escaped into the brush. The task assigned to the men of the Squadron was not so easy, for they soon learned that the log houses which they had confronted were occupied by a large number of the rebels, among whom were the colonel of the regiment and his officers. A lively fight was maintained. The Squadron probably got the worst of it, three men being severely wounded, among whom was Orderly Sergeant Hiram N. Williams, of Company B. The houses stood on supports some inches from the ground, and fires were started under them, which soon brought the "grays" to terms. They stepped forth from the larger building, twenty-two of them, all officers, including Colonel Caudill. Among them was a giant

character well known as "Baby Bates," who subsequently made his home among the "Yankees." at Seville, Ohio. Asa Messenger, the smallest boy in the Squadron—about five feet one inch high—was placed on guard over this giant, who was eight feet four inches, and rode alongside of him on the way to camp, causing much merriment for the entire command.

"By this time the town had been pretty well 'soldiered.' A large part of the buildings were burned. No further opposition was made, and preparations were commenced for the return. The prisoners were brought together, one hundred and eighteen in all, and placed under a strong guard. Several wounded rebels were found in the houses and a number among the bushes near the camp. Seven of the "Yankees" were wounded. All the commissary and quartermaster stores, together with a large number of wagons, were burned."

Having made a thorough job of it, the troops soon afterward started back to Piketon. The Tenth Kentucky cavalry had the advance and was fired upon several times before Pound gap was reached, two or three men and horses being wounded. After passing through the gap without hindrance, the command halted for dinner. Word was received that a force of the enemy was following. For fear of accidents, the men remounted, took the prisoners upon their horses by "doubling," and continued the retrograde movement, arriving on the evening of the 8th. Stopping here for a day, the whole force then marched to Prestonburg.

The wounded had been hauled in wagons from Gladesville to this point and had suffered most severely from the jolting of the long, rough ride of seventy miles. At Prestonburg they were placed upon a barge, to be floated down the river. It is related that after they had been transferred to the barge, and were moaning and crying out with pain, John Duffner, of Company A, who was the most severely wounded of all, shouted to them that if they did not keep quiet he would kick them all into the river. As one of his knees had been shattered by a bullet, the idea of his kicking anybody was so ridiculous that it set everybody to laughing. It was better than medicine. The barge floated down to Catlettsburg, whence the wounded were removed to the hospital at Ashland, Kentucky, a few miles down the Ohio river.

The troops remained about a week at Prestonburg. The prisoners captured at Gladesville were sent under guard to Ohio. Blackberries were plenty and the soldiers consumed them in large quantities. The force marched to Paintsville, where there was a short stay. While here a detachment was sent on a four days' trip to West Liberty and Mt. Sterling, to observe the condition of affairs in that section. No rebels were encountered, and the detachment returned without incident.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

KNOXVILLE.

TURMOIL IN THE CAMPS ON THE BIG SANDY—FINE OUTLOOK FOR BUSINESS—THE SQUADRON ORDERED TO CINCINNATI—THENCE TO LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—THE LONG MARCH TO KNOXVILLE—THE CITY OCCUPIED—THE SQUADRON AT HEADQUARTERS—BELEAGUERED BY LONGSTREET—INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE—THE CONFEDERATE ASSAULT UPON FORT SANDEBS—APPROACH OF SHERMAN'S ARMY—THE SIEGE RAISED.

ON THE 22nd of July tidings were received which threw the camps on the Big Sandy into a great turmoil. John Morgan and his Confederate troopers had been for some time riding through Indiana and Ohio, creating the wildest panic among the people of those states. The raiders had been defeated at Buffington island, on the Ohio river, and half of the force had been captured. Morgan, with the remainder of his men, was galloping to the eastward, trying to evade the Union

cavalry and escape across the river into Dixie's Land. The report that reached the troops at Paintsville and Prestonburg was that Morgan was within twelve miles of Catlettsburg, and that they would probably be ordered down the Big Sandy to assist in the chase after him. The same day it was reported that the Confederate General Preston had gathered a large force and was moving on Prestonburg. There were symptoms of business, and plenty of it, in two directions at once. The troops were ordered to put themselves in readiness for prompt response to any call. Haversacks were filled with rations, arms were examined and put in order, cartridge-boxes were replenished, and every preparation was made to strike tents, mount and ride away.

Several days passed, however, before things came to a head. The camps were kept in a continual ferment by the absurd and conflicting rumors that were flying about. To illustrate the confusion that prevailed in the minds of those who were directing affairs, the fact may be stated that five companies



JOHN S. KOPE,
COMPANY B, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

of the Ninety-first Ohio were rushed up from Catlettsburg and went whirling back the next day. This was probably occasioned by the report of an impending attack by Preston, which proved to be a false alarm.

On the 26th the Squadron was ordered to Louisa, where all the troops from points up the river were being concentrated. Here several days more were passed, waiting for matters to assume definite shape. Rumors and orders—made one moment and countermanded the next—were mingled in inextricable chaos.

An order which was greeted with yells of delight was received on the 30th. It was for the Squadron to report at Cincinnati. Whither it would go from there the boys knew not, neither did they care. The disgust which they felt when they moved for the second time up the Big Sandy, after the Kanawha campaign, had been immeasurably increased by their protracted stay. Eighteen months they had spent in that region, until every road and by-way, hill, valley, forest and stream, was familiar. They experienced an unspeakable sense of relief and satisfaction when they once more quitted that desolate and inhospitable region, for the last time—as they hoped, and as it proved.

On the 31st, with glad hearts and nimble hands, the boys of the Squadron struck tents, packed their belongings, saddled their horses and rode out of Louisa, "nor cast a lingering look behind;" they were only too glad to get away. Catlettsburg was reached at midnight. A new deal all around was being made. Great campaigns were being planned. Rosecrans, with the Army of the Cumberland, was about to strike for Chattanooga, while Burnside, at Cincinnati and Lexington, Kentucky, was organizing a powerful column with which to move into eastern Tennessee and occupy Knoxville. The fact that the Squadron had been ordered to Cincinnati induced the belief, which proved to be correct, that it would share the fortunes of Burnside.

Owing to the large number of troops to be moved, the transportation at hand was insufficient and the Squadron did not get away immediately. While it lay at Catlettsburg several of the boys went to Ashland to visit their comrades who were in the hospital there, sick or wounded. A number had died and were buried there, or had been taken home by their friends. Those remaining were generally convalescent, and a few were able to rejoin their companies.

It may be said, in passing, that the Squadron had no chance to take a hand in the capture of John Morgan. The daring raider and the remnant of his band had surrendered, in Columbiana county, Ohio, on the 26th of July, before the Squadron had reached Catlettsburg.

On the evening of August 2nd the Squadron was ordered to be ready to embark at three o'clock the next morning. Every-

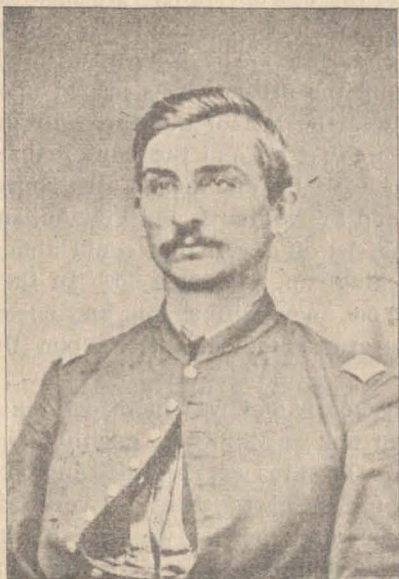
body was up betimes, and by the light of the blazing campfires breakfast was prepared and eaten and everything was put in readiness for the voyage. The boys were eager to get started, for in their hearts there was still a lurking fear that after all they might yet be ordered back up the Big Sandy. Nor did this dreadful doubt disappear until they were fairly upon their way down the river. Of course they did not start on schedule time; no soldiers ever did. They waited around for several hours, but at length all things were ready and the welcome order "All aboard!" was heard. The Squadron, men and horses, was quickly stowed away on the new steamer Henry Logan. The Sixty-fifth Illinois took possession of the Scioto and the artillery was loaded upon the Ella Faber. The Logan was the last of the three to get under way. When the lines were cast off and the boys realized that they were really going to leave behind them Catlettsburg, and Louisa, and Paintsville, and Prestonburg, and Piketon, and Pound gap, and Gladesville, they let off a yell that could almost have been heard at Camp Buckingham, in Mansfield. In their exuberance of spirit they broke out anew with shouts and cheers at frequent intervals, for these eruptions took place upon the smallest provocation.

The Scioto stopped at Portsmouth and was there overtaken by the Logan, just as the former was starting. An exciting race for ten or fifteen miles followed. The fires were crowded and both boats surged forward under a full head of steam. Everybody caught the spirit of the occasion, and the air was vocal with shouts and yells. For a time it was "nip and tuck" between the contestants, but the staying qualities of the Scioto proved to be the better and she gradually drew away from her competitor. As the gap widened, and it became apparent that the Squadron would be left behind, the Illinois soldiers on the Scioto almost split their throats and shouted all manner of taunts and gibes at the Ohio boys. In their defeat, the members of the Squadron consoled themselves with the knowledge that they could outstrip the infantry on land, anyway.

The trip occupied about twenty-four hours, the little fleet reaching Covington, Kentucky, directly opposite Cincinnati, early the next morning. The stay at Covington was brief—only

two days. It was tantalizing to think of home and loved ones being "so near and yet so far"—for no furloughs were permitted, and "French leave" was not to be considered, in view of the pains and penalties which were sure to follow such a lapse from military discipline. Permits were given to cross the river to Cincinnati, and a few who had friends there made the most of the opportunity. Others, who had been so long away from "God's country," in the wilds of eastern Kentucky, went over and

foraged around on general principles.



ROSS R. COWAN,
SECOND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

The forty-eight hours sped quickly, and on August 6th men and horses were loaded upon cars of the Kentucky Central railroad. At six o'clock that evening the train pulled out for Lexington, and with a fresh outburst of yells, the boys were off to enter upon a new campaign. It was a slow, tedious, jerky ride. The distance is only seventy miles, but it occupied the whole night. Nobody slept any to speak of, and all were in a more or less disgruntled state of mind when they tumbled out of the cars, winking and

blinking and scraping the cinders out of their eyes. The horses were unloaded and the Squadron went into camp in a pleasant grove in the outskirts of the town.

Three days were passed at Lexington. New equipments for the horses were drawn, as well as clothing and accouterments for the men. Such horses as were unserviceable were replaced by others. Aside from the discomfort arising from the extreme heat

the time at Lexington passed pleasantly and the best of good cheer prevailed. All were in high spirits at the prospect of new adventures in a new country.

One of the comrades of the Squadron who furnished the facts from which its history is written, has a mysterious paragraph relative to a brewery near the camp at Lexington, and the strange events that occurred one night when a barrel of something or other was rolled into camp. But we will pass over that.

On the evening of the 10th the Squadron responded to "Boots and Saddles!" and marched to Camp Nelson, near Nicholasville, ten miles distant, where it arrived shortly before midnight. At this great camp of instruction and military rendezvous, the force for the advance into East Tennessee was made complete as to organization, and mobilized for the campaign. The Squadron was assigned for duty at the headquarters of the Twenty-third army corps, as escort to its commander, General George L. Hartsuff.

The column was put in motion on August 15th for Knoxville. The distance from Nicholasville, as the crow flies, is about one hundred and eighty miles; by the route traveled, with its windings and turnings, it was nearly or quite two hundred miles. The route was covered in eighteen days. There was no occasion for extraordinary haste, and the column was not pushed faster than the infantry could travel with comfort. In the Twenty-third corps there were several new regiments, and the march was gauged according to the ability of the "tenderfeet." To the well-seasoned boys of the Squadron, ten to fifteen miles a day was no more than a pleasant jaunt. The ride was a long one, but those two weeks and a half in the saddle, with constantly changing scenery, generally fair weather and plenty of rations for man and beast, the days and nights were passed with but a small measure of bodily discomfort. Much of the route lay through long stretches of forest, where the air was heavy with the fragrance of pine and balsam. The scenery was diversified by river and valley and mountain.

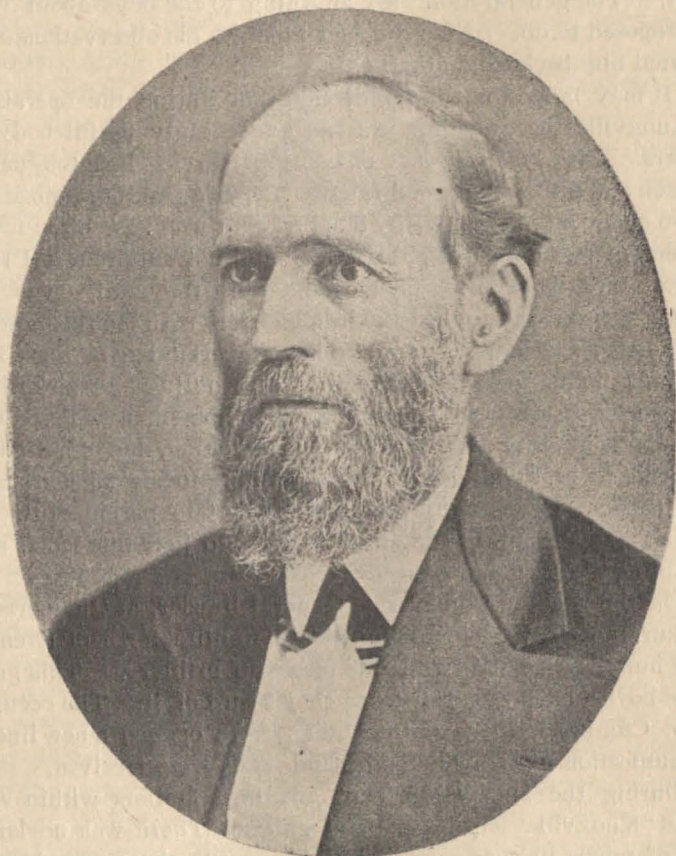
After leaving Nicholasville the route was through Danville, Crab orchard and Stanford—places which had become familiar to the other organizations of the Sherman Brigade. Twice in the previous year we of the infantry had tramped over that ground,

Passing through Somerset, the column crossed the Cumberland river at Smith's Ferry, on the 22nd. Here there was a halt for a day to await the passage of the river by the artillery and the long train of wagons. The journey was resumed, and on the 26th the state line was crossed and the troops were upon the soil of Tennessee. Up to this time the direction from Lexington had been due south; it was now changed to the southeast, straight for Knoxville. During the march the front and flanks of the column were covered by cavalry, but no hostile force was encountered until August 31st. On that day there was a considerable fusillade in the advance, which quickened the pulses of the weary soldiers. No body of the enemy sufficiently large to impede the march was found.

In the early days of September, the army reached its objective point. Knoxville was occupied without hindrance, the small Confederate force which had been stationed there evacuating the place upon the near approach of Burnside. The diary of Sergeant B. F. Morris fixes the occupation of Knoxville on the 4th of September, while the official records fix it on the 10th. For the purposes of this narrative the precise date is of small consequence, the main fact being that McLaughlin's Squadron and the rest of the boys "got there."

The troops were disposed around the city, occupying the points of vantage, and all hands were set to work throwing up field intrenchments. As soon as it could be done, an elaborate system of defences, with strong forts and earthworks, mounting heavy artillery, was laid out by Colonel Orlando M. Poe, General Burnside's chief engineer. He was a thoroughly competent and skilled officer, and his work at Knoxville was of the highest order. Having gained the city without a fight, General Burnside determined to make it as nearly impregnable as possible, so that it could be held against any force with which the enemy might assail it. Mention will be made hereafter of Colonel Poe's excellent work upon Fort Sanders and its approaches.

For two or three days everybody who didn't wear shoulder-straps had to chop and dig—members of the Squadron doing their full share—until the town was encircled by a fairly good cordon of works. The first camp of the Squadron was located just within



RICHARD RICE,
MAJOR, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

the line of intrenchments, north of the arsenal and west of the railroad. On the 5th the Squadron went to Loudon, some thirty miles, on the Tennessee river, as escort to General Hartsuff, who was considering the advisability of occupying and fortifying that point. The general didn't say anything to the boys about what he proposed to do. After he had finished his observations they escorted him back to Knoxville.

It may be said in this connection that during the operations at Knoxville the Squadron was an exceedingly useful body of soldiers. Nearly two years of constant service had toughened the men and made them good riders. Being a small organization, of two companies, it was easily handled, and was very often found convenient for many purposes which did not require a full regiment. Individual and squad details were frequently made for various duties. It supplied the headquarters with mounted orderlies, carried the mails to and from Cumberland gap, served as escort for the big generals, and did much scouting and picketing, besides numberless other things for which horsemen were so often needed. The duty was arduous and exacting, but officers and men were prompt and cheerful in responding to the constant calls upon them. Of course it was always best to be cheerful, for whether they were or not they had to go just the same, and grumbling did no good.

On the 9th the Confederate General Frazier, at Cumberland gap, surrendered to General Burnside his entire force of twenty-seven hundred men and thirteen pieces of artillery. This gave all the boys a chance to yell when they heard of it. The occupation of Cumberland gap by the Union forces opened a new line of communication by which supplies and mails were received.

During the six weeks next ensuing, matters within and around Knoxville were generally quiet. There was no large force of rebels in that section and no hostile shots were heard, save when a cavalry scout encountered one of the small bodies of Confederate horse which hovered about, usually at safe distances. The work of fortifying the city was pushed with unremitting diligence. The wisdom of this was abundantly shown by subsequent events. Loudon and a few other outlying points around Knoxville were occupied by strong detachments, chiefly for the

purpose of observation. It was well understood that these would be drawn in, should the city be seriously menaced by the enemy. The duties imposed upon the Squadron were continuous, in one form or another, but comparatively light in their nature. It was occasionally sent on scouting trips, one of these, upon which it started on the 4th of October, extending nearly to the Smoky mountains, to the southeastward.

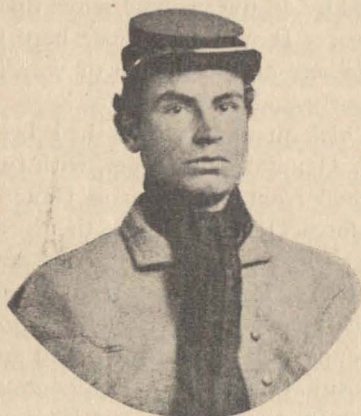
Soon after the middle of October, affairs put on a different aspect. The change was occasioned by an unexpected move upon the chess-board by the Confederates. It will be proper here to speak briefly of recent events elsewhere on the theater of war, in order that the situation may be clearly understood.

Just before the battle of Chickamauga, which had been fought September 19th and 20th, General Longstreet, with two divisions of his corps, was detached from the army of General Lee in Virginia and sent to reinforce General Bragg, then near Chattanooga. These divisions participated in the battle and sustained their full share of casualties. Rosecrans withdrew his army within the lines around Chattanooga. Bragg closely followed and invested the place, occupying Lookout mountain and Missionary ridge. The natural position held by the Confederates was so strong that it was believed by the authorities at Richmond that a sufficient force could be spared to march into East Tennessee and wrest Knoxville from the grasp of Burnside. This enterprise was intrusted to Longstreet and his Virginia troops.

Near the end of October, intimations of the Confederate movement were received at Knoxville, and within a few days the plan was fully disclosed. Immediate activity followed, and every preparation that military science could suggest was made to meet the expected emergency. Loudon was evacuated and the pontoon bridge across the Tennessee at that point was taken up and removed to Knoxville. Other places which had been occupied by the troops of Burnside were abandoned, and all the detachments were drawn within the fortified line around the city. The soldiers were constantly employed in strengthening the forts and other earthworks, and every possible effort was made to provide supplies of food, forage and ammunition. Bodies of cavalry were kept on duty to give early tidings of the approach of the

enemy. The whole army was alert and active. Reports of Longstreet's arrival were rife and hostilities were hourly expected. The Squadron, which had occupied the position heretofore mentioned, moved its camp to the central portion of the city, pitching its tents in a vacant square.

About the middle of November, Longstreet made his appearance and desultory fighting began immediately. Longstreet rapidly placed his troops upon the ridges and hills covering the city,



BENJAMIN F. CLARK,
COMPANY B,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

and by the 17th the investment was so nearly complete that the avenues of supply and communication were cut off. Hostile batteries crowned the surrounding heights and lines of intrenchments enveloped the city. Knoxville was under siege.

The roar of artillery and crack of musketry, the bursting shell and hissing bullet, served to enliven the days. All buildings which obstructed military operations were burned or leveled to the ground. On the 19th General William F. Sanders was mortally wounded, dying soon afterward.

Not until late in the month did the Confederates consider themselves in condition to attempt an assault. The point of attack was the strongest on the line, a work known as Fort Sanders. The fort was occupied by General Edward Ferrero, with his brigade. The signal gun broke the silence of early dawn on the morning of the 29th of November. The assaulting column moved gallantly up to the attack, over a slope of the hill covering the Kingston road, in front of the fort. A heavy artillery fire was opened upon them at the first advance, but despite the storm of canister which was hurled into them, the devoted men, at brigade front, slowly poured across the railroad cut, and quickened their pace as the ground presented less obstruction, until, emerging from the nearest timber, they broke into the charge.

Across the open space which intervened between the wood and the fort, and which was slashed with logs and fallen trees, the Confederates rushed at impetuous speed. But Colonel Poe had resorted to stratagem to embarrass a storming party. In the slashing which covered the slope had been interwoven a network of wire, lines of which had been stretched through the low brush, near the ground, and coiled around the stumps. The foremost of the assaulting column tripped and stumbled, one falling over another, and the troops were thrown into confusion.

The command in the fort took advantage of the momentary halt to pour a destructive fire upon the broken lines. The embrasures of the fort and the whole length of the parapet blazed at once with the discharges. Still the gallant Confederates pressed on, their battle-flags floating defiantly above their heads. Rallying over the temporary obstructions, leaping the stumps and logs, and pushing through the brush, they were soon within pistol shot of the fort. The fire of the latter had been reserved. The guns were double and treble shotted with grape and canister. Suddenly they all launched their missiles of death into the column of chargers. The lines were shattered, but with undaunted courage some of the rebels sprang into the moat encircling the fort, clambered up the glacis, and almost side by side with our own starry banner planted the Confederate flags. But they were soon hurled down by determined men inside the fort. A Confederate captain demanded the surrender of the garrison, as he pushed his body through one of the embrasures and faced the very muzzle of the cannon. He was answered by an oath, and in another instant the piece was discharged, which rent the rebel limb from limb and hurled outward his mangled corpse. His comrades, yet essaying to get within the works, were now subjected to the fire of hand grenades, extemporized by cutting short the fuses, the shells being then tossed over the edge of the parapet. Baffled at every point, those brave men surrendered and were hauled within the fort, but not until the trench was well-nigh filled with dead and dying. In this terrible ditch the dead and wounded lay literally in heaps. Among the wounded were two rebel colonels, who died shortly afterward. Eight hundred rebels were killed, wounded or captured, while the Union loss was not more than twenty.

Peter M. Redding, of Company A, tells of an incident that happened a short time before the assault on Fort Sanders. Orderly Sergeant Frank M. Davis called for volunteers to go out upon the skirmish line and rout the Johnnies out of their "gopher holes." Some twelve or fifteen responded, ready for anything in the way of adventure. They took shelter behind a railroad embankment, from which they would focus the fire of their carbines upon one of the posts where the rebel pickets had burrowed into the ground. The latter found it so warm that a number of them dodged out and ran for their lives. At length two or three of the Squadron boys made their way to a brick house, between the lines, in order to get a shorter range. They opened fire from the windows and the rebels promptly responded, the balls coming in at the windows and pattering against the walls. The floor was stained with blood, showing that somebody, rebel or Yankee, had been killed or wounded there. The members of the self-constituted detachment had many narrow escapes, but not one was struck during the afternoon's diversion. Redding says it was "as much fun for the boys as a snow battle at school."

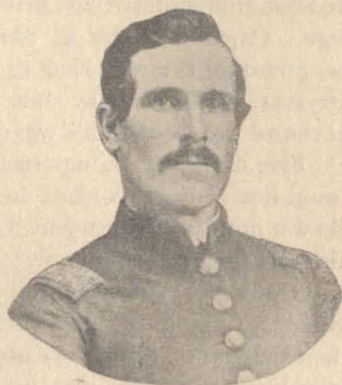
Bugler Thomas Everly, of Company B, after the bloody repulse of the rebels at Fort Sanders, took a stroll over the battlefield, before the dead and wounded had been removed. He has kept, as a memento of the occasion, a book which he took from the pocket of Colonel Ruff, of the Eighteenth Georgia infantry, who was killed in the assault. In the book were the official orders which he had received for the attack upon the fort.

The attack upon the defences of Knoxville was hastened by the rapid approach of five or six divisions, numbering thirty thousand men, which General Grant, immediately after the rout of the Confederates at Missionary ridge, had dispatched to the relief of Burnside. Apprised of the march of this force, Longstreet decided to assault at once; if Knoxville was to be taken it must be done quickly. Sherman moved rapidly, and by the 2nd of December succeeded in getting a dispatch through the hostile lines, informing Burnside that succor was near at hand.

During the siege of Knoxville the Squadron did faithfully and well its full share of duty, receiving from those high in command words of warm commendation. Its members also shared

the hardships and privations which are so vividly remembered as a conspicuous feature of those days and nights in the beleaguered city. The lines of supply were held by the enemy and very soon after the investment was complete the stomachs of men and horses began to feel the pinch of short rations.

The shrinkage continued until everybody was on quarter allowance. For two weeks the men suffered constantly the gnawings of hunger that could not be appeased. There wasn't anything the matter with the boys' appetites, but there wasn't enough to eat. The pitiful daily portion of each man would barely suffice for a single meal. Haversacks became an almost useless article of the outfit, for there was nothing to put in them and they were in a state of chronic collapse. The supply of fresh meat was very limited. There were a few starved cattle, which seemed about ready to be gathered to their fathers. They were slaughtered and divided around, but there wasn't much of them except bone, horn, hoof, and hide. Hardtack and sowbelly were dealt out most sparingly, for none could foresee how long the siege would continue.



ERASTUS P. COATES,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

The horses, too, suffered from the universal shortage. A mere handful of corn and a wisp of hay or straw had to suffice for a "feed." There was no opportunity to eke out their scanty store by foraging. The poor animals suffered keenly, and their whinnies and cries of distress were painful to hear. Many animals died, and hundreds of the men were prostrated by weakness. Those were pinching times indeed, and all were profoundly thankful when the siege was raised and the cracker-line was once more open. Had the investment continued much longer, the army would have been forced either to surrender, or to abandon Knoxville and cut its way out. Those hungry days and nights

endured by the Squadron were very much like those which, a little earlier, fell to the lot of the other members of the Sherman brigade at Chattanooga.

At the time of Longstreet's first appearance, the wagon train of the Squadron, under Quartermaster-sergeant Albert A. Pomeroy, was in Powell's valley, twenty miles distant from the city, loaded with corn. It was a question whether the train would be able to get inside the rebel cordon before the investment was complete, but the fortunes of war permitted it, and the horses of the Squadron suffered less privation than many others during the siege. Captain Joseph C. Shields's battery—Nineteenth Ohio—was guarding the road leading into the city from Powell's valley. Survivors of that battery state that a half hour's delay would have prevented the Squadron's wagon train from securing an entrance.

Five days after Longstreet's disastrous attempt to pierce the Union line at Fort Sanders, he remained in his position. Burnside did not deem it prudent to make a counter attack, and during this time the armies lay quiet. There was constant skirmishing on the outposts, varied by the occasional use of artillery on both sides. No change in the situation took place until December 4th, when the van of Sherman's army was so near at hand that Longstreet knew the game was up. He could not hope to successfully contend against the combined forces of Burnside and Sherman. That night he raised the siege, drew together his army, and marched away to the northeastward. Dawn of the 5th disclosed the retreat of the enemy; the long lines of environing earthworks were deserted.

Major Rice started for home on leave of absence. The next day, December 7th, a report reached the Squadron that he had been captured by the rebels, but this was subsequently learned to be untrue. The major was in a tight place, but he got through and in due time reached Ohio.

Longstreet halted his army at Strawberry Plains, some fifteen miles from Knoxville, where it remained several days, when it continued its movement toward Virginia. In course of time it rejoined the army of General Lee, for the great campaign of 1864.

General Sherman deemed the presence of so large a Union force unnecessary and returned to Chattanooga, with that part of

the army of the Tennessee which he had brought with him, leaving in East Tennessee two divisions of the Fourth corps, to one of which belonged the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio, of the Sherman Brigade family. These divisions, with part of the army of General John G. Foster—who had superseded General Burnside in command at Knoxville—moved out to Strawberry Plains about the middle of December. On the 23rd the Squadron escorted General Manson to Blaine's cross roads, and on the 28th it went to Strawberry Plains.

CHAPTER LXXV.

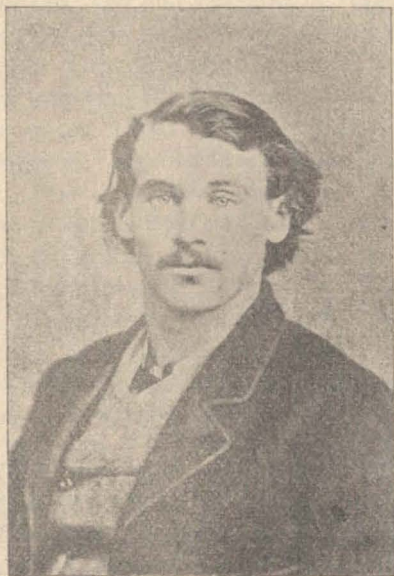
TRANSFORMED INTO VETERANS.

THE BOYS RE-ENLIST FOR THREE YEARS MORE—HOME ON THIRTY DAYS' FURLOUGH—BACK TO CAMP NELSON—THE SQUADRON JOINS STONEMAN'S CAVALRY DIVISION—A COMPLETE NEW OUTFIT—THE CAVALRYMAN AND HIS HORSE—LONG MARCH TO THE FRONT—REACHES SHERMAN'S ARMY AT BIG SHANTY, GEORGIA—NOW LOOK OUT FOR BUSINESS!

DURING two years of constant service and devious wandering the Squadron had been widely separated from its Camp Buckingham associates. Now the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth—the Sixth battery being at Chattanooga—were once more within speaking distance and there was a cordial renewal of the acquaintances formed at Mansfield. Only once afterward, during the Atlanta campaign, did they get even so much as a glimpse of each other.

At this time the re-enlistment fever broke out, the circumstances of which have been already described in the history of the regiments and the battery. The infection went quickly through McLaughlin's Squadron and made pretty thorough work, all save eight or ten becoming "veterans." The actual enrollment and muster-in, with that designation, took place on January 3rd. The boys experienced the same emotions and passed through just such scenes of hilarity, as did those of the infantry. Thoughts of

home filled their hearts and they waited with impatient longing for the promised furlough.



CALVIN MOREHEAD,
COMPANY A. M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

On the 17th of January the bugles sounded and the Squadron was again in the saddle. It marched to Dandridge, on the French Broad river, accompanying a considerable force of infantry. A brisk fight occurred, in which the Squadron took part, but was fortunate in suffering no loss. The hostile force was a body of cavalry. During the following night the troops started to return to Strawberry Plains. The night was very dark and the roads villainously

muddy. The march was exceedingly difficult and everybody wretchedly uncomfortable. After floundering along for three or four miles a halt was made until daylight. The movement was continued the next day to within three miles of Strawberry Plains. The next day the Squadron was engaged in hauling rails with which to burn the railroad bridge at the Plains, if it should be thought best to destroy it. The Squadron camped that night at Ramsey's ford.

On the 21st, it having been determined to leave the Plains, the Squadron assisted in burning the railroad bridge, at the same time skirmishing with the enemy, which was pressing closely. For two hours the firing was heavy. Having completed the destruction of the bridge, the troops withdrew to Knoxville, the rebels following saucily and making it warm for the cavalry which covered the rear of the column. It was rumored that Longstreet had been reinforced and had returned for another shy at Knoxville, and preparations were made for the battle that was expected. But it proved to be only Wheeler's cavalry. Longstreet was many miles away, with the toes of his soldiers still pointing toward "Ole Virginny." On the morning of the 24th all was quiet; the enemy had disappeared.

The Squadron was ordered February 1st upon a reconnoitering expedition. It went out eight or ten miles, had a brief argument with a detachment of rebel cavalry, and returned to Knoxville in the evening.

On the following day came the long awaited order to go to Ohio and enjoy their veteran furlough. The start was to be made the next morning, on horseback. The sick were sent by boat to Chattanooga and thence to Ohio by rail. There was great joy in the hearts of the weather-beaten members of the Squadron that night, as they packed their traps and made the necessary preparations for the march. It was late when they turned in for the night. They kicked off the blankets at the first note of the bugle. Breakfast was quickly dispatched, horses were saddled, and springing gayly into their seats they were off for—home!

They marched through eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, by nearly the same route they had traveled on their way to Knoxville, five months before. All were in the best of spirits, for every hoof-beat of their horses brought them nearer to the arms of loved ones—and to mother's cupboard. On the 17th of February they arrived at Camp Nelson, Kentucky, unvexed by the enemy during the march, and with no incident worthy of note. Here the horses, arms and accouterments were turned in to the quartermaster's department, and the men started on foot for Nicholasville, whence they were to proceed by rail to Cincinnati. It was a march of only four miles, but, with the disgust that cavalrymen

always had for traveling on their own "hoofs" instead of those of their horses, they made a sorry mess of it. They tramped along, however, and all got there. A little later they were whirling away toward Ohio. They reached Tod Barracks at Columbus, February 22nd, and remained some days, while the necessary rolls were being made out. Then, all prescribed formalities having been observed, furloughs were given and with their pockets full of bounty money, the men went to their homes. The furloughs were from March 4th to April 4th. The thirty days were full of pleasure and were enjoyed to the uttermost. Then came farewells, and the members of the Squadron were off for the rendezvous at Camp Chase, with a large accession of recruits.

After a day or two occupied in drilling the recruits while waiting for a few laggards to report, the Squadron went by rail to Lexington, Kentucky, where it arrived on the 11th of April. It remained there six days, thence proceeding on foot to Camp Nelson, near Nicholasville. Here the cavalry division of General George Stoneman was being organized. It was under orders, as soon as ready for the field, to join the army of General Sherman, which was then girding itself for the great campaign to Atlanta.

The Squadron became a member of the Second brigade, commanded by Brevet Brigadier-general Smith D. Atkins. The other organizations composing the brigade were: Ninth Ohio cavalry, Tenth Ohio cavalry, Ninth Michigan cavalry, Ninety-second Illinois mounted infantry. The First brigade, Brevet Brigadier-general Thomas J. Jordan, was composed of the Ninth Pennsylvania, Second and Third Kentucky, Third and Eighth Indiana cavalry. The Third brigade, Colonel George E. Spencer, contained the Fifth Kentucky, Fifth Ohio, and First Alabama cavalry. The Tenth Wisconsin battery was attached to the division. The strength of the command was about four thousand.

Nearly seven weeks elapsed before Stoneman's bugles sounded "Forward!" The Squadron was thoroughly refitted with fresh horses and new arms and accouterments, and put in the best possible condition to meet the exacting demands of a rough-and-tumble campaign. The time was passed in drilling and in the routine duties of camp life. Drill was necessary for both the re-

cruits and the horses, to accustom them in some measure to their new vocation. Few events worthy of note occurred. One day was like another, and the dull round became monotonous, as week after week dragged along. There were one or two reviews by General Stoneman, when the great column of horsemen, arrayed in their best garments, with arms and accouterments burnished, swept by, presenting a superb spectacle. That was the poetry of war; the prose was different.

An incident that will be remembered by all was the burning of five hundred bales of hay in the forage yard. This, for convenience, was near the railroad, and the conflagration was caused by sparks from a passing engine. The huge, inflammable pile made a tremendous fire and created great excitement in the camp.

Money was plenty, for a paymaster visited the boys and distributed among them two months' wages and another installment of the veteran bounty. It was decreed that the cavalry would have no baggage wagons in the field, and in lieu of them pack-mules were issued, for the transportation of such equipage as could not be dispensed with. During the stay here, in easy communication with Ohio, many of the boys, particularly the recruits, received boxes and packages of edibles and notions from home. It was well that they made the most of this opportunity, for from the day they left Camp Nelson they never saw any more.

Before the Squadron starts for the front, a few additional observations upon the cavalryman and his horse will not be out of place. As an illustration of the effect upon horses of such service as that of the Squadron in eastern Kentucky and western Virginia, the interesting fact may be cited that when, after re-enlistment, the men turned over their mounts at Camp Nelson, in



THOMAS A. PARRY,
COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

Company B but two remained of the horses with which it left Camp Buckingham, in December, 1861. All the rest were either dead or disabled. The two which yet stood by the colors were those of Sergeant Albert A. Pomeroy and Sergeant Benjamin F. Seibert. These faithful animals had been through the hard campaigning of the Squadron for twenty-six months, sharing all its privations, exposure and fatigue. Seibert's horse, in the skirmish at Cracker's Neck, Kentucky, was struck by a rebel bullet, which entered the left side of the neck, just behind the jaw, passed between the shoulders and diagonally through the body, emerging at the flank upon the right side, leaving a wound five feet in length, by measurement. Strange to say, the wound healed so that four weeks later Seibert rode him on the raid to Gladesville. When these horses were turned in, as the boys were about to start for home on their veteran furlough, these two were in excellent condition, thoroughly inured to heat and cold and storm. Their riders were very desirous of having them again upon their return, and the quartermaster who received them promised that their wish should be gratified. He no doubt forgot it as soon as the boys were out of sight, for when they came back their horses could not be found.

The attachment between the horse and his rider was very strong, and it was mutual—for the keen instinct of the horse is capable of something very near to affection. The beast came to know his master, and to him he was a willing servant. It was not infrequently the case that a spirited animal would be perfectly docile in the hands of his accustomed rider, but if another attempted to mount him he would be restive, vicious and sometimes wholly unmanageable.

The cavalryman divided his affections and his attentions between his horse and his "pard," and it would sometimes have been difficult to decide upon which of the two he bestowed the greater portion. His horse was always his first care. Before he gave a thought to his own wants, he picketed, fed and watered his mount. When nearing camp, on the march, he always had an eye out for forage for his horse, as well as sweet potatoes, apples or roasting ears for himself. In the morning the horses were fed and groomed before breakfast was eaten. Often one of the two

men who slept and ate together and had their domestic arrangements in common, would care for the horses of both, while the other scratched around for wood and water, kindled a fire, made the coffee and cooked the bacon. When in battle or from any other cause, a man lost a favorite horse, his sorrow and regret were deep and sincere.

Allusion has been made to the drilling of cavalry horses. The horse has a high order of brute intelligence. He is capable, like the dog, of learning the meaning of words and sounds, and of regulating his actions thereby. A well drilled cavalry horse often seemed to understand perfectly many of the commands and bugle calls, and was as prompt as his rider to obey them. Movements and evolutions of various kinds were executed by trained horses without the use of the rein. They knew just what to do and how to do it. They became so schooled to battle that the whizzing bullet or bursting shell had little effect upon them. A raw horse was likely to become demoralized in battle, and there were some animals which never could be taught to stand fire. A few men were built that way.

The dark colors were usually preferred. It will be readily understood that a white horse, under conditions often existing, would be much more easily distinguished than a dark one, and become a target for the enemy, while his rider was likely to hear the whistle of bullets to his heart's content—or discontent. Bugler Tom Everly, of Company B, lost his horse in action on the Carolina campaign and picked up a white one. The next day he was sent out to blow the calls for the Squadron, which was deployed as skirmishers. The rebels got the range of that horse and made it very warm for Everly. Indeed, the beast drew the fire of the enemy to such an uncomfortable degree that the brigade commander ordered Tom to get to the rear and be mighty quick about it. He also directed that by hook or crook, it didn't make any difference how, the horse must be exchanged. That night Everly looked about until he found a good one belonging to a New York battery. He watched his chance, untied the animal and led him over to the Squadron; then escorted the white beast to the vacant place in the battery outfit. Sometimes a company was sent to the field equipped with horses of the same color. The effect



FRANCIS REDDING, PETER M. REDDING,
COMPANY A, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.
How the boys looked, mounted, booted and spurred.

was fine while it lasted, but as casualties occurred the vacancies had to be filled by chance, and the uniformity soon disappeared.

On the 3rd of June, Stoneman's division took the road and started to join the army of Sherman, which had then been for a month fighting its way down from Chattanooga toward Atlanta. There was no infantry to regulate the march and it was made as rapidly as might be without taxing the horses too severely. The route through Kentucky was the same as that which the Squadron had traveled ten months before. Upon entering Tennessee the course continued in a southerly direction, about forty miles to the westward of Knoxville. Crossing the Tennessee river at Kingston, the route lay through Athens, Charleston and Cleveland.

The last named place was reached at noon on June 17th. That evening the camp was alarmed by the report that a rebel cavalry force was near at hand, intent upon doing dreadful things. General Stoneman sent the brigade to which the Squadron belonged, on a scurrying trip back to Charleston. The rebels, if there were any, kept out of the way, and the brigade returned to Cleveland. On the 22nd the division resumed the march, crossing the state line into Georgia. Camping at Spring Place the night of the 23rd, the Squadron participated the next day in a profitless scout to the eastward.

On the 26th, the column crossed the Oostanaula river and reached Resaca, striking at this point the trail of Sherman's army. The march was continued, following the general direction of the railroad, through Cartersville, Kingston, and Adairsville, to Big Shanty, a railroad station a few miles north of Marietta. Here the embattled lines of Sherman and Johnston told that the long journey was ended. June 30th Stoneman's division was ordered into position covering Sherman's right flank.

A very brief sketch of the situation before Atlanta at the time the Squadron became a factor in the campaign will assist in understanding the movements that followed. Starting from Chattanooga on the 5th of May, with an army of one hundred thousand men, Sherman moved directly upon the Confederate army under "Joe" Johnston, which was lying at and near Dalton. Constantly maneuvering, flanking and fighting, he com-

pelled Johnston to relinquish one after another of his chosen positions. Having retreated nearly a hundred miles, Johnston, about the middle of June, disposed his army upon a strongly fortified line covering Marietta, some eighteen miles north of Atlanta. Here he made a vigorous resistance, for more than two weeks baffling all the efforts of Sherman to dislodge him. On the 27th, three days before the arrival of the Squadron, the battle of Kennesaw mountain was fought. A determined assault upon the fortified crest was repulsed, the Union loss being nearly three thousand. The Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio, the old friends of the Squadron, were in the hottest of this disastrous engagement and suffered heavily. The death of Brigadier-general Charles G. Harker, formerly Colonel of the Sixty-fifth, was a personal bereavement to every member of the brigade which he so ably and gallantly led. All these events have been fully narrated elsewhere in this volume and are only alluded to here for the purpose indicated.

On July 1st Stoneman's division advanced to Sweetwater creek and camped for the night, Company A of the Squadron going on picket. Bright and early next morning the boys went into business, driving the rebel pickets from the bridge, after which all hands betook themselves to building a strong barricade, an order having been received to hold the position. The rebels were in a quarrelsome mood and several times expressed their disapproval of the proceedings; the result was considerable sharp skirmishing during the day. That night the Confederates abandoned the Kennesaw line, falling back to the Chattahoochee river. During the next two days Johnston's entire army crossed that stream.

The rebel cavalry was active in its efforts to mask Johnston's retrograde movement, and all day of the 3rd there was a continual disturbance in front of the brigade. Skirmishing was incessant. It was noisy, but comparatively harmless, as much of the firing was at long range and the contestants kept themselves well covered. It was hard on the trees, but the casualties were few. It was much the same throughout the 4th. A large quantity of powder was burned, but scarcely anybody was hurt. Possibly the free use of firearms may have been stimulated by the

fact that it was the Fourth of July. Toward evening, Stoneman advanced and drove the enemy to within a mile and a half of the Chattahoochee.

Orders were received to press the rebels the next day and push them across the river, or into it. The boys started early and did a good day's work, forcing the enemy across the Chattahoochee at Howell's ferry. The rebels objected to such treatment, and the skirmish line was ablaze with the fire of carbines. After crossing the river, about noon, the rebels took shelter behind the strong works which had been built in anticipation of the retreat. General Stoneman ordered the artillery to the front, and during the afternoon shells were liberally distributed along the enemy's line. The fire was returned by batteries on the Confederate side, and was so annoying that the people at headquarters found it convenient to change their location to get out of range. There was fighting all day on the 6th, but the 7th was a day of quiet. For a week the members of the Squadron had been in the saddle a large part of the time, night and day, and all were glad of a chance to rest.



BENJAMIN B. LAKE,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

On the 8th the brigade marched back to the Sweetwater, where it remained three days. At dawn on the 11th it was off again and at noon reached the Chattahoochee river at Campbellton. The rebels were in position on the other side, and the rest of the day was spent in blazing away at them, with the noisy assistance of a battery. The firing was resumed in the morning,

but at ten o'clock the brigade was ordered to proceed down the river. It marched till dark, bivouacking on Dog creek. Next day the force continued a few miles farther down the river, drove the enemy from Moore's bridge and took possession. A force of men was set to work to repair it, but the labor was in vain, for the next morning the enemy, reinforced by infantry and artillery, opened so hot a fire that the Union troops were forced to let go of the bridge. Before leaving, however, they applied the torch and it was destroyed.

The next two or three days and nights were spent in marching and countermarching, scouting and skirmishing. Nobody could tell where or for what purpose they were going or what they were trying to do. Both men and horses were excessively fatigued from almost constant duty, with very short rations of sleep. At length, on July 17th, the brigade brought up within sight of the spires of Atlanta, and went into bivouac near Nickajack creek. Then followed several more days of wild rumors and wilder movements, the cavalry being ordered here and there, in a seemingly purposeless way. Nothing was accomplished except to exhaust the strength and patience of the soldiers and spoil their tempers. On the 20th the battle of Peachtree creek was fought by the Fourth and Twentieth corps, but there was no fighting in the Squadron's front.

On the 21st the brigade again marched back to the Sweetwater, where it stayed two days, then marched to the Chattahoochee with pontoons, expecting to lay a bridge and cross. Instead of doing so, however, it went whirling back to the Sweetwater. After more floundering about, doing most of the marching at night, the brigade, on the 24th, found itself at Vining's station, about midway between Marietta and Atlanta. Reaching the Chattahoochee river once more, it succeeded this time in getting across, and then marched the entire night toward Decatur, which is ten miles east of Atlanta. The march in this direction was continued, with variations in the way of side trips, for a day or two longer. The purpose of this movement to Sherman's left will be disclosed in the succeeding chapter. Since taking its position on the right flank of the Union army, at the end of June, the Squadron had moved in the general course of a large and very

crooked letter S. Passing to the westward of Marietta, it had crossed between that place and Atlanta, to the extreme left of Sherman's line. The way had been a devious one, but such was its direction. The service was exceedingly exhausting, but days and sleepless nights of far more arduous toil were soon to follow.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE STONEMAN RAID—ATLANTA.

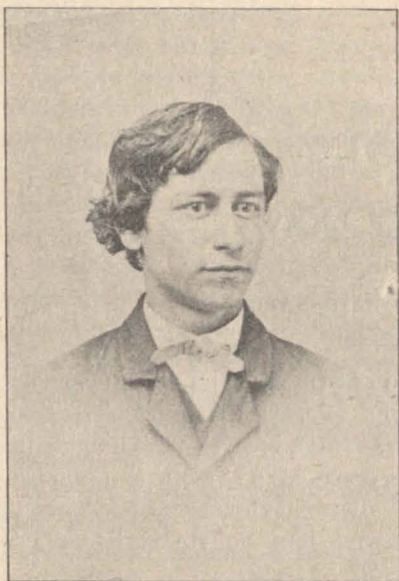
A CIRCUIT SOUTH OF ATLANTA—AFTER THE REBEL LINES OF SUPPLY—STONEMAN'S DIVISION REACHES MACON—ENCOUNTERS GENERAL WHEELER—BATTLE OF SUNSHINE CHURCH—THE SQUADRON SACRIFICED TO SAVE OTHERS—HALF OF ITS MEN KILLED, WOUNDED OR CAPTURED—EXPERIENCES OF THOSE WHO ESCAPED—SOME INTERESTING PERSONAL INCIDENTS—THE SQUADRON RIDES INTO ATLANTA.

WE NOW come to what is known as "Stoneman's raid," during which the Squadron was "hit hard." The object of the expedition was to destroy the rebel line of supplies by cutting the railroad leading from Macon to Atlanta. Stoneman, with four thousand cavalry, on the left, and McCook, with two thousand, on the right, received orders to move around Atlanta, Stoneman by McDonough and McCook by Fayetteville, thence to converge rapidly so as to arrive simultaneously at Lovejoy's station, thirty miles south of Atlanta. McCook started according to instructions, reached Fay-

etteville, where he destroyed a rebel wagon train and took two hundred and fifty prisoners. Thence he marched to Lovejoy's, where he arrived at the designated time, and proceeded to destroy the railroad at that point. Stoneman did not appear, but Wheeler did. Therefore, on the 29th, McCook moved in the only direction left open by the enemy, to the southwest. At Newman he was checked by a force of rebel infantry, until the pursuers closed in around the rear. McCook, however, succeeded in cutting his

way out, with a loss of five hundred men, and returned to Marietta.

McLaughlin's Squadron belonged to the column of Stoneman, which had been concentrated on the left of the Union line, near Decatur, and from that point passed around Atlanta to the eastward. The following narrative of the Squadron's adventures is a composite story, compiled from the accounts furnished by Sergeant Pomeroy, Sergeant Morris, and Bugler Everly :



ALBERT A. POMEROY,
QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT,
COMPANY B, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

The command started from the left on July 27th to carry out its part of the program. At the last moment Stoneman got per-

mission from General Sherman to go below Lovejoy's to Macon and thence to Andersonville, for the purpose of releasing the Union prisoners there confined. Stoneman proposed this, and Sherman only consented on condition that he should join McCook and with the united force defeat Wheeler, and then send General Garrard's division back to the main army. Stoneman detached Garrard's division and with about three thousand men proceeded

southward on a hazardous and, as it proved, disastrous expedition.

Although the start was made under unfavorable auspices, Stoneman finally succeeded in eluding General Wheeler, crossed the Ocmulgee river high up near Covington, and followed the river down on the east bank. Reaching Clinton, detachments were sent out, which struck the railroad leading from Macon to Savannah, at Griswold station, and destroyed seventeen locomotives and more than one hundred cars. One of the detachments burned the railroad bridge across the Oconee river and all re-united in front of Macon. Stoneman shelled the town, but the river lay between and he could not cross by the bridge, which was strongly guarded with cannon in such a position that they effectually covered the approaches. The railroad bridge, in like manner, was defended by 12-pounders placed on flat cars, which were run out on the bridge and discharged, and then drawn back for reloading. This artillery duel was kept up for two hours, when Stoneman returned to Clinton, where his retreat was obstructed by Generals Wheeler and Iverson.

Matters soon assumed a very critical aspect. Confronted by a largely superior force, as Stoneman supposed, further progress in carrying out the plan of the expedition seemed impossible. The only alternative was for him to attempt to cut his way out through the enemy's line, and endeavor to make his way back to the army at Marietta.

About sundown on the 30th of July, Colonel Adams's brigade met the advance of Wheeler's command, and skirmishing was kept up most of the night. The rebels were forced back during the night several miles. Two hours before daylight we stopped to rest, having been in our saddles almost continuously for five days and nights. Just at daybreak Colonel Capron's brigade, was ordered to take the advance. The Squadron formed a part of that brigade, being temporarily attached to the Fourteenth Illinois cavalry. As we marched forward everything was quiet, not a shot was fired on either side, but we all seemed to realize that a crucial trial was at hand.

On the 31st hard fighting began soon after dawn. That the enemy's force was considerably larger than that of Stoneman was apparent. The Union troops were attacked in front, flank

and rear. They made stout resistance, but there seemed little hope of a successful issue. At one time the rebels were pushed back some two miles. At this point was the severest fighting of the day. The Union force was overwhelmed and compelled to fall back.

About two o'clock it became evident that it would be impossible to get the command through the rebel lines. Stoneman, not disposed to lose his entire force, dispatched Colonel Adams with a thousand men and Colonel Capron with eight hundred, to make their way back to the lines. With seven hundred men, including the Squadron, he made a stand on the right of the road in the woods. He was determined, if necessary, to sacrifice this force and himself in order to save the others.

Ordered to dismount and charge the rebels, the men did so with the greatest spirit, creating much confusion in the hostile ranks. It was soon learned, however, that the enemy was in Stoneman's rear, among the horses, with a strong force. It was then that the little band remaining with Stoneman was broken and the general was captured, together with the small guns in the road, from which the Squadron had deployed as skirmishers. Stoneman surrendered to General Iverson. His organizations, of course, went to pieces, and it was every man for himself, to get away if he could.

At the foot of the hill on which this fight occurred ran a small creek which formed a quicksand bog. It was in trying to cross the stream at this point that about half of the Squadron were captured. They eventually reached Andersonville, but not in the high feather they expected at the inception of the raid. About two hundred of this devoted band which remained with Stoneman succeeded in making good their escape, and at eight o'clock that evening endeavored to take a brief rest, by going into camp. Captain Skeggs, of Company A, was in command of the remnant of the Squadron. Sergeant Albert A. Pomeroy and fifteen men were detailed for picket duty. There was no disturbance at the picket post during the night, but when they returned to the camp at daybreak they found that the tired soldiers they were guarding had been carried off or dispersed by Wheeler. Sergeant Pomeroy and his handful of men made the best of their

way back to Marietta in good order. The force that had been dispersed straggled in for two weeks afterward. Captain Skeggs was among the last that reached our lines.

The engagement which ended so disastrously to the Squadron is best known to its members as the battle of Sunshine Church. Officially it is designated the battle of Hillsboro. The loss in killed and wounded was not as large as might have been expected, but these and the captured reduced the strength of the Squadron by one half. Several died in captivity, and a number lost their lives by the explosion of the steamer Sultana. An account of this appalling disaster is given elsewhere in this volume. The action took place about one hundred miles from Sherman's army. Those of the Squadron who finally reached the Union lines endured great privation and suffering from hunger, exposure and fatigue. Nearly all had narrow escapes from capture. The negroes gave them food and directed them on their way. Much of the time they traveled only by night, keeping in concealment by day.

There is an interesting incident connecting this engagement with an engagement of a different kind, combining grim-visaged war and the tender passion, which had a happy sequel. Sergeant Barzillah F. Morris and Israel W. Miller rode into action side by side. The first rebel bullet struck Morris, inflicting a severe wound which completely disabled him, resulting in his capture by the enemy. A short time afterward a ball pierced Miller's body from right to left, passing through his blouse pocket. In this pocket he carried a photograph of a young lady to whom he was warmly attached—or, to speak in the phrase of the time, "his girl." The bullet left behind a round hole directly through that picture. Miller, wholly unable to leave the field, soon found himself a prisoner. That he recovered from his wound is a marvel, but he did, and spent months in captivity, suffering the horrors of Andersonville and other southern prisons. It goes without saying that he prized that wounded photograph above all his other earthly possessions. Twice the rebels, with no fellow-feeling in their Confederate souls, in a spirit of meanness took it from him and flung it away. Each time, when the eyes of the guards were not upon him, he managed to recover and conceal it.

The end came at last, the prison gates were thrown wide open, and Miller returned home. The pleasant melody of wedding bells was soon heard, and the lady whose photograph had been through such a strange experience became Mrs. Miller. The picture here reproduced was taken a short time before the happy event last mentioned. The narrative is embellished with the joint picture, and Miss Catharine Sonnanstine enjoys the distinction of being the only lady who appears among the warriors of the Sherman Brigade in this "Story."



ISRAEL W. MILLER,
COMPANY A, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.
MISS CATHARINE SONNANSTINE.

Early in the day of the battle a field hospital for the wounded had been established at the house of a citizen named Frank Hascall, in charge of Assistant Surgeon John I. Wilkins, Fourteenth Illinois cavalry. When the break came this hospital was taken by the enemy, with the wounded. A place of worship called Sunshine church, from which the action took one of its names, was fitted up for hospital purposes, and a week after the battle the wounded were removed thither. As soon as sufficiently recovered to permit their transfer they were

taken to military prison at Macon or Andersonville.

The wounding of Sergeant B. F. Morris, at the beginning of the action, has been mentioned. He was taken prisoner at the Hascall house. While there, before his removal to the church, he was most kindly cared for by the wife and daughter of a Confederate colonel, named Hunt. They visited him often while he was a patient in the church and did much to relieve his sufferings, Morris writes:

"Twenty-five years later I visited the battlefield of Sunshine church, accompanied by my wife and youngest daughter. We went to visit the southern lady, Mrs. Jessie Hunt, who had done so much for my comfort while I was there a wounded prisoner. We spent three weeks with the family, and while there I preached to the people in a meeting-house built since the war, on the spot of ground where the hardest fighting was done, and where most of the dead and wounded on both sides had lain. Some of the shells thrown during the battle were lying under the house where I spoke. While we were there, Mr. Frank Hascall made a barbecue for us. It was in his house that I passed my first night a prisoner. While lying there on the floor, wounded and bleeding, I put in most of the night in meditation. I wondered if I would ever live through the prison life, and meet her whom I hoped to make my wife when the war was over. While we were seated at the table, on the exact spot where I had lain that night twenty-five years before, my feelings were indescribable. I looked at the floor and then at my wife, and it was with difficulty that I could control my emotions."

Morris has this item in his diary, under date of October 15th: "Got my boots half-soled today; cost me ten dollars." Whether it was in greenbacks or Confederate money, he does not say.

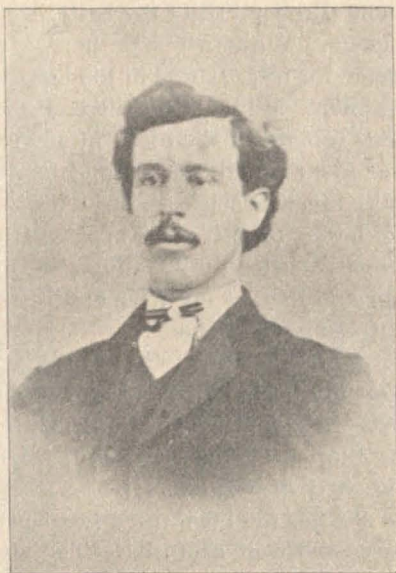
Bugler Thomas Everly of Company B, tells this experience of a party of wanderers:

"After the break-up a great many were unable to get their horses and were captured. The writer, with three others, secured horses, and taking on one comrade each, which made eight of us all told, we started to hunt a way out. We succeeded, although we had but a slim chance. After six days riding, with scarcely any sleep and very little to eat, we came to the Chattahoochee river, about twenty-five miles south of Atlanta. We crossed the river and finally struck the Union line at Marietta. During our march for freedom we were mainly guided by the sound of General Sherman's artillery at Atlanta. The closest call that we had was at Athens, Georgia. Here some rebel home-guards lay in wait for us, but we had just received from some negroes a fresh horse apiece, and using our spurs freely we were soon out of their sight."

Before leaving the subject of Sunshine church, it may be of

interest to say that war historians who have written of Stoneman's raid agree that the opposing Confederate force was not as large as General Stoneman believed. General Sherman expressed the opinion that Stoneman could have eluded the enemy or cut his way through and saved practically all of his command. One writer says: "His sacrificing himself to enable his subordinates to make good a retreat was personally honorable to him, but the facts, as afterward discovered, showed that he had been deceived as to the enemy's force, and that his position was by no means desperate."

Shortly after this event Lieutenant Jacob O. Stout, of company B, was detailed with sixteen men, for picket duty. Sometime in the afternoon a girl came to the post and told him that a small force of rebel cavalry was getting ready to surprise it. The lieutenant sent out part of his men to learn the truth as to this report. While these were absent the rebels came in and captured the entire squad remaining at the post. When the scouting party returned they ran into the rebels and were also



BENJAMIN F. SONNANSTINE,
COMPANY A, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

captured, with the exception of Corporal John Kope and Darius Robinson, who succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy and returning to camp. Isaac Wayne was mortally wounded in this affair.

During the remainder of the month of August Sherman's army was lying in the trenches, engaged in the siege of Atlanta. The Squadron now had scarcely fifty men for duty. Before the evacuation of Atlanta it had little to do except to recuperate from

the Stoneman raid. During the last days of August, Sherman planted the body of his army squarely in the rear of the Confederates and during the night of September 1st, Hood's army evacuated Atlanta. The following day the city was occupied by the Union troops of General Slocum. The Squadron participated in the movement of Sherman which compelled Hood to let go of Atlanta. The cavalry was constantly in motion upon the front, flank and rear of the army, and had some heavy skirmishing with the enemy. In company with other horsemen the Squadron rode into the city, amidst great demonstrations of rejoicing on the part of the Yankees.

During the Atlanta campaign, the cavalry division to which the Squadron belonged was ostensibly attached to the Twenty-third corps. There was always more or less good natured chaffing between the two arms of the service. The infantryman would sing out when the opportunity offered: "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman!" to which the cavalryman promptly replied: "Did an infantryman ever move fast enough to see a *live* rebel?" The record shows that the losses of the Twenty-third corps and the cavalry were about equal, proportionate to their numbers.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

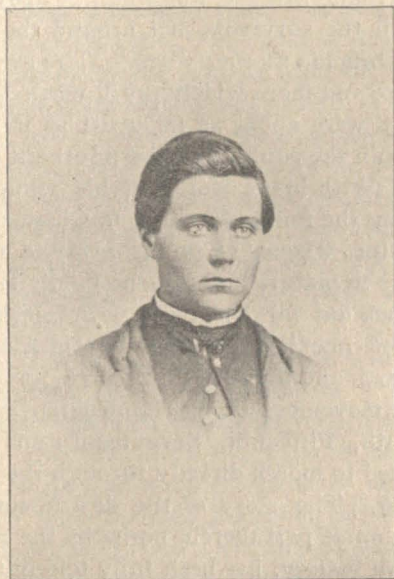
THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

PLEASANT DAYS AT ATLANTA—HOOD LAUNCHES HIS TROOPS NORTHWARD—SHERMAN DIVIDES HIS ARMY—WITH SIXTY THOUSAND MEN HE STARTS FOR SAVANNAH—THE SQUADRON UNDER KILPATRICK—HARD SCOUTING AND FIGHTING—THE ARMY FARES SUMPTUOUSLY—ARRIVAL AT SAVANNAH—THE CITY EVACUATED—FORTY DAYS WITHOUT MAIL.

THE Squadron spent several weeks in Atlanta. It occupied a pleasant camp, with plenty of wood and water, and generally abundant rations for man and beast. The opportunity to rest and recuperate was most welcome, after three months of ceaseless activity and hard riding. Both men and animals were much worn by exposure, fatigue and generally hard service. A considerable number of convalescents and detailed men rejoined the command, bringing the effective strength up to nearly one hundred men. For a time the mails were frequent and regular, and the boys were once more in communication with friends at home. Since leaving Camp Nelson, Kentucky, early in June, mail matter had only been received at long and

irregular intervals. Such of the boys as were of an epistolary turn now improved the shining hours in bringing up the arrears of their correspondence with parents, sisters and sweethearts. The weather during September and October was pleasant, and the stay at Atlanta is remembered as one of the bright, sunshiny spots in the dreary four years of life in the army.

While the Union troops were lying quietly in and around Atlanta, the Confederate army of General Hood was in the vicinity of Palmetto, at a safe distance in the heart of Georgia, to the southwest, whither it had marched after the prize of the long struggle had been surrendered to Sherman. Each commander was busily engaged in the endeavor to solve the problem that was presented to him. Sherman's eye was upon the seacoast; Hood's upon Nashville and beyond. Sherman waited for a time in the hope of learning Hood's intentions, and the rash Confederate leader did not long keep him guessing. About the first of October Hood put his army in motion to the northward. It marched rapidly, and, almost before Sherman was aware of the movement, had planted itself at Marietta and Big Shanty. Sherman at once issued the orders which he had prepared for such a contingency, and the game that the two great captains played during the weeks and months next ensuing has few parallels in the history of wars. The story is familiar to all and need only be told here in the briefest possible manner, to prepare the way for the march to the sea,



JOHN W. FICKES,
CORPORAL, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

It should be said that near the end of September Newton's division of the Fourth corps, to which the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth Ohio belonged, had been hurried by rail to Chattanooga and thence to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee river, by reason of the irruption of General Forrest, with a large force of Confederate cavalry, upon Sherman's railroad lines of supply in Tennessee and northern Alabama. The Sixth battery soon followed. This isolation of the Squadron from the other members of the Sherman Brigade was final. They were never together again until the survivors met around the campfires at the reunions of the brigade in after years. The fortunes of war separated them more and more widely until, when their flags were finally furled, they were about as far apart as it was possible for them to get, within the confines of the Southern Confederacy.

With brave words to his soldiers, Hood swept northward along the railroad leading to Chattanooga, as far as Resaca and Dalton, whence he swung away to the westward. After a few days to mature his plans he boldly leaped the Tennessee river and struck out for Nashville. Foreseeing this, from the day that Hood marched northward from Atlanta, Sherman detached the Fourth and Twenty-third corps, under General Thomas, to arrest the movement of the Confederate army, while with the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth corps he determined to march directly through the heart of Georgia to the seacoast. The story of the destruction of Hood's army, and the honorable part therein borne by the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth and Sixth battery, has been fully told in this volume. The lot of the Squadron was cast with Sherman's column, and the narrative of its haps and mishaps during that romantic march and the wonderful campaign through the Carolinas which followed, remains to be told.

In sketching the services of McLaughlin's squadron during the "march to the sea," it is only necessary to outline the action of the cavalry division of which it was a component part. Preparatory to the march through Georgia, with the seacoast at Savannah as the objective, the cavalry, with General Judson Kilpatrick as its commander, was thoroughly reorganized. All the wounded, sick and dismounted men were sent back to Nashville with

General Wilson, to be refitted for the campaign in Tennessee, leaving a picked division of four thousand five hundred men, divided into two brigades commanded respectively by Colonel Eli H. Murray and Colonel Smith D. Atkins. McLaughlin's Squadron was attached to the latter brigade. This cavalry division operated under the immediate orders of General Sherman.

On the 15th of November the Squadron rode out of Atlanta, amid the smoke of the burning city. It took the advance of the right wing of that magnificent array which was destined to prove itself the most successful invading army of all time. Orders were given to "forage liberally on the country." The second day out the noses of the boys were greeted by the familiar smell of burning powder. The right wing had marched directly south, passing through Jonesboro. Near Lovejoy's the cavalry advance encountered a hostile force, which proved to be two brigades of Confederate horse under General Wheeler. Kilpatrick ordered his men to dismount, and on foot they charged the works most gallantly, sweeping over them like a whirlwind, scattering the enemy and capturing many prisoners and two or three pieces of artillery.

The cavalry continued its demonstration nearly to Forsyth, creating the impression of a direct advance upon Macon. Then, turning eastward, the troopers crossed the Ocmulgee river with the infantry and passed down to Clinton, a few miles above Macon. Kilpatrick, from this point, made a feint upon Macon to mask a movement of the infantry. The enemy's horsemen were met four miles from Macon and driven inside their bridge fortifications, which were held by infantry, the same as on the occasion of the Squadron's former visit, during the Stoneman raid. Promptly charging the works, Kilpatrick's men got inside the parapet, but could not hold the position. They fell back to the support of the Fifteenth corps, near Griswoldville, twelve miles east of Macon, where they remained with General Walcutt's brigade. The Confederate commander, General G. W. Smith, came out of Macon with a force of militia and, with more zeal than discretion, attacked those hard fighters of Walcutt and Kilpatrick. A single charge sent them back in panic to the defences.

The cavalry continued to Milledgeville, then the capital of

Georgia, which was reached on the 23rd of November. This was the point of convergence at which the two wings of the army had been directed by General Sherman to meet. Sherman's plans were perfectly matured, and the two columns, which had not seen each other since leaving Atlanta, met in Milledgeville on the appointed day.

The Georgia legislature had been in session at Milledgeville, making bloodthirsty speeches and passing acts which were in-

tended to bring sure and swift destruction upon the invading host of Sherman. The latter only laughed at these fulminations; they were as impotent as the efforts of the legendary woman to beat back with a broom the waves of the ocean. At Sherman's approach the lawgivers seized their personal belongings and fled in uncontrollable panic.



GEORGE W. POMEROY,
FIRST LIEUTENANT, COMPANY B,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

On leaving Milledgeville, Kilpatrick was ordered to make a detour to the northward, feinting toward Augusta, but endeavoring to reach and destroy the important railroad bridge near Waynesboro, half way between Augusta and Millen. He was then to move swiftly on Millen, and, if possible, set at liberty the

large number of Union prisoners of war confined at that place. Threatening Augusta, Kilpatrick found Wheeler's cavalry blocking the way, and turning sharply to the right marched rapidly toward Waynesboro. Wheeler followed in hot pursuit, and so

embarrassed Kilpatrick that the project of destroying the trestle had to be abandoned. Kilpatrick then started for Millen, but learned that, in anticipation of such a demonstration, the Union prisoners had all been spirited away. Kilpatrick then determined to rejoin the left wing of the army at Louisville.

Turning south to Buckhead creek, the Union cavalry took a strong position and awaited an attack from Wheeler, who was close upon the trail. He did attack with great fury, but was decisively repulsed, with severe loss. This defeat somewhat cooled the ardor of Wheeler, and Kilpatrick was enabled to reach the main body at Louisville, as he designed. Because Kilpatrick had retired from Buckhead, in carrying out this purpose, Wheeler boasted grandly that he had whipped him. Stung by this, Kilpatrick asked of General Sherman permission to "clean out" Wheeler. Sherman cheerfully consented, telling him to "wade in" and give Wheeler all the fighting he wanted.

After a halt of two days to rest the men and horses, Kilpatrick marched back to Waynesboro, supported by a brigade of infantry. On the 2nd of December he found Wheeler, and in a spirited fight drove him through the town and beyond Brier creek, toward Augusta. The engagement lasted until dark. The cavalry then covered the left flank, protecting it from molestation during its march to Millen.

From Millen—which was reached December 3rd—to Savannah the cavalry had little fighting. Wheeler hovered about the flanks and rear of the army but generally kept at a respectful distance. Kilpatrick was aggressive, "going for" the rebel horsemen whenever any could be found, but Wheeler and his men had learned from experience that he was not to be trifled with, and declined to accept the gage of battle.

The army now entered a sandy, barren region, where there was great scarcity of forage. Thus far, since leaving Atlanta, both men and animals had lived on the fat of the land—a land flowing with milk and honey, for so it seemed to the soldiers after the leanness of their fare during nearly all of their life in the army. Sherman's orders to "forage liberally" had been obeyed most gladly, and to the letter. Indeed, no doubt the soldiers were inclined to give to the order a larger and freer interpretation than its author intended.

The boys of McLaughlin's Squadron had become past masters in the art of foraging, and what they didn't get was not worth having. Hams, poultry, vegetables, fruits, honey, milk—these entered into the daily bill of fare during the greater part of that march through Georgia. The entire army was fed in this way. Every brigade had its body of "bummers," regularly organized and officered, whose duty it was each day to gather wagon loads of food and forage along the route of march. The supplies thus obtained were issued to the troops at the end of the day's travel. The army left Atlanta with twenty days' rations, of the regulation sort, in wagons, but up to the time of which we are now speaking, the wagon covers had not been unfastened—not a hard-tack or a pound of sowbelly had been issued.

The cavalry had the usual advantage in the matter of supplies. Covering so much ground untrodden by the feet of the infantry, the rollicking troopers had their pick from field, orchard, garden, smokehouse and barnyard. Although they were not "clothed in purple and fine linen," in the other respect they were like the rich man who, we are told in scripture, "fared sumptuously every day." The boys enjoyed a protracted picnic. It was much the same with the horses and mules. They had corn and other forage in abundance.

It will be easily imagined that under such conditions the army was in the highest possible physical condition. Sickness was almost unknown, and instead of the starvation that timorous ones predicted would be the fate of Sherman's soldiers, all had enough and to spare, and everybody waxed fat and saucy. During the passage through the sand region, for fifty or sixty miles back from the coast, it was sometimes necessary to fall back upon the wagons. It was a little rough on the boys to return to the old-fashioned army rations, but nobody suffered from hunger.

During the entire march from Atlanta to Savannah, the army paid particular attention to the destruction of railroads, bridges, foundries and other establishments engaged in the manufacture of ordnance or military supplies of any kind. In this respect the work of devastation was complete. The cavalry took a prominent part in this work, and had much of it to do. It was always as thoroughly done as time and circumstances would permit.

The last few days of the great march were without features of special interest. The columns moved steadily forward, and on December 10th the Squadron arrived in front of the Confederate intrenchments around Savannah, and within three or four miles of the city. The boys pitched their tents about two miles from Fort McAllister, a strong work, crowned with heavy guns, on the right bank of the Ogeechee river, a few miles from Ossabaw sound, into which that stream empties. It was at first given out that the undesirable job of taking the fort would be given to the cavalry, but the duty was assigned to Hazen's infantry division of the Fifteenth corps, which accomplished the work most handsomely on the 13th.

Supplies of all kinds were much needed by Sherman's army. It was exceedingly desirable to open communication with the fleet which, under Admiral Dahlgren, had been dispatched, some time before, to lie off the coast and await the arrival of Sherman. The Squadron was



FRANKLIN R. M'KIBBEN,
COMPANY A, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON,

assigned to the duty of assisting in reaching the fleet. It was transferred to the south bank of the Ogeechee, and started for the coast. It passed by night down the river, within range of Fort McAllister—which had not yet been taken—and safely reached Ossabaw sound. General Kilpatrick in person was in charge of the expedition, the Squadron serving as his escort. The United States vessels were seen lying at anchor in the sound, and their

attention was attracted by signals. By the use of the signal code the intelligence was conveyed to Admiral Dahlgren that Sherman had arrived and wished to see him. Soon afterward General Sherman came down the river in a small boat, under cover of night, and was rowed to the admiral's ship.

As soon as the Squadron was in communication with the fleet, a boat manned by six sailors came ashore and greeted the wayfarers. During their brief stay the boys fell to with great zeal and engaged in writing letters to their friends at home. For forty days the soldiers of Sherman's army had been entirely cut off from the outside world. When they left Atlanta and plunged into the heart of the Southern Confederacy, they disappeared as completely from view as if they had been swallowed by an earthquake. Their friends in the north had had no tidings whatever of them except such as came from rebel sources, and these were of such a nature as to excite the keenest apprehensions. It was falsely represented that Sherman's army was starving, that it was surrounded by the Confederate hosts, and was doomed to inevitable destruction. So it was that the opportunity afforded by the visit of the sailors was most gladly improved by the members of the Squadron. The letters were sent to the fleet and taken north by the first ship that sailed.

The Squadron selected a camping-place and pitched its tents near Ossabaw sound. To most of the Ohio boys this was their first view of old ocean. They availed themselves of the first occasion to take a salt water bath. To assist in their ablutions they took the soap from their saddle-bags. They quickly learned, much to their chagrin, that salt water and soap do not affiliate.

This camp, at the mouth of the Ogeechee, which was occupied by the Squadron during the investment of Savannah, was in a rice swamp, inside the outer line of rebel intrenchments, the enemy having been driven to the inner works. The men suffered greatly from lack of provisions and forage, and from the continual rain storms. The camp was low and wet and the mud, ankle deep. The rebels, in the construction of their intrenchments, had utilized rice straw as a foundation for the embankments. This, it was found, had not been threshed, and the Squadron soon had it unearthed in order to get the rice for food. The straw answered

as fodder for the horses. In this way the boys managed to exist until, as Pomeroy says, "the quartermaster's department had supplied the army of negroes and refugees, when it came our turn to draw rations from the stores landed by the fleet. In fact, some of our men were obliged at times to confiscate provisions which were issued to the negroes, as they passed through our camp with them. We spent Christmas here in this delightful way. General Sherman sent the news of the surrender of Savannah to President Lincoln as a Christmas present."

About the only feature of this camp that is remembered pleasantly was the large quantities of excellent oysters that were fished up from the bottom of the sound. It was the season of the year when the bivalves were at their best, and they were most delicious. Oysters, raw, stewed, and fried, entered largely into the food supply and assisted materially in eking out the scanty store.

It is not difficult to imagine the eagerness with which letters from home were devoured by the soldiers. An enormous accumulation of mail matter for Sherman's army had been sent down by steamer from Fortress Monroe, and this was fed to the boys at the earliest possible moment after their arrival. There were glad hearts and bright faces all through the great camps, as the boys perused those precious missives from far away loved ones.

Between Christmas and New Year the Squadron moved its camp to a point near Savannah, the city having been evacuated by the Confederates under General Hardee, and occupied by the Union troops. Everly tells a little incident that occurred while marching to the new camp. Passing a place where a number of negroes were boiling rice, some of the boys, after a lively "scrap" with the darkeys, overpowered them, carried the kettles to camp and had the rice for supper. It may be remarked that while lying about Savannah, rice was largely used for food. It was bought by the commissaries or confiscated in large quantities, and issued as part of the rations. When well cooked it was both palatable and wholesome.

Near the camp was a rice plantation, on which there was a large pond of water, for purposes of irrigation. In this pond were many alligators; of all sizes, and the boys sometimes amused

themselves by hunting them. A number were killed, but they were of no earthly account, except to furnish teeth and claws to be sent home as curiosities.

A short distance away was a burial ground, in which lay the remains of three thousand Union soldiers who had died while prisoners of war.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THROUGH THE CAROLINA SWAMPS.

THE TOILSOME MARCH FROM SAVANNAH TO FAYETTEVILLE—EXPOSURE, FATIGUE, HUNGER AND PRODIGIOUS LABOR—SPLASHING THROUGH MUD AND WATER—SLEEPING ON BEDS OF LOGS, RAILS AND BOUGHS—CROSSING GREAT RIVERS—CONSTANT SKIRMISHING WITH WHEELER AND HAMPTON—FAYETTEVILLE REACHED AFTER SIX WEEKS OF TOIL AND SUFFERING.

DURING the five weeks that the army lay at Savannah, General Sherman was maturing the plan for his next campaign, which proved to be the last. He determined, with General Grant's approval, to sweep northward through the Carolinas into Virginia, there to co-operate with Grant, the result of which it was believed would be to speedily end the war.

The campaign from Savannah to Raleigh, North Carolina, began at the end of January. It proved to be one of almost incredible hardship, privation and fatigue. For a long distance the

projected route was through the swampy lowlands of South Carolina. The season was much more than usually wet. For days at a time the rains were copious and almost incessant. For weeks men and horses floundered through literal oceans of mud. The ground was covered with water for miles at a stretch. Often the foot soldiers waded, for hours together. All the streams were torrents, bank full. It was only with infinite difficulty that pontoon bridges were laid for the passage of the army. The whole country was a vast quagmire. All the roads had to be corduroyed for the passage of the artillery and wagons. No vehicle could move without a detail of men to push and lift and pry and yell, with an enormous expenditure of language. Sometimes marches by night were necessary, and the soldiers plunged through the swamps, by the flickering light of pine torches, making a scene the weirdness of which no pen can describe. For weeks the clothing of the soldiers was saturated with water and splotted with mud. The men slept in their soaked garments, lying upon boughs and logs. The immense toil and labor of moving that great army and its trains under such conditions cannot be conceived. The endurance of the soldiers was marvelous. Day after day they pushed on, cheerful and patient, counting no obstacle too great to be overcome, and with a faith in "Uncle Billy" that was measureless and rose to the sublime. Sherman knew well the temper, the mettle, of his soldiers, and whenever he pointed the way, no hardship, difficulty or danger could stay their course. The march from Atlanta to the sea was but a rollicking holiday excursion when compared with that toilsome drag through the Carolina swamps.

It is proper to say that during the campaign described in this chapter, the Squadron, though not incorporated into it, was temporarily attached to and generally operated with the Ninth Michigan cavalry, subject to the orders of its commanding officer.



WILLIAM OBERLIN,
COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.
Died at Camp Nelson, Ken-
tucky, July 27th, 1864.

Kilpatrick's cavalry division started on January 28th. Riding through Savannah, it turned north and crossed the Savannah river, by a pontoon bridge, at Sister's Ferry, about forty miles above the city. The river was found to be quite three miles wide, owing to the January rains, which had caused it to overflow its banks and spread out in the low lands on the South Carolina shore. It was with great difficulty and much delay that the pontoon bridge was safely anchored, and it was the 3rd of February before the crossing was finally accomplished. The gunboat Pontiac had been stationed near in order to protect the crossing of the troops. The approach on the South Carolina side, for a distance of five or six miles, was heavily corduroyed by the pioneers of General Slocum's corps. Some casualties and much excitement were occasioned by the explosion of torpedoes buried in the road. The old plan of marching prisoners in advance of the column to catch the torpedoes was adopted.

On the 4th the column pushed on to Lawtonville, eighteen miles to the eastward, and found the town nearly deserted. Most of the vacant houses were burned by the soldiers. The following day they forded Duck river, a stream three hundred yards wide, and passed northward through a rich country, dotted with fine old southern mansions. When within six miles of Barnwell, a junction was made with the 15th corps, which had come up from Beaufort.

Kilpatrick marched on to Barnwell, where he again met his old antagonist, Wheeler, strongly posted on the opposite side of a swamp. The Squadron was thrown forward deployed as a skirmish line. Wheeler's division had been greatly reduced by persistent fighting ever since the campaign of Atlanta, and had lost much of its vim and vigor. The Ninety-Second Illinois mounted infantry dismounted and charged through the swamp, easily driving the Johnnies before them. Barnwell shared the fate of most other South Carolina towns that were visited by Sherman's troops, and much cotton also went up in smoke. The column pressed on toward Midway, where it struck the great South Carolina railroad, to get possession of which the general officers expected, and were preparing for, a battle.

The cavalry next journeyed to Blackville, where it remained

two days. At Blackville, Wheeler was again encountered and after a spirited skirmish was pushed across the Edisto river. An order was received to demonstrate strongly toward Aiken, again threatening Augusta, only fifteen miles west. Moving along the railroad toward Aiken, and destroying the track, the troops reached Johnson's station, where they went into camp. Sharp skirmishing indicated the presence of the enemy, and barricades were thrown up.

On the 11th Kilpatrick, with the division, moved on Aiken. Near the town the advance had a spirited tussle with Wheeler.

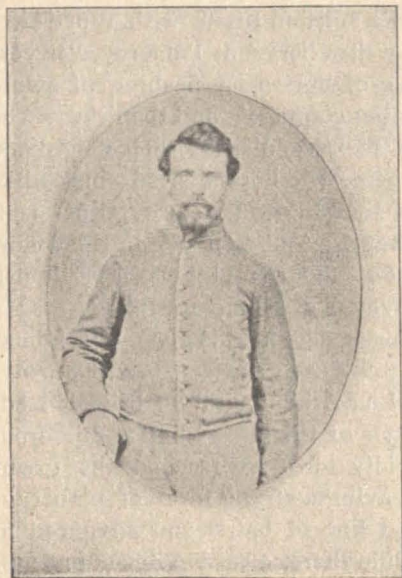
"One cavalry skirmish," writes Sergeant Pomeroy, "is very much like another. A crash of horses, a flashing of sword blades, five or ten minutes of blind confusion, and then those who have not been knocked out of their saddles by their neighbors' knees, and have not cut off their own horses' heads instead of their enemies', find themselves, they know not how, either running away or being run away from. And so it was in this affair, Wheeler being driven into Aiken. Our trophy was a battle flag captured by Sergeant Charles Waters of Company B."

The following account of this engagement is given by Thomas Everly, bugler of Company B:

"General Kilpatrick moved on Aiken, with our brigade leading. We encountered the pickets of the enemy half a mile from our camp and drove them rapidly until we reached the town. Here the rebels made a stand, having a strong force of both cavalry and infantry. We formed line of battle and advanced to the outskirts of the town. While there, awaiting developments, we observed a reinforcement of one or two regiments of rebel infantry being unloaded from a railroad train. All this time the Johnnies were getting ready for a scrimmage. As soon as they were ready a body of them charged furiously upon the Ninety-second Illinois mounted infantry. The shock was so great that the Suckers were obliged to fall back upon our right, in some confusion. The rebels swarmed around upon their flank and rear, and there was some close hand-to-hand fighting, the Illinois men clubbing their guns and pounding the heads of their adversaries. At one time three rebels seized Colonel Van Buskirk, of the Ninety-second, and demanded his surrender, but he tore away

from them and made good his escape. A rebel officer rode up to General Kilpatrick's staff and began shooting, but in an instant was himself shot, by one of the staff. Kilpatrick came out minus his hat. The Ninety-second was roughly handled and lost a considerable number killed, wounded or captured. The Ninth Michigan and the Squadron charged upon the rebels and they were forced back with much loss.

"Part of the division had been at work throwing up a barricade, and our brigade was directed to fall back to this line. There was a stream to cross and part of the Squadron, with two pieces of artillery, was stationed to guard the bridge. As soon as the troops had passed over, the detachment withdrew to the barricade. The rebels immediately charged the works with great spirit. They made a gallant attempt to dislodge us but were repulsed with severe loss in killed and wounded. They then gave up the fight and abandoned the field. The loss of our brigade was about sixty. Among the severely wounded was Captain New-



ISAAC LUDWIG,
COMPANY B, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

ton, of the general's staff. When we resumed the march he was taken along in an ambulance.

"During the fight General Kilpatrick passed over to the extreme right of his line, which was occupied by the Squadron, to reconnoiter. While he was taking observations, the bearer of the headquarters flag was shot, and fell from his horse. The rebels made a dash to secure the flag, but were met by the flashing sabers of the Squadron. The rebels found it too hot, and retreated without the prize."

All the next day the Squadron lay idle but did not unsaddle, as it was necessary to be prepared for any emergency. On the 13th, also, it remained in the camp near the Edisto river. Reveille, followed immediately by saddle call, soon after midnight, caused some vigorous grumbling, for the boys had no time to get breakfast and did not move till daylight.

Having accomplished the purpose of the demonstration toward Augusta, the troops turned sharply on their course, marching toward Lexington, forty miles northeast. On the morning of the 15th, after crossing another exasperating swamp, the Squadron took part in a skirmish with the Eighth Texas cavalry, during which an infantry forager was killed and several of the Federals were taken. General Kilpatrick, with his accustomed recklessness of danger, was riding in front of the advance guard. The rebels charged upon some foragers on a plantation near by, who fled toward the advance, and the general and his aides had to gallop back upon the main body in order to save themselves from capture. A boy who was taken prisoner from the rebels said that the general did some tall swearing about that time.

Just after reveille, at five o'clock on the morning of the 16th, an incident occurred which will always be remembered by many of the boys of the Squadron. Following the bugle-call, the Ninth Ohio cavalry band began to play "Our Flag is There." The music broke the stillness of the early morning air with magical effect, touching every heart among those war worn veterans with its mellowing influence.

Arriving at Lexington on the 19th, the Union cavalry engaged Wheeler's men, while the infantry were crossing the Congaree river. The next day the Ninth Michigan and the Squadron were ordered to reinforce a picket post that was attacked. Upon their return they found that their tents, clothing and every thing they had left in the camp had been burned and the town was on fire.

Columbia is only ten miles east from Lexington, but Alston was the objective point, and, by another turn in its zigzag course, the column faced toward the north. A march of twenty miles, during which it crossed the Saluda river, brought it to that place. The route was parallel to that of the Confederate General Cheat-

ham, who was marching in the same direction. Between the two columns the cavalry was so disposed as to protect the flank of the Union infantry.

Reaching Hope station, on the Abbeville and Columbia railroad, the troopers burned the station house and several buildings stored with cotton. They then followed the railroad, tearing up the track until sundown, when they learned that the infantry had taken a different road. They were ordered to leave the railroad and rejoin the main body, as they were only three miles in Wheeler's rear.

Arriving near Alston, the cavalry did not enter the city, but destroyed the railroad bridge over the Broad river, then marching six miles up the stream to cross on a pontoon bridge, and going into camp late at night. From this time till the end of the story they had Wade Hampton to contend with in addition to Wheeler. He was driven out of Columbia and united his two cavalry divisions with those of Wheeler.

The burning of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was one of the conspicuous events connected with this campaign. The conflagration occurred while Sherman's troops occupied the city, and it has always been charged by the southern people that the fire was purposely kindled, with Sherman's knowledge and consent, if not by his specific order, with a view to the town's destruction. General Sherman, in his "Memoirs," denies this in the most emphatic manner. He asserts—and he is supported by the unanimous testimony of his officers and soldiers—that large quantities of cotton were set on fire by order of General Wade Hampton, commanding the Confederate cavalry, when he evacuated Columbia upon Sherman's approach, and that a high wind scattered the blazing flakes and thus caused the destruction of the city. The Squadron had passed to the westward of Columbia and did not enter it.

On the 20th the Squadron was occupied in tearing up railroad, leaving behind a trail of fire and smoke, from near Monticello to Shelton's. The next day it advanced across the country to Chester, there joining the main body, which had come up from Winnsboro. That night the brigade headquarters were at the same house that was occupied by the enemy the previous night,

so closely was the Union cavalry following upon the heels of the Confederates.

On the morning of February 22nd—Washington's birthday—the column was again put in motion, headed for Lancaster. At this time the cavalry became so widely scattered, in detachments, that it was impossible to locate General Kilpatrick, and the Squadron was dispatched to look him up. The quest was a failure, for no tidings of the general could be gained. The country was wet and swampy, and the day's ride was a most fatiguing one. The continual splashing and floundering through mud and water drew from the boys a great number of peppery remarks, which, although they may have served to relieve their feelings, would not look well in print. The Squadron went into camp that night thoroughly tired, muddy and disgusted.

On the 23rd the men were in the saddle all day, and most of the succeeding night. The weather and the traveling were villainous and progress was slow. About midnight the Wateree river was crossed at Rocky Mount. Lancaster was reached on the 25th. The entire distance was a succession of swamps and bogs. It rained almost incessantly. Everybody and everything was drenched and drenched again. Not a hard spot of ground was anywhere to be found, and when the men went into bivouac it was in the mud. The cavalry covered the front and flanks of the column and skirmished continually with Hampton and Wheeler, who conducted themselves in the most disreputable manner. Kilpatrick remained at Lancaster several days, awaiting the arrival of the infantry, which was slowly wading through morasses and corduroying roads for the passage of vehicles. On March 1st a detachment of cavalry, including the Squadron, had a sharp encounter with the enemy, during which William H. Sackman, of Company A, was killed.

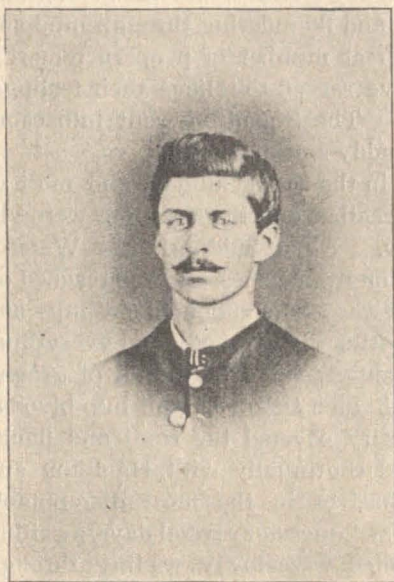
Lancaster is a quaint old county town, the peculiarity of which at this time was the marked Union sentiment shown by its people, most of whom had been at the outset opposed to secession. Such a community in the Palmetto state was indeed a rarity.

While here a flag of truce was sent out for the purpose of arranging with General Wheeler for an exchange of prisoners, a

considerable number of which, being carried along with the column, were an incumbrance. The flag was fired upon, and returned without having accomplished its mission. A second attempt, the following day, was more successful. Generals Kilpatrick and Wheeler met, and after a brief conference agreed upon an exchange, and this was carried out, officer for officer or his equivalent, and man for man.

The column having closed up, the march was resumed March

2nd. The general direction was northeasterly, although the route traveled was a continual zigzag, through water and mud that seemed to have no bottom. The roads were simply infamous. On the 3rd the state line was crossed and the Squadron was upon the soil of North Carolina—the Tar-heel state. Here the cavalry fell upon the rear of a Confederate infantry column commanded by General Hardee, and snatched a number of prisoners. The Second brigade of the cavalry division marched and counter-marched all the ensuing night, while the Third bri-



JONATHAN T. MORRIS
COMPANY A M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

gade was skirmishing heavily with Hampton. Lieutenant Griffin, commanding Kilpatrick's scouts, was killed.

Reveille turned everybody out at an early hour on March 4th, the order being given to saddle horses and be ready to march. Instead of doing so the boys stayed all day in camp. A good deal of yelling was done over the news that Wilmington, North Carolina, had been evacuated by the Confederates, Fort Fisher having been taken by General Terry; and that General Sherman occupied

Cheraw. During the forenoon the Third cavalry brigade was attacked with great fury. Hard fighting ensued, and Kilpatrick's two other brigades became involved. Two men of the Ninth Michigan were killed and a number were wounded. The rebels were finally beaten back, and abandoned the contest. Major McBride, of the Ninth Michigan, with a hundred men, including part of the Squadron, was sent upon a reconnoissance a few miles to Wadesboro. Returning to the place from which the expedition started, the picket line was found to be occupied by the rebels. A wide detour was necessary, and the detachment did not rejoin the command till after nightfall.

The next morning the cavalry started early, but after marching a few miles, halted and pitched camp. The Squadron went on picket and spent the rest of the day on the outposts. It was relieved at dark, and on reaching camp the boys prepared to spend the night. They lay down, in the usual way, upon beds of rails, logs and boughs, but they were scarcely asleep when the inexorable saddle call was sounded. They rolled out, showering imprecations upon the bugler for disturbing their rest. On such occasions the bugler had to catch it from all sides, until life itself became a burden to him. It was much the same as with the orderly sergeant, who made details for fatigue and other duty at all times of day and night, and did many other things which made him the target for all sorts of sulphurous expletives.

But the boys scrambled around all the same and saddled their horses and in a few minutes were off in the darkness. About eleven o'clock they reached the Great Pedee river. Here was massed the entire cavalry division, waiting for the completion of a pontoon bridge. The men lay upon the ground with bridle-reins in their hands, not being permitted to unsaddle or go into bivouac. During that night and all the next day they waited, until patience was entirely exhausted and everybody was out of temper. At ten o'clock the second night they got the right of way, crossed the river, marched six miles and went into camp. The duty of the cavalry at this time was to watch the enemy and cover the crossing of the main body of Sherman's army over the Great Pedee at Cheraw, some fifteen miles down the river.

Starting at sunrise on the 7th, the cavalry pushed on to

Rockingham, where a force of the enemy was encountered. The rebels showed their teeth, but were quickly driven from the town. A large cotton factory, which had been running day and night, making cloth for the Confederate army, was burned.

The next day was one of almost inconceivable hardship. The cavalry¹ marched all day and until midnight, covering twenty-five miles. It rained incessantly and the roads were wretched beyond description. At evening the column entered what the chroniclers of the Squadron declare to have been the deepest, muddiest and in every way the worst swamp that it met in all its wanderings. Through it they floundered during the hours of that dismal night. In some places the horses sank to their bodies, and men on foot to their waists, in the water and soft mud. The wagons and artillery could only be dragged along by the men laying hold of ropes, which were run out ahead of the teams, while others laid their hands to the wheels. Often the vehicles stuck immovably and had to be pried out with levers and spikes. Such a wild scene of splashing and yelling and swearing and braying has rarely greeted mortal eyes and ears. The darkness was dispelled by thousands of torches, and by blazing pine trees. The pines of North Carolina exude in large quantities a wax or gum from which are made tar, rosin and turpentine, and which is highly inflammable. Hundreds of these trees along the route were fired, and the effect was wild and weird beyond the power of words to portray. Emerging from the swamp about midnight, upon high ground, the soldiers lay down, wet, benumbed and exhausted, to get such rest as they might.

In the morning the men arose, stiffened, cold and hungry. Without breakfast they saddled, mounted and again plunged into the mire, slowly and painfully urging their toilsome way. In the afternoon the swamp was left behind and the troops were once more upon firm ground.

That night General Kilpatrick so disposed his brigades that he might protect the trains of the Twentieth corps, which Hampton was trying to reach. During the night Hampton surprised the camp and captured the house in which Kilpatrick and his officers were lodging. These managed to reach the bushes in their night clothes, as did most of the soldiers. Kilpatrick rallied

his men and drove the enemy out of the camp; but the rebels carried off about two hundred prisoners and Kilpatrick's private horses. They also had possession of a four-gun battery but were forced to abandon it.

The cavalry now moved directly on Fayetteville, reaching that place March 12th. Here General Sherman concentrated his entire army for a brief rest, after its six weeks of weary dragging through the Carolina swamps.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE FINAL ROUND-UP.

THE ADVANCE FROM FAYETTEVILLE—AVERYSBORO AND BENTONVILLE—THREE WEEKS AT GOLDSBORO—FALL OF RICHMOND AND SURRENDER OF LEE—THE ARMY FRANTIC WITH JOY—JOE JOHNSTON QUITS—END OF THE LONG STRUGGLE—KILPATRICK'S DIVISION MUSTERED OUT—BUT THE SQUADRON HAS TO STAY—SIX MONTHS IN NORTH CAROLINA—VARIOUS HAPPENINGS, PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE—"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

SHERMAN'S army lay two or three days at Fayetteville. This is on the Cape Fear river, about one hundred and twenty miles from its mouth. A short time before reaching Fayetteville, General Sherman dispatched a trusty scout, who was instructed to make his way to Cape Fear river, procure a boat, descend to the sea and inform the commanding officer of the United States fleet that by a certain day he would be at Fayetteville, and requesting that a steamer be sent up with

mail for his army. The scout got safely through, and the day after Sherman's arrival every ear was gladdened by the sound of the boat whistle. This set the whole army to yelling, for it told the soldiers that they were once more in communication with the outside world. For six weeks they had been as completely cut off as when on the march from Atlanta to the sea. The boat brought to the army a very large quantity of mail, which gave happiness to tens of thousands.



GEORGE W. COCHRAN,
COMPANY B, M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.
Taken prisoner during the Stoneman
raid. Died at Millen, Ga.,
October 13th. 1864.

At this place was a fine arsenal, built many years before by the United States government. At the outbreak of secession it was seized by the rebels, with its contents of arms and ordnance stores. All the gun-making machinery which fell into the hands of the Confederates when the arsenal at Harper's Ferry was abandoned was removed thither, and had been in constant use during the war. By order of General Sherman the building was leveled to the ground, and all the machinery was broken up and destroyed.

General Sherman had hoped that while here supplies of shoes and clothing might be obtained from Wilmington, but he found that the delay would be so long as to disarrange his plans, and he issued his orders for the different corps to march on Goldsboro.

From this time the rebels were found in increasing numbers, both infantry and cavalry. General Hardee, after evacuating

Savannah, had taken his troops to Charleston. The abandonment of this city, also, had been made necessary by the sweep of Sherman; and Hardee, driven from pillar to post, had hurried northward toward Raleigh. The Confederate authorities at Richmond were in a condition bordering on panic. All attempts to even so much as delay the march of Sherman's army had been in vain. When it started from Savannah it was not difficult to foretell its destination. Day after day its resistless tread was sounding the knell of Richmond. Frantic efforts were made to stay the course of Sherman. General Bragg had gathered a force in North Carolina, which was afterward joined by that of Hardee, and the shattered fragments of Hood's army, which had been overwhelmed at Nashville, were also sent thither. General Joe Johnston was ordered to the command of all the troops operating against Sherman, but the resources of the fast crumbling Confederacy were too nearly exhausted and his military skill was of no avail. Such was the situation, and such the clouds that were gathering around the rebel government, when Sherman and his dauntless army entered upon another stage of the campaign.

On March 15th the Squadron crossed Cape Fear river with the cavalry division and resumed the old familiar work of scouting and skirmishing. It found plenty of business at the very outset. A skirmish line was kept continually in advance, and it met both infantry and cavalry. The first day two of the men picked up Colonel Rhett, of South Carolina, a former commander of Fort Sumter, and his adjutant. Colonel Rhett was in command of the brigade acting as the Confederate rear-guard, and he thought he had met some of his own people.

The next day, March 16th, occurred the battle of Averysboro, in which the contestants were two divisions of the Fourteenth corps and Kilpatrick's cavalry, on the Union side, and a large Confederate force under Hardee. The fighting was heavy for a time. The rebels made most vigorous resistance, but at length yielded the field and retreated the following night. The loss in killed and wounded was above five hundred on each side. More than three hundred Confederate prisoners were taken, together with three pieces of artillery. During this action the cavalry encountered the brigade of Colonel Rhett—whose commander it

had captured the previous day—and drove it in confusion, taking from it a number of prisoners.

From this point the march was turned toward Goldsboro. At Bentonville, on the 19th, the column ran up against General Johnston's whole force, strongly intrenched. McLanghlin's Squadron at this time was on the extreme left of the army. A halt was called and the men were ordered to dismount. A detail of twenty men from Company B was sent out, as picket guard, on a wood road that led off to the left of the line. The men were quietly placed behind a fallen tree and events were anxiously awaited. It was not long before Hampton's cavalry, dismounted, showed themselves, three officers alone at first, down the road. The crack of carbines greeted them and the ball was opened. The Squadron detachment was soon driven in on the reserve and the engagement became general, continuing with more or less fighting for three days. The rebels finally retreated through Bentonville and the town was occupied on the 21st by General Sherman. Thus the Squadron opened the last engagement of that memorable campaign.

The action at Bentonville was the final battle in which Sherman's army was engaged, and its most severe encounter with the enemy after leaving Atlanta. The end was now at hand. Before the glad shout of triumph was heard a few more men were killed or wounded in desultory skirmishing, but there was no mighty grapple of armies, with its deadly storm of musketry and canister, strewing the ground with the slain. The Union loss at Bentonville was sixteen hundred, three-fourths of which fell upon two divisions of the Fourteenth corps and two brigades of the Twentieth, of Sherman's left wing, commanded by Slocum. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was about the same. Two hundred and sixty-seven dead were left upon the field, and Johnston reported the number of his wounded at above fourteen hundred. His loss in prisoners was large, being nearly fifteen hundred.

The Confederate army retreated to Smithfield, and on the 22nd Sherman resumed the march, entering Goldsboro on the 23rd. This point had been fixed for a junction with the forces of General Schofield and General Terry, which had captured Fort

Fisher and Wilmington, closing to the rebels the last port on the Atlantic coast. Schofield and Terry occupied Goldsboro the day before Sherman arrived, with their troops in perfect condition.

The army which had made the wonderful march from Atlanta to this point was in sore need of supplies. The wear and tear of the campaign from Savannah had been most severe. It was a multitude of ragamuffins that tramped into Goldsboro, and as to footwear, thousands of the soldiers were literally "on their uppers." For obvious reasons, the cavalry were better shod than the infantry, but in the matter of raiment all were alike. At Goldsboro there was full and free communication with Wilmington and New Berne, to which points had been sent, in anticipation of Sherman's needs, enormous stores of clothing, rations, and everything necessary for an army.

Before entering upon what proved to be the last stage of the campaign, General Sherman determined to give his brave, patient, long-suffering soldiers a period of rest. Leaving in competent hands the work of reclothing and refitting the army, he hastened to Wilmington and made a swift voyage to City Point, Virginia, for a conference with General Grant and President Lincoln. Returning, he reached Goldsboro on the 30th. Meanwhile the work of supplying the army had been pushed with prodigious energy. The repair of the railroad to Wilmington, which had been nearly accomplished by Schofield, was finished, and locomotives and cars which had been shipped by sea from the north were put into immediate service. Steamboats also plied busily on the river, transporting supplies from Beaufort and New Berne. Before the army moved, every man, beast and wagon was in prime condition for any service. The army lay about Goldsboro nearly three weeks, in pleasant camps, with abundance of fuel and water. "Gentle Spring," with her "ethereal mildness," was most gratefully welcomed by the soldiers, who for many weeks had been pelted by chilling rains and had waded through swamp and bog, their physical endurance taxed to its uttermost limit.

The camp chosen for McLaughlin's Squadron was at Mount Olive, twelve miles south of Goldsboro. Here the days passed pleasantly. The duty was light, consisting of picketing and an occasional scouting trip into the region round about. The Squad-

ron was joined by a considerable detachment of exchanged prisoners and convalescents. While waiting for the bugle-call to break camp, an incident may be related which occurred a few days before this time, with its sequel many years thereafter.

On the 11th of March, while the Squadron was near Fayetteville, Isaac Ludwig and four others of Company B were detailed to go upon a foraging expedition. Coming to a mill, not far from camp, Ludwig and two of his comrades pressed it into the service to grind corn, while the two others went on to a farmhouse to prospect for chickens. A squad of Wheeler's troopers belonging to the Ninth Kentucky cavalry (Confederate) slipped up to the mill and in the twinkling of an eye Ludwig and his two companions were hustled away, prisoners of war. The officer in command of the Kentuckians was Lieutenant Alberry Houcks, with whom Ludwig formed a pleasant acquaintance. The prisoners were well treated, and after a few days were sent to Richmond and exchanged, none the worse for their captivity. The Confederate lieutenant had requested Ludwig to write to his parents in Kentucky and inform them of his welfare. Ludwig did so, giving the circumstances under which he had formed the acquaintance of their son. The answer to this letter, thanking Ludwig in the warmest terms for his kindness, has been treasured by him to this day as a memento of the war. Thirty years later, in 1895, the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Ludwig and his wife attended, and learning that Lieutenant Houcks, his captor, lived on a farm near Rowlette, on the road to Mammoth cave, they stopped over and called upon him. Lieutenant and Mrs. Houcks received them most cordially and entertained them for two or three days with boundless hospitality. To both the former enemies, and to their wives, the occasion was one of peculiar pleasure and interest.

Just before the army left Goldsboro, several members of McLaughlin's Squadron were captured and are supposed to have been shot, as they were never heard of afterward. They were Henry A. Cromer and Solomon D. Cromer, of Company A, near Mount Olive, April 8th, and John P. Beveridge, Asa Lane, John D. Miller, and Nathan Simpson, of Company B, near Smithfield,

April 10th. It is known that a considerable number of Sherman's soldiers, captured while foraging, were shot, and the above named persons are presumed to have met this fate.

On the 6th of April the army was electrified by the intelligence that General Lee had evacuated Richmond and Petersburg and was retreating rapidly to the westward, closely pursued by Grant and Sheridan. This news set everybody to yelling like savages. There was not a soldier in Sherman's army who did not know that this was the beginning of the end, and all rejoiced together with exceeding great joy.

The accession of the Tenth corps (Terry) and the Twenty-third corps (Schofield) at Goldsboro brought Sherman's effective strength up to ninety thousand men. It was a magnificent army, "capable of accomplishing anything," as Sherman said of it. General Joe Johnston well knew that the fragmentary and chaotic Confederate force under his command could not stand against it, with the smallest hope of a successful issue. The rebels were greatly disheartened and discouraged by the loss of Richmond. They felt that their cause was already lost, and began to desert in large numbers. So it was that when, on the 10th of April, Sherman's bugles sounded "Forward!" and the northward tread of his resistless army was resumed, Johnston made no show of fighting, but fell back rapidly.

The Squadron crossed the Neuse river by Cox's bridge. The cavalry led the column, heading straight for Raleigh, the state capital, fifty miles from Goldsboro. During the second day's march, April 11th, the army was thrown into a bedlam of excitement by the tidings that Lee had surrendered his army to Grant. Not while life lasts will the survivors of the Squadron forget that scene. Officers and men were alike delirious with joy. In preceding pages of this volume the writer feebly attempted to describe the behavior of other members of the Sherman Brigade when the same news reached them, among the hills of East Tennessee, near Bull's gap. To adequately picture the conduct of the Squadron would be no less difficult than in the case of the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth and the Sixth battery. Those that were left of McLaughlin's troopers yelled just as loud and did just as ridiculous things as we. It needed no prophet to foretell that this meant an immediate end of the war.

The Union column pushed forward, the cavalry still skirmishing sharply at times with Hampton and Wheeler, who did not seem to know they were whipped, but kept right on fighting. The army entered Raleigh on the 13th, and the cavalry was sent a few miles to the northward, to cover the approaches. On the following day, under a flag of truce, a message from Johnston to Sherman was received, asking for a conference with a view to surrender. The message was delivered to Kilpatrick and quickly conveyed to Sherman at Raleigh. Sherman at once ordered a locomotive to be in readiness for a run to Durham station, where the conference was to take place. Just at the moment of starting he received the baleful news that Lincoln had been assassinated. Giving the strictest orders that this be not communicated to the army until his return, he hastened to meet the Confederate commander. As the result of the meeting an armistice was declared, pending further negotiations. The details need not be given here. It will suffice to say that the surrender of Johnston's army was formally made on the 26th of April, seventeen days after Lee tendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox.

During the negotiations between the two commanders, McLaughlin's Squadron had the post of honor as the personal escort of General Sherman, and was thus in at the death of the Southern Confederacy.

An unspeakable sorrow clouded the army when it learned of the death of Abraham Lincoln. There was the same dreadful revulsion of feeling that characterized the soldiers and the loyal people everywhere. Lincoln was the embodiment of the principles for which they had so long toiled, braved and suffered. Grief for his death was poignant and sincere.

Upon the occupation of Raleigh the Squadron was stationed at Chapel Hill, about four miles from Durham station, and its camp was located there until after the surrender of Johnston. Many of the paroled Confederates, on their way home, stopped at the camp, partook of the Squadron's hospitality, and talked over the war with the boys. The announcement that Johnston's soldiers had laid down their arms of course caused another violent and protracted eruption of cheers and yells, accompanied by the music of bands and the boom of artillery. The soldiers knew that peace had come.

Greensboro was selected as the place where the arms, ordnance and everything except private property were to be turned over by Johnston to United States officers designated to receive them. To that place the Squadron was directed, to assist in guarding the property and maintaining order. This work finished, the Squadron was ordered to Lexington, North Carolina. Here, on the 13th of May, Kilpatrick's cavalry division was ordered to be mustered out of the service. The exceptions were the Fifth Ohio cavalry and McLaughlin's Squadron. These were destined to drag out six more weary months before they would be permitted to break ranks. It will be noted that the Squadron had the same hard fate that befell its comrades of the Sherman Brigade—to remain in service long after the great body of the soldiers had put off the army blue and returned to their homes. In this respect we were all companions in misery, although widely separated by half a continent. The two cavalry organizations above named were retained to serve as a police force in North Carolina, to prevent disorder and lawlessness while the state government was being reorganized and put in working condition. A sad scene at Lexington was the execution of the death penalty upon a soldier of the Ninth Michigan cavalry, who, while intoxicated, had shot and killed a citizen.

Several members of the Squadron, whose term of enlistment had expired, were mustered out and returned to their homes. Furloughs were given to some of the veterans and they had brief visits with their friends in Ohio. Two or three of the boys, who seemed to have acquired an appetite for bullets, contrived to shoot themselves by the accidental discharge of their carbines. None of the wounds proved fatal and all recovered. Some of their comrades thought that they did it because they wanted some scars to show, when they got home, but one or two of them had "close calls" and the facts would hardly seem to justify this theory.

On June 17th a fatality occurred which brought sadness to all hearts. Sergeant Elijah Messenger, a veteran who had served from the beginning, was found drowned in a stream near Concord, where the Squadron was then encamped. The circumstances of his death are not known, as he was alone. He was a brave, faithful soldier, and his sad fate was sincerely mourned by his comrades.

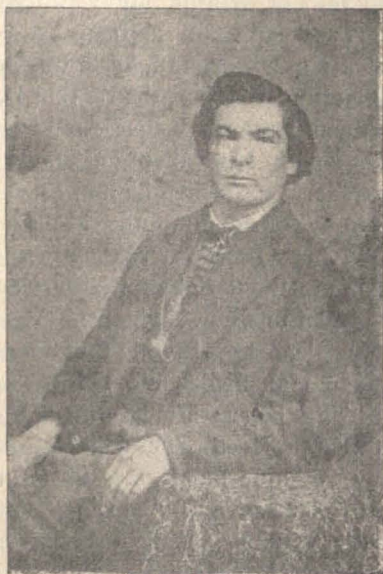
The duty of the Squadron during its stay among the Tarheels was not severe. It moved from place to place, where it was thought its services might be needed to quell disorder, but no serious disturbances occurred to require summary measures. The people generally accepted in good faith the settlement by the sword of the questions involved in the struggle, and applied themselves to the work of repairing the waste of war and getting "on their feet" again. At the beginning, North Carolina had been plunged unwillingly into the vortex of secession. A majority of her people were opposed to rebellion, but the pressure was too great to be withstood. All rejoiced that desolating war had ceased; and there was in many places a marked feeling of satisfaction that the Union cause had triumphed. Of course, after hostilities were at an end the soldiers who remained in the south were put upon their good behavior. Confiscation was a thing of the past, and if the boys did any private foraging they had to be very sly about it. The health of the Squadron was generally good, although a few of its members died in hospitals after the peace, which they helped to bring, had come.

On July 28th, by order of the War Department, all those present with the Squadron, and a few borne upon the rolls as missing, were transferred to Company C, Fifth Ohio cavalry. Captain John Dalzell was promoted to major of that regiment, and First Lieutenant Erastus P. Coates to captain. Second Lieutenant Ross R. Cowan was transferred with the same rank. The remaining officers of the Squadron had resigned after the close of the war. Captain Dalzell had been in command since the muster out of Major Richard Rice, at the expiration of his term of service, Nov. 19th, 1864. The boys of the Squadron had done a vast amount of vigorous kicking when they found that they were to be kept in service for an indefinite time after the great body of their comrades were headed for home. This riotous feeling exhausted itself after they realized that they couldn't help themselves, and things went along smoothly until the transfer to the Fifth Ohio. Then there *was* kicking and plenty of it. It was the genuine article, too. They felt that McLaughlin's Squadron had served faithfully and well, carving out with its sabers an honorable name and fame, and now to be swallowed by another

organization and entirely lose their identity, seemed a wholly unnecessary indignity, which stirred them up clear down to their toe nails. But, bless their brave souls! what could they do about it? Nothing of course! They would have organized a strike if it would have done any good. They just had to grin and bear it. Officially, McLaughlin's Squadron disappeared, becoming only an annex to the Fifth Ohio. The writer does not know that a single one of the boys ever used profane language, but striking an average, in the absence of testimony, he is constrained to believe that they did swearing enough over this consolidation to make business for half a dozen army chaplains. Whatever Uncle Sam said "went," and until the end, the address of the boys was changed to "Company C, Fifth Ohio cavalry."

The Squadron spent several very pleasant weeks at Raleigh, although the consuming desire to go home and stay there was never for a moment absent from the hearts of the boys. The North Carolina capital had suffered little from the destructive hand of war.

At the time the Union army marched into the city, it was obvious that the end of the strife was at hand and General Sherman had issued strict orders forbidding violence of any kind, to person or property. It has been mentioned that when Sherman left Raleigh for Durham station to confer with Johnston, he directed that the news of the assassination of President Lincoln be kept from the soldiers until his return. He knew that the hearts and the passions of the



FRANK M. DAVIS,
FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY A,
M'LAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

soldiers would be stirred to their profoundest depths, and feared that in their uncontrollable rage and fury they would wreak vengeance upon the city and raze it to the ground. Sherman knew the strength of his own hand to direct and control his army.

The last days in bondage were spent by the Squadron at Charlotte, whither it went from Raleigh early in October. Here, at the end of the month, the welcome order to be mustered out was received. The tempestuous greeting given to it, the shouts and yells of delight, are well remembered by those who were there and can easily be imagined by others. All the details were quickly gone through, according to the official formula, and on the 30th of October, the tie that bound the boys was severed. One of them suggested that they ought to sue Uncle Sam for damages for throwing them out of a job so suddenly, when the three years term for which he had hired them as veterans had not expired by fourteen months.

It may be said here that James W. Craig, of Company A, had been mustered out of the service a few weeks before this time. He had a fine horse which he had picked up before such practices were tabooed. He rode that horse all the way from North Carolina to Mansfield, Ohio, being about a month on the way.

The boys started immediately for home, with light hearts and happy faces. The journey was made by rail. At Richmond they were quartered for a night in a famous prison—one of the chroniclers says Libbey and another declares it to have been Castle Thunder. Whichever it was, they were rounded up there, with a cordon of guards promenading around the building to keep them in. But the boys wouldn't stay in. Most of them managed to slip out and put in more or less of the night in "doing" the town.

The next day the journey was resumed and Columbus, Ohio was reached November 10th. Here the men were paid off, farewells were spoken, and the returned veterans sped away to their homes.

In the service of the Squadron there was so much scouting by companies or detachments that it is not possible to give a complete table of its marches. A careful computation shows that it traveled on horseback, during its four years in the field,

fully thirty-five hundred miles, and by rail and steamboat, eighteen hundred miles.

Benjamin F. Clark, of Company B, was one of the unfortunates who found escape impossible after the battle of Sunshine Church, July 31, 1864 and was carried away a prisoner. Many years after the war he told the story of his captivity, in a series of interesting newspaper articles. From these are gleaned a few facts relative to the suffering of Clark and his comrades in rebel prisons. He was one of a squad of about fifty Union prisoners who, after the battle, were marched to Macon and thence to Andersonville. Included in the party were several members of McLaughlin's Squadron. On the way the prisoners were robbed of their boots and other articles, which were coveted by the guards. At Andersonville they were at once put within that horrible stockade, the inmates of which at one time reached thirty thousand, and where, within seven months, more than twelve thousand died from exposure and starvation. When the gate closed behind them, their hearts sank as they looked upon the wretched, emaciated men who had been confined there for weeks and months.

There are few conversant with the late war who do not know the appalling story of Andersonville. It cannot be told in detail here, for this volume has already far exceeded its intended limits. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to do more than glance at the condition of the men who were kept within that awful place. But a small fraction of them had shelter of any kind to shield them from the sun's fierce heat, the pelting storm, or the night's chilling dews. Food was of the coarsest and poorest quality and wholly insufficient in quantity. The only water supply was a small branch that crept lazily through the inclosure, the tepid stream fouled by the debris of the stockade. Many of the prisoners had been despoiled of much of their clothing. As their scanty garments wore out no others were given them, and toward the end of the summer thousands were literally in rags. The days, weeks and months were full of unutterable misery and woe. Feeble, emaciated men, gaunt from hunger, in tattered clothes, devoured by vermin, some with festering wounds, wandered about the stockade, the pictures of suffering that words cannot portray. The victims of inhumanity died by scores and

hundreds, and each day their bodies were carted out and tumbled into the trenches. Such was the life, such the death, of members of McLaughlin's Squadron and of the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth and Sixth battery, for all the organizations of the Sherman Brigade were represented in that prison-pen.

Late in the year a partial exchange was effected, which included many of the sick. Among these was Clark and a few of his comrades. They were removed to Florence and Savannah and sent north. Some of them died soon after reaching home. Clark gradually recovered, but it was four months before he was fit for duty. He then rejoined the Squadron in North Carolina. Those of the Sherman Brigade prisoners who survived, remained in confinement at various points, until the end of the war. Of these a number were on board the ill-fated Sultana and sank beneath the waters of the Mississippi.

Those who have read this narrative cannot fail to note the fact that the history of McLaughlin's Squadron is a story of hard and continuous service. It is true of the Squadron, as of the other organizations of the Sherman brigade, that it had no "feather bed soldiering." It made no such imposing array as a full cavalry regiment of twelve companies, for it was only a sixth part as large, but everywhere and under all circumstances it discharged with zeal, fidelity and dauntless courage every duty which was given it to do. No better material entered into the composition of any organization in all the great army of the Union. To have been a member of McLaughlin's Squadron may ever be remembered with pride by its survivors; and the memory of their sacrifices, their sufferings and their devotion to duty may be cherished by their children and their children's children.

The "Story of the Sherman Brigade" is told. There is no blot upon the record. We who survived the toil, the hardship, the deadly storm of battle, may well be thankful. With tears and wreaths of laurel for our comrades who are in the eternal bivouac, on "the other side," we rest to the music of

"TAPS."

ROSTER

OF THE

Sherman Brigade.



IN THE compilation of the roster which follows, the main reliance has been the "Roster of Ohio Soldiers," published in 1891 by act of the legislature. In these volumes, unfortunately, errors, of omission and commission, are about as numerous as were mosquitoes in Texas.

The more common of these are the misspelling of names, which in some cases can scarcely be recognized, so badly are they distorted, and the omission of facts which are important to a soldier's record, such as promotions, and wounds received in action. A soldier is proud of these, as he has a right to be. They show service at the front, and for his own sake, as well as to maintain the reputation of the organization to which he belonged, they should be stated. In the matter of wounds the state roster is singularly defective. A considerable number of names, including those of several who were killed in battle, are omitted entirely.

In preparing the roster for this volume, a great amount of labor has been given to the correction of errors. No effort has been spared to make these personal records as nearly right as possible. How much has been accomplished in this direction may be understood from the fact that more than six hundred corrections have been made. The roster of each company was submitted to some of its members, who, by going over it together, name by name, were enabled, from memory and other sources of information, to eliminate a large part of the errors. To make a perfect roster would be a manifest impossibility. There are some blanks which cannot be filled, and no doubt there are mistakes of fact in the roster as here given, but there has been an earnest, painstaking effort to have it free from defects, and for those that remain no person can be blamed. I desire to express my obligations to members of the various companies who have given me such cheerful and valuable assistance.

In this roster I have endeavored to give to each officer of the various organizations the highest rank he attained by commission from the

governor of Ohio, whether mustered or not. I deem this but just, for, in many cases, officers and sergeants received promotions which they had earned by long and faithful service, and the vacancies for which actually existed, but under the orders and regulations of the War Department they could not be mustered in the advanced rank. So it is that many appear in grades which were given them by the State of Ohio, and are so recorded at Columbus, but which were not and are not recognized at Washington.

Another point in this roster I wish to explain. A line officer of a regiment, when promoted, was often transferred to the muster roll of another company, or to the field and staff, as the case might require. In the "Roster of Ohio Soldiers" such an officer appears in two or three different places, with his record scattered. It seemed to me much more satisfactory to group these fragments and give each officer's record entire, in one place. All whose service ended in the field and staff have their names and records under that head, except such as were given commissions which took them back to their companies. Each company officer is given his highest rank, but is located in the company to which he originally belonged, and with which he was most identified, and his complete record is there given.

In all the organizations there were cases of non-commissioned officers reduced to the ranks for some lapse from duty or discipline. In the majority of instances these men atoned for their misbehavior by faithful service, and some of them were again promoted for gallant conduct. Whatever they did to incur official displeasure, they paid the penalty and thus squared the account. After so many years, may not their faults be forgiven, as, indeed, most of them have been forgotten? Whether it be right or wrong, I have omitted from the roster their reduction to ranks. I see no more reason for entering these punishments, than for placing in the record every case of a man being put in the guard-house, or an officer in arrest. If this were done, how many of us would escape?

It will be remembered that, although the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth were mustered out in Texas—on December 3rd and November 30th, respectively—we were not discharged till a month later, in each case, when we were paid off at Columbus and told that we might go home. A considerable number of promotions were made during this interim, while we were yet actually in the service, although the official muster-out was at the dates given, in Texas.

In this roster are given first the name and final rank, then, successively, the age at the time of entering the service, date of enlistment, the term, and all essential points in the record.

WILBUR F. HINMAN.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

FIELD AND STAFF.

- JOHN SHERMAN, Colonel; 38; Sept. 20, 1861; 3 yrs; resigned Dec. 2, 1861 at the urgent request of President Lincoln, to continue as a United States Senator from Ohio.
- JAMES W. FORSYTH, Colonel; 27; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; resigned Jan. 1, 1862.
- JOHN FERGUSON, Colonel; 46; Jan. 21, 1862; 3 yrs.; retired from service Mar. 11, 1863.
- ALEXANDER MCILVAINE, Colonel; 41; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company A, Oct. 15, 1861; promoted to Major June 30, 1862; to Lieutenant-colonel Aug. 10, 1862; to Colonel Mar. 11, 1863; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- ROBERT C. BROWN, Colonel; 25; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company C, Nov. 27, 1861; promoted to Lieutenant-colonel Mar. 11, 1863; to Colonel June 24, 1864; wounded Dec. 11, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out Feb. 23, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- SAMUEL M. WOLFF, Colonel; 23; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant, Company H, Oct. 26, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant June 20, 1862; to Captain Jan. 3, 1863; to Major Feb. 23, 1865; to Lieutenant-colonel Mar. 18, 1865; to Colonel Dec. 15, 1865; wounded Jan. 1, 1863, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; June 22, 1864, near Kennesaw Mt., Ga.; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- ISAAC GASS, Lieutenant-colonel; 42; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; resigned June 30, 1862.
- JOHN J. WILLIAMS, Lieutenant-colonel; 44; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Major Nov. 30, 1861; promoted to Lieutenant-colonel June 30, 1862; resigned Aug. 10, 1862.
- SAMUEL L. COULTER, Lieutenant-colonel; 25; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Nov. 1, 1861; promoted to Captain Dec. 1, 1861; to Major Mar. 11, 1863; to Lieutenant-colonel June 27, 1864; mustered out Feb. 16, 1865, on expiration of term of service.

- NORMAN K. BROWN, Lieutenant-colonel; 27; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 30, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 3, 1862; to Captain Mar. 11, 1863; to Major Mar. 18, 1865; to Lieutenant-colonel Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- WILLIAM W. SMITH, Major; 29; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company D, Oct. 24, 1861; promoted to Major Aug. 10, 1862; resigned Jan. 15, 1863.
- GEORGE HALL, Major; 23; Oct. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant, Company K, Nov. 27, 1861; 1st Sergeant Jan. 5, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant May 4, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 6, 1862; to Captain July 13, 1864; to Major Dec. 15, 1865; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- HENRY O. MACK, Surgeon; 37; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; resigned Aug. 25, 1862.
- ABRAHAM MCMAHON, Surgeon; —; Aug. 2, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out July 14, 1864.
- HUGH P. ANDERSON, Surgeon; 45; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company C, Oct. 21, 1861; appointed Assistant Surgeon Nov. 27, 1861; promoted to Surgeon Feb. 25, 1864; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- VOLNEY G. MILLER, Assistant Surgeon; —; Aug. 21, 1862; 3 yrs.; resigned May 16, 1863.
- AMOS POTTER, Assistant Surgeon; —; June 29, 1863; 3 yrs.; resigned Nov. 9, 1863.
- MOSES H. QUINN, Assistant Surgeon; —; July 25, 1864; captured near Lynnville, Tenn., Nov. 23, 1864; retaken at Franklin, Tenn., Dec. 18, 1864; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- A. R. BROWN, Chaplain; 43; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; resigned July 13, 1862.
- ROBERT G. THOMPSON, Chaplain; —; July 1, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- WILBUR F. SANDERS, Adjutant; 27; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; resigned Aug. 10, 1862.
- CHAUNCEY WOODRUFF, Adjutant; 41; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Company E, Dec. 1, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant and appointed Adjutant, Aug. 11, 1862; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; resigned Oct. 2, 1864.
- STEPHEN A. MCCOLLUM, Adjutant; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant May 1, 1864; promoted to Sergeant-major Feb. 11, 1865; to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 18, 1865; appointed Adjutant April 30, 1865; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- ROELIFF BRINKERHOFF, Quartermaster; 33; Sept. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted by the President to Captain and A. Q. M. Nov. 4, 1861.
- LORENZO D. MYERS, Quartermaster; 23; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted by the President to Captain and A. Q. M. June 9, 1862.

TIP S. MARVIN, Quartermaster; 22; Oct. 12, 1861; appointed 1st Lieutenant Company H, Nov. 30, 1861; appointed regimental Quartermaster Apr. 7, 1862; captured Nov. 23, 1864; escaped Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Apr. 13, 1865, on expiration of term of service.

SAMUEL H. GARRETT, Quartermaster; 25; Dec. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal, Company K, Dec. 11, 1861; Sergeant, Apr. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant Oct. 6, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 18, 1865; appointed regimental Quartermaster July 14, 1865; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.

WILLIAM H. MASSEY, Sergeant-major; 24; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private Company G, Nov. 18, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant and transferred to Sixty-fifth regiment, as Adjutant.

SAMUEL B. BARKER, Sergeant-major; 18; Dec. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private Company B, May 12, 1863; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 6, 1864, on expiration of term of service.

PINCKNEY LEWIS, Quartermaster-sergeant; 27; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private Company K, Nov. 30, 1861; no further record.

SAMUEL J. MCCREADY, Quartermaster-sergeant; 22; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private Company H, Aug. 31, 1862; discharged Nov. 26 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

GEORGE F. MARVIN, Commissary-sergeant; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 12, 1861; Sergeant July 29, 1864; promoted to Commissary-sergeant July 17, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Oct. 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.

SAMUEL L. KENNEDY, Hospital Steward; 24; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private Company E, Dec. 1, 1861; honorably discharged Sept. —, 1862, to accept appointment as contract surgeon.

REGIMENTAL BAND.

THEODORE BATES, Leader; 39; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private Co. C, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged Sept. 9, 1862, by order of War Department.

BAIR, JEHIEL; 22; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. A, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.

BUCHIAS, GEORGE H.; 26; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. I, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.

BUCHIAS, AUGUSTUS K.; 19; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. I, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.

BUCHIAS, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. I, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.

- CLYMER, JOSEPH C.; 21; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. A, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.
- DENNIS, FREDERICK; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. H, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.
- FRANCIS, SMITH T.; 21; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. H, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.
- KIRKLAND, GEORGE W.; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. K, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.
- LASER, ABRAHAM; 27; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. H, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.
- LAUCK, GEORGE A.; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. K, Jan. 20, 1861; discharged as above.
- MANG, HENRY C.; 38; Oct. 14, 1861; transferred from Co. A, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above; re-enlisted in Co. A.
- ROGERS, LISLE; 27; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. D, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.
- SELTZER, DAVID; 22; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. K, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.
- STOWELL, WILLIAM M.; 35; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. K, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.
- WINBIGLER, ———; 25; Dec. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. D, Jan. 20, 1862; discharged as above.

COMPANY A.

- MICHAEL KEISER, Captain; 35; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Oct. 15, 1861; promoted to Captain May 4, 1862; leg broken by the falling of his horse in crossing Lookout Mountain, Sept. 9, 1863; resigned June 28, 1864.
- JOHN K. ZEIGLER, Captain; 34; Oct. 22, 1861; appointed Sergeant Nov. 18, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; to Captain, May 15, 1863; killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- JOHN F. COUTER, Captain; 23; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 18, 1861; Sergeant Jan. 3, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 18, 1865; promoted to Captain Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865;
- THOMAS H. EHLERS, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 18, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant June 30, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Jan. 3, 1863; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- ANDREW ANDREWS, 1st Lieutenant; 20; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 1, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant Apr. 18, 1865; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN Q. MCILVAINE, 2nd Lieutenant; 37; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 18, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; resigned July 26, 1864.

- GEORGE DAVEY, 2nd Lieutenant; 41; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 11, 1862; Sergeant May 12, 1863; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MAHLON SPARKS, 1st Sergeant; 43; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 18, 1861; 1st Sergeant May 12, 1863; discharged May 21, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.
- HARRISON H. SIMS, Sergeant; 20; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 12, 1863; Sergeant May 1, 1865; wounded Sept. 3, 1864, near Lovejoy's Station, Ga.; discharged May 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN B. HUNT, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 11, 1864; Sergeant July 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- HIRAM BELL, Sergeant; 24; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1863; Sergeant Apr. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB MILLER, Sergeant; 34; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 18, 1861; Sergeant Aug. 7, 1862; died Dec. 9, 1863, in hospital at Bridgeport, Ala., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- THOMAS BLOOR, Sergeant; 26; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 18, 1861; Sergeant Apr. 1, 1864; wounded May 29, 1864, near Dallas, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN W. MCILVAINE, Sergeant; 22; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; died Jan. 3, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- J. W. VANSOYOC, Corporal; 25; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 12, 1863; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; released May, 1865; survivor of Sultana disaster; mustered out May 20, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- HENRY H. SPARKS, Corporal; 21; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MICHAEL P. NOON, Corporal; 19; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM A. HULIT, Corporal; 20; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 4, 1863; captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; released May 2, 1865; mustered out May 20, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- WILLIAM N. DILLEY, Corporal; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 1, 1865; wounded July 20, 1864, at battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; discharged June 18, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM BECKWITH, Corporal; 20; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1863; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- JOSIAH ARCHER, Corporal; 18; Dec. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed ---; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

AARON CROPP, Corporal; 25; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

WILLIAM McNICKLE, Corporal; 39; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; discharged May 9, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

JOHN HILTABIDEL, Corporal; 42; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; discharged Dec. 10, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.

BENJAMIN F. KEISER, Corporal; 21; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

ANDREW H. OSWALT, Corporal; 31; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; discharged June 1, 1862, at Columbus, O.

HENRY CROMER, Corporal; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 1, 1862; mustered out Oct. 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.

WILLIAM W. RUSSELL, Corporal; 18; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 12, 1863; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

GEORGE W. HUNT, Corporal; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

THOMAS W. HUNT, Musician; 18; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865, as private; veteran.

ABRAHAM BARKALOW, Wagoner; 40; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 21, 1862, in hospital near Bardstown, Ky.

BRINK, THOMAS; 19; Nov. 6, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana, on Mississippi river, near Memphis, Tenn., Apr. 27, 1865.

BRINK, SAMUEL; 21; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river, near Memphis, Tenn., Apr. 27, 1865.

BARTSON, JOHN; 29; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

BEAHLER, MATHIAS; 38; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

BROWN, CHRISTIAN; 34; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 6, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

BUTTORFF, JOHN H.; 20; Apr. 1, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out Apr. 1, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.

BEAVER, PERCIVAL; 25; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; no further record.

CANNAN, JOHN; 43; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 3, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

CLINE, HENRY C.; 20; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 3, 1862, in hospital, at Evansville, Ind.

- CLEVER, CONRAD; 20; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill Tenn.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Feb. 17, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on expiration of term of service.
- CLOSSON, ALBERT; 19; Nov. 6, 1862; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; discharged June 6, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CROPP, JOHN; 20; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CROPP, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 25, 1863, of wounds received in battle of Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863.
- CROMER, ANDREW; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CULBERTSON, HOMER; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 11, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CUNNINGHAM, DEACON; 20; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs., killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- DISBRO, JOHN; 19; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to 1st U. S. Veteran Engineers, July 23, 1864; veteran.
- DISBRO, ABRAHAM; 40; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 16, 1865, in U. S. General Hospital at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.; veteran.
- DICKEN, JOSHUA H.; 26; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DAVIS, FERDINAND; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- DAVEY, ROBERT; 52; Dec. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 10, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- EHLERS, JAMES E.; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- FRANKHOUSER, SOLOMON; 21; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out May 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- GILLIS, WILLIAM; 23; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 19, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.; veteran.
- GESSLER, JOSEPH; 42; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; died Apr. 21, 1865, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.
- HUNTSBERRY, BURR; 26; Nov. 10, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 10, 1865, at Victoria, Texas, on expiration of term of service.
- HARDSOCK, BATEMAN; 28; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; died Apr. 15, 1865, near Tupelo, Miss.
- HOUSMAN, MARTIN; 39; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

- HAUPT, JOSEPH, 32; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged May 17, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HULIT, REUBEN; 18; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 9, 1863, in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- HETHERINGTON, WESLEY; 21; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 30, 1862, in action near Stone River, Tenn.
- HARRISON, JAMES B.; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Jan. 18, 1864 at Dandridge, Tenn.; died Oct. 2, 1864, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.
- HAMILTON, WILLIAM T.; 30; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 8, 1862, in hospital at Lebanon, Ky.
- HAYS, SYLVESTER; 34; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 21, 1862, near Savannah, Tenn.
- JOHNSTON, ELEAZOR; 41; Sept. 15, 1862; 3 yrs.; died June 3, 1864, of wounds received May 27, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.
- JOHNSTON, WILLIAM T.; 18; Dec. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JONES, OLIVER; 48; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 6, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KELSO, JOHN; 19; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- LUMAY, DAVID; 18; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; discharged June 5, 1865, at Jeffersonville, Ind., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LINDLEY, HENRY; 40; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 11, 1864, in Woodward Hospital, Cincinnati, O.
- LANGAN, MICHAEL, J.; 19; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out June 21, 1865, at Cincinnati, O.
- LAIRD, ANDREW; 18; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MCILVAINE, GEORGE H.; 18; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 3, 1865, at Atlanta, Ga.; veteran.
- MCILVAINE, AUGUSTUS; 18; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 13, 1862, in hospital at Lebanon, Ky.
- MCGREGOR, JOSEPH; 26; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.
- MCDONALD, WILLIAM C.; 19; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 18, 1862 at Silver Springs, Ky.
- MCCOY, JAMES; 20; Dec. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; exchanged at Savannah, Ga.; mustered out Apr. 17, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.

- MILLER, JOHN A.; 21; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MILLER, JOHN W.; 26; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 21, 1864, of wounds received May 9, 1864 in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- MILLER, PETER; 44; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Feb. 9, 1865, in hospital at Louisville, Ky., of wounds received Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.
- MANG, HENRY C.; 38; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Regimental Band Jan. 20, 1862, and discharged Sept. 8, 1862; re-enlisted Nov. 13, 1862 for 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- MAIN, PERRY J.; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to 1st Regiment U. S. Colored Veteran Volunteers, July 23, 1864; veteran.
- OSWALT, DAVID M.; 18; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 20, 1864, in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 28, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.; veteran.
- OLDHAM, EDWARD S.; 31; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- PAYNE, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 11, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PAUL, JACOB; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 25, 1862, at Tusculumbia, Ala.
- RUSSELL, JOHN M.; 22; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Jan. 2, 1863, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- RHEA, JOHN W.; 38; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 30, 1865, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out May 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- ROBINSON, WILLIAM A.; 38; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- RINING, JACOB; 38; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- STAHL, GEORGE W.; 20; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out July 27, 1865 at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.
- STIGER, DAVID; 19; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; discharged Sept. 25, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STONEBRAKER, JOHN B.; 19. Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 21, 1862, at Tusculumbia, Ala.
- STOFFER, JOHN; 18; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SMILEY, WALTER; 26; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SORG, PETER; 43; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; killed Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.
- SHOWALTER, JAMES; 18; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

- STATES, DANIEL W.; 21; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- SEXTON, THOMAS; 18; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 27, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SANDS, ANDREW; 18; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded June 3, 1864, in action near Dallas, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- THOMAS, CORYDON; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- THOMPSON, JAMES; 24; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 10, 1862, at Cairo, Ill.
- THORP, JASON; 29; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 4, 1864, in Hospital No. 8, Nashville Tenn.
- VERNER, JAMES H.; 21; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WISE, NAPOLEON; 26; Sept. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

COMPANY B.

- JAMES B. BROWN, Captain; 31; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed, Oct. 21, 1861; resigned May 3, 1862.
- DAVID A. SCOTT, Captain; 40; Oct. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Oct. 21, 1861; promoted to Captain, June 30, 1862; resigned Mar. 23, 1863.
- BRYANT GRAFTON, Captain; 25; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2d Lieutenant, Oct. 30, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 10, 1862; to Captain Mar. 11, 1863; wounded and captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out May 27, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- THOMAS E. TILLOTSON, Captain; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 18, 1861; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Aug. 10, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; to Captain Aug. 11, 1864; brevetted Major by the President "for gallant and meritorious services;" mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- CHARLES E. BAKER, Captain; 18; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1862; promoted to Quartermaster-Sergeant May 10, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 26, 1864; appointed Adjutant Oct. 4, 1864; promoted to Captain Jan. 28, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- ANDREW LYBOLD, 1st Lieutenant; 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 18, 1861; Sergeant June 6, 1863; 1st Sergeant Apr. 1, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Mar. 18, 1865; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- AUGUSTUS NOELTNER, 2nd Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Dec. 11, 1864; 1st Sergeant July 5, 1865; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.

- JACOB WEIST, Sergeant; 19; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant, July 1, 1865; wounded June 4, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE MARK HUTCHINSON, Sergeant; 25; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 16, 1862; wounded May 27, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM FIELDS, Sergeant; 19; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 6, 1862; Sergeant May 1, 1863; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE FISHER, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; July 25, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant July 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM FIES, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 16, 1862; Sergeant Apr. 1, 1864; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; survivor of Sultana disaster; mustered out June 19, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- ASAPH O. CRANMER, Sergeant; 31; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 18, 1861; Sergeant Oct. 11, 1862; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 19, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- WILLIAM A. LEFEVER, Sergeant; 25; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WILLIAM MCCOY, Sergeant; 35; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Ga.; died Dec. 24, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- SAMUEL T. BEERBOWER, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Ga.; discharged Mar. 23, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability from wounds.
- HENRY PARTRIDGE, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 18, 1861; Sergeant Oct. 16, 1862; captured July 20, 1861, at Atlanta, Ga.; mustered out Mar. 15, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- CHARLES S. SPRING, Sergeant; 32; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB M. WHITTLE, Corporal; 19; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 1, 1865; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- SIMEON T. WARD, Corporal; 26; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

- DAVID J. WORTMAN, Corporal; 23; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Oct. 19, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- THOMAS J. SPRAGUE, Corporal; 31; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WESLEY HARRIS, Corporal; 19; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN BRUNKER, Corporal; 25; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 1, 1865; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; no further record found; veteran.
- JOHN ANSLOW, Corporal; 21; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JAMES H. CLARK, Corporal; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 23, 1861; died Apr. 12, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.
- MARTIN A. CORN, Corporal; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; died Apr. 5, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.
- JESSE STAFFORD, Corporal; 27; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- THOMAS B. WARD, Corporal; 40; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- ABRAM D. L. PAYNE, Musician; 27; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; discharged Apr. 7, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GEORGE R. MOORE, Musician; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 18, 1861; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ALSPAUGH, NOAH; 29; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 11, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- BERRY, JOHN W.; 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BERRY, JOSEPH V.; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; no further record; veteran.
- BROWN, WILLIAM; 26; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 1, 1863, of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BARRINGER, JOHN; 21; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 27, 1862, at Louisville Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BOWEN, ALBERTUS; 18; Jan. 19, 1865; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- BASSLER, JOHN M.; 27; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- BAUGH, JACOB; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- BOHAM, EPHRAIM; 42; Mar. 3, 1865; 1 yr., mustered out Oct. 16, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- BOHAM, [GEORGE] E.; 18; Mar. 15, 1864; 1 yr.; killed May 27, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.

- BRINKER, THOMAS H.; 20; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- BAKER, JOHN; 23; Oct. 15, 1861, 3 yrs.; died Apr. 6, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BAKER, CHARLES; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; delivered to 66th Regiment by reason of previous enlistment.
- BRIGGS, TRUMAN G.; 18; Mar. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company, Dec. 3, 1865.
- BURNS, BENJAMIN; 25; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- BRADY, ABRAM C.; 24; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 30, 1865, at Camp Denison, O.; veteran.
- BRADY, ALSON; 18; Sept. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 8, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BRADY JAMES K. P.; 18; Sept. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out May 20, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- BRADY, WILLIAM; 18; Mar. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 28, 1864.
- BRADY, PETER J.; 19; Feb. 13, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 7, 1865, in 2nd Division, 4th Army Corps hospital, at Port Lavaca, Texas.
- BISHOP, BELAY J.; 31; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; never reported for duty.
- CAVIN, EDWARD A.; 18; Jan. 19, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- COLENZO, WILLIAM; 19; Mar. 16, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded June 18, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- CARMINE, WILLIAM H.; 21; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- CORY, EBENEZER; 30; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 31, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CONE, DAVID O.; 39; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. K, 8th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 24, 1863; veteran.
- COCHERL, JOHN; 27; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. H, 12th Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, May 10, 1864.
- CULLISON, WILLIAM; 26; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company, Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- CLARK, RILEY P.; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 26, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLARK, CHARLES N.; 22; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 1, 1862, at his home in Ohio.
- FRAME, JOHN; 18; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 5, 1863, at Nashville Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- FELL, STEPHEN; 20; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- FULTON, CHARLES; 18; Mar. 25, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- FIELDS, MATTHEW; 19; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 17, 1863 at Bowling Green, Ky.
- FIELDS, WILLIAM F.; 20; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; died July 24, 1864, in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- FIELDS, JOSEPH; 19; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- FIES, CHRISTOPHER; 18; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- GROSS, LEWIS; 18; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 28, 1862, at Columbia, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HERRING, JOHN; 27; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 6, 1865 at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- HARRIS, RICHARD L.; 19; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 9, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HOPKINS, WILLIAM C.; 18; Jan. 24, 1865; 1 yr.; discharged Sept. 27, 1865, at Benton Barracks, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HOPKINS, GEORGE; 26; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 4, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARBESON, SAMUEL; 28; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 30, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HILDENBRAND, HENRY; 27; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs., wounded Dec. 31, 1862. in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HATCH, PERRY; 26; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 20, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HILL, ANDREW J.; 28; Jan. 25, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- HILTIBIDDLE, FERGUS P.; 17; Mar. 29, 1865; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- HICKEY, PETER; 44; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 24, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HUNTER, JAMES M.; 21; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- HUGGINS, NOAH L.; 18; Feb. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- IRMUR, ALEXANDER P.; 18; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHNSON ANDREW J.; 24; Jan. 24, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.

- KLINFELTER, JAMES H.; 28; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 12, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- KERAN, REUBEN; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to 1st U. S. Engineer Corps, Aug. 7, 1864; veteran.
- KERAN, JAMES B. N.; 18; Sept. 13, 1862; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LEFEVER, ANDREW; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LEWIS, JOHN B.; 22; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LILLEY, MELVIN A.; 24; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 28, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- LORRICK, FRANKLIN; 23; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MADDUX, JAMES W.; 31; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MESSINGER, EVERETT; 18; Mar. 14, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded Mar. 15, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- MESSINGER, GEORGE; 27; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 11, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MACK, WILMETT E.; 21; Jan. 31, 1865; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 14, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MINNETT, JULES; 19; Apr. 1, 1865; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- MYERS, NELSON; 18; Mar. 8, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- MAYNES, THOMAS W.; 19; Apr. 1, 1865; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- MAY, ROLANDER; 34; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 27, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- NICHOLS, GEORGE W.; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; no further record.
- OLDFIELD, LEONIDAS H.; 19; Mar. 8, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- OFFICER, THOMAS; 44; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 30, 1862, at Decatur, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PARTRIDGE, ALMON; 18; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Feb. 18, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PARTRIDGE, CHARLES; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- PIERSON, CHARLES; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 23, 1862, at camp near Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PARSELL, SOLOMON N.; 34; Feb. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; absent in hospital Aug. 17, 1865; no further record.
- PAYNE, CHARLES; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 28, 1862, at camp near Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RICHMOND, JOSEPH; 22; Jan. 28, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- ROWE, CHARLES; 22; Mar. 6, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out Oct. 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- SNYDER, GEORGE; 26; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- SMITH, JOHN; 20; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SMITH JACOB F.; 23; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 14, 1862, to enlist in 5th U. S. Artillery.
- SMITH, GEORGE S.; 30; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 18, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SORRICK, FRANKLIN; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- SOUTHWICK, FERNANDEZ; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 10, 1862, at Marion, O.
- SCRIBNER, WILLIAM H.; 23; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; no further record.
- SOWERS, GEORGE; 20; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 12, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Ga.
- SAGER, HENRY; 21; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 12, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- SEARS, RILEY; 21; Jan. 17, 1865; 1 yr.; no further record.
- SHEVER, SAMUEL; 39; Oct. 14, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out June 3, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- SEACORD, SAMUEL; 19; Feb. 1, 1865; 1 yr.; in hospital at New Orleans, La., Aug. 7, 1865; no further record.
- SYLVESTER, MARCUS B.; 18; Mar. 14, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- STAFFORD, WALTER S.; 42; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 10, 1864, on expiration of service; re-enlisted Feb. 24 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- STAFFORD, DEWITT C.; 18; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- TUTTLE, JOSIAH T.; 37; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 2, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- THEW, WILLIAM; 18; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 23, 1862, in hospital at Evansville, Ind., on his way home.
- TURNER, JOSIAH; 23; Mar. 6, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- TIMMER, CASPAR; 25; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; no further record.
- THATCHER, JOHN; 19; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 1, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- WALKER, JACOB; 19; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- WARD, JOHN T.; 20; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- WITZEL, WILLIAM; 35; Sept. 17, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 9, 1865, for wounds received June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.
- WICKIZER, CONRAD; 28; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; missing Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; supposed to have died Apr. 15, 1865, in rebel prison at Jacksonville, Fla.
- WHITTLE, DANIEL T.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 29, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WALPORT, JACOB; 38; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 2, 1863, of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- WEIRICH, FRANKLIN; 20; Mar. 8, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- ZIMMER, CASPAR; 25; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river, near Memphis, Tenn., Apr. 27, 1865.

COMPANY C.

- AARON S. CAMPBELL, Captain; 42; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Nov. 27, 1861; promoted to Captain Nov. 5, 1862; resigned Aug. 5, 1863.
- WILLIAM H. FARBER, Captain; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; appointed Corporal Oct. 31, 1862; promoted to Commissary-sergeant, May 11, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 9, 1864; appointed Adjutant Feb. 28, 1865; promoted to Captain Apr. 26, 1865; mustered out with regiment; veteran.
- HARRISON LAWRENCE, Captain; 21; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 31, 1861; Sergeant Oct. 31, 1862; 1st Sergeant May 12, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 3, 1864; to Captain Feb. 23, 1865; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; resigned May 11, 1865.
- RILEY ALBACH, 1st Lieutenant; 24; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 18, 1861; 1st Sergeant Oct. 31, 1862; promoted 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; 1st Lieutenant Aug. 5, 1863; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Ga.; resigned May 7, 1864.

CYRUS Y. FREEMAN, 1st Lieutenant; 22; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant, Nov. 27, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Nov. 3, 1862.

JOSEPH ANDREWS, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 18, 1861; Sergeant Jan. 12, 1863; 1st Sergeant Nov. 6, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

JOHN W. LEIDIGH, 2nd Lieutenant; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to Sergeant-major May 1, 1865; 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

ALFRED G. ANDERSON, 2nd Lieutenant; 18; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to Hospital Steward March 13, 1863; to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with regiment, Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

JACOB H. SHAUCK, 1st Sergeant; 29; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1861; discharged Feb. 20, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

WILLIAM D. PATTERSON, Sergeant; —; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 18, 1861; Sergeant Feb. 28, 1863; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., while carrying the regimental colors; veteran.

MOSES WALTERS, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 31, 1862; Sergeant Sept. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

SAMUEL G. WILLIAMS, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal June 8, 1863; Sergeant, Apr. 26, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; and Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

JEREMIAH OBERLIN, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Sept. 1, 1864; Sergeant, May 12, 1865; mustered out Dec. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.

JESSE CASHELL, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 27, 1861; Sergeant Jan. 12, 1863; mustered out Dec. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.

JACOB SHIVELY, Sergeant; 35; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 31, 1861; Sergeant Nov. 27, 1861; wounded May 25, 1864 in battle of Dallas, Ga.; mustered out Jan. 11, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., on expiration of term of service.

WILLIAM DOUGLASS, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1861; discharged Sept. 10, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

ALBERT COE, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1861; discharged Jan. 12, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

WILLIAM KELSO; 21; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Mar. 7, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 16, 1864; mustered out June 21, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department; veteran.

JACOB RIDENOUR, Corporal; 21; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged July 2, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department.

BENJAMIN F. OBERLIN, Corporal; 19; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

CLINTON B. WINTERSTEEN, Corporal; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; appointed Corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

ELI J. POLLOCK, Corporal; 19; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

WILLIAM MCDANIEL, Corporal; 18; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

JOHN W. LONGSWORTH, Corporal; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 12, 1863; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Mar. 8, 1865; veteran.

WILLIAM CHRISTY, Corporal; 18; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out Oct. 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., by order of War Department; veteran.

EPHRAIM SIMPSON, Corporal; 19; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1862; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

JOSEPH E. MOSER, Corporal; 23; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 7, 1863; killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.

ROBERT C. CORNMAN, Corporal; 21; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1861; discharged Oct. 24, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

GEORGE H. HALES, Corporal; 25; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1861; discharged Sept. 11, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

THOMAS DYE, Corporal; 25; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1861; discharged May 12, 1862, at Camp Shiloh, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

JOHN F. BEER, Musician; 16; Feb. 22, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 10, 1865, at New Orleans, La.

JOSEPH SCHLOSSEN, Musician; 18; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 17, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.

ATCHISON, WILLIAM B.; 23; Nov. 10, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 20, 1865, at Columbus, O., for wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.

ATCHISON, JOHN M.; 23; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 20, 1862, at Camp Shiloh, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- BROWN, JOHN; 21; Oct. 12, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- BORN, JOHN; 24; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute, mustered out Aug. 22, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- BECK, WILLIAM; 41; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BLAIR, ANDREW; 44; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BOWSER, MARTIN; 26; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 2, 1863, near Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- BROCAW, HENRY; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 11, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BAUGHMAN, HENRY B.; 41; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 16, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BECHTEL, JACOB; 19; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; no further record.
- CLINE, CHARLES; 22; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CLOUSE, MATTHIAS; 29; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CROWNER, MICHAEL F.; 24; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 26, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- CASHILL, WESLEY; 22; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 16, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CHASE SILAS; 28; Nov. 7, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 7, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- DONALDSON, HENRY; 21; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 12, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DARLING, GEORGE W.; 18; Dec. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 28, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DAY, JOHN T.; 19; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 11, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 25, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.; veteran.
- DERROW, JACOB; 20; Oct. 22, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 21, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- DERROW LEVI; 22; Oct. 4, 1861; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- DANIELS, JEREMIAH; 26; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- DOWNES, EDWIN M.; 18; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. E., Dec. 1, 1861; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- EBY, WILLIAM H.; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Mar. 18, 1863, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FARBER, HARMON; 22; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- FULTON, WILLIAM; 19; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 28, 1862, at Camp Shiloh, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FULTON, ISAAC H.; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 26, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FAGLEY, DANIEL; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 30, 1862, in field hospital at Corinth, Miss.
- FORD, ROBERT C.; 22; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, at battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GNEPPER, ERNST; 40; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GARHARTSTINE, JOSEPH; 34; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GEORGE, WILLIAM H.; 18; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GREER, JAMES W.; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 1, 1862, in field hospital at Corinth, Miss.
- GATTON, DAVID; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GATTON, THOMAS; 44; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 8th, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- HUFFMAN, FREDERICK W.; 34; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863; at Hillshoro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HOOVER, MATTHIAS; 42; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged Feb. 21, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HAY, ISAAC; 20; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1865, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HUGHES, JAMES E.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 26, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HISKY, SAMUEL; 22; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 5, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- HARDMAN, WILLIAM H.; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 19, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARTUPEE, WILLIAM N.; 28; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- KUNSTLE, ANSELM; 40; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KOBER, WILLIAM; 32; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- KNOX, GEORGE W.; 27; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 1, 1862, at Savannah, Ga.
- KINTON, JOHN; 25; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 31, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- KAUFMAN, JOHN H.; 43; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MCCULLOUGH, WILLIAM C.; 24; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MCCORMICK, SAMUEL; 38; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Apr. 20, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- MCJUNKIN, WILLIAM; 18; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 28, 1864, at Columbus, O.
- MCBRIDE, JAMES N.; 18; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 16, 1861; at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- McFARLAND, EZRA; 18; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 16, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.
- MCQUOWN, THOMAS; 18; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 27, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCCUNE, JAMES G.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 27, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- MATTHEWS, AUGUSTUS; 39; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; no further record.
- MINNICK, ERNST; 43; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MINNEY, NICHOLAS; 25; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MENNINGAN, CHARLES W.; 31; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MYERS, DARIUS M.; 24; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 1, 1862, at Cincinnati, O.
- MUMAN, JOHN W.; 23; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MYERS, WILLIAM B.; 22; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 16, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MORRISON, SAMUEL; 20; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 28, 1863 at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PORE, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- PIPER, JOHN; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 8, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PALM, WILLIAM H.; 44; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 10, 1865, at New Orleans, La.; veteran.
- PRITCHARD, ARTHUR; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 1, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- PHILLIPS, WILLIAM H. H.; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- POLLOCK, JOHN; 21; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 3, 1864, in battle of Lovejoy Station, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

- PEALER, MARTIN; 20; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 26, 1863, at Nashville Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- PATTERSON, MILLER M.; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 11, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
- PURDY NORMAN; 24; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged Mar. 28, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- RITTER, JEREMIAH; 18; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; died June 8, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- RUCK, HENRY; 30; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- RODOCKER, WILLIAM; 18; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- ROBINSON, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 5, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- REED, JAMES W.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- RHODE, WILLIAM; 22; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 27, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- RIDENOUR, JACOB; 18; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged June 2, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- REA, WILLIAM; 20; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SCHIFFLER, JACOB; 19; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Sept. 12, 1865, at New Orleans, La.
- STINNER, HENRY; 28; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SCHER, FREDERICK W.; 23; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- SHELLENBARGER, JOHN MC.; 19; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out at Columbus, O., to date Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- STEWART, GEORGE H.; 21; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Jan. 2, 1863, in battle of Stone River, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SMITH, JACOB C.; 22; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SMITH, JEFFERSON M.; 18; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 13, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- SIPE, LEVI; 32; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SIPE, ARCHIBALD; 25; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- SOWERS, WILLIAM H.; 19; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 12, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- THOMA. JOHN; 35; Nov. 7, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- THUMA, JACOB A.; 18; Nov. 2, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- TRUMP, JOHN; 22; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- VANCE, JOHN J.; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WILLIAMS, JEROME; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WALTERS, WILLIAM; 23; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 12, 1862, at Camp near Mississippi line on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WEIGLE, WILLIAM; 23; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged to date Oct. 29, 1862.
- YANNEY, EDWARD; 27; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; killed Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.

COMPANY D.

- HENRY H. KLING, Captain; 29; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant from 1st Sergeant Feb. 23, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 19, 1862; to Captain Mar. 3, 1863; killed Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
- ALFRED A. REED, Captain; 29; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 27, 1861; 1st Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 11, 1864; to Captain Dec. 9, 1864; wounded July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- CORNELIUS C. WHITE, 1st Lieutenant; 36; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 28, 1861; resigned Nov. 19, 1862.
- FRANK H. KILLINGER, 1st Lieutenant; 22; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Oct. 28, 1861; promoted to Sergeant-major Sept. 21, 1862; 2nd Lieutenant to date Aug. 12, 1862; 1st Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863.
- SAMUEL E. SMITH, 1st Lieutenant; 32; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Sept. 1, 1862; Sergeant June 26, 1864; 1st Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 26, 1865; resigned Oct. 16, 1865; veteran.
- ISAAC F. BIGGERSTAFF, 2nd Lieutenant; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; resigned Feb. 23, 1862.
- JOHN B. KING, 1st Sergeant; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 27, 1861; Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; 1st Sergeant Aug. 23, 1864; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- WILLIAM P. WILKINS, 1st Sergeant; 19; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant May 14, 1864; 1st Sergeant May 1, 1865; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Oct. 9, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JAMES M. THOMAS, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- ANDREW J. THOMASON, Sergeant; 18; Dec. 28, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 1, 1865; discharged Sept. 28, 1865, at Benton Barracks, Mo.
- HENRY H. SHARP, Sergeant; 18; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 24, 1865; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; discharged Dec. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- HUGH W. BRATTON, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 1, 1862, Sergeant May 1, 1864; captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana, on Mississippi river, Apr. 27, 1865; veteran.
- ANDREW S. CULP, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 1, 1863; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Mar. 23, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- JOSEPH W. RHOADES, Sergeant; 31; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; discharged Dec. 5, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DAVID MESSENGER, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; transferred to Company E, 7th Reg. Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 14, 1863.
- WILLIAM F. STENNARD, Corporal; 18; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; accidentally killed while on guard near Athens, Ala., Mar. 2, 1865.
- WILLIAM A. H. ADLESPERGER, Corporal; 22; Oct. 5, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; discharged Sept. 26, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- JAMES M. MORROW, Corporal; 19; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 1, 1863; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- SIMEON LANDON, Corporal; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 1, 1863; mustered out May 20, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- ANDREW DRAKE, Corporal; 20; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 10, 1864; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; veteran.
- JAMES ANDERSON, Corporal; 30; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Feb. 28, 1863; discharged May 23, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.
- JOHN B. PALMER, Corporal; 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 1, 1864; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; no further record.
- ROBERT E. S. SWARTZ, Corporal; 39; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; transferred to 148th Co. Vet. Reserve Corps, Jan. 22, 1864.
- JAMES R. RHOADES, Corporal; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- MILTON RHOADES, Corporal; 21; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; discharged May 21, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CHARLES R. THOMAS, Corporal; 38; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps, Feb. 15, 1864.
- JASPER GOODING, Corporal; 22; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; discharged Jan. 17, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CHARLES F. JAMES, Musician; 22; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 30, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ALBERT C. WHITE, Drummer; 9 yrs. and 29 days; Dec. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 18, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOHN ALLEN, Wagoner; 46; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; discharged June 30, 1862, near Decatur, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ADLESERGER, JOHN F.; 21; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; prisoner of war; died May 9, 1865, at Jacksonville, Fla.
- ARNI, JACOB; 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Sept. 4, 1864, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.
- APPLEMAN, JAMES; 27; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 21, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ALTY, FRANCIS; 26; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- ALLEN, WILLIAM P.; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BAUCHMAN, AARON; 26; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; in hospital at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 21, 1862; no further record.
- BAUCHMAN, TILLMAN; 24; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BRATTON, HENRY C.; 20; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 13, 1864, of wounds received May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- BLACK, MARTIN T.; 18; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BROWN, LUTHER M.; 34; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged Sept. 26, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- BURNS, JOHN; 19; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; no further record.
- BENSLEY, JOHN; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs., killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- BRICKER, DANIEL; 43; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged May 17, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BENSLEY, GEORGE ORSON; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 27, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.

- BOOR, WILLIAM; 40; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 29, 1864; in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged May 20, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- BENT, NAHUM W.; 32; Mar. 28, 1865; 1 yr.; discharged Sept. 26, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- BOXWELL, SAMUEL R.; 28; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 27, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BRATTON, DAVID; —; Mar. 5, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- CARR, DAVID J.; 30; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 24, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COLLINS, ELIJAH; 35; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CHRISTMAN, NOAH; 19; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 27, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.
- CLUFF, AMI; 27; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 19, 1862, at Louisville, Ky. on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CRIDER, JOHN S.; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- COOK, JOHN M.; 23; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CONOVER, JEROME V.; 18; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out May 18, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DICKASON, LIVINGSTON; 19; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 24, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DITRICK, JOHN; 29; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DECKER, SIMEON; 38; Sept. 23, 1864, 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out May 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DICK, ROBERT W.; 20; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ELLISON, JEREMIAH; 23; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs. captured ———; died Dec. 17, 1863, in rebel prison, at Danville, Va.
- EMERICK, FREDERICK; 26; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ENGLISH, JOHN F.; 31; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 3, 1862, on board hospital steamer Stephen Decatur.
- EDGAR, ANDREW; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- FIELDS, HENRY W.; 30; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FARBER, CHRISTIAN; 18; Oct. 16, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; discharged Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FACKLER, PHILIP; 24; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 1, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FRANCIS, JAMES M.; 20; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 3, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- HULL, HENRY R.; 19; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 24, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HUGGINS, NOAH; 17; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 24, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HUGGINS, ALVIN C.; 21; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- HILDEBRAND, JOHN S. 48; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HOLTZ, JACOB; 43; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HERSHISER, PETER M.; 39; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HENDERSON, JAMES K.; 18; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; died Aug. 10, 1864, at Cincinnati, O.
- HENDERSON, THOMAS S.; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 9, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HENDERSON, DARIUS; 18; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 10, 1864, at Cincinnati, O., of wounds received May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- HENDERSON, JOSEPH R.; 29; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps, Dec. 2, 1864; discharged Aug. 14, 1865, at Cairo, Ill., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HALSTEAD, ORANGE B.; 18; Mar. 25, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- HOWDYSHELL, SAMUEL S.; 20; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged May 30, 1865, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- IRWIN, JAMES; 24; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River; transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps, Dec. 28, 1863.
- INGRAM, WILLIAM; 45; Mar. 28, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- IMBODY, WILLIAM H.; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 23, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- JORDAN, JOSHUA; 21; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 8, 1862, near Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JONES, JOHN E.; 20; Nov. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- JAMES, JOHN; 24; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- JOHNSON, WILLIAM; 43; Oct. 25, 1862; 3 yrs.; died May 23, 1863, in hospital at Memphis, Tenn.
- JOHNSON, ISAAC; 17; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 30, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala.
- KILBOURNE, BYRON; 23; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 6, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- KING, BARZILLA; 34; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KEESY, WILLIAM A.; 21; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KNACHLE, JOSEPH; 20; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 2, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LEE, JOHN J.; 29; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LONDON, DARIUS; 25; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 25, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- LIKE, JOHN; 27; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out May 20, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- LAUER, DAVID J.; 19; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 14, 1863, at Manchester, Tenn.
- LOWE, ISAAH; 29; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 29, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LEECH, MARVIN; 44; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 10, 1862, at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.
- MILLER THOMAS; 32; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MATTOX, JOHN; 19; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 5, 1864, at Columbus, O., on Surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MOUNT, THOMPSON; —; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; discharged Oct. 22, 1864, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MAYNARD, CLOICE; 18; Mar. 25, 1865; 1 yr.; discharged Dec. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- PALINGER, DANIEL H.; 32; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PRYCE, JAMES; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 12, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- PALMER, ALFRED; 19; Aug. 19, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PAYNE, WILLIAM F.; 35; Oct. 7, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 1, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- ROBY, BARTON; 36; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Apr. 21, 1865; mustered out July 15, 1865, at Rock Island, Ill.
- ROE, WILLIAM C.; 18; Feb. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; died July 27, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ROSENBERGER, WILLIAM; 40; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 20, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROBERTS, ROBERT; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 20, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.

- ROBERTS, JOHN; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; no further record; veteran.
- ROBINSON, THOMAS F.; 25; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out Feb. 15, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- ROBINSON, WILLIAM H.; 19; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 27, 1863, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROOF, MARTIN; 27; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SHEALL, JACOB S.; 29; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SNYDER, JOHN; 26; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Aug. 22, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- SHORT, NEWTON A.; 19; Mar. 28, 1865; 1 yr.; died July 15, 1865, in hospital at New Orleans, La.
- SEXTON, JAMES W.; 18; Mar. 6, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- SORDON, JOHN; 28; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 22, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- SIPLES, LEWIS; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan 26, 1864.
- SMITH, JOHN W.; 24; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, May 20, 1864.
- TARLTON, JAMES F.; 26; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 17, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TYLER, LEROY; 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 18, 1862, at Silver Springs, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TANNYHILL, WILLIAM N.; 46; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 23, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TANNYHILL, JAMES A.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- THOMAS, ISAAC N.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 28, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- THOMAS, WILLIAM; 17; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr., 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- UHLICK, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July, 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- VALENTINE, DANIEL; 23; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 27, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WENTZ, EMANUEL; 24; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WEAVER, WASHINGTON C.; 21; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WILT, JACOB; 19; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 26, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on expiration of term of service.
- WORTS, WILLIAM N.; 20; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WINGAMER, JONAS M.; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 3, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.
- WORTLEY, WILLIAM; 18; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WILLIAMS, JOHN P.; 42; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 29, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

COMPANY E.

- WARNER YOUNG, Captain; 31; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Nov. 27, 1861; promoted to Captain Nov. 19, 1862; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps; honorably discharged Oct. 1, 1863.
- THOMAS R. SMITH, Captain; 30; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 28, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Sept. 7, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; to Captain Nov. 3, 1864; wounded May 27, 1864, in battle near Dallas, Ga.; mustered out Mar. 7, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- JOHN K. SHELLENBERGER, Captain; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 28, 1861; 1st Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 12, 1862; 1st Lieutenant Nov. 1, 1863; Captain Sept. 26, 1864, (declined); mustered out Feb. 6, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- JACOB G. BITTINGER, Captain; 23; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private to Commissary Sergeant Oct. 23, 1861; to 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant July 13, 1864; to Captain Dec. 9, 1864; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- WILLIAM J. HOLDEN, Captain; 20; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; Sergeant May 1, 1862; 1st Sergeant May 10, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 9, 1864; appointed Regimental Quartermaster Apr. 27, 1865; promoted to Captain Apr. 26, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- DAVID B. LEITER, 1st Lieutenant; 21; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 1, 1864; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; promoted to Commissary Sergeant Jan. 19, 1865; to 1st Lieutenant May 31, 1865; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM A. DILLON, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 1, 1862; Sergeant May 10, 1864; 1st Sergeant June 24, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant May 31, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- ALEXANDER MOFFETT, 2nd Lieutenant; 19; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private to 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; resigned Oct. 15, 1863.
- SAMUEL CAMPBELL, 2nd Lieutenant; 22; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal, May 1, 1864; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; promoted to Quartermaster-sergeant May 1, 1865; to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- HENRY C. PARR, 1st Sergeant; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 28, 1861; 1st Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga., while carrying the regimental colors; veteran.

- JOSEPH FLEMING, 1st Sergeant; 27; Feb. 23, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1865; Sergeant Jan. 20, 1865; 1st Sergeant July 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- ROBERT C. MCFARLAND, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Feb. 29, 1863; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Aug. 30, 1865.
- DAVID DILLON, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 16, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1865; Sergeant Jan. 25, 1865; wounded Sept. 1, 1864, near Jonesboro, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 16, 1865, at Victoria, Texas, on expiration of term of service.
- HENRY H. CLARK, Sergeant; 25; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1865; Sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN V. B. MAIN, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; Sergeant Apr. 1, 1863; mustered out June 12, 1865, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.
- JOHN WELTY, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; Sergeant Feb. 23, 1863; died Oct. 7, 1864, at his home near Lucas, O.
- HENRY MOOR, Sergeant; 30; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; died Jan. 30, 1863, in Jefferson county, O.
- NATHANIEL M'D. COE, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; Sergeant —; wounded and captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; exchanged Sept. 28, 1863; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- LABAN ROBERTS, Sergeant; 40; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged Sept. 14, 1862, at Decherd, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- THOMAS J. CARMACK, Corporal; 18; Nov. 10, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out May 22, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- GEORGE W. MILLER, Corporal; 24; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1862; mustered out Jan. 30, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- VINCENT DYE, Corporal; 22; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- THOMAS PARKISON, Corporal; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- DANIEL P. MCCLURE, Corporal; 25; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed June 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM G. BRUMBAUGH, Corporal; 18; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

- JOHN APPLEGATE, Corporal; 19; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; wounded May 30, 1864, near Dallas, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MOSES MARLOW, Corporal; 28; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged July 5, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WILSON S. MCBRIDE, Corporal; 25; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged Dec. 3, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HENRY ZODY, Corporal; 29; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Feb. 1, 1863; died Apr. 26, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- ISAAC N. THOMPSON, Corporal; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ISAAC MILLER, Corporal; 21; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged May 12, 1862, at camp near Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CHARLES H. MELLON, Musician; 30; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 26, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
- JONATHAN COULTER, Musician; 17; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged July 25, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- OTHO TAYLOR, Wagoner; 25; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; died Feb. 20, 1862, in hospital at Stanford, Ky.
- ANDERSON, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- AKERS, ALONZO G.; 19; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; discharged Dec. 20, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- AMSBAUGH, CHRISTOPHER C.; 25; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- APLEGATE, SYLVANUS; 18; Dec. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- APLEGATE, HENRY; 26; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 28, 1863, in field hospital, of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BURNS, ROBERT; 19; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- BUXTON, FRANCIS M.; 24; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BEAUCHAMP, MARTIN L.; 30; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BARKES, JOHN; 29; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 1, 1864, in battle of Jonesboro, Ga.; died Oct. 3, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; veteran.
- BLACKBURN, JAMES J.; 23; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 30, 1864 at Chattanooga, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- BITTINGER, JOHN H.; 26; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; discharged Nov. 7, 1864, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BARNES, NORTON M.; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Mar. 9, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COPPER, WILFORD; 29; Sept. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CAVALIER, PETER; 23; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CHALFANT, WILLIAM; 40; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 28, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- CRESWELL, JOHN A.; 44; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 18, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COE, JOSEPH W.; 21; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 28, 1863, in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- CURTIS, JOSEPH B.; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- COIL, NOAH H.; 25; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 19, 1863, in general field hospital, of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- COOK, WILLIAM P.; 34; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 4, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CRONER, SOLOMON; 20; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 15, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DILLON, PETER; 22; Oct. 30, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out June 8, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- DAVIS, JERRY B.; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- EWALT, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 28, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- EWALT, JOHN; 19; Dec. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- EVERSOLE, NOAH; 18; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 11, 1865, at Victoria, Texas, on expiration of term of service.
- FOREMAN, SAMUEL; 21; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- FOREMAN, DAVID; 27; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FOREMAN, ABEL; 31; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Aug. 17, 1864, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.

- GUERNO, LEWIS; 32; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded and captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out June 16 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GILCRIST, THOMAS; 22; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- GLADDEN, WILLIAM F.; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; in hospital at Camp Dennison, O.; no further record.
- GARFIELD, WILLIAM H.; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to U. S. Engineer Corps, Aug. 14, 1864; veteran.
- HOLE, SALATHIEL W.; 26; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded and captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HORN, ISAAC L.; 19; Dec. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 23, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HOUGH, Irving; 18; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 30, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- HAAS, PETER; 49; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 26, 1863, in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Jan. 1, 1863, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- HARSH, JOHN; 24; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HARDING, FREDERICK; 44; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to U. S. Army Aug. 1, 1863.
- IRVIN, JOHN; 21; Sept. 19, 1866; 1 yr.; discharged May 29, 1863, at Columbus, O.
- JOHNSON, LEVI P.; 30; Sept. 19, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- JOHNSON, FRANKLIN; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Apr. 28, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- KAUTZER, THEOBALD; 42; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KESTER, OLIVER; 34; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- KELSEY, JOHN; 20; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 27, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KIEL, FRANKLIN; 19; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Mar. 18, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- LAWRENCE, OSCAR M.; 18; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- LINTON, LEVI; 28; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- LEECH, ELISHA A.; 22; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 28, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MACKEY, AMZI; 18; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; captured Nov. 30, 1864, at battle of Franklin, Tenn.; died June 14, 1864, at Hilton Head, S. C.

- McRITCHIE, JOHN; 19; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 11, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- MERRIS, JOSEPH; 43; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MOSER JOHN; 18; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- MACKEY, JOHN W.; 21; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- McFARLAND, JOHN; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured Sept. 9, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Nov. 30, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- McCOMB, ROBERT; 20; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 16, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- McMILLEN JAMES; 21; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 14, 1863, in hospital at Stevenson, Ala., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- MCDONALD JAMES; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 9, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- MOFFETT, JOHN; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 26, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- MANLEY, LLOYD A.; 24; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 9, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- MILLER, JOHN; 24; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 12, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- NOAH, PETER; 20; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PARR, GEORGE W.; 20; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 10, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PEAL, AUGUSTUS; 28; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- RICE, REUBEN; 27; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 26, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RHINEMILLER, WILLIAM; 34; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 8, 1862 at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RUGGLES, JASPER L.; 19; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 25, 1862, in hospital at Stanford, Ky.
- SHATTO, WILLIAM; 28; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; died Feb. 10, 1865, in rebel prison at Cahaba, Ala.
- SHRINER, GRANVILLE; 18; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr. substitute; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- STRAWSBAUGH, JACOB; 18; Apr. 5, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- STEBBINS, GEORGE; 33; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

- SAUNDERS, CHARLES M.; 24; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SCHLOSSER, EZRA; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died —, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.
- SMITH, JEREMIAH; 49; Nov. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 7, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TULLENTIRE, JOHN R.; 18; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Nov. 12, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- TAYLOR, THOMAS W.; 19; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Nov. 10, 1864, at Columbus, O.; on expiration of term of service.
- TALL, HENRY; 19; Oct. 8, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 7, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- WATERS, WILLIAM H.; 26; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WILLIAMS, GEORGE W.; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 29, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- WELTY, HENRY; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 15, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn.
- WOLF, DAVID; 41; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WYATT, JAMES H.; 24; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WILLIAMS, WILLIAM C.; 25; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 14, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ZODY, DAVID; 21; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 30, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.

COMPANY F.

- JOHN H. FINFROCK, Captain; 25; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 12, 1861; discharged Nov. 5, 1862.
- SIMEON B. CONN, 1st Lieutenant; 29; Oct. 10, 1861; appointed Nov. 12, 1861; discharged Feb. 2, 1863.
- LEWIS HIGH, 1st Lieutenant; 35; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 5, 1861; 1st Sergeant Jan. 1, 1863; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; 1st Lieutenant Aug. 11, 1864, declined promotion; mustered out Apr. 4, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- JOHN BLECKER, 2nd Lieutenant; 33; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 3, 1863; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; resigned July 9, 1864.
- DAVID E. BARRETT, 2nd Lieutenant; 25; Dec. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Sept. 1, 1862; Sergeant May 11, 1863; 1st Sergeant May 1, 1865; 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- THOMAS J. CLARK, 1st Sergeant; 21; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 23, 1861; died Dec. 6, 1862, at Van Wert, O.

- HARRISON C. BROWN, 1st Sergeant; 21; Dec. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 11, 1863; wounded June 18, 1864, in battle near New Hope Church, Ga.; June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; discharged July 9, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.; veteran.
- ASA D. FARNAM, 1st Sergeant; 28; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 4, 1861; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant —; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Mar. 4, 1865; from which discharged Nov. 11, 1865; veteran.
- SAMUEL, PANGLE, Sergeant; 19; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 4, 1861; Sergeant July 12, 1864; wounded June 18, 1864, near Muddy Creek, Ga.; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn; veteran.
- URIAH S. WISE, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 24, 1861; mustered out Oct. 11, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DAVIS W. SINGLETON, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; discharged Dec. 5, 1862, at Cincinnati, O.
- EDWARD H. HEAM, Sergeant; 27; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 12, 1861; died Apr. 20, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WILLIAM T. MCCLURE, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 4, 1861; Sergeant July 1, 1862; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 13, 1864, on expiration of term of service; re-enlisted in same company Mar. 6, 1865, for one year; died Apr. 28, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- JACKSON M. TRIMBLE, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1863; Sergeant, Jan. 1, 1864; discharged July 27, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE H. LEITER, Sergeant; 21; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 1, 1862; Sergeant May 11, 1863; wounded June 18, 1864, in action at Muddy Creek, Ga.; mustered out Mar. 14, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN HAYES, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 11, 1863; Sergeant Apr. 1, 1865; mustered out Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- EDWARD GEIER, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1863; Sergeant Dec. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MARCELLUS, FARNAM, Sergeant; 18; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 1, 1864; Sergeant May 1, 1865; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; died Aug. 17, 1865, in hospital at New Orleans, La.; veteran.
- LEONARD C. CONN, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 11, 1865; Sergeant, Apr. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOSEPH T. BEARD, Sergeant; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 1, 1864; Sergeant Aug. 18, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOSEPH D. GALLAGHER, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 5, 1861; Sergeant July 1, 1862; mustered out Oct. 12, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.

- JOSEPH M. STRAIT, Corporal; 21; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed June 1, 1861; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN H. LEITER, Corporal; 22; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 1, 1865; wounded June 18, 1864 near Muddy Creek, Ga.; died Aug. 11, 1865 at New Orleans, La.
- JOHN LINKHART, Corporal; 27; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 31, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 25, 1863 in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JAMES L. HEATH, Corporal; 29; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- LEWIS J. BARRETT, Corporal; 26; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 12, 1864; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- HENRY DAVID MAJORS, Corporal; 20; Oct. 10, 1861; appointed Nov. 5, 1861; transferred to Vet. Reserve corps, Mar. 25, 1864.
- DANIEL W. CLUFF, Corporal; 18; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed April 1, 1865; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- CHRISTIAN WEAVER, Corporal; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 1, 1865; wounded May 26, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JAMES W. TOLAND, Corporal; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; discharged Oct. 31, 1864, in hospital at Cincinnati, O.
- ASA HOYT, Corporal; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 5, 1861; died May 14, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- PHILIP H. ANSCHUTZ, Musician; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 19, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- EMERY R. UNDERWOOD, Musician; 26; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 14, 1863, near Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- BENJAMIN F. GRIFFITH, Wagoner; 45; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala.
- ALSPAUGH, ROBERT; 28; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ALER, NOAH; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ALEXANDER, GEORGE W.; 24; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 2, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ADAMS, GEORGE H.; 26; Feb. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; discharged June 10, 1865 for wounds received May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- ACKERMAN, HENRY; 18; Oct. 3, 1863; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Oct. 30, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- AUBERT, HENRY; 34; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- BROWN, CHRISTIAN; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn.; on expiration of term of service.

- BOLENBAUGH, GEORGE; 18; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 30, 1864, of wounds received July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.
- BARTLETT, WILLIAM; 19; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 21, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BROCHAS, JOHN; 23; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and missing Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn; supposed to have died.
- BYERLY, SAMUEL; 20; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- BEARD, THOMAS; 40; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 3, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.; veteran.
- BELLER, JAMES M.; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 31, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn.
- BANKS, WILLIAM R.; 19; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CUPP, WASHINGTON; 28; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CUMMINS, JERRY; 41; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; no further record.
- CASE, ROLAND; 20; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CHILCOAT, GEORGE S.; 18; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps, Sept. 20, 1864; discharged Nov. 15, 1864, at Cairo, Ill.
- COURTRIGHT, WILLIAM N.; 20; Oct. 5, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at Victoria, Texas, on expiration of term of service.
- CRIST, JOHN; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 19, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CABLE, JACOB W.; 21; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 17, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- COLLINS, CHARLES; 33; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 1, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CRAYSHAW, JAMES; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 30, 1862 at Nashville, Tenn.
- CRONNIGER, CALVIN; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Vet. Engineer Corps Aug. 17, 1864; veteran.
- CLINGER, DANIEL; 36; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 8, 1862, at Indianapolis, Ind.
- CONN, WILLIAM M.; 21; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 8, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- CONN, JOHN C.; 32; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- CULLOR, WILLIAM J.; 23; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- DWYER, SHAPHET; 33; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865 at Nashville, Tenn.
- DEVORE, HENRY; 44; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 20, 1862, at Munfordville, Ky.
- EASLEY, BENJAMIN; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn.; on expiration of term of service.
- EASLEY, SAMUEL; 21; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- FEISTER, JOHN; 18; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 3, 1865, at Benton Barracks, Mo.
- FISHER, ALEXANDER; 18; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company D, Dec. 1, 1861; wounded July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; discharged at Columbus, O., Sept. 4, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FERREE, JOHN S.; 19; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 7, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- FARRAR, JOHN; 21; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn.; on expiration of term of service.
- FISHER, JOSEPH, 31; Dec. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- FERGUSON, JAMES; 26; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GEIER, FERDINAND; 19; Feb. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- GEIER, ALBERT; 21; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; killed June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; veteran.
- GISH, WILLIAM; 33; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 4, 1862, at Covington, Ky.
- GRIFFITH, GEORGE W.; 20; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HERRING, EMANUEL; 19; Mar. 13, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 15, 1865, at New Albany, Ind.
- HERRING, SIMON; 26; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- HERRING, IRWIN; 21; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 3, 1862, in hospital at Stanford, Ky.
- HARP, JOSEPH; 31; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HINKLE, DAVID C.; 22; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HARTSCHECK, JOHN; 24; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HALLEY, JACOB; 21; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HIGH, WILLIAM; 21; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HOSTETTER, GEORGE; 25; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HINES, JACOB; 22; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 5, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HAYES, SAMUEL H.; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- KRISHER, PHILIP; 24; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LOREN, SAMUEL M.; 42; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LANTZ, WILLIAM H.; 21; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LEWIS, ISAAC; 43; Nov. 1, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCCARTHY, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MCQUEEN, ADAM J.; 43; Feb. 1, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 16, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- MCCLURE, JOHN W.; 21; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 26, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MYERS, JAMES C.; 27; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MOORE, ALBERT; 18; Oct. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company E, Dec. 1, 1861; discharged Feb. 20, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MILLIKEN, JEREMIAH; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company E, Dec. 1, 1861; died Mar. 26, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- NORTH, CHRISTOPHER C.; 29; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 15, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PLACE, CHARLES; 21; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 9, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PIPER, ISAAC; 19; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded June 23, 1864, near Kenesaw Mountain; wounded and captured Aug. 14, 1864, in action near Atlanta, Ga.; died Feb. 12, 1865, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.; veteran.
- PETERSON, ANDREW; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 26, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- POINT, AMOS; 18; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RAMSEY, REUBEN; 19; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- RAMSEY, ELIJAH; 20; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 4, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- RAMSEY, WILLIAM J.; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 23, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROBINSON, JOHN G.; 20; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- RICHARDS, WILLIAM H.; 43; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company D, Dec. 1, 1861; no further record.

- RICHARDS, CHARLES; 43; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company D, Dec. 18, 1861; died Nov. 13, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.
- RISON, DAVID C.; 24; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865 at Nashville, Tenn.
- SLADE, FREDERICK; 19; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 24, 1863 near Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SIPSEY, CHARLES, F.; 24; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SPAHR, CASPAR H.; 21; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 20, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SWOPE, DAVID; 26; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SPROWL, JOSEPH; 25; Oct., 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 6, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STITTS, JOHN; 33; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 27, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SWITZER, FREDERICK; 44; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 11, 1862, in hospital at Corinth, Miss.
- SHAFFER, DAVID; 33; Oct. 12, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; no further record.
- STEM, THOMAS C.; 18; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- STICKEL, JOHN; 38; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 24, 1864, at New Orleans, La.
- SHRIDER, WILLIAM; 22; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 1, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- THORN, WILLIAM; 42; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 12, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- UPDEGROVE, ROBERT L.; 18; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- VAUGHN, SAMUEL; 23; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company E, Dec. 1, 1861; discharged Mar. 27, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WISENER, ANDREW; 40; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 19, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WILSON, ELI C.; 18; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 5, 1863, at Quincy, Ill., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WALTZ, LEWIS; 20; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 14, 1862, at Hamburg, Tenn.
- WILER, JACOB; 20; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; discharged Oct. 20, 1864, at Camp Chase, O.
- WYRICK, JOHN W.; 29; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1865, at Hillsboro, Tenn.
- WARNICK, JOHN; 43; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WECHTER, GEORGE; 34; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

COMPANY G.

- SAMUEL NEEPER, Captain; 29; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1861, wounded Nov. 27, 1862, near Lavergne, Tenn.; Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Ga.; honorably discharged May 17, 1864.
- ROBERT S. CHAMBERLAIN, Captain; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Dec. 3, 1861; promoted to Sergeant-major Mar. 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; to Captain Aug. 5, 1863; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; honorably discharged Sept. 23, 1864.
- ALONZO W. HANCOCK, Captain; 26; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 6, 1862; Sergeant May 1, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; to Captain Dec. 9, 1864; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- DUDLEY C. CARR, Captain; 35; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Dec. 3, 1861; promoted to Sergeant-major Apr. 30, 1862; to 2nd Lieutenant May 31, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 12, 1862; to Captain, Aug. 11, 1864, (declined); mustered out Feb. 16, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- AUGUSTUS M. GOLDWOOD, 1st Lieutenant; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 31, 1861; resigned Aug. 12, 1862.
- JOHN W. MCCHESENEY, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Mar. 1, 1862; Sergeant June 1, 1862; 1st Sergeant Nov. 26, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 18, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- THOMAS L. THOMPSON, 1st Lieutenant; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 1, 1862; Sergeant July 1, 1864; promoted to Quartermaster-sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 26, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN L. SMITH, 2nd Lieutenant; 34; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 3, 1861; resigned May 31, 1862.
- ROBERT FISHER, 2nd Lieutenant; 33; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Apr. 1, 1865; 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; wounded July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- NATHAN M. WELLS, Sergeant; 17; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 1, 1864; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out June 5, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.
- DUNCAN THOMPSON, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 1, 1862; died June 28, 1864; at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- ANDREW TOWNSLEY, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 3, 1863; Sergeant July 1, 1864; killed Sept. 3, 1864, in battle of Lovejoy Station, Ga.; veteran.
- JOHN C. REID, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 3, 1861; discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BYRON DERTHICK, Sergeant; 30; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 3, 1861; sergeant Jan. 1, 1862; discharged Jan. 8, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- JONATHAN PALMER, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company B, Dec. 1, 1861; appointed May 1, 1865; wounded June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 3, 1865 at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- SOLOMON BABB, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 12, 1862; Sergeant Dec. 1, 1864; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN F. OVIATT, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; died Mar. 9, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- ALLEN B. FREEMAN, Sergeant; 31; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; discharged July 11, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JAMES L. HALL, Sergeant; 31; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; discharged Nov. 25, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on account of wounds.
- RANSOM J. ELLSWORTH, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 3, 1861; Sergeant Jan. 12, 1863; died Dec. 9, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
- JOHN TROTT, Corporal; 23; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- JOSEPH WAGNER, Corporal; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river, Apr. 27, 1865.
- MICHAEL MYERS, Corporal; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- BENJAMIN MCCOY, Corporal; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1862; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; died May 19, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.; veteran.
- JOHN HUFFMAN, Corporal; 25; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB BOONE, Corporal; 19; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 11, 1863; died Oct. 16, 1863, of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- GEORGE W. HILE, Corporal; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; discharged Aug. 17, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ALBERT G. BALDWIN, Corporal; 21; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; discharged Feb. 24, 1863, at camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CHARLES OVIATT, Corporal; 21; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; died Mar. 15, 1862, at Lebanon Ky.

- NEWTON J. ATWOOD, Corporal; 26; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; discharged Mar. 14, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WILLIAM BOWERS, Corporal; 43; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; discharged May 28, 1862, at camp near Corinth, Miss.
- ANDREW OZMAN, Corporal; 19; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 30, 1863.
- JOHN ENGLISH, Musician; 18; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company I, Feb. —, 1862; no further record.
- ALEXANDER, THOMAS; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 7, 1862, in hospital, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ALABACK, JOSEPH; 41; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 28, 1862, near Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BIGG, WATSON; 30; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded and captured Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out June 5, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BERCAU, SILAS W.; 27; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out Apr. 17, 1865.
- BENSON, JOHN Z.; 18; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 11, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- BAKER, JOHN; 22; Oct. 8, 1864; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BICE, JOHN H.; 19; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Sept. 26, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- BOWER, MICHAEL; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company B, Dec. 1, 1861; died May 9, 1862, at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.
- BECKNER, WILLIAM; 34; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company B, Dec. 1, 1861; transferred to U. S. Veteran Vol. Engineers, Aug. 4, 1864; veteran.
- BLOOM, ADDISON M.; 21; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to Principal Musician, Nov. 9, 1861; discharged Jan. 12, 1864, to accept promotion to 2nd Lieutenant, 128th O. V. I.
- BRYANT, CHARLES; 45; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 17, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BISHOP, HEZEKIAH; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BASS, HOMER; 20; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 16, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BURGHART, GEORGE; 42; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 30, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BRUBAKER, DAVID R.; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 15, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on expiration of term of service.
- BIGELOW, LUMAN; 21; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 22, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.

- BITTERMAN, DANIEL; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- CAUGHEY, JAMES H.; 24; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 11, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- CASS, SAMUEL W.; 32; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 11, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- CARRICK, GEORGE; 35; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; no further record.
- CRUPPER, JOHN W.; 19; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Sept. 25, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- COTTER, WILLIAM; 23; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 16, 1864, at Resaca, Ga., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; veteran.
- CRAMER, URIAS; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DRIGGS, JOSEPH; 31; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DORIETT, LEMUEL; 24; Oct. 8, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out May 29, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- DICKERSON, JAMES S.; 31; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 28, 1862, in camp near Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- EVANS, EVERETT; 24; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FISHER, WILLIAM; 40; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FOGHT, DAVID; 22; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FOREMAN, DEWITT C.; 34; Oct. 8, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 11, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- GAIBLE, NICHOLAS; 28; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; no further record.
- GILBERT, JOSEPH F.; 53; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 20, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HUGH, JOHN; 22; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HALTER, JOHN; 23; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; no further record.
- HOLCOMB, ALONZO D.; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Sept. 25, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- HADDOCK, ALLEN; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Sept. 2, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- HUMPHREY, DECIUS; 17; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to Principal Musician Dec. 4, 1861; returned to company and mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- HENDERSON, MILTON; 19; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HARRIS, EZRA; 32; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 26, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- IRISH, WILLIAM P.; 26; Nov. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged at Mansfield, O., Nov. 19, 1861, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- INGRAHAM, JONAS D.; 22; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 9, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.
- JAKES, JACOB; 18; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded Nov. 20, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out July 13, 1865, at Camp Denison, O.
- JORDAN, EDWARD; 21; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn.; re-enlisted Sept. 17, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- JOHNSON, NEWTON M.; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company B, Dec. 1, 1861; no further record.
- KEASAKER, MICHAEL; 44; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LUNN, CHARLES W.; 21; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 11, 1865, at Victoria, Texas, on expiration of term of service.
- LAYTON, HENRY; 18; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- LUMM, JOHN W.; 27; Feb. 13, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company, Dec. 3, 1865.
- LIMBER, ALLEN; 27; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 9, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LIMBER, OTTO; 19; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LEOPARD, GEORGE N.; 18; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 11, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LEOPARD, JACOB; 21; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured July 13, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; mustered out Apr. 15, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- LEACH, WILLIAM; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- LEWIS, SHEM; 34; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 30, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LUTZ, SAMUEL; 19; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 4, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- LAKE, CHARLES H.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company B, Dec. 1, 1861; died Mar. 9, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LONGSTRETH, PETER; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 3, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- MCCLELLAND, WILLIAM; 30; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MACON, JOHN Z.; 26; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MOORE, JAMES L.; 30; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

- MUTCHLER, ALLEN; 20; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company B, Dec. 1, 1861; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; discharged Oct. 22, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.
- MARKER, MICHAEL; 30; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 23, 1862, at camp near Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MELLINGER, HENRY; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 19, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 6, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MURRAY, JOHN; 23; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 19, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.
- MCCOY, SAMUEL; 18; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 4, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.
- MOODY, SAMUEL; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 19, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- NASH, JOHN; 23; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; died Dec. 11, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- NASH, WILLIAM; 23; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; died Dec. 11, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- NAPP, HENRY; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 30, 1862 at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PETTY, JOHN; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 31, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- PATTEN, ENOCH W.; 28; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company B, Dec. 1, 1861; discharged Dec. 14, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PAULUS, FRANKLIN, D.; 19; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- REISZ, DANIEL; 35; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ROLLINS, JOHN W.; 40; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
- REIFF, HENRY; 42; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- RIFERT, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 12, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 12, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- RAMBO, WALTER; 18; Oct. 12, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out May 15, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RHOADES, ALFRED; 19; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 15, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RHOADES, CHARLES; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 3, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STALLSMITH, GEORGE A.; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 12, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- SELBY; WILLIAM; 25; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- SANBORN, JAMES; 22; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 15, 1864, at Louisville, Ky.
- STOUGH, SAMUEL; 42; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SAMMANS, JAMES; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.
- SCHNOBERGER, JOHN; 40; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala.; on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SPENCER, ANDREW J.; 22; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 9, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.
- SHAFFER, JACOB; 21; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 7, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SNYDER, RILEY W.; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ST. JOHN, ELMER; 22; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 22, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHARP, GEORGE W.; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Co. B, Dec. 1, 1861; discharged May 31, 1862, at camp near Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- THOMPSON, JAMES A.; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 21, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- URBAN, JOSEPH; 32; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 22, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on account of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- WARREN, WILLIAM P.; 44; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WOOLEY, BENJAMIN; 40; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 1, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.
- WADHAMS, HENRY P.; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 11, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WINTERS, PILLACK; 41; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 9, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WHITNEY, EZRA A.; 24; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WOOLENSIDER, JOSEPH; 19; Oct. 12, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Sept. 25, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.; veteran.
- WAGNER, JOHN M.; 18; Sept. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; died May 2, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- YOUNG, DANIEL; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ZELLNER, GEORGE W.; 22; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded July 28, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- ZAHNER, SOLOMON; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

COMPANY H.

- CHARLES R. LORD, Captain; 27; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; resigned Jan. 3, 1863.
- CHRISTIAN M. GOWING, Captain; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 22, 1863; Sergeant May 12, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 3, 1864; to Captain Mar. 18, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- DAVID CUMMINS, Captain; 22; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Dec. 4, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 5, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; to Captain Nov. 3, 1864; wounded June 18, 1864, in battle of Muddy Creek, Ga.; resigned Oct. 29, 1864.
- WILLIAM McDOWELL, 2nd Lieutenant; 28; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; resigned Nov. 16, 1862.
- DANIEL HOWE, 2nd Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Dec. 4, 1861; 1st Sergeant Jan. 22, 1863; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1863; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Feb. 22, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- SAMUEL B. LIBEY, 1st Sergeant; 21; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 4, 1861; 1st Sergeant —; missing in action Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; no further record.
- WILLIAM A. RITCHEY, Sergeant; 26; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 19, 1864; at Columbus, O. on expiration of term of service.
- WILLIAM FLETCHER, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; died Nov. 27, 1863, in hospital at Nashville, Tenn.
- DANIEL HART, Sergeant; 25; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; discharged Mar. 27, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TRUMAN S. RAYMOND, Sergeant; 28; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 4, 1861; Sergeant July 29, 1864; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN KINGSBOROUGH, Sergeant; 47; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 29, 1864; Sergeant July 1, 1865; wounded Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- FRANCIS M. TRAGO, Sergeant; 25; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 1, 1862; Sergeant Apr. 2, 1864; killed July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; veteran.
- HENRY A. SHATZER, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 2, 1863; Sergeant July 29, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Jan. 3, 1866, at Columbus, O.
- WILLIAM SHEARER, Sergeant; 20; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 29, 1864; Sergeant Feb. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

- JONAS CAVIT, Corporal; 20; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Feb. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- JAMES SHECKLER, Corporal; 26; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Feb. 1, 1865; discharged Oct. 28, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability; re-enlisted Feb. 15, 1864; appointed Corporal Feb. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- GEORGE H. SMITH, Corporal; 18; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 12, 1864; wounded June 16, 1864, near Lost Mountain, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- LEVI SHEARER, Corporal; 18; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 22, 1863; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Nov. 12, 1864, in rebel prison at Richmond, Va.
- JOHN W. HAHN, Corporal; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 22, 1863; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 20, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- WILLIAM A. FLORA, Corporal; 21; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 12, 1864; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB LANDIS, Corporal; 21; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; died Nov. 19, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.
- JOHN CLINE, Corporal; 24; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 21, 1863.
- JACOB MILLER, Corporal; 21; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; died July 18, 1862, at Cincinnati, O.
- JAMES MADDEN, Corporal; 48; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ROBERT B. MICKEY, Corporal; 20; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 4, 1861; discharged June 25, 1862, at Town creek, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GEORGE W. BURGAN, Corporal; 18; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ESAU BLOOM, Corporal; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 4, 1861; wounded June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Apr. 4, 1865, from which discharged Nov. 11, 1865; veteran.
- FRANK ASHLEY, Corporal; 26; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM M. HAHN, Musician; 16; Feb. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded Aug. 3, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; discharged Sept. 12, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ABBOTT, LEONARD H.; 23; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- BUTLER, WILLIAM; 37; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; became insane near Pulaski, Tenn., Nov., 1864, wandered away from regiment and was not heard of for 25 years, when he returned to his home in Ohio.
- BROWNEE, HUGH C.; 24; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BLOOM, JACOB S.; 20; Feb. 10, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; discharged June 15, 1864, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BEAR, JOHN; 30; Apr. 4, 1865; 1 yr.; discharged Sept. 18, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BUTTERBAUGH, ROBERT; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- BRETZ, ABRAHAM; 23; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BISSELL, ABRAHAM; 44; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 19, 1863.
- BROWNEE, SARGENT; 19; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 5, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BEELMAN, HENRY A.; 21; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 27, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLARK, ALLEN; 30; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CUMMINS, ANDREW J.; 18; Feb. 22, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 16, 1864, at Vining Station, Ga., of wounds received June 12, 1864, near Ackworth, Ga.
- CLARK, JOSEPH; 28; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CHRISTOPHER, JOHN A.; 21; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- CLARK, BELOSTY B.; 38; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1862, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CONTER, ELIAS; 27; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- COX, EZEKIEL; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1862, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CALDWELL, HENRY; 26; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CLORIN, TIMOTHY; 40; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 31, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COLLINS, DAVID H.; 43; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 14, 1862, at Silver Springs, Tenn.
- CURRAN, JAMES G.; 35; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- CUMMINS, GEORGE W.; 17; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- DAUGHERTY, WILLIAM; 29; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 24, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DUNHAM, ELIJAH T.; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; missing Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; no further record; veteran.

- EICHER, REUBEN; 18; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 28, 1864, at camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ECKIS, EZRA; 27; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 27, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FALLS, CALLISTER; 25; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- FEASEL, JOHN H.; 43; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FEIGHNER, JONAS; 18; Feb. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 3, 1866, at Columbus, O.
- FINICAL, WILLIAM; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 23, 1862, at Munfordville, Ky.
- GALLOWAY, GEORGE A.; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- GUNSAULUS, MANUEL; 44; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos. drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GARRETT, CYRUS J.; 18; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged ———, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GESZ, DAVID; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- GOWING, ELIAS L.; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 30, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HOWELL, RICHARD T.; 24; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HATCH, HENRY; 22; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- HOLLOBAUGH, GEORGE; 30; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 16, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- IRWIN JOHN A.; 20; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- KENDALL, HORACE; 17; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 17, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; re-enlisted Feb. 21, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged May 19, 1865.
- KING, JOHN R.; 17; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- LADON, HARRISON; 22; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LONG, DAVID A.; 43; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- MILLER, JACOB; 26; Oct. 15, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; died Feb. 4, 1865, in rebel prison at Cahaba, Ala.
- MEEKS, JAMES F.; 27; Oct. 8, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 8, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- MCCONNELL, JAMES; 27; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- MCCONNELL, JOSIAH; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- MILLER, JACOB; 26; Dec. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 13, 1862, at Bardstown Ky.
- MCDOWELL, ROBERT; 25; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 10, 1862, at Columbia, Tenn.
- MOODY, JAMES M.; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MAY, SAMUEL; 17; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 3, 1864, of wounds received May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- MELCHIOR, JACOB; 41; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; missing Sept. 7, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; supposed to have been captured.
- MARVIN, DANIEL S.; 30; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 27, 1863, at camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn., on account of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MOOR, WILLIAM; 25; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 27, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PACKER, JOHN W.; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 11, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- RAMBO, MOSES; 41; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged May 29, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- RHINEHART, DAVID; 19; Apr. 4, 1865; 1 yr.; discharged Sept. 18, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROUSH, JACOB P.; 18; Feb. 9, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- RUHL, DANIEL; 26; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 10, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RINGER, GEORGE; 52; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 2, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RYAN, PETER; 29; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 2, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROSS, BYRON H.; 22; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 4, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- REED, ANDREW; 21; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RITCHEY, THOMAS MCA.; 24; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 22, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHATZER, CHRISTIAN P.; 18; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- SHAFFNER, JACOB; 44; Feb. 13, 1864; 3 yrs. transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Mar. 24, 1865.
- SHINCK, THOMAS; 19; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 21, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STOLL, HENRY; 28; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 16, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- SCHILLER, WILLIAM; 29; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 8, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.

- SOLOMON, ABRAHAM F.; 32; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864 in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- SHELLHOUSE, JOHN; 25; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 15, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STEELE, HENRY B.; 30; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- SHATZER, JEREMIAH; 22; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 15, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHERRICK, THOMAS; 19; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- STRICKLER, JOHN; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 4, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- STANDISH, HIRAM N.; 27; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864; in the battle of Franklin, Tenn.; no further record.
- SIGLER, AARON; 37; Dec. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 6, 1862, at Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TRAGO, SAMUEL A.; 35; Nov. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded June 18, 1864, in action at Muddy Creek, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Mar. 31, 1865.
- THOMPSON, JOHN P.; 18; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- TURBETT, SAMUEL; 20; Apr. 4, 1865; 1 yr.; in hospital Aug. 30, 1865, no further record.
- TURBETT, ALVARADO; 18; Apr. 4, 1865; 1 yr.; discharged Sept. 11, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TURBETT, GEORGE A.; 18; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- TUCKER, WILLIAM; 20; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 28, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- VON DRAEBEN, EDWARD; 26; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; died Feb. 1, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- WEARNER, JOHN; 21; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 9, 1863, at Galatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WHITNEY, ELI; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- WESTON, WILLIAM P.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 11, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WAIDLER, JACOB; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; veteran.
- ZONVERS, CALEB; 31; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.; on surgeon's certificate of disability.

COMPANY I.

TURENNE C. MEYER, Captain; 23; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 6, 1861; left the service Dec. 6, 1862.

JOSEPH B. FERGUSON, Captain; 18; Sept. 13, 1861; transferred from 15th O. V. I., and commissioned 2nd Lieutenant Sept. 13, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 21, 1862; to Captain Jan. 30, 1863; resigned May 1, 1865.

JAMES D. HERBST, Captain; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 25, 1861; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 6, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant July 13, 1864; to Captain Nov. 3, 1864; wounded July 24, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; resigned Jan. 3, 1865.

MARCUS T. MEYER, 1st Lieutenant; 21; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; resigned Nov. 3, 1862.

GEORGE C. MARSHALL, 1st Lieutenant; 24; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 25, 1861; 1st Sergeant Aug. 31, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant May 1863; killed May 27, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.

ALBERT THOMAS, 1st Lieutenant; 26; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 25, 1861; 1st Sergeant June 6, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 18, 1865; wounded June 18, 1864, in action at Muddy Creek, Ga.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.

THOMAS MCGILL, 2nd Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 8, 1861; died Mar. 30, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.

JOHN RHOADES, 2nd Lieutenant; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant Mar. 30, 1865; 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; wounded May 9, 1864 in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

SAMUEL A. ENGLISH, 1st Sergeant; 24; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs. appointed Nov. 25, 1861; discharged Nov. 8, 1861, at Mansfield, O., by civil authority.

ROBERT WHITE, Sergeant; 37; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1862; Sergeant June 1, 1863; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.

JOHN HORN, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 29, 1861, 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal June 1, 1863; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

REUBEN KUHLMAN, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 1, 1863; Sergeant Mar. 30, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

HENRY A. CAVNAH, Sergeant; 18; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 1, 1863; Sergeant June 6, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Feb. 4, 1865, from which discharged Sept 7, 1865; veteran.

JACOB KUNEMAN, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 25, 1861; Sergeant July 3, 1862; wounded and captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Mar. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.

- LEWIS LONG, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; no further record.
- HENRY WEARY, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; died Oct. 1, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.
- JOHN WERTZ, Sergeant; 25; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 25, 1861; Sergeant —; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FRANCIS E. HOOVER, Corporal; 18; Sept. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 30, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- JOHN NEWCOMER, Corporal; 43; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 30, 1865; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOSEPH LILOE, Corporal; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 30, 1865; mustered out Dec. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- SILAS OLDFIELD, Corporal; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 25, 1863.
- JOHN MARTIN, Corporal; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; appointed —; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.; on expiration of term of service.
- JACOB CASTER, Corporal; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed June 6, 1863; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Apr. 4, 1865; veteran.
- NICHOLAS BAKER, Corporal; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out Oct. 3, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- JOHN BAIR, Corporal; 41; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; discharged Nov. 21, 1862, at Columbus, O.
- JEFFERSON A. HOUSER, Corporal; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out Apr. 21, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.
- LEONARD MITCHELL, Corporal; 23; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; died Feb. 26, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- HIRAM CLARK, Corporal; 22; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; died May 14, 1862, at Jeffersonville, Ind.
- PETER MOINETT, Corporal; 20; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 1, 1863; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- DAVID BLYTHE, Musician; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 24, 1861; discharged June 18, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ARCHER, EDWARD; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 4, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- ALEXANDER,*GEORGE; 24; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ARNOLD, HENRY B.; 24; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BURNETT, ELIHU; 38; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

- BAKER, L. H.; 37; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; killed Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.
- BURGER, BAXTER; 24; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BEGERT, JOHN; 40; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 31, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BUTLER, SOLOMON; 25; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BEAMS, JOHN; 33; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BAKER, JOHN; 23; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 7, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CRISPEN, GEORGE W.; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CREAGER, RICHARD P.; 19; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- CREDDIT, JOHN W.; 31; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CONNOR, ROGER; 38; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Mar. 31, 1865; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Cincinnati, O., on expiration of term of service.
- CARTER, DAVID; 40; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 19, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DOUGHMAN, DANIEL; 44; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DEERWESTER, JOSEPH; 21; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DAYTON, CELOUS; 25; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DORE, EDMUND; 18; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- DEAN, LEVI; 35; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- DEWEES, SAMUEL T.; 18; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- DUNFORD, THOMAS; 35; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mortally wounded Dec. 29, 1862, in action near Stone River, Tenn.
- DUGAN, TIMOTHY; 36; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company, Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- DONLEY, JEREMIAH; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 22, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DITTENHOFER, HARVEY; 18; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 26, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- EDDLEMAN, DAVID; 19; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 20, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- EDDLEMAN, PETER; 20; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FLANEGAN, JOHN M.; 21; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- FONDRAY, THOMAS P.; 25; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FAULKE, ALBERT; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- FAHY, MICHAEL; 30; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- FALLA, CASPAR; 27; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GROW, SAMUEL; 18; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 17, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GROW, WILLIAM; 40; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 5, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARMON, JOHN; 21; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 3, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARMON, ELI; 18; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 7, 1862 in hospital at Nashville, Tenn.
- ITE, CHARLES; 19; Feb. 22, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- JOHNSON, JAMES; 29; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KELLY, JOB; 37; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out July 1, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- KEISER, ABRAHAM; 31; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KALAHAR, JAMES; 22; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died of wounds received Dec. 29, 1862, in action near Stone River, Tenn.
- KING, PETER; 19; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 19, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KINNEY, JONAS; 18; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- LONG, JACOB B.; 18; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LITTLE, ANDREW; 44; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 10, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LUTZ, ABRAHAM; 25; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; died Sept. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LALOE, PHILIP; 20; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- LASH, WILLIAM H.; 19; Mar. 7, 1865; 1 yr.; discharged Sept. 26, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LESTER, ROBERT; 30; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; died Feb. 18, 1865, in hospital at Louisville, Ky.
- LAWSON, JAMES; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.

- LINN, HENRY; 21; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LEWIS, WILLIAM H. S.; 25; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- MCPEEK, DAVID; 38; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- McKINLEY, DANIEL; 28; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; supposed to have perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River Apr. 27, 1865.
- MAIOE, AUGUSTUS; 37; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out May 29, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- MOTTICE, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- METZGER, JOHN; 37; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MILLER, PHILIP; 36; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- MILLER, GEORGE; 22; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MANSON, JOHN C.; 44; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MUMMERT, JACOB; 21; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MILNER, ISAAC; 29; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 1, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MISER, AMOS D.; 18; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MCGILL, HENRY; 24; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 31, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCGUIGAN, JOSEPH; 26; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service; re-enlisted Mar. 7, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- MELCHIOR, JOHN; 21; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- NAUMAN, MELCHISEDEC; 38; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 29, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- NIST, JOHN; 19; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Apr. 28, 1864.
- NEWCOMER, HENRY; 18; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Oct. 26, 1864.
- OLINGER, DANIEL; 34; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 22, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.
- OYER, JOHN E.; 19; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 31, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PETERSON, JESSE; 27; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; wounded and captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; recaptured by U. S. troops Dec. 19, 1864; mustered out June 16, 1865.

- PAYER, PATRICK; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 24, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RUST, ALBERT; 33; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Mar. 15, 1865 for wounds received Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- REDDICK, HENRY P.; 19, Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- RHOADES, JOSEPH; 42; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 17, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- REX, EDWARD; 18; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 5, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHEARER, ADAM; 40; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 30, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.; on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHUEY, JACOB K.; 21; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 18, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMITH, PETER; 39; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 25, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMITH, JESSE; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SMITH, HIRAM; 21; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died ———
- SMITH, JOHN J.; 24; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- STOVER, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 9, 1862, at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn.
- STOCK, GEORGE W.; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; died Sept. —, 1864, at his home in Ohio; veteran.
- STUCKY, JOHN; 21; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana, in Mississippi river, Apr. 27, 1865; veteran.
- STIBBS, JOSEPH; 44; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 22, 1863, at Columbus, O.; on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMAIL, JOHN; 21; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- SHOOP, JAMES N.; 23; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- TOWNSLEY, SYLVESTER; 29; May 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; discharged June 15, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- TODD, DANIEL; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 24, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- TIERNAY, JOHN; 36; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- THEW, CHARLES P.; 18; Apr. 3, 1865; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 19, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WOOLINS, BENJAMIN; 23; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; died in rebel prison, at Florence, S. C.

- WERNET, HENRY; 19; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WEBSTER, ORLANDO; 18; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WOLF, JAMES; 22; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WINNICK, FREDERICK; 28; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- YOUNG, PETER; 29; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 18, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- YARMAN, JOHN; 20; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ZILLER, PETER; 22; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

COMPANY K.

- JOSEPH B. SWEET, Captain; —; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- WILLIAM O. SARR, Captain; 26; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 5, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant May 4, 1862; to Captain Dec. 6, 1862; discharged Aug. 26, 1864, to accept appointment as Captain in U. S. Veteran Volunteer Engineers.
- WILLIAM G. PATTERSON, Captain; 23; Oct. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 27, 1861; 1st Sergeant Aug. 1, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 26, 1864; to Captain Jan. 28, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- E. B. FINLEY, 1st Lieutenant; 28; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 5, 1861; discharged July 12, 1862.
- JOHN A. GILLIS, 1st Lieutenant; 21; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 1, 1862; Sergeant Oct. 12, 1864; 1st Sergeant Apr. 1, 1865; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 4, 1865; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Jan. 2, 1866.
- JOSIAH GALBRAITH, 2nd Lieutenant; 35; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to Principal Musician from Corporal Jan. 26, 1862; to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- SILAS S. MALLORY, 2nd Lieutenant; 18; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to Principal Musician July 1, 1863; to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with regiment Dec. 3, 1865.
- FRANCIS M. WELSH, 1st Sergeant; 26; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 5, 1861; discharged Feb. 17, 1864.
- DANIEL ZODER, Sergeant; 28; Dec. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 1, 1864; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN PRENDVILLE, Sergeant; 23; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 1, 1862; Sergeant April 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

- JOHN L. HAZLETT, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 1, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- RICHARD GWIN, Sergeant; 37; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 1, 1865; Sergeant Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE C. HOWENSTINE, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 27, 1861; Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862; captured Oct. 29, 1863, while on picket line at Chattanooga, Tenn.; mustered out Jan. 7, 1865; at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- HENRY FISHER, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 11, 1861; Sergeant July 1, 1862; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rock Face Ridge, Ga.; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; veteran.
- ANDREW BUMGARDNER, Sergeant; 26; Oct. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Aug. 5, 1864; veteran.
- BENJAMIN HECKARD, Corporal; 20; Feb. 23, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- JAMES K. MILLER, Corporal; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 15, 1864; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- PETER UHL, Corporal; 31; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1862; discharged Nov. 1, 1864; at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CHRISTIAN KIBLER, Corporal; 21; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; wounded June 12, 1864, in battle near Ackworth, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JAMES HICKIE, Corporal; 26; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1862; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- LEWIS ORR, Corporal; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 1, 1863.
- GEORGE MYERS, Corporal; 21; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 3, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- JOHN ASHCROFT, Corporal; 29; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 12, 1864; on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOSEPH MOLLDERKOFF, Corporal; 19; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 1, 1865; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB B. LEWIS, Corporal; 18; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN RUSSELL, Corporal; 19; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 24, 1862, at Town creek, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ANDERSON, WILLIAM L.; 21; Oct. 14, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out May 27, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.

- ARMITAGE, JAMES; 46; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- ANDREWS, MADISON; 20; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Feb. 12, 1865; veteran.
- ANDREWS, SAMUEL; 21; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 3, 1864, in battle of Lovejoy Station, Ga.; mustered out July 9, 1865.
- BECK, SAMUEL S.; 20; Feb. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Dec. 3, 1865.
- BECK, ARMANDUS; 18; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- BEEKMAN, ANDREW; 21; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- BEAN, DANIEL E.; 19; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BILSING, HENRY; 20; Feb. 24, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- BROOKS, NELSON; 34; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- BROWN, JOHN; 43; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 11, 1862 at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BARNES, JOSEPH; 23; Oct. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BARDWELL, CHARLES; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record; veteran.
- BEVIN, REESE; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 3, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BETTS, SAMUEL; 21; Oct. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 12, 1862 at Nashville, Tenn.
- BULLMAN, GEORGE; 19; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 22, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- CAMPBELL, JAMES; 21; Oct. 10, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- CUMEFORD, ABSALOM; 43; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 23, 1862, at Cincinnati, O.
- CHAMBERS, CHARLES; 20; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; in hospital at Nashville, Tenn., Mar. 29, 1862; no further record.
- CASSEL, MICHAEL; 22; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CLIFFORD, JOHN; 22; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CARNAHAN, LINDSAY; 27; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CROSSARD, DAVID; 25; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
- EDWARDS, EDWARD J.; 18; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 31, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FOLEY, JEREMIAH; 19; Feb. 12, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- FRAGO, SAMUEL W.; 35; Nov. 7, 1862; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Apr. 4, 1865; mustered out Nov. 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., on expiration of term of service.

- FORGE, ANDREW; 20; Feb. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; missing May 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- FAILOR, EMANUEL; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GREENE, ULYSSES; 18; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 5, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- GARD, PETER; 22; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured May 25, 1864, in battle of New Hope Church, Ga.; mustered out June 20, 1865; veteran.
- GARRETT, MARTIN; 31; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HECKERD, JOHN; 25; Mar. 21, 1865; 1 yr.; discharged Sept. 2, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HIRN, FREDERICK; 17; Dec. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- HERSHNER, ADAM; 19; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Sept. 24, 1863.
- HALM, WILLIAM; 28; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- HALLOWELL, DAVID; 28; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 16, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HUTCHINSON, ALBERT B.; 21; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ILER, VALENTINE; 23; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- JOHNSON, HENRY; 30; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 10, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KELLY, JAMES S.; 21; Oct. 7, 1861; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- KENNEDY, EDWARD J.; 22; Oct. 8, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; exchanged and discharged May 20, 1865.
- KANSLUD, SAMUEL; 27; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- KENT, THEODORE; 18; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 28, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LIVINGSTON, FRANCIS A.; 18; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Jan. 24, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- LILLEY, LEWIS; 45; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 28, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LUNGER, RUSSELL; 29; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LIGHT, ADAM; 22; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Mar. 8, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.

- McFADDEN, JAMES; 21; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- MCCARTHY, JOHN; 28; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Feb. 17, 1864, in rebel prison at Danville, Va.
- McINARY, PATRICK; 29; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MORROW, WILSON; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- MORROW, DAVID; 24; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Jan. 18, 1864, in skirmish at Dandridge, Tenn.; sent to Andersonville, Ga., Mar. 14, 1864; no further record.
- MORAN, THOMAS; 28; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- MINNICK, HERBERT T.; 20; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- NELSON, PETER; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- O'HARA, PETER; 23; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 24, 1864, in hospital at Louisville, Ky.
- O'CONNER, DENNIS; 27; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 28, 1863.
- OTT, GEORGE; 36; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 12, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RILEY, JOHN; 24; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- RYAN, JOHN; 31; Oct. 5, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; missing Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana, on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- REGAN, JOHN; 36; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- SHAY, DAVID J.; 22; Oct. 12, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- SHAY, WILLIAM S.; 20; Oct. 14, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; killed Nov. 30, 1864 in battle of Franklin, Tenn.
- SCHAAD, BENJAMIN; 20; Feb. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded May 27, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- SMITH, HIRAM; 21; Feb. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- SMITH, FRANCIS; 18; Feb. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865.
- SMITH, SAMUEL; 30; Oct. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 23, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMITH, JOHN E.; 21; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- STOUT, CHRISTIAN; 18; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 9, 1865; veteran.
- SCHENCK, SYLVESTER; 19; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 4, 1862, in hospital at Lebanon, Ky.

- SWONGER, JOHN; 45; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 6, 1863, in hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- SNELL, LEONARD; 32; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; sick in hospital Aug. 21, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala.; no further record.
- STACY, MARTIN; 23; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 8, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SNYDER, SIMON; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- SNYDER, WILLIAM; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STUCH, WILLIAM; 21; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 17, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHUSTER, HENRY; 24; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 10, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- TROVER, BAXTER; 21; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- TOURNEY, CHARLES; 18; Oct. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- VERNON, ASA; 27; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Dec. 16, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.
- WANN, ADAM; 19; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WHITE, BENJAMIN; 28; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WEAVER, ADAM; 21; Dec. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.
- WALTERS, ROBERT; 19; Oct. 8, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ZEIROLD, HENRY; 28; Oct. 8, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 31, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

UNASSIGNED.

The following men, twenty-five in number, were drafted Oct. 8, 1862, for nine months, and apportioned to the Sixty-fourth. It appears that, for reasons not known, they never joined the regiment and were not assigned to companies. At least a part of them seem to have served somewhere, for seven are recorded as having died in hospital, all at Murfreesboro. They are borne upon the official roster as "unassigned," and are so given here:

- BLOOM, BENJAMIN; 30; died June 15, 1863, in field hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- BOWMAN, CURTIS; 18; died May 26, 1863, in field hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- CRAIG, JOHN; 26; died June 27, 1863, in field hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- DAVIS, ISAAC C.; 31; mustered out Aug. 6, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- DERR, BENJAMIN; 20; died Apr. 9, 1863, in hospital near Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- FESSEL, GEORGE; 24; no further record.
- HAKTEN, CHARLES; 45; no further record.
- HARTSCHUH, ADAM; 32; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- HERSHBERGER, SAMUEL; —; no further record.
- HOPKINS, HIRAM S.; 24; died July 7, 1863, in hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- LEE, CYRUS; 19; no further record.
- LINN, PHILIP; 20; no further record.
- MAKAN, CHARLES; —; no further record.
- ORVILLE, JOHN M.; 27; discharged May 7, 1863, at Evansville, Ind.,
- PIPER, JOSEPH; 19; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- RHODES, MICHAEL; 28; no further record.
- SCOTT, JOHN J.; 26; died Apr. 18, 1863; in hospital near Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- SHINE, JACOB M.; 19; no further record.
- SHOUP, WILLIAM H.; 18; discharged Mar. 12, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMITH, ANDREW; 30; no further record.
- UHL, DANIEL; 24; no further record.
- WEBSTER, ALFRED; 18; no further record.
- WITTRED, SAMUEL M.; 19; died Apr. 26, 1863, in hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- WITTEL, JOHN; 30; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- YOCKAM, MATHIAS; 19; no further record.

SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

FIELD AND STAFF.

- CHARLES G. HARKER** (Captain Fifteenth United States Infantry), Colonel; 25; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to Brigadier-general, United States Volunteers, to date from Sept. 20, 1863; killed in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., June 27, 1864.
- HORATIO N. WHITBECK**, Colonel; 25; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company E Nov. 2, 1861; promoted to Major Oct. 7, 1862; to Lieutenant-colonel Mar. 22, 1863; to Colonel June 15, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; resigned on account of wounds Aug. 16, 1865; brevetted Brigadier-general by the President "for gallant and meritorious services."
- ORLOW SMITH**, Colonel; 37; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company G Nov. 25, 1861; promoted to Major Sept. 22, 1863; to Lieutenant-colonel Oct. 10, 1865; to Colonel Nov. 24, 1865; wounded Nov. 20, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with regiment at Victoria, Tex., Nov. 30, 1865; brevetted Brigadier-general, by the President, "for gallant and meritorious services."
- DANIEL FRENCH**, Lieutenant-colonel; 38; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; resigned Aug. 8, 1862.
- ALEXANDER CASSIL**, Lieutenant-colonel; 35; Oct. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company A Oct. 24, 1861; promoted to Lieutenant-colonel Aug. 8, 1862; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; resigned Mar. 22, 1863.
- WILBUR F. HINMAN**, Lieutenant-colonel; 20; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Company E Nov. 5, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant June 16, 1862; to Captain June 14, 1864; to Major Oct. 10, 1865; to Lieutenant-colonel Nov. 24, 1865; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865.
- JAMES OLDS**, Major; 35; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; resigned Oct. 7, 1862.
- SAMUEL C. BROWN**, Major; 30; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company H Nov. 7, 1861; promoted to Major Mar. 22, 1863; died Sept. 22, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.

- JOSEPH F. SONNANSTINE, Major; 30; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant, Company C Dec. 2, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant June 16, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 22, 1863; to Captain July 13, 1864; to Major Nov. 24, 1865; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865.
- JOHN G. KYLE, Surgeon; 33; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; resigned Aug. 20, 1862.
- JOHN M. TODD, Surgeon; 44; Oct. 7, 1862; 3 yrs.; resigned Dec. 7, 1864.
- JOHN H. CRUTHERS, Surgeon; 34; Jan. 4, 1865; 3 yrs.; promoted from Assistant Surgeon 88th O. V. I.; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865.
- JOHN C. GILL, Assistant Surgeon; 26; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; resigned June 24, 1862.
- WILLIAM A. MCCULLY, Assistant Surgeon; 26; Aug. 21, 1862; 3 yrs.; promoted to Surgeon 2nd U. S. Colored Troops, Nov. 3, 1863.
- WILSON S. PATTERSON, Assistant Surgeon; 40; Oct. 7, 1862; 3 yrs.; resigned May 31, 1864.
- W. E. PATTERSON, Assistant Surgeon; 30; Mar. 1, 1865; 3 yrs.; resigned Oct. 20, 1865.
- ANDREW BURNS, Chaplain; 42; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; resigned Feb. 13, 1863.
- THOMAS POWELL, Chaplain; 25; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Company E Nov. 7, 1861; promoted to Captain Aug. 8, 1862; appointed Chaplain July 1, 1864; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865.
- HORACE H. JUSTICE, Adjutant; 22; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs. appointed 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant Nov. 1, 1861; died Feb. 14, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- DAVID G. SWAIM, Adjutant; 20; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Company B Nov. 4, 1861; Adjutant Feb. 14, 1862; promoted by the President to Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. Volunteers, May 16, 1862.
- WILLIAM H. MASSEY, Adjutant; 22; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Sergeant-major Sixty-fourth O. V. I. promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Company H Sixty-fifth O. V. I. and appointed Adjutant June 3, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant July 1, 1862; died Apr. 7, 1863, at Cleveland, O., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- EDWIN E. SCRANTON, Adjutant; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Company B Dec. 10, 1862; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant Nov. 1, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant July 13, 1864; appointed Adjutant and transferred to Field and Staff Jan. 20, 1865; promoted to Captain July 1, 1865, but continued to act as Adjutant until mustered out with regiment, Nov. 30, 1865.
- ASA M. TRIMBLE, Quartermaster; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Company D Dec. 1, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Feb. 26, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant May 22, 1862; appointed Regimental Quartermaster Mar. 1, 1863; mustered out Feb. 13, 1865, on expiration of term of service.

JOHN C. ZOLLINGER, Quartermaster; 19; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 25, 1861; promoted to Quartermaster-sergeant July 16, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant July 13, 1864; appointed Quartermaster Feb. 13, 1865; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

JOSEPH V. HARRIS, Commissary-sergeant; 22; Nov. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant, Company H, Nov. 15, 1861; promoted to Commissary-sergeant Dec. 13, 1861; discharged June 21, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

ROBERT O. LUCAS, Hospital Steward; 23; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private, Company F, April 1, 1862; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

NATHANIEL CRITCHFIELD, Principal Musician; 26; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; discharged Feb. 26, 1863.

JACOB BYERS, Chief Bugler; 25; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private Company F, May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 3, 1865; veteran.

REGIMENTAL BAND.

BRACE, ORLANDO B., Leader; 26; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company D, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.

ALDRICH, THOMAS C.; 21; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company E, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out May 18, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.

BEELMAN, JACOB; 30; Dec. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company C, Feb. 18, 1862; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.

BELDING, THEODORE; 19; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company C, Feb. 18, 1862; mustered out May 17, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.

BUCK, JOHN F.; 31; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company C, Feb. 18, 1862; mustered out Sept. 5, 1865, at Bridgeport, Ala.

BEELMAN, GEORGE M.; 25; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company C, Feb. 18, 1862; died June 12, 1862, near Corinth, Miss.

COOK, CHARLES; 20; Dec. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company C, Feb. 18, 1862; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.

CURTIS, LEVI; 31; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company C, Feb. 18, 1862; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.

CHORUS, JOHN W.; 20; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred, from Company C, Feb. 18, 1862; mustered out May 17, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.

FITZGER, JEREMIAH; 29; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company D, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.

GERMAIN, GEORGE; 28; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 10, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

HELT, LAFAYETTE A.; 26; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company D, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.

MASON, JEROME; 20; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.

- MASON, GEORGE D.; 20; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company C, Feb. 18, 1862; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PIERCE, WILLIAM; 19; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.
- STRONG, HENRY; 23; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company I, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out May 17, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.
- STRONG, JAMES; 19; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company I, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.
- STEBER, ADAM; 20; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.
- WHITNEY, GEORGE A.; 22; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company E, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out May 17, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.
- WIRICK, MAHLON; 25; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company I, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out May 17, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.
- WHEELER, CHARLES Y.; 18; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company E, Nov. 27, 1861; mustered out May 17, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.
- YONKER, CHRISTIAN; 19; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred from Company I, Dec. 1, 1861; mustered out May 17, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.

COMPANY A.

- BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PEALER, Captain; 24; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Oct. 24, 1861; 1st Sergeant May 1, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Aug. 16, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Feb. 13, 1863; to Captain July 13, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; resigned on account of wounds, Dec. 12, 1864.
- ALBERT ELLIS, 1st Lieutenant; 35; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 24, 1861; resigned Nov. 13, 1862.
- OSCAR D. WELKER, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Oct. 24, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 1, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 13, 1862; resigned Feb. 13, 1863.
- JOHN BODY, 1st Lieutenant; 32; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Oct. 24, 1861; 1st Sergeant Nov. 13, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Feb. 13, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant June 14, 1864; wounded May 14, 1864, at Resaca, Ga.; honorably discharged Aug. 7, 1864.
- JACOB HAMMOND, 2nd Lieutenant; 26; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 19, 1861; resigned Apr. 13, 1861.
- SAMUEL C. HENWOOD, 2nd Lieutenant; 29; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 24, 1861; Sergeant Oct. 12, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Mar. 22, 1863; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- ROLAND CRITCHFIELD, 2nd Lieutenant; 21; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; 1st Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

- JOSEPH CRITCHFIELD, 2nd Lieutenant; 25; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant from Drummer Apr. 24, 1863; promoted to Principal Musician Jan. 1, 1864; to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- AMOS BAKER, 1st Sergeant; 40; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 24, 1861; 1st Sergeant Feb. 13, 1863; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SOLOMON BANBURY, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 24, 1861; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- THOMAS MCELROY, sergeant; 27; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 24, 1861; died Mar. 18, 1862, in Knox county, O.
- WILLIAM B. SHAW, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 24, 1861; died Jan. 7, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn.
- STEPHEN CRAIG, Sergeant; 30; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 24, 1861; discharged July 5, 1862, at Decatur, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LYMAN ELLIS; 24; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 20, 1862; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1863; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- LEWIS A. WRIGHT; Sergeant; 18; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN HARDESTY; Sergeant; 30; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Aug. 1, 1865; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HENRY WITT, Sergeant; 30; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal, Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Aug. 1, 1865; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JAMES T. MEARS, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1863; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1863; wounded Sept. 31, 1862, at Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Nov. 1, 1863.
- JAMES J. SHELLABARGER, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; no further record; veteran.
- SOLOMON HEADINGTON, Corporal; 22; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WILLIAM HIBBETS, Corporal; 34; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- FREEMAN SNOW, Corporal; 30; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 5, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ALEXANDER ATCHISON, Corporal; 20; Oct. 14; 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 5, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability; died Aug. 9, 1862, at Huntsville, Ala., enroute home.

- MILTON S. TWEED, Corporal; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. July 3, 1863.
- LEANDER KELLEY, Corporal; 26; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- AMOS HUMBERT, Corporal; 20; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, at Stone River, Tenn.; discharged May 2, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MILAN BAKER, Corporal; 18; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; died May 26, 1865, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- JAMES BARRON, Corporal; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1863; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga., left leg amputated at the thigh; died in field hospital.
- DAVID McELROY, Corporal; 16; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB ZIMMERMAN, Corporal; 30; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1855; died Dec. 12, 1855, at Cairo, Ills.; veteran.
- WILLIAM MILLER, Corporal; 19; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1855; wounded May 14, 1854, at Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WILKINSON FARRAR, Corporal; 25; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- AUGUSTUS LAHMON, Corporal; 20; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 12, 1862; died Feb. 9, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BEEHAN, NORMAN; 23; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 21, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- BELTZ, JOHN T.; 20; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 27, 1862, near Corinth Miss.
- BURRIS, JOHN; 17; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, July 25, 1863.
- BURRIS, GEORGE; 22; Dec. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 28, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- BUCHANAN, SMITH; 29; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 7, 1862, at Iuka, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BUCHANAN, WILLIAM T.; 20; Oct. 13, 1862; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BAKER, FURMAN; 18; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; died June 29, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- BARNES, MELVILLE; 19; Mar. 24, 1864; 3 yrs.; died July 10, 1865, at Covington, Ky., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
- CAKE, HOWARD; 19; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 27, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COLWELL, DANIEL; 19; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 8, 1863, of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.

- CASSIL, COLUMBUS D.; 19; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 23, 1862, at Camp Dennison, O.
- CLARY, EZRA; 18; Oct. 2, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Mar. 24, 1865.
- DOUP, GEORGE; 28; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FRIZZELL, ALLEN; 20; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 8, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.
- FROST, OTHO; 25; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FROST, LEVI; 40; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Jan. 17, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- FOBES, DAVID A.; 25; Dec. 17, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged at Camp Dennison, O., May 30, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FEE, CHARLES; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 16, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- FARMER, VAN BUREN; 34; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; mustered out Aug. 3, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GREENLUN, MARION; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GREENLUN, WESLEY; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 22, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GREENLUN, THOMAS; 47; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 24, 1862, in Knox Co., O.
- GREER, PETER; 22; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GEASBERG, GEORGE; 26; Oct. 17, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 16, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- GALE, JACOB; 39; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GARLAND, RICHARD H.; —; Dec. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 30, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HOWE, ANDREW; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company, Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HOAR, THOMAS; 27; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 9, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARTGROVE, HENRY C.; 17; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HEADINGTON, CLARK; 20; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, on expiration of term of service; re-enlisted Feb. 14, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- HEADINGTON, NATHAN; 50; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 5, 1862, at Decatur, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HAMILTON, ROBERT; 18; Oct. 16, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 17, 1865, on expiration of term of service.

- HOLZAPFEL, JOHN; 44; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HOFACKER, GEORGE; 42; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HARDESTY, ULYSSES; 41; Oct. 7, 1862; 3 yrs.; died June 15, 1863, in hospital at Nashville, Tenn.
- HAMMEL, MILAN; 18; Sept. 1, 1862; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- IBAUGH, CYRUS; 29; Oct. 18, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Dec. 17, 1865; on expiration of term of service.
- JOHNSON, ORANGE; 19; Oct. 5, 1861; discharged June 15, 1865; veteran.
- JOHNSON, LLOYD; 21; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JORDAN GEORGE; 44; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 2, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KIMMEL, JOHN D.; 24; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Apr. 4, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LARRABEE, ENOS; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 8, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LYBARGER, JACOB; 23; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded twice Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 25, 1863.
- LYBARGER, JASPER R.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Jan. 10, 1865, at Camp Denison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LYBARGER, ALONZO C.; 19; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 30, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- LYDIC, RANSOM; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 11, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LIVINGSTON, JOHN; 18; Sept. 1, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MAVIS, WILLIAM; 22; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- MAVIS, LINAS; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 21, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- MARSH, HOLLIS S.; 19; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 11, 1863, of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MYERS, JOSEPH; 21; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Dec. 20, 1864; veteran.
- MINNINGER, HENRY; 26; Oct. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Mar. 14, 1865, from which discharged June 29, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MATHERY, SIMEON; 18; Nov. 26, 1861, 3 yrs.; died Apr. 15, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.

- McGUGIN, WILLIAM; 21; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 9, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.
- McGUGIN, JOHN; 17; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- McELROY, JAMES; 22; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MARSHALL, ALBERT; —; Dec. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 10, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- NAWMAN, JOHN; 40; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged May 30, 1865, at Huntsville, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- NESMITH, WILLIAM E.; 32; Oct. 18, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 18, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- PASCO, CHARLES H.; 23; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 6, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RUMMEL, JOHN; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 7, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RIGHTMIER, CHARLES H.; 29; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 16, 1864, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- ROTON, GEORGE W.; —; Oct. 9, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out July 17, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- STRATTON, JOHN; 44; Nov. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- STULL, MARTIN V.; 21; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 9, 1862, at his home in Knox Co., O.
- STILLINGER, GEORGE; 38; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 9, 1862, at Munfordville, Ky.
- STOUT, JOSEPH; 17; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 2, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- SPINDLER, DAVID; 33; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- STRATTON, FRANCIS; 17; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 31, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STRATTON, ALBERT; 19; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to 5th U. S. cavalry Feb. 11, 1863, for unexpired term.
- SMITH, AMOS; 19; Mar. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; killed July 18, 1864, in action near Buckhead, Ga.
- SHIMER, DILLON; 18; Nov. 2, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- SONDAY, ADAM W.; 25; Oct. 18, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Oct. 19, 1865, at Camp Irwin, Texas.
- SNYDER, JOHN; 18; Aug. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SHULER, WILLIAM; 28; Oct. 17, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out May 30, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHAFFER, MATHIAS; 28; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- SIMPKINS, SELAH; 40; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SHRIMPLIN, BRUCE; —; Dec. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr., 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- TURBET, JOHN; 25; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 24, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TOWNSEND, CHARLES H.; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 19, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- TWEED, ROBERT A.; 21; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 10, 1862, near Corinth, Miss.
- WELKER, CLAYBURN; 30; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 23, 1861, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WIRICH, JAMES L.; 18; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Mar. 23, 1864, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WRIGHT, DARIUS J.; 24; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 28, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WOLFORD, GEORGE; 36; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WIMER, JOEL H.; —; Dec. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar., 1862, at Woodsonville, Ky.
- WESTLEY, DANIEL; —; Dec. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 1862, at Hall's Gap, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- YOUNG, JACOB; 23; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 21, 1863, of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- YOUNG, MICHAEL; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 16, 1862, at Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ZIMMERMAN, DANIEL; 22; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 21, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ZIMMERMAN, DAVID; 27; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged ———, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ZIMMERMAN, LEWIS; 19; Apr. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.

COMPANY B.

- HENRY CAMP, Captain; 23; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 4, 1861; resigned Aug. 16, 1862.
- BENJAMIN F. TRESPCOTT, Captain; 22; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 20, 1862; Sergeant Dec. 10, 1862; 1st Sergeant Feb. 1, 1863; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 5, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant July 13, 1864; to Captain Feb. 10, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- JOHNSTON ARMSTRONG, 1st Lieutenant; 29; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant, Nov. 4, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 14, 1862; resigned Aug. 12, 1862.

- ROBESON S. ROOK, 1st Lieutenant; 24; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 5, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Apr. 14, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Apr. 5, 1863; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; resigned Dec. 11, 1863.
- JOHN S. GOSHORN, 1st Lieutenant; 20; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 1, 1862; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; 1st Sergeant, Aug. 1, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN R. PARISH, 2nd Lieutenant; 26; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 5, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant June 1, 1862; died July 31, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala.
- ZACHARIAH ALLERTON, 1st Sergeant; 30; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- ELLIOTT C. BROWN, Sergeant; 36; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 5, 1861; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB W. VARNER, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 5, 1861; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOSEPH P. WEIR, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1861; Sergeant Feb. 1, 1865; wounded July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN RICHARDS, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Feb. 1, 1865; wounded Sept. 30, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE W. HARLAN, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 5, 1861; Sergeant May 2, 1862; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga., while carrying the colors; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- THOMAS C. MAYS, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Jan. 25, 1864.
- THOMAS HALE, Corporal; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 5, 1861; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- JACOB HENDERSHOTT, Corporal; 20; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 5, 1861; discharged May 28, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ALBERT C. WALTON, Corporal; 20; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 5, 1861; discharged July 31, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WILLIAM W. WOOD, Corporal; 23; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 16, 1862; wounded June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; discharged Sept. 7, 1865; veteran.
- THOMAS M. TAYLOR, Corporal; 19; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded twice and captured Sept. 20, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 26, 1864, on expiration of term of service.

- MORTIMER D. KIBLER, Corporal; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- ROBERT B. WHINERY, Corporal; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WARREN CASE, Corporal; 18; Mar. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- ISRAEL O. GASKILL, Corporal; 18; Mar. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- SAMUEL SHEEHAN, Corporal; 20; Jan. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- ALLERTON, ALMON; 18; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- ASPEY, AMOS; 20; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 23, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ALLSPAUGH, LEWIS N.; 23; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 3, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ALLERTON, WILLIAM H.; 21; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Dec. 31, 1862, at battle of Stone River, Tenn.; exchanged after one year; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Dec. 18, 1863.
- ALLEN, HARVEY N.; 20; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Jan. 2, 1863, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- ALLEN, EUGENE; 26; Oct. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 21, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- ARMSTRONG, JAMES A.; 18; Jan. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 30, 1865, at Benton Barracks, Mo.
- BECKETT, NELSON M.; 23; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 24, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BARTON, GEORGE W.; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 22, 1863, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BELTS, AARON R.; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 9, 1863, of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BALL, GEORGE F.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Mar. 2, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BULL, JOSEPH; 19; Nov. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BARCLAY, JOHN; 32; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BOYER, WILLIAM B.; 22; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Dec. 15, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BEAUMONT, JAMES D.; 18; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 26, 1862, to enlist in Mississippi Marine Brigade.
- CRAMPION, ABNER J.; 26; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- CRUMRINE, JAMES W.; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

- CRAVEN, JAMES C.; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 3, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLARK, JOHN; 44; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; no further record.
- DAY, MERRICK E.; 21; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 14, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DAY, EWING W.; 23; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- DEHAVEN, ALBERT; 18; Jan. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 19, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- FULLER, CHARLES; 22; Jan. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- FILSON, ROBERT H.; 41; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FELTZ, RICHARD; 26; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 14, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- FUHR, HENRY; 19; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 27, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FORDING, LLOYD; 27; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Apr. 18, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GAUSE, SOLOMON; 38; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 22, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GREEN, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GANGLOFF, JOHN; 22; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 16, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GATEWOOD, JOSEPH; 44; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GOODELL, CONRAD; 18; Jan. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; no further record.
- HENNING, ADAM B.; 37; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 10, 1862, at Stanford, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARTZELL, JACOB; 21; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 10, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- HARTZELL, WILLIAM; 24; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; veteran; no further record.
- HAMLIN, LINUS; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Mar. 10, 1865; veteran.
- HUMES, JOHN; 28; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 15, 1863.
- HEACOCK, DENNIS; 23; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 1, 1864., on expiration of term of service.
- HALEY, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; captured Nov. 30, 1864, at battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 18, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.

- HOUTS, JOSEPH; 16; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HOFFMAN, JOSIAH; 26; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HUTTON, JOSEPH E.; 18, Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- JONES, JOHN W.; 38; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JOHNSTON, JONATHAN M.; 20; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- JOHNS, SAMUEL B.; 25; Oct. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- KARPER, FRANK; 33; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 24, 1862, at Columbus, O.; on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KURTZ, JAMES G.; 20; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- KELLEY, LEANDER; 38; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- KERNS, SAMUEL; —; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; twice wounded Nov. 30, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out May 30, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- LOUNSBERRY, CHARLES C.; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- LEACH, ALEXANDER; 23; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LUSADER, JOSHUA; 39; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 30, 1864 in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 26, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- LANSBURY, JOSEPH; 39; Oct. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 23, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- MARTIN, JOSEPH; 45; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 3, 1862, at Stanford, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MOORE, SAMUEL R.; 28; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 13, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; captured July 20, 1864, at battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- MILLER, JOHN; 20; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 29, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.
- MANKIN, GEORGE M.; 30; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Oct. 8, 1863 in rebel attack on supply train, near Chattanooga, Tenn.
- MAFFITT, JAMES; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 13, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MELCHOR, GEORGE W.; 30; Mar. 2, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 14, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MITCHELL, JOHN; 13; Oct. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- McKELVEY, THOMAS; 37; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 23, 1863 of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.

- MCGOWAN, THOMAS; 22; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 6, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- PIM, THOMAS J.; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 11, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PHILMON, JONATHAN; 21; Nov. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 31, 1862, at Hall's Gap, Ky.
- RICHARDS, DAVID W.; 37; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged on account of disability.
- RYNICK, GEORGE E.; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ROGERS, MARCUS A.; 31; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 19, 1863 of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- ROOSE, HENRY H.; 32; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 6, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- RUE, JOHN C.; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RATHBUN, HIRAM; 19; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 28, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- ROOK, WILLIAM M.; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 1, 1862, at Huntsville, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROOK, THOMAS; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- REEVES, JOHN J.; 35; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RODOCKER, ADDISON; 18; Apr. 5, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out May 10, 1865, at Tod Barracks, O.
- ROBERT, FELIX; 28; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ROBERTS, CHARLES; 25; Oct. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 23, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- SCHELL, GEORGE; 29; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 12, 1862.
- SCHNEIDER, JACOB E.; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 16, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O.
- SPEAKMAN, BENTON; 20; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- SHOE, JACOB; 31; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 26, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SAMPLE, JOHN; 31; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 7, 1862, at Marine Hospital, St. Louis, Mo.
- SMITH, RICHARD T.; 22; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 19, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMITH, DANIEL; 20; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- STANHOPE, JOHN; 25; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SPAYDE, GEORGE W.; 20; Jan. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Jeffersonville, Ind.

- STEVENS, JOSEPH; 29; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 19, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SIGLE, HENRY; 38; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STEELE, HENRY; —; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged at Mansfield, O., Dec. 10, 1861, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TANNYHILL, WILLIAM H. H.; 20; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Mar. 3, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TUVELL, THOMAS; 23; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 12, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- VANGUNDY, FRANCIS M.; 28; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; no further record.
- VARNER, ELI; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- VANHORN, JAMES M.; 18; Apr. 5, 1865; 1 yr.; mustered out May 10, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- VALENTINE, GODFREY; 33; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 23, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WEIR, THOMAS; 18; Nov. 8, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 23, 1865, in hospital at Camp Irwin, Texas.
- WEIR, HUGH; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; discharged Sept. 30, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WALDRUFF, BENJAMIN T.; 30; October 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WICKERSHAM, REUBEN; 19; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Feb. 5, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WALKER, AUSTIN P.; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WALKER, JOHN B.; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 14, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

COMPANY C.

- EDWIN L. AUSTIN, Captain; 41; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 4, 1861; resigned Nov. 4, 1862.
- SAMUEL L. BOWLBY, Captain; 26; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Nov. 4, 1861; promoted to Captain Apr. 14, 1862; resigned May 24, 1863.
- FRANK B. HUNT, 1st Lieutenant; 25; Aug. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 18, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 8, 1862; resigned Nov. 29, 1863.

- SAMUEL H. YOUNG, 2nd Lieutenant; 19; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 18, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 4, 1862; discharged May 30, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- EBBEN BINGHAM, 2nd Lieutenant; 19; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 18, 1861; 1st Sergeant Jan. 18, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Mar. 24, 1863; killed June 18, 1864, in battle of Muddy Creek, Ga.
- CHRISTOPHER BUSHERT, 2nd Lieutenant; 24; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal June 17, 1862; Sergeant Apr. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant Dec. 14, 1864; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- SCHUYLER C. GATES, 1st Sergeant; 23; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 29, 1862; Sergeant Feb. 11, 1863; 1st Sergeant Oct. 5, 1863; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GREENBERRY M. DAVIDSON, Sergeant; 25; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; died May 26, 1862, near Corinth, Miss.
- GAD GLEASON, Color-Sergeant; 26; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 18, 1862; discharged Feb. 19, 1863, to enlist in Mississippi Marine Brigade.
- HUGH L. WELDON, Sergeant; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; died Jan. 1, 1863, of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- JOSEPH H. GLEASON, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 26, 1861; Sergeant June 16, 1862; wounded May 10, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB C. MILLER, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 29, 1862; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- REUBEN W. TITUS, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Color-sergeant Dec. 15, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM H. BATES, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 4, 1861; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Aug. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- EDWARD W. GREGORY, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal July 29, 1862; Sergeant June 21, 1863; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; captured Nov. 30, 1864, at battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river Apr. 27, 1865; veteran.
- JAMES HOUSTON, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 26, 1861; Sergeant May 25, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Feb. 18, 1864.

- WILLIAM B. HUNT, Corporal; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- JOSIAH W. HUFFMAN, Corporal; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; discharged May 25, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ALVIN M. PARKER, Corporal; 30; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; discharged July 12, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MARSHALL W. JOHNSON, Corporal; 18; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; died May 27, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo.
- HIRAM C. PARKER, Corporal; 26; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; discharged May 12, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOSHUA M. DAVIDSON, Corporal; 24; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LORENZO D. ABBOTT, Corporal; 19; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 14, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HENRY ST. JOHN YOUNG, Corporal; 18; Dec. 2, 1861; appointed June 17, 1862; died Jan. 3, 1863, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- WILLIAM H. JEFFREY, Corporal; 19; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Mar. 1, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- LEONARD ALLEMAN, Corporal; 26; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed June 1, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB SHINABERGER, Corporal; 18; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 30, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability; re-enlisted in same company Mar. 28, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- HENRY WILSON, Corporal; 18; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- LEVI McVEY, Corporal; 21; Feb. 9, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- DEVINNA D. JENNINGS, Corporal; 18; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- JAMES L. MCKIBBEN, Corporal; 19; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 11, 1863; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; died Oct. 25, 1864, at Atlanta, Ga.; veteran.
- ROBERT W. CORY, Corporal; 24; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 11, 1863; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JOSEPH PERKINS, Corporal; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; no record of discharge; veteran.
- LEVI A. CARPENTER, Corporal; 22; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Feb. 11, 1863; wounded Sept. 19, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged July 27, 1864, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- DANIEL CARPENTER, Corporal; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 29, 1862; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- IRA TILTON, Drummer; 22; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 19, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- LEVI SEAVOLT, Fifer; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1862; captured Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; exchanged and returned to duty; killed July 22, 1864, in action near Atlanta, Ga.; veteran.
- EZEKIEL GOODELL, Wagoner; —; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 3, 1863, at Bowling Green, Ky.
- BAKER, MADISON; 25; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- BAIRD, THOS. J.; 25; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 29, 1862, at camp near Iuka, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BELL, DAVID M.; 19; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 28, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- BLACK, RANSOM B.; —; Sept. 25, 1862; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Aug. 7, 1863.
- BINGHAM, WILLIAM; 24; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 9, 1864 in battle of Rocky Face Ridge Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BINGHAM, CHARLES M.; 23; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 19, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BURNHAM, MARTIN; 25; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- BROWN, LUCIUS P.; 54; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 4, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O.
- BYRON, JAMES C.; 18; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BEEKMAN, JOHN W.; 41; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 9, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O.
- CORY, HUGH M.; 31; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 26, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COLEMAN, JOHN; 23; Oct. 1, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CLARK, ALLEN; 31; Oct. 1, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863 at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- DAVIDSON, WILLIAM M.; 21; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 11, 1862 at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DICKERSON, MANUEL W.; 18; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out June 19, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- ELLSWORTH, ALFRED C.; 23; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 3, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- ENGLISH, ALFRED; 18; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 13, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., to enlist in U. S. Cavalry.

- ERWIN, JAMES C.; 22; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; entered the service as Fifer; resigned the position and took a musket; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- ERWIN, EDWIN V.; —; Nov. 3, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 22, 1863.
- EDINGTON, PETER W.; 36; Oct. 9, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 22, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O.
- ERRETT, WILLIAM S.; 21; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; captured Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FRY, JOSEPH; 44; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FILES, CHARLES E.; 19; Mar. 21, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 25, 1865, in hospital at Cleveland, O.
- GIFFORD, JOSEPH B.; 18; Oct. 23, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 30, 1865.
- GILGER, GEORGE; 18; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 28, 1864, on railway train going from Columbia to Spring Hill, Tenn.
- GRAY, WILLIAM; 36; Oct. 1, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Feb. 13, 1865, of wounds received Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.
- GRAHAM, ELMER A.; 36; Oct. 3, 1863; 3 yrs.; no record of discharge.
- HALL, WILLIAM E.; 19; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 27, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- HOLMES, RICHARD; 26; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Dec. 1, 1863.
- HORD, WILLIAM S.; 18; Nov. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed June 18, 1864, in battle of Muddy Creek, Ga.; veteran.
- HOWARD, SIMEON R.; 21; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Dec. 16, 1863, in rebel prison at Danville, Va.
- JACKSON, THOMAS; 28; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; left leg broken in railroad accident near Strawberry Plains, East Tennessee, Apr. 21, 1865; discharged Oct. 18, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.
- JOHNSON, SAMUEL; 42; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865 at Nashville, Tenn.
- JEFFREY, AMOS; 18; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 26, 1862, at Ripley, O.
- JAMES, GEORGE; 28; Feb. 19, 1864; 3 yrs.; never reported for duty.
- KLINE, WILLIAM; 18; Oct. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 24, 1865; on expiration of term of service.
- KESLER, HUGH; 21; Sept. 12, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died —, in rebel prison.
- LEWIS, JAMES; 35; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- LINN, ELIAS; 18; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 4, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- LINN, ALFRED; 19; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 16, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- MILLER, GEORGE H.; 23; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 9, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MORGAN, SAMUEL; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 4, 1862, at Cincinnati, O.
- MOORE, HENRY; 20; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MEASEL, DAVID; 40; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MEYER, JOHN; 44; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MOWRY, WILLIAM; 32; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- NICHOLSON, SHERWOOD C.; 20; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 19, 1862, to enlist in Mississippi Marine Brigade.
- NASH, HIRAM; 44; Oct. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 23, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- O'NEAL, ELISHA L.; 18; Jan. 1, 1861, 3 yrs.; captured Nov. 30, 1864, at Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 28, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- PACKARD, JAMES H.; 26; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- PACKARD, ABIJAH; 23; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 14, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PARKER, JOSIAH T.; 26; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on expiration of term of service.
- REESE, JOHN; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on expiration of term of service.
- ROLFE, DARIUS D.; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- RICHARDSON, JOHN B.; 18; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- RICHARDSON, HENRY; 22; Feb. 6, 1864; 3 yrs.; never reported for duty.
- SHANKS, ADAM; 21; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 8, 1862, at Munfordville, Ky.
- SMITH, MARTIN; 25; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SMITH, LEVI; 19; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; no further record.
- SONNANSTINE, CORNELIUS F.; 22; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 29, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo., from wound received Apr. 7, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn.
- SWANGER, GEORGE; --; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 17, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TITUS, JAMES M.; 25; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- THOMPSON, FREDERICK D.; 23; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- VANDUSER, JOHN; 25; Nov. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged May 17, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WOODRUFF, MEDAD L.; 25; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; died July 1, 1863, at Louisville Ky.
- WHITE DANIEL J.; 21; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- YOUNG, ANDREW J.; 18; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 4, 1862, at Columbia, Ky.
- YOUNG, JULIUS C.; 27; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 18, 1863, at Murfreesboro. Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- YOUNG, JOHN; 21; Sept. 15, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ZIEGLER, SAMUEL; 20; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Dec. 31, 1862, at battle of Stone River, Tenn.; died Jan. 23, 1864, in rebel prison at Danville, Va.

RICHARD MILLER; 18; July 10, 1863; 3 yrs.; colored under-cook; enlisted in U. S. Colored Troops, Dec. 15, 1863.

MARTIN V. VINTON; 20; July 20, 1863; 3 yrs.; colored under-cook; died Dec. 24, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn.

COMPANY D.

JOHN C. BAXTER, Captain; 29; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Nov. 7, 1861; promoted to Captain Nov. 30, 1861; resigned Feb. 26, 1862.

ASA A. GARDNER, Captain; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Dec. 1, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Feb. 8, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Oct. 7, 1862; to Captain Oct. 14, 1863; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Sept. 19, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged on account of wounds, May 17, 1865.

DAVID H. ROWLAND, 1st Lieutenant; 25; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; resigned June 16, 1862.

WILLIAM H. H. SMITH, 1st Lieutenant; 21; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Dec. 1, 1861; 1st Sergeant May 19, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant May 29, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

WILLIAM H. MOZIER, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 22, 1864; promoted to Hospital Steward Dec. 14, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

JOHN T. HYATT, 2nd Lieutenant; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; died Dec. 16, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, Mansfield, O.

JOHN S. TALMADGE, 2nd Lieutenant; 24; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Dec. 1, 1861; 1st Sergeant Jan. 10, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant June 1, 1863; resigned July 20, 1864.

- JOEL WRIGHT, 2nd Lieutenant; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Feb. 22, 1864; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; 1st Sergeant Apr. 6, 1865; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 15, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOSEPH W. MEREDITH, 2nd Lieutenant; 30; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 26, 1861; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1863; Commissary-sergeant Apr. 6, 1865; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- SAMUEL L. MINOR, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 1, 1861; discharged May 13, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOHN GLOVER, Sergeant; 28; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 1, 1861; discharged July 18, 1862, at Tuscumbia, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ZENO WOOD, Sergeant; 22; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- DANIEL GRIFFITH, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Sept. 1, 1865; Sergeant Oct. 1, 1865; wounded Jan. 1, 1863, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JONATHAN LEWIS, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Dec. 14, 1864; killed Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; veteran.
- HENRY G. CRUM, Sergeant; 24; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Apr. 6, 1865; mustered out June 14, 1865.
- JACOB SHIREMAN, Sergeant; 28; Oct. 4, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Apr. 6, 1865; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- ROBERT W. LONG, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 26, 1861; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1863; captured Sept. 20, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; one of the survivors of the Sultana disaster; mustered out May 25, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- SAMUEL P. SNIDER, Sergeant; 17; Dec. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Feb. 16, 1863; wounded Dec. 29, 1862, in skirmish at Stone River, Tenn.; Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged May 18, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., to accept promotion as Captain, U. S. Colored Troops.
- IRA S. HERRICK, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal, Nov. 30, 1861; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1863; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- WASHINGTON GARDNER, Sergeant; 16; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed June 1, 1863; wounded May 14, 1864, at battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- WILLIAM HAYDEN, Corporal; 24; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; discharged Apr. 12, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ELIAS ALDRICH, Corporal; 23; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Mar. 31, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOHN O. BARTLETT, Corporal; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 1, 1862; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- GEORGE C. GARDNER, Corporal; 29; Nov. 8 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Feb. 28, 1862; discharged Oct. 30, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOHN C. CAMPBELL, Corporal; 45; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- ABRAHAM M. SMITH, Corporal; 30; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 5, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- SAMUEL E. NIGLE, Corporal; 23; Sept. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; drafted; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- FRANCIS F. DETRAY, Corporal; 36; Oct. 5, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- JACOB FREDERICK, Corporal; 34; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed April 5, 1865; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DAVID C. SNIDER; 32; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out June 14, 1865; at Nashville, Tenn.
- ANDREW M. BUCK, Musician; 36; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 24, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- ALLION, JACOB; 25; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BAILEY, JOHN; 17; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged June 25, 1865; veteran.
- BENNETT, GEORGE H.; 22; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs; discharged July 10, 1862, at Detroit, Mich., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BARNES, ADIN; 21; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 29, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BENEDICT, STEPHEN; 34; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 9, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BARBER, JOHN C.; 24; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 16, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- BARBER, IRA; 18; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; died Jan. 2, 1864, in rebel prison at Danville, Va.
- BENSON, DIDYMUS; 43; Nov. 3, 1861; 3 years; discharged Aug. 19, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BARGER, JOHN B.; 19; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 27, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability; died on his way home, at Louisville, Ky.
- BRADDOCK, WILLIAM H.; 17. Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 10, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.

- BROWN, FRANCIS M.; 18; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 21, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BUTLER, BARAK M.; 18; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BECKDELL, DANIEL; 32; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted, mustered out June 20, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- BAKER, HENRY; 18; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- BROWN, GEORGE M.; 28; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted, mustered out Aug. 1, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., on expiration of term of service.
- COOK, SAMUEL; 31; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Mar. 9, 1864.
- CLAGETT, SEPTIMUS; 24; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 6, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- CUTLER, FREDERICK; 33; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CARPENTER, LAFAYETTE; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 27, 1862, at Tuscumbia, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLAYPOOL, LEVI; 24; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 16, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- CLARK, HARRISON; 18; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 20, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLARK, JOHN N.; 19; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Mar. 10, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- CURL, LEWIS S.; 20; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COPPER, RALPH; 20; Sept. 24, 1864; 3 yrs.; drafted; died Jan. 1, 1865, of wounds received Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.
- CHESTNUTWOOD, WILLIAM, J.; 31; Sept. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CAIN, ROBERT; 35; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CAIN, JAMES B.; 37; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 23, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- DEWITT, JOSEPH; 21; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Oct. 6, 1864, in rebel prison, Andersonville, Ga.
- DENTON, JAMES S.; 23; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged April 14, 1863, at Quincy, Ill., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DIXON, LEANDER S.; 23; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- EAGER, BENJAMIN; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 25, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FARLEY, JOSEPH M.; 19; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Mar. 10, 1865, on expiration of term of service.

- FENNELL, GEORGE W.; 23; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GRAVES, WILLIAM; 45; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 18, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GOODMAN, JOHN; 17; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died March 20, 1865, at Wilmington, N. C.
- GARBISON, JOHN B.; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 22, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GERMAIN, GEORGE C.; 28; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 9, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GREEN, WILLIAM; 40; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GUTHRIE, ROBERT C.; 42; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Feb. 15, 1865, in hospital, of wounds received Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- HAKES, ZENO A.; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HOPKINS, JAMES; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, and discharged therefor Sept. 26, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HUDSON, CALVIN W.; 21; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HUTCHISON, WILLIAM; 35; Oct. 4, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- HARTMAN, LEVI; 19; Oct. 3, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- JACKSON, GEORGE W.; on muster in roll, but no further record.
- JACKSON, JOEL; 22; Oct. 26, 1861; discharged at Mansfield, O., Dec. 12, 1861, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KNOX, WILLIAM; 46; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 18, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KOON, JOHN; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
- KIRKPATRICK, SAMUEL C.; 32; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out July 23, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LONG, JOHN; 21; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 18, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- LEWIS, ORSON; 21; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 19, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
- LAYPORT, JOHN; 35; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MOON, JOSEPH; 36; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 30, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MILLER, GILBERT E.; 20; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded by sharpshooter in attack on supply train Oct. 8, 1863, near Chattanooga, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- MOSER, FREDERICK; 23; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 3, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., on account of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MARVIN, PETER; 21; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 25, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MOORE, CHARLES F.; 27; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MUNCH, GEORGE W.; 19; Oct. 4, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- McKIBBEN, JOHN S.; 20; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 20, 1864 at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
- McKIBBEN, ROBERT T.; 19; Oct. 2, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 2, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- McLAIN, DANIEL T.; 41; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 13, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- McCURDY, JOSEPH; 23; Dec. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 12, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCGONIGLE, CHAUNCEY H.; 22; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- NICHOLAS, GEORGE; 19; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 1, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- NORRIS, WILLIAM B.; 18; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Mar. 25, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- PEAK, JAMES W.; 24; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Naval Service Dec. 16, 1862.
- PINYARD, AMOS; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded, lost an arm, Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn., and discharged Feb. 26, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PARK, JOHN B.; 32; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 10, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- PARKER, WILLIAM H.; 20; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PARMETER, GEORGE; 19; Oct. 6, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ROLISON, JOHN; 24; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 26, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROMANS, JOHN; 35; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ROCKWELL, DANIEL B.; 31; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; died May 16, 1863, in hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- STEVENS, WILLIAM P.; 35; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 25, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMITH, REUBEN; 23; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 25, 1862, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHAW, JUNIUS B.; 23; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded, lost right arm, Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga., and discharged therefor Apr. 16, 1864, at Louisville, Ky.
- SHERMAN, MADISON; 18; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 21, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- STEPHENS, MIERS; 19; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 8, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STONE, MILTON C.; 40; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- STUBBS, THEODORE; 18; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- SMITH, GEORGE J.; 31; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- TERRY, EDWARD; 40; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 1, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TAYLOR, WILLIAM; 19; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged Jan. 15, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- THOMPSON, WILLIAM L.; 18; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Jan. 10, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- THOMPSON, DAVID; 29; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WORLINE, SOLOMON; 23; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 6, 1862.
- WRAY, CHARLES L.; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WHEELER, HIRAM; 19; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; veteran; no further record.
- WHEELER, HARVEY; 26; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 10, 1863, in rebel prison at Danville, Va.
- WERRICH, CLARK M.; 19; Oct. 3, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- WAGERS, JOSHUA; —; Oct. 15, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 15, 1865, at New Orleans, La., on expiration of term of service.
- ZABRISKI, GEORGE; 23; Oct. 4, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.

ELIJAH SIMMONS; 40; Sept. 1, 1863; 3 yrs.; colored under-cook; no further record.

COMPANY E.

- JOSEPH H. WILLSEY, Captain; 24; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 15, 1861; promoted to Sergeant-major Dec. 1, 1861; to 2nd Lieutenant Jan. 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant June 14, 1864; to Captain Sep. 26, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- EDWARD G. POWELL, Captain; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 15, 1861; Sergeant Dec. 6, 1862; 1st Sergeant Oct. 1, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Sept. 23, 1864; to Captain Nov. 24, 1865; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE STANLEY POPE, 1st Lieutenant; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private to Sergeant-major and transferred to Field and Staff Mar. 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 9, 1864; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- JAMES P. MILLS, 1st Lieutenant; 21; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Commissary-sergeant May 1, 1863; Quartermaster-sergeant Aug. 1, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with regiment Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE N. HUCKINS, 2nd Lieutenant; 27; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; died Apr. 2, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- THOMAS CLAGUE, 2nd Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 15, 1861; Sergeant Dec. 1, 1862; 1st Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- MELVILLE C. PORTER, 2nd Lieutenant; 20; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant May 1, 1863; promoted to Sergeant-major May 29, 1865; to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN COOPER, 1st Sergeant; 25; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 15, 1861; Sergeant Dec. 1, 1862; 1st Sergeant Mar. 1, 1863; killed Sept. 20, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- THOMAS TOMPKINS, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; discharged Dec. 17, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SIMEON S. CANNIFF, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; discharged Aug. 9, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- VIRGIL H. GREGORY, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Aug. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HIRAM SWARTZ, Sergeant; 18; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 1, 1864; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- LEWIS S. WORDEN, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 1, 1865; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1865; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; May 29, 1864, at Dallas, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN LEMON, Sergeant; 20; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 1, 1865; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1865; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865, veteran.
- ANSEL ATHERTON, Sergeant; 25; Oct. 13, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out Oct. 13, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- PETER GESSNER, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 4, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Aug. 1, 1865; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 4, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- CHARLES H. NICKERSON, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 1, 1863; Sergeant, May 1, 1863; captured Sept. 20, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana, on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.

- WILLIAM CLARK, Corporal; 26; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; discharged Nov. 1, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GEORGE HEPBURN, Corporal; 21; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; discharged July 1, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GEORGE CLEMENT, Corporal; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; died Jan. 10, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- JOHN F. KUSS, Corporal; 40; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; discharged May 29, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- EDWIN SMITH, Corporal; 30; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; discharged June 9, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LOUIS SCHNEIDER, Corporal; 28; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- WILBUR F. HULET, Corporal; 23; Oct. 19, 1861; appointed Dec. 1, 1862; killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- FESTUS B. SPELLMAN, Corporal; 27; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; discharged Nov. 30, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- HERMAN HANCE, Corporal; 19; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged Nov. 27, 1865, at New Albany, Ind., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.
- MICHAEL TURNEY, Corporal; 34; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 1, 1865; died Dec. 23, 1865, on railroad train, near Cairo, Ill.; veteran.
- JAMES BRANDON, Corporal; 26; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WILBUR F. HAWXHURST, Corporal; 19; Mar. 24, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 1, 1865; mustered out Mar. 3, 1866, at Victoria, Texas.
- DANIEL H. PERRY, Corporal; 32; Mar. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 1, 1865; mustered out Dec. 25, 1865.
- GEORGE C. THOMPSON, Corporal; 22; Oct. 3, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- JOHN O. KENNEDY, Corporal; 35; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HENRY S. DAGGETT, Corporal; 29; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed June 1, 1862; discharged Aug. 2, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- OLIVER SIMMONS, Corporal; 18; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HIRAM A. VAUGHN, Musician; 19; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 15, 1861; discharged June 24, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; re-enlisted Mar. 23, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Mar. 24, 1865; mustered out Nov. 13, 1865.
- JOHN N. BUMBAUGH, Wagoner; 44; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 21, 1862, at Tusculumbia, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- AULT, THOMAS C.; 55; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 14, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BROWN, CHESTER; 24; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 26, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BROWN, DAVID; 22; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BEEBE, GEORGE A.; 25; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Apr. 12, 1865; discharged Nov. 29, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.; veteran.
- BOWMAN, ELIAS; 19; Oct. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; missing Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; no further record.
- BARRETT, THOMAS; 21; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos; drafted; never reported at camp.
- CROCKER, EDWIN; 26; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Aug. 31, 1863, from which discharged Oct. 18, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- CADY, WINFIELD S.; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 4, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CANNIFF, JEREMIAH; 29; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 30, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CANNIFF, JAMES; 48; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 24, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLAFLIN, ALVERTON; 23; Sept. 15, 1862, 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 12, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DRAKE, TRUMAN; 30; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 19, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DEIBERT, JACOB; 40; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 27, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DAY, GEORGE; 34; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 20, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DILLEY, SILAS; 42; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ELLIOTT, DANIEL; 19; Nov. 11, 1861, 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Aug. 12, 1863.
- EDSON, ROYAL; 20; Oct. 28, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged at Jeffersonville, Ind., June 20, 1865.
- FITZGERALD, JAMES; 35; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 6, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FISHER, JACOB; 22; Oct. 13, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; killed Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.
- FORD, FRANK; 21; Oct. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- GOSHART, GEORGE; 45; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- HERRINGTON, DELOS; 34; Oct. 30; 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 20, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- HAINES, DAVID; 19; Nov. 11, 1851; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 7, 1853, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., from wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- HARRY, ABRAHAM B.; 25; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HOOKE, JOHN; 23; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HOOKE, WASHINGTON; 35; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HILDENBRAND, WILLIAM; 40; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HOLLAND, THOMAS; 42; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; missing Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out June 21, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- HUDSON, ROBERT S.; 21; Oct. 30, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 29, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- HINKLE, HENRY; 34; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JOHNSON, WILLIAM; 44; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 26, 1863, at Bowling Green, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KNOWLES, MARTIN V. B.; —; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; never reported for duty.
- KELLEY, THOMAS; 32; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river, Apr. 27, 1865.
- KEELER, JACOB; 33; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Dec. 22, 1864, in exchange camp at Annapolis, Md.
- KILLIMER, CONRAD; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Pioneer Corps July 8, 1864; veteran.
- LEWIS, RUSSELL; 28; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 2, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LEE, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 21, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LEFFINGWELL, JULIUS; 24; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LEINAKA, WILLIAM; 44; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 23, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LEINAKA, WILLIAM H.; 19; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 14, 1863, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LEWIS, CHARLES; 19; Oct. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out May 31, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- MYER, LAWRENCE; 46; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 7, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MONEY, WILLIAM H.; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 15, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- MANSELL, JOHN T.; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 3, 1862, at his home in Royalton, O.

- NEED, GEORGE W.; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 26, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- NEWHOUSE, SIMON; 20; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- NORTON, DAVID L.; 18; Dec. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, from which mustered out Dec. 13, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- PICKARD, JACOB S.; 21; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 28, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PEACHEY, ELMER; 19; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 2, 1864, at Cleveland, O., on expiration of term of service.
- PUMPHREY, WILLIAM; 46; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- PAGUE, JAMES O.; 36; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died at Bowling Green, Ky., Mar. 15, 1863.
- PLEUKHART, EDWARD; 37; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ROCKETT, JOHN; 31; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 3, 1863, in hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- REYNOLDS, LUTHER; —; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; never reported at camp.
- ROBINETT, MARION; 20; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn., leg amputated; mustered out Sept. 6, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- ROOF, PERRY; 26; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SCALES, LEROY R.; 19; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 22, 1862, in hospital at Stanford, Ky.
- SHREAT, FREDERICK; —; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 26, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STANLEY, EDWARD; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 1, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.
- SMART, ROMANZO; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 27, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STEVENS, GEORGE W.; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 14, 1862, at Silver Springs, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SCHAUB, DAVID D.; 23; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, at Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Aug. 18, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHADOW, JOHN; 19; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- SMITH, LEWIS; 25; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged Mar. 29, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STARKEY, GEORGE W.; 26; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SPEELMAN, JOSEPH; 27; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

- STRAWSER, PHILIP; 34; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- STEEL, RICHARD; 23; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged May 6, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SETTLES, BENJAMIN; 31; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out July 4, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SMITH, JAMES; 22; Oct. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- THOMPSON, ELIPHAZ; 27; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- VIAN, ELIJAH; 18; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WILEY, PORTER; 34; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 6, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WILEY, GEORGE; 23; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 18, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WEEDEN, JOHN M.; 65; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 7, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WILBUR, PALMER R.; 20; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 15, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WOLFE, DANIEL; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WILLIAMS, WILLIAM; 20; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 28, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WALRATH, WALLACE; 21; Dec. 25, 1863; 3 yrs.; wounded May 15, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to 124th O. V. I.
- YARHAM, WILLIAM J.; 19; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 23, 1864, in rebel prison, at Danville, Va.

HENRY LEWIS; —; Sept. 5, 1863; 3 yrs.; colored under-cook.

HENRY WILLIAMS; 26; Sept. 11, 1863; 3 yrs.; colored under-cook.

COMPANY F.

- RICHARD M. VOORHEES, Captain; 23; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Nov. 6, 1861; promoted to Captain Nov. 30, 1861; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 25, 1863.
- NAHUM L. WILLIAMS, Captain; 37; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 6, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 30, 1861; to Captain Nov. 4, 1862; killed June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.
- PHILIP P. MCCUNE, Captain; 22; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 1, 1861; 1st Sergeant Aug. 2, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Mar. 23, 1863, to 1st Lieutenant Jan. 14, 1864; to Captain Dec. 7, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- WILLIAM A. BELL, Captain; 20; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; Sergeant May 1, 1862; 1st Sergeant July 1, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 29, 1864; to Captain Oct. 10, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

- JOSEPH S. COVERT, 1st Lieutenant; 27; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; Sergeant May 1, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 28, 1865; wounded July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE W. MCFADDEN, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; Sergeant Apr. 8, 1862; promoted to Sergeant-major Dec. 14, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 29, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JASPER P. BRADY, 2nd Lieutenant; 31; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; resigned Mar. 30, 1862.
- FRANCIS H. KLAIN, 2nd Lieutenant; Aug. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Mar. 30, 1862; resigned Nov. 8, 1862.
- HUGH WOODS, 2nd Lieutenant; 19; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; 1st Sergeant Dec. 15, 1864; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- ANDREW J. STIFFLER, 1st Sergeant; 28; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged Aug. 2, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GEORGE JOHNSON, 1st Sergeant; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 30, 1862; Sergeant Apr. 15, 1863; 1st Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GEORGE HOXWORTH, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged Apr. 21, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JAMES N. SIMPSON, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 8, 1861; died Apr. 4, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CHARLES H. RAY, Sergeant; 17; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Dec. 15, 1864; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- ANDREW J. KNOX, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 21, 1864; Sergeant Dec. 15, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE G. SIMPKINSON, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 31, 1863; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; June 18, 1864, in battle of Muddy Creek, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HENRY FOGLE, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE W. MYERS, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out June 18, 1865; veteran.
- DAVID RANDOLPH, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 28, 1861; Sergeant Aug. 2, 1862; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JOHN J. ALBERSON, Corporal; 23; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged Dec. 29, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- JAMES MCGONIGAL, Corporal; 45; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged May 14, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RILEY CLARK, Corporal; 23; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; discharged Jan. 14, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ARLINGTON FOSTER, Corporal; 20; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out, Oct. 31, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- CHARLES STEELE, Corporal; 23; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN BROPHY, Corporal; 25; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOEL TUTTLE, Corporal; 25; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JETHRO FUNK, Corporal; 20; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 10, 1862; killed May 29, 1864, by a sharpshooter, near Dallas, Ga., while acting as color-bearer; veteran.
- WILLIAM A. MOORE, Corporal; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; killed Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; veteran.
- JOHN SOWASH, Corporal; 21; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 30, 1862; mustered out Jan. 17, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- SAMUEL E. SHIRTS, Corporal; 20; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1862; captured Sept. 20, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out June 15, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- EZEKIEL COX, Corporal; 20; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CHARLES JENNINGS, Corporal; 17; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1862; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MICHAEL CROSKEY, Corporal; 26; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1862; discharged Feb. 9, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JEROME R. ROWLEY, Corporal; 18; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 15, 1863; discharged May 18, 1864, for wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga., arm amputated.
- GEORGE G. SPEELMAN, Corporal; 38; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1862; discharged May 14, 1864, for wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; right arm amputated.
- HERMAN L. BEITEL, Corporal; 23; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 15, 1863; killed Sept. 7, 1863, in skirmish in Will's Valley, Ga.
- JOSEPHUS MCCARTY, Corporal; 28; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- SAMUEL McNULTY, Musician; 19; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 27, 1861; discharged May 1, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ASHBAUGH, ANDREW; 43; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 14, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BONER, ISAIAH; 17; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 15, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.

- BONER, ANDREW; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 23, 1861, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BUNTING, WILLIAM; 18; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 24, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- BORDEN, ANDREW; 18; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 14, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BRENT, EDWARD W.; 21; Dec. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 4, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BUCKMASTER, SAMUEL; 20; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 1, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BLACKLEDGE, JOSEPH B.; 41; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BARRY, ROBERT; 40; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BRICKER, WILLIAM; 30; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- BEDELL, WARREN; 44; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- CARNAHAN, WILLIAM; 29; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CORBERANT, FRANCIS; 37; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- COLLINS, AUGUSTUS; 43; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 27, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CORMAN, ALEX. W.; 31; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 24, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COX, JOHN; 20; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CURRAN, DANIEL; 45; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CLAPHAM, THOMAS; 38; Oct. 5, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- CLOSE, JOSEPH; 19; Oct. 12, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 29, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLARK, THOMAS; 42; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; captured Dec. 31, 1862, at battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- CULBERTSON, MILO; 24; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- CARNAHAN, JASPER; 24; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died June 15, 1864, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.
- CROW, GEORGE W.; 26; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, July 22, 1864.
- DURLER, FREDERICK; 25; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 16, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo.
- DOUGLASS, JOHN; 17; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 14, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- DAY, WILLIAM; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- EWALT, JOHN; 20; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 1, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ELLIS, ANDREW; 43; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; missing Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; supposed to have been killed.
- GIVEN, NOAH C.; 25; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 12, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GOODRICH, LLOYD; 22; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; missing Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- GOODRICH, LEWIS; 18; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 15, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GARRETT, JOHN; 26; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 24, 1862 on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GRIFFITH, JOHN; 25; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 16, 1864 in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; mustered out Nov. 30, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- HUDNUT, JOHN; 39; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HILE, JOHN; 29; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; no further record.
- HUFFMAN, HENRY; 23; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 30, 1864 in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Jan. 14, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- HUPP, HARVEY; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HANNA, WESLEY; 24; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HEFFELFINGER, SAMUEL; 28; Oct. 12, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; discharged May 30, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HESS, ABRAHAM; 20; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HUMPREYS, THOMAS; 27; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HOAGLAND, LEANDER R.; 23; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- KIDD, JOHN C.; 20; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Mar. 3, 1863; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- KARNES, LEWIS; 33; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KNOX, GEORGE W.; —; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.

- LOW, GEORGE W.; 18; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LYNCH, HIRAM; 33; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 15, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LETT, JAMES; 34; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MILLER, HIRAM D.; 20; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- MYERS, AZRO; 17; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MYERS, JOSEPH; 18; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MONTACUE, BENJAMIN; 35; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 1, 1863, at Stanford, Ky.
- MCCORMICK, EBENEZER; 26; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- MCCUNE, JAMES W.; 26; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 13, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCBRIDE, MICHAEL; 18; Oct. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 21, 1863 in field hospital, from wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MCCONKIE, GEORGE; 25; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 27, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- NEISWANDER, JAMES; 19; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 23, 1862, at Henderson, Ky.
- PETERS, JOHN W.; 23; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Aug. 14, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.; veteran.
- PETERS, DANIEL M.; 18; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, at battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- PYERS, DAVID; 23; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 12, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PIERCE, WILLIAM; 18; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 11, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- REINHART, PRESTON H.; 18; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- REINHART, ABRAHAM; 27; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- RANSOM, ROBERT B.; 24; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- SPRAGUE, BENJAMIN F.; 26; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SNYDER, SIMON; 21; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Oct. 15, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; mustered out June 9, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.

- SHREVE, WILLIAM H.; 20; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 14, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SHAFER, JOSEPH; 24; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, July 1, 1863.
- SWACKHAMMER, GEORGE; 20; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SHEAPMAN, JAMES; 43; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 29, 1861, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMITH, JAMES; 24; Oct. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 21, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- SHIVELY, ABRAHAM; 24; Oct. 22, 1864; 1 yr., drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SELANDERS, SAMUEL; 33; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SNYDER, DAVID C.; 28; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 14, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- THOMAS, JOHN W.; 31; Oct. 4, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- VOORHEES, CAROLUS E.; 19; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 13, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- VAUGHN, GEORGE; 21; Oct. 5, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- WAIGLEY, WILLIAM N.; 31; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 15, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WELLER, HENRY; 25; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, on expiration of term of service.
- WOOLARD, JOSEPH; 41; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 29, 1863.
- WALTERS, ADAM; 32; Oct. 19, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded and captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; never heard from.
- YOURI, WILLIAM; 27; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

COMPANY G.

- CHARLES O. TANNEHILL, Captain; 31; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 12, 1862; to Captain Dec. 31, 1862; resigned Sept. 16, 1864.
- BREWSTER SMITH, Captain; 18; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 11, 1861; promoted to Sergeant-major and transferred to Field and Staff June 1, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant Jan. 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant Mar. 23, 1863; to Captain Aug. 29, 1864; mustered out at Columbus, O., Jan. 5, 1866; brevetted Major by the President, "for gallant and meritorious services."
- EZEKIEL MOORES, Captain; 18; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 25, 1861; Sergeant July 1, 1862; 1st Sergeant Mar. 14, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant July 13, 1864; to Captain Oct. 10, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

CLARK S. GREGG, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Oct. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; died May 11, 1862, on hospital steamer, Tennessee river, en route from Pittsburg Landing to St. Louis, Mo.

NELSON SMITH, 1st Lieutenant; 25; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 25, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 31, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 24, 1863; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.

JOSEPH CROW, 1st Lieutenant; 28; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 15, 1861; Sergeant Aug. 12, 1862; promoted to Commissary Sergeant July 31, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant May 9, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

HORACE W. CURTIS, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 25, 1862; Sergeant Dec. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant Dec. 1, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

DOLSEN VANKIRK, 2nd Lieutenant; 18; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 25, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Aug. 12, 1862; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.

PATRICK R. NOHILLY, 1st Sergeant; 20; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal June 12, 1862; Sergeant Nov. 6, 1863; 1st Sergeant July 25, 1864; killed Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; veteran.

HAMILTON C. OLDRÖYD, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 10, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

JAMES DELANO, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal June 25, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 20, 1864; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

WILLIAM CLARK, Sergeant; 42; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 10, 1862; Sergeant May 15, 1863; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

WILLIAM H. H. GORHAM, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; discharged July 5, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

AUGUSTUS KEIMLINE, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 25, 1861; Sergeant Oct. 1, 1862; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.

HARRISON A. JOHNSON, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company, Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

LEWIS LAWBAUGH, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

ADAM APPLE, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant May 1, 1865; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

JOHN V. NICOLAI, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed June 1, 1862; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Sept. 5, 1863.

- OLIVER EVANS, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 28, 1851; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 8, 1863; died Sept. 24, 1863, of wounds received Sept. 20, 1853, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- REUBEN SIGLER, Sergeant; 20; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 25, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 20, 1864; wounded Nov. 25, 1863 in battle of Mission Ridge; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RANSOM A. CHAPPEL, Corporal; 32; Nov. 21, 1851; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; died Oct. 1, 1862, at Perrysville, O.
- GEORGE W. JORDAN, Corporal; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HENRY C. JENNINGS, Corporal; 19; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; discharged Jan. 26, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on account of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- JOHN MELANEY, Corporal; 19; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 25, 1861; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- HORACE HELIKER, Corporal; 34; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 20, 1862; discharged Apr. 8, 1864, on account of wounds received Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- COLUMBUS C. HESS, Corporal; 20; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1863; taken prisoner Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Feb. 24, 1864, in rebel prison at Danville, Va.
- JOHN C. ERNST, Corporal; 20; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 25, 1863; discharged Aug. 18, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on account of wounds received Nov. 28, 1863, in action near Chattanooga, Tenn.
- DAVID HOFF, Corporal; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 25, 1863; wounded June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., right hand amputated; discharged therefor, Dec. 10, 1864.
- CHARLES E. LEDMAN, Corporal; 23; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Dec. 1, 1864; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HENRY FRANKHOUSER, Corporal; 33; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Dec. 1, 1864; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CHARLES G. WHEELER, Corporal; —; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; appointed Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DANIEL CARMACK, Corporal; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 10, 1862; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- OTIS DEFFENBAUGH, Corporal; 19; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; appointed Mar. 1, 1865; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ALDRICH, SAMUEL; 24; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 28, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ANDERSON, JAMES; 22; Oct. 21, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 30, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ATTERHOLT, JAMES; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Sept. 25, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; July 22, 1864, in front of Atlanta; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- BOYD JOHN; 23; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Aug. 31, 1863.
- BLACK, DANIEL; 45; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 8, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BROWN, JOHN; 22; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- BINGHAMMER, JACOB; 27; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died June 1, 1864, in rebel prison, at Andersonville, Ga.
- BLACK, CHRISTOPHER; 30; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 20, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BARTLETT, DARIUS; 38; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- BUSSARD, GEORGE; 19; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- COBAN, JOHN; 24; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 28, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability; died three days after reaching home.
- CLEMMONS, PETER; 20; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 30, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- CROSS, ROBERT; 48; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 17, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CARPENTER, CHARLES; 53; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 17, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CASEY, MARTIN; 25; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 22, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CLUTTER, WALDEN; 19; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CRANN, JACOB; 44; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- CURTIS, R. A.; 47; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Q. M. department, Jan. 1, 1862.
- DRUMHELLER, DAVID; 19; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 2, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DRUMHELLER, EMANUEL; 16; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 28, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DONELSON, WILLIAM; 20; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- DOLL, NOAH; 24; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DEERWESTER, WILLIAM H.; 25; Oct. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; mustered out May 23, 1865, at Covington, Ky.
- ERMINGER, A.; 30; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- ECKHART, LOUIS; 32; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 24, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- FISHER, ISAAC B.; 19; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Engineers, Aug. 5, 1864; veteran.
- FIKE, JACOB; 18; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- FELLMAN, JOSEPH; 43; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 14, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GORHAM, JOHN G.; 26; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 5, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GREGORY, DANIEL; 56; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 18, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GHARST, JACOB; 23; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GRUBAUGH, DAVID; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- GEIDEMAN, JOHN; 38; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- GEESSEY, THEODORE; 26; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 1, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.
- GARVIN, JAMES; 44; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GEESEMAN, DAVID; 25; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864 in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana, on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- HAZEN, HARRISON; 45; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 25, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HUBER, SAMUEL; 24; Nov. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 5, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- HELIKER, ROBERT; 24; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 6, 1864, on account of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
- HUDSON, JOHN; 39; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864 in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- HENDRICKS, ISAAH; 30; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- JOHNSON, SAMUEL; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 11, 1862, at Stanford, Ky.
- JORDAN, CALVIN; 16; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 14, 1865.
- JORDAN, CLARK; 19; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- KOLHORST, WILLIAM; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps July 25, 1862; mustered out on expiration of term of service.
- KARNS, JASPER; 20; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- KOEGLE, FRED; 19; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 1, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.

- LYON, ALVIRON; 18; Sept. 17, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 23, 1864, at his home in Ruggles, O., from wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- LYON, HENRY; 24; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- LEIDKIE, HENRY; (so enlisted and borne on rolls; true name, Henry Dehnell), 19; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged Nov. 21, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on expiration of term of service.
- MITCHELL, JAMES; 22; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 6, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- MUMPHER, ANDREW; 20; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 7, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MURTY, JAMES; 26; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- MURTY, JOHN; 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 4, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- MURPHY, JOHN; 45; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; Dec. 15, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; discharged Nov. 25, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- MARKHAM, ABNER; 23; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 4, 1863, from wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MOWRY, JACOB; 27; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MOONEY, BENJAMIN; 27; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MORRIS, JASPER N.; 27; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out May 23, 1865, at Covington, Ky.
- MCCLELLAN, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MCGUIRE, JOHN; 33; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 8, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- McKINLEY, GEORGE; 18; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- MCNALL, ROBERT; 20; Aug. 13, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 16, 1865.
- NASH, MICHAEL; 20; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- NOLAN, JAMES; 18; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 30, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- POTTER, JESSE; 19; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 28, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., of wounds received Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.
- PHILO, GEORGE W.; 24; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 20, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PENNELL, JOHN S.; 30; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 5, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PARK, MADISON M.; 24; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; wounded and captured Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out July 8, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RUSSELL, E. S.; 21; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 8, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.

- ROSENBERGER, RANDOLPH; 28; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; missing Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; no further record.
- RUMBAUGH, JAMES M.; 25; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died Dec. 9, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SWASSICK, JAMES; 16; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service; became totally blind from disease of eyes contracted in the service.
- SHARP, PETER; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Apr. 29, 1864; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- STRINE, CLINTON; 20; Nov. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 15, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STURDEVANT, WILLIAM B.; 28; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Jan. 15, 1864.
- SULLIVAN, JOHN; 21; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SELLNER, PETER; 43; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- STULL, MICHAEL; 34; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- STULL, CHARLES; 25; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SEASHOLTY, HENRY G.; 21; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out May 31, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- TAYLOR, HUGH A.; 22; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- WEIDEMIER, J. C.; 21; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 10, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WALSH, WILLIAM; 28; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 6, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WHITMORE, ANDREW; 21; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WALTERS, JOHN W.; 21; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WITHEROW, WILLIAM J.; 28; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 5, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- YETTER, HENRY; 31; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
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- ANDREW JACKSON; 20; Aug. 15, 1863; 3 yrs.; colored under-cook; enlisted in U. S. Colored Troops.

COMPANY H.

- FRANCIS H. GRAHAM, Captain; 45; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Nov. 12, 1861; promoted to Captain May 1, 1862; resigned Feb. 20, 1863.
- WILLIAM M. FARRAR, Captain; 37; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster Nov. 30, 1861; promoted to Captain May 24, 1863; resigned Oct. 14, 1863.
- JOEL P. BROWN, Captain; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Dec. 5, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Aug. 16, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Dec. 31, 1862; to Captain July 13, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; twice, Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; resigned Nov. 20, 1864.
- OTHO M. SHIPLEY, Captain; 20; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 5, 1861; Sergeant Dec. 13, 1861; 1st Sergeant Mar. 1, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 31, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant June 14, 1864; to Captain Nov. 1, 1864; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- GEORGE W. CARPENTER, 1st Lieutenant; 23; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Mar. 1, 1862; Sergeant May 1, 1862; 1st Sergeant Mar. 3, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 29, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- SAMUEL MCKINNIE, 2nd Lieutenant; 26; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; resigned June 23, 1862.
- SAMUEL L. CUNNINGHAM, 1st Sergeant; 19; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Dec. 5, 1861; 1st Sergeant Dec. 13, 1861; died Mar. 1, 1862, at Munfordville, Ky.
- ALEXANDER C. COPELAND, 1st Sergeant; 21; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 18, 1862; Sergeant Mar. 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant June 10, 1865; wounded June 18, 1864, in battle of Muddy Creek, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- ALEXANDER B. SANKEY, Sergeant; 26; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 5, 1861; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JESSE GRUBBS, Sergeant; 28; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 5, 1861; captured at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 20, 1863; exchanged; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ABEL P. WILSON, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, Sergeant; 20; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; May 15, 1864 in battle of Resaca, Ga.; May 28, 1864, in battle of Dallas, Ga.; June 15, 1864, in action near Lost Mountain, Ga., and July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM CALLENTINE, Sergeant; 26; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 1, 1864; Sergeant Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

ARTHUR G. MCKEOWN, Sergeant; 26; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 5, 1861; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1862; Color-sergeant May 29, 1864; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged May 27, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.

JAMES PAISLEY, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 5, 1861; Sergeant, Apr. 3, 1863; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Nov. 16, 1864, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.

LYMAN H. ELLIS, Sergeant; 26; Nov. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 5, 1861; Sergeant Mar. 6, 1863; discharged Nov. 15, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.

PETER TEDRICK, Corporal; 26; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 4, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.

ABRAHAM HUFFMAN, Corporal; 34; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 5, 1861; discharged August 9, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

WILLIAM GEORGE, Corporal; 24; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 5, 1861; wounded and captured Sept. 29, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died in the hands of the enemy, of wounds, Sept. 29, 1863.

WILLIAM MEECH, Corporal; 29; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 5, 1861; discharged June 4, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

JOHN T. JOHNSON, Corporal; 19; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 20, 1865; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

MOSES STOCKDALE, Corporal; 22; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 5, 1861; wounded and captured Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged Aug. 16, 1864, at Columbus, O., by reason of wounds.

WILLIAM GOODIN, Corporal; 20; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

SIMON LENT, Corporal; 22; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company, Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

RANDOLPH SWAN, Corporal; 21; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; killed Dec. 15, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.; veteran.

ADAM GLASGOW, Corporal; 20; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 7, 1864; both feet frozen while enroute from Wilmington, N. C., to Annapolis, Md., an exchanged prisoner of war; discharged May 27, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.

JOHN ALLISON, Corporal; 17; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; wounded Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn., and discharged therefor June 20, 1865.

HENRY HUFFMAN, Corporal; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; died Aug. 1, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; veteran.

ADUDDLE, WILLIAM B.; 17; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 8, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- ARNOLD, JACKSON; 34; Oct. 1, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 1, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- ADAMS, ALLISON; 44; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BEAR, JOSHUA; 18; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Oct. 10, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.; discharged July 31, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- BOWERS, JAMES M.; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- BOERSTLER, GEORGE; 19; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BURDETT, ELIAS; 23; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 19, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BURDETT, JOHN S.; 20; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 23, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- BROWN, WILLIAM J.; 42; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 24, 1862, at Tusculumbia, Ala.
- BUSHFIELD, GEORGE E.; 18; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BURNETT, THOMAS P.; 22; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; died Mar. 3, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- CAMPBELL, WILLIAM A.; 18; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CARVER, HENRY M.; 26; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 10, 1862, near Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CULBERTSON, GEORGE; 26; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CONNELL, JOHN; 37; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- DUNCAN, ADAM W.; 18; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- DUCKER, WILLIAM; 24; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 8, 1862, at Columbus, O.
- DAY, JEHIEL T.; 29; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- FARRAR, SAMUEL L.; —; Dec. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 8, 1862, at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FERRELL, JOHN; 25; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 9, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FOX, THOMAS J.; 19; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 14, 1862, near Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FLAVEN, WILLIAM; 20; Oct. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 22, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- GLASGOW, JAMES; 18; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 26, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on expiration of term of service.
- GRIFFITH, JOSEPH W.; 18; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 13, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GILPIN, WILLIAM; 21; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.

- GREENHELCH, JAMES; 23; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- GESSFORD, MATHIAS; 61; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 12, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GLASS, HAMILTON; 21; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; no further record.
- HALL, JAMES; 22; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 16, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HOLTZ, JOHN W.; 20; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 15, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HUNT, JOHN W.; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 5, 1862, at camp near Shiloh, Tenn.
- HUDSON, JOHN; --; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 6, 1862, at Shiloh, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARRIS, JOSEPH; 19; Oct. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; died Mar. 24, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- HUBER, DAVID; 28; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; died Dec. 23, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- IDEN, MAHLON; 25; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JOHNSON, DAVID; 23; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JONES, ANDREW; 53; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 24, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KARNAHAN, MICHAEL; 27; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- KIMBALL, JOHN; 23; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Jan. 2, 1863, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- KULL, JOSEPH S.; 23; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- KOST, DELORM; 27; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 6, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- LINN, JAMES; 23; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 15, 1862, at Indianapolis, Ind., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LAYMAN, CHARLES; 17; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 9, 1863, at Gallatin, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LIGHTELL, JOSEPH M.; 34; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MUMMA, THEODORE; 19; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 27, 1862, at Camp near Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MILES, WILLIAM; 40; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 19, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MYERS, ALFRED; 18; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- MYERS, JOHN; 44; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn., and discharged therefor July 17, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- MOUNT, JOHN W.; 21; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 1, 1863, to enlist in Mississippi Marine Brigade.
- MOHN, REUBEN; 39; Sept. 24, 1864; 3 yrs.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

- MOHN, HENRY; 29; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged by reason of wounds May 29, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MORTY, JOHN; 21; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Mar. 25, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MILLER, JOHN G.; 44; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; killed Nov. 39, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.
- MCBRIDE, JAMES; 19; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 16, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCPEEK, REESE; 21; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 5, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- McCLAY, JOHN; 35; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- McFADDEN, GEORGE W.; 28; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out May 29, 1865; at Nashville, Tenn.
- MCALLISTER, MARION; 24; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 28, 1864, on picket line near Columbia, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- NICKERSON, BARUCH; 37; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ORR, WILLIAM; 19; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- PATTERSON, CHARLES R.; 27; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- PACK, JOSEPH T.; 25; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- PERRY, GEORGE W.; 21; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PINKLEY, JOHN; 19; Oct. 10, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out July 18, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RAMSOUR, WILLIAM; 19; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; died Mar. 1, 1864, at Louisville, Ky.; veteran.
- ROLLA, BENEDICT; 26; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ROTH FRANCIS; 20; Oct. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; died Oct. 9, 1865, at Lavaca, Tex.
- STOCKDALE, BENJAMIN M.; 25; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 26, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- SWEENEY, TIMOTHY; 21; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 24, 1862, at New Albany, Ind.
- STARR, WILLIAM; 22; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 9, 1862.
- SHIPMAN, JOHN; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 12, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STEADMAN, HUMPHREY; 19; Oct. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- STIERS, EBENEZER; 28; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; June 25, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

- STEFFE, SAMUEL; 20; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- SLEETHE, JAMES; 20; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- SIGMAN, PHILIP; 46; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs; died Dec. 18, 1862, at Gallatin, Tenn.
- SHAFFER, WILLIAM J.; 22; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; discharged June 15, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STEPHENS, WILLIAM; 31; Sept. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- STILLWELL, JOHN; 36; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged Feb. 15, 1865; at St. Louis, Mo., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SWAN, JAMES H.; 25; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Aug. 20, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- SAVERS, JACOB; 34; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 9, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TAYLOR, WILLIAM; 17; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died in hands of the enemy, Oct. 13, 1863, at Atlanta, Ga.
- TEDRICK, DANIEL; 23; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- VANCE, ROBERT; 19; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 7, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- VANCE, JAMES A.; 18; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded June. 18, 1864 in action at Muddy Creek, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Mar. 25, 1865, veteran.
- WYRICK, WILLIAM; 19; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- WARD, THEUDAS; 21; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 1, 1863.
- WADDELL, JOSEPH; 20; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 2, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WADDELL, DAVID; 22; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 19, 1862 at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WALTERS, JACKSON; 40; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
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- LLOYD, JOHNSON; 30; Aug. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; colored under-cook; no further record.

COMPANY I.

- JACOB CHRISTOFEL, Captain; 40; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 22, 1861; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- LUCIEN B. EATON, Captain; 24; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant, Nov. 22, 1861; promoted to Captain, May 26, 1862; discharged May 20, 1864, to accept promotion to Lieutenant-colonel Sixty-ninth regiment United States Colored Troops, from which honorably discharged as Colonel, May 18, 1866.

- ANDREW HOWENSTINE, Captain; 23; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2d Lieutenant Nov. 30; 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Aug. 16, 1862; to Captain Mar. 20, 1863; wounded Nov. 29, 1864 in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn., and discharged therefor Mar. 10, 1865.
- JONAS SMITH, 1st Lieutenant; 28; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed sergeant Dec. 3, 1861; 1st Sergeant Mar. 1, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant July 13, 1864; died June 10, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., from injuries received by falling from a tree; veteran.
- CHARLES SCHRODER, 2d Lieutenant; 28; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant, Dec. 8, 1861; promoted to 2d Lieutenant, Dec. 31, 1862; dismissed June 9, 1863.
- DAVID WALTER, 2nd Lieutenant, 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Apr. 3, 1862; Sergeant, June 1, 1863; 1st Sergeant, Dec. 14, 1864; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant, Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- PHILIP H. BADER, 1st Sergeant; 21; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; discharged Aug. 31, 1862, at Bridgeport, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ELIAS HEYSER, 1st Sergeant; 34; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 3, 1861; Sergeant, Aug. 9, 1862; 1st Sergeant, Aug. 1, 1864; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ELLIS BALLOU, Sergeant; 33; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 16, 1864, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOSEPH JONES, Sergeant; 25; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; died Nov. 3, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- MARK BUNDY, Sergeant; 31; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 3, 1861; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- DAVID MILLER, Sergeant; 30; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 1, 1863; Sergeant Oct. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOSEPH MAXWELL, Sergeant; 20; Nov. 14, 1861, 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 1, 1861; Sergeant Oct. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOSEPH BOLEY, Sergeant; 20; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant Apr. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- ALBERT JORDAN, Corporal; 21; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; died Mar. 16, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- JOHN L. SIMMS, Corporal; 21; Oct. 30, 1861; appointed Nov. 18, 1862; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- PETER G. STRICKLER, Corporal; 21; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs; no further record.
- THOMAS GAFFIELD, Corporal; 24; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

PETER SMITH, Corporal; 22; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed May 20, 1862; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.

JOHN H. HUNTER, Corporal; 28; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.

PETER CASHEN, Corporal; 24; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged May 23, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

WILLIAM KELLEY, Corporal; 31; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.

GEORGE COX, Corporal; 45; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 3, 1861; discharged June 28, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.

AUGUST SAILER, Corporal; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; wounded June 18, 1864, in battle of Muddy Creek, Ga.; discharged therefor Aug. 17, 1865; veteran.

NICHOLAS EMCH, Corporal; 25; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; Appointed Apr. 1, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

JOHN H. SENTLE, Corporal; 21; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

SALMA MORTON, Corporal; 28; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sept. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

DAVID CROWNER, Corporal; 28; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Oct. 28, 1861; wounded July 20, 1864, in battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 28, 1864, on expiration of term of service.

ABEL KNAPP, Musician; 40; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 17, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.

ALLERTON, JACOB; 20; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 19, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

ADAMS, FRED; 21; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Aug. 4, 1864; veteran.

AMEY, JOSEPH F.; 18; Oct. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.

BALDWIN, THOMAS; 19; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 28, 1863, at Stevenson, Ala., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.

BECKMAN, WILLIAM; 27; Mar. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded June 18, 1864, in action at Big Shanty, Ga.; Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged June 21, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

CLARK, PETER; 35; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.

CHANT, WILLIAM; 20; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.

CRAIG, JOHN; —; Sept. 20, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; died in hospital at Murfreesboro, Tenn., June 30, 1865.

CAMERON, SAMUEL; 45; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 4, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.

- CLEMMENS, MATHIAS; 40; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 3, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLARK, WILLIAM J.; 18; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Sixth Ohio battery, Dec. 8, 1861.
- CROW, THOMAS; —; Nov. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CONRAD, FRED; 21; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 6, 1863, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- CORKEL, FRANCIS M.; 18; Oct. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; died May 27, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- DAGGETT, GEORGE; 21; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 24, 1863, in hospital at Nashville, Tenn.
- DESMOND, JOHN; 32; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- DANNER, WILLIAM; 19; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- EDINGTON, JAMES; 43; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged June 6, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FRANKLIN, WILLIAM; 27; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- FREEH, JOHN; 34; Oct. 19, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 21, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- GEORGE, POWELL; 50; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 29, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HAY, WILLIAM; 21; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, at Camp Chase, O., on expiration of term of service.
- HOULIHAN, JAMES; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HEBERLY, ALBERT; 20; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 8, 1864, in hospital at Louisville, Ky.
- HART, FRANKLIN; 19; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HURLEY, HENRY; 44; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 19, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HAFNER, DANIEL; 26; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HAY, DANIEL; 18; Feb. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 16, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- HOFFER, JACOB; 25; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- JOHNS, LEVI; 20; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 16, 1862, at Columbia, Tenn.
- JOHNSTON, F. M.; 23; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 18, 1862, at Silver Springs, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOHNSTON, JOHN; 21; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 5, 1864, at Loudon, Tenn.

- KAISER, JOSEPH; 19; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- KLEIN, FREDERICK; 37; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 16, 1862, at Tuscumbia, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KIPPS, JACOB; 35; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out July 8, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- KISH, JOHN; 42; Oct. 19, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 21, 1865, at Victoria, Tex., on expiration of term of service.
- LOHR, JOHN; 35; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MORRISON, JAMES; 34; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 5, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MOTTER, JOHN; 21; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 23, 1862, at Munfordville, Ky.
- MARTIN, REUBEN; 22; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 15, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on expiration of term of service.
- MELCHIOR, CHARLES; 18; Nov. 5; 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MYERS, CYRUS; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- MAYERS, JOHN; 19; Dec. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 25, 1863.
- MORGAN, Vincent; 29; Sept. 28, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MILIGEN, CONRAD; 28; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- MAXWELL, JOHN; 17; Nov. 15, 1863; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 10, 1864, at Vining Station, Ga.
- MAXWELL, MOSES; 19; Nov. 14, 1863; 3 yrs.; discharged May 31, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MILLER, JACOB; 21; Mar. 31, 1864; 3 yrs.; died July 4, 1864, at Resaca, Ga.
- MCDANIEL, ARCHIBALD; 18; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
- O'HALLIGAN, JAMES; 42; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 16, 1863, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- O'HARA, PATRICK; 32; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs. discharged Apr. 30, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- O'NEAL, MICHAEL; 35; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 19, 1862, at Bowling Green, Ky.
- PARROTT, JOHN; 43; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PERDEW, WILLIAM T.; 28; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 25, 1862 at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- PETERS, JACOB; 44; Sept. 21, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; right arm amputated; mustered out May 21, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- PAGE, JOHN; 25; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Mar. 14, 1865, from which discharged June 30, 1865.
- PETERSON, WILLIAM; 21; Oct. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- ROSS, BENJAMIN; 19; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ROUSHKOLB, CHARLES; 22; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RAINER, JOHN; 36; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 24, 1862, near Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ROBISON, JOSIAH; 21; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 1, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received in action at New Hope Church, Ga., May 29, 1864; veteran.
- RYDER, HENRY C.; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ROSELL, BARZILLA; 28; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ROOD, STEPHEN C.; 31; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- ROLLINS, JOHN; —; Oct. 26, 1862; 9 mos.; drafted; mustered out Aug. 8, 1863, at Hillsboro, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- STEVENS, HIRAM; 44; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 12, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SHERIDAN, PHILIP; 40; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 22, 1865, at Covington, Ky; veteran.
- SMITH, THOMAS; 18; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SMALLWOOD, J. T.; 18; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SENTLE, SAMUEL; 19; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SHAGETSKI, JACOB; 44; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Nov. 28, 1863.
- SIDELL, ISAAC; 18; Dec. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- SHERIFF, HIRAM; 22; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 11, 1862, at Tusculumbia, Ala.
- SCOTT, JAMES M.; 20; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 23, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on account of wounds received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- SWETPAGE, HENRY; 28; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 8, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

- SPRAGUE, GEORGE; 23; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- STRICKLAND, L. P.; 34; Feb. 19, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Aug. 8, 1864; veteran.
- SPRONCE, WILLIAM; 38; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMITH, DANIEL; 29; Oct. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; no further record.
- THOMPSON, LEVI; 29; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 23, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- VALLELY, HENRY; 24; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; paroled; mustered out Nov. 4, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- WADE, ROBERT; 35; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 19, 1863, in hospital, at Camp Chase, O.
- WEASON, JACOB; 24; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 28, 1863, in hospital, Chattanooga, Tenn.
- WEBSTER, DANIEL; 21; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WELSH, COLUMBUS; 18; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 20, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WENTZ, JOHN; 18; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- WALTERS, JOSEPH; 33; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WALLER, CHRISTOPHER; 34; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Oct. —, 1864, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.
- WECKER, ANTHONY; 38; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

COMPANY K.

- JOSHUA M. PREBLE, Captain; 36; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 17, 1861; resigned Apr. 14, 1862.
- JOSEPH M. RANDALL, Captain; 25; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Lieutenant Nov. 17, 1861; promoted to Captain Oct. 7, 1862; mustered out Jan. 19, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- JOHN C. MATTHIAS, Captain; 22; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Feb. 19, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant May 11, 1862; to Captain Feb. 20, 1863; wounded May 28, 1864, in battle of New Hope Church, Ga.; resigned Dec. 17, 1864.
- CHRISTIAN M. BUSH, Captain; 23; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 30, 1861; 1st Sergeant May 2, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Mar. 30, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant June 14, 1864; to Captain Dec. 9, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865.
- PETER MARKEL, 1st Lieutenant; 39; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 30, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Aug. 8, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 4, 1862; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn., on account of which resigned Nov. 20, 1863.

- JOHN KANEL, 1st Lieutenant; 37; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant, Nov. 30, 1861; 1st Sergeant May 2, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 26, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN M. PALMER, 2nd Lieutenant; 44; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 17, 1861; promoted by the President to Captain and Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. Volunteers, Feb. 19, 1862.
- SILAS T. WAGNER, 2nd Lieutenant; 24; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Mar. 1, 1863; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; 1st Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 24, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HENRY LAZENBY, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 30, 1861; Sergeant Jan. 10, 1863; wounded Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 24, 1863.
- ALEXANDER HICKERSON, Sergeant; 18; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 30, 1861; Sergeant Nov. 1, 1864; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JAMES HAZELTON, Sergeant; 28; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 2, 1863; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- EZEKIEL EDWARDS, Sergeant; 18; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 1, 1864; Sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM W. PAGE, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 1, 1865; Sergeant Aug 1, 1865; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Ga.; Sept. 20, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; June 18, 1864 in action of Muddy Creek, Ga.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB LINDSAY, Sergeant; 28; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 30, 1861; Sergeant, May 1, 1862; killed Nov. 29, 1864 in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; veteran.
- WILLIAM HARRIS, Sergeant; 22; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 30, 1861; Sergeant, May 1, 1863; killed May 14, 1864 in battle of Resaca, Ga.; veteran.
- BENJAMIN LEIBY, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 30, 1861; captured Sept. 20, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Dec. 24, 1863 in rebel prison at Danville, Va.
- EPHRAIM MATTHIAS, Sergeant; 28; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 8, 1862; Sergeant May 2, 1863; mustered out May 22, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- CHRISTOPHER SCHMIDT, Corporal; 22; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- JOHN W. WOLFE, Corporal; 21; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 19, 1862 on account of wounds received near Corinth, Miss., May 21, 1862.
- THOMAS H. B. JOHNSTON, Corporal; 21; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862 in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

- NATHAN W. FLAISIG, Corporal; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; July 22, 1864 in action near Atlanta, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- CHRISTOPHER C. GRUBB, Corporal; 22; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN OSBORN, Corporal; 20; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 1, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- LOUIS BRETZ, Corporal; 31; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 7, 1863 in regimental hospital, at Hillsboro, Tenn.
- ARTHUR ANDREWS, Corporal; 22; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE D. WICKHAM, Corporal; 29; Sept. 4, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1865; wounded June 18, 1864 in action at Muddy Creek, Ga.; mustered out Oct. 24, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- TILLMAN R. FUNK, Corporal; 26; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 4, 1863; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- IRA B. HORNER, Corporal; 21; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1864; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out May 15, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- ALBERT C. MATTHIAS, Corporal; 18; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; wounded May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.; discharged Feb. 6, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate, for total disability of right arm; veteran.
- HENRY J. FAIRCHILD; Corporal; 26; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Feb. 16, 1863; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; exchanged and mustered out Jan. 7, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- ANTHONY, WILLIAM; 18; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 14, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BEICHLIN, JOHN; 33; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs., perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river, Apr. 27, 1865; veteran.
- BEICHLIN, NICHOLAS; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 23, 1863, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BEICHLIN, Stephen; 18; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn., 38 days after the expiration of his term of service.
- BRYANT, JOSIAH; 45; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 7, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BECKFORD, ANDREW J.; 30; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 16, 1863, in rebel prison at Richmond, Va.
- BENNETT, JOHN J.; 34; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 15, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- BOWERS, JOHN; 20; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- BRUMLEY, HENRY; 24; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 17, 1864.

- BOLANDER, JOHN E.; 21; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Nov. 25, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- BERRY, ISAAC V.; 40; Oct. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; killed Dec. 16, 1864, in battle of Nashville, Tenn.
- BARLOW, GEORGE H.; 30; Oct. 19, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864, at battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 21, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- CAMPBELL, WILLIAM; 49; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 14, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CONINE, JAMES H.; 34; Sept. 4, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 24, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- CLAY, FRANKLIN; 21; Sept. 5, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 20, 1864, at Indianapolis, Ind.
- DAVIS, JOHN G.; 21; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- DAVIS, EDWARD; 33; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 22, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DAVIDSON, DELOS; 22; Oct. 19, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 18, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- DERR, THOMAS J.; 30; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged May 31, 1865.
- EDWARDS, NORMAN; 28; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- ELLIOTT, HENRY; 18; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed May 14, 1864, in battle of Resaca, Ga.
- EMRINE, ELI; 33; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864, at battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FAIRCHILD, AMOS W.; 22; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Nov. 30, 1864, at battle of Franklin, Tenn.; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana, on Mississippi river, Apr. 27, 1865.
- FUNK, JOHN M.; 18; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- FREW, RANDOLPH; 22; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 29, 1864, in hospital, Knoxville, Tenn.
- FENTON, WILSON J.; 38; Oct. 19, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 20, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- FRY, ROBERT; 30; Sept. 20, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FAIRCHILD, GEO. H.; 44; Sept. 23, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; discharged June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GRUBBS, WESLEY; 22; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.

- GATTIS, WILLIAM H.; 19; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 11, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- GINGHER, THOMAS J.; 21; Oct. 20, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 24, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- HORNER, DAVID; 24; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 3, 1862, at Detroit, Mich.
- HENSON, JAMES; 16; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 15, 1861, at Camp Buckingham O., for minority.
- HENSON, WILLIAM; 18; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 15, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HUSTON, PETER B.; 29; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HUSTON, WILLIAM; 20; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- HAGGATT, ALEXANDER; 26; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out Oct. 24, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- KANSIG, CHRISTIAN; 20; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; exchanged; died Jan. —, 1865, at Findlay, O., three days after reaching home.
- KANSIG, JACOB; 19; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; went home on sick furlough; no further record.
- KRAFT, JOHN G.; 26; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 15, 1862, in general hospital at Stanford, Ky.
- KEEFER, FREDERICK; 44; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 16, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.
- LAIR, NOAH; 19; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; missing May 9, 1864, in battle of Rocky Face Ridge, Tenn.; discharged —; veteran.
- LETCHER, RUDOLPH; 19; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; killed June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; veteran.
- MILLER, WILLIAM J.; 26; Sept. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- MULLEN, JOSEPH; 24; Sept. 8, 1862; 3 yrs.; died June 24, 1864, in rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga.
- MORRISON, HENRY; 18; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed June 27, 1864, in battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Ga.; veteran.
- MULLEN, ISAAC V.; 19; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 7, 1862, at Camp Chase, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCCORMICK, ROBERT; 26; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MCCONNELL, GEORGE H.; 18; Oct. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Oct. 27, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- MILLISON, CONRAD; 29; Sept. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- NITTEROUR, SAMUEL; 43; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 12, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- OLINGER, DAVID; 35; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 17, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PETERSON, WILLIAM; 31; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- PACKER, GEORGE; 22; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 9, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- PACKER, JAMES; 18; Oct. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- POWELL, SIMPSON E.; 41; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; mustered out June 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- PEASLEY, EDWARD; 41; Oct. 26, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Apr. 21, 1865.
- RAUDEBAUGH, PETER O.; 18; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- RAUDEBAUGH, SAMUEL H.; 20; Sept. 5, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; escaped; captured Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; survivor of Sultana disaster; mustered out May 25, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- RICE, GEORGE W.; —; Oct. 25, 1864; 1 yr.; substitute; mustered out Nov. 29, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- RADER, HENRY; 18; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 16, 1863, on account of loss of left hand from gunshot wound received Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
- SHAFFER, HENRY C.; 21; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 1, 1862, in general hospital, Bardstown, Ky.
- SPENCE, HENRY L.; 33; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged June 7, 1862, at Tusculumbia, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SPENCE, JAMES A.; 27; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 11, 1863, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SCHWAB, JACOB; 21; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 20, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O., on expiration of term of service.
- SMITH, LEWIS; 24; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.; discharged therefor, date not on record.
- SIMS, ANDREW J.; 25; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 1, 1863, of wounds received Nov. 25, 1863, in battle of Mission Ridge, Tenn.
- SPRAGUE, HENRY M.; 17; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 19, 1864, at Louisville, Ky.
- SNIDER, DANIEL; 29; Sept. 3, 1864; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged Apr. 1, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- TAYLOR, WILLIAM L.; 18; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Jan. 18, 1865, at Chicago, Ill., on account of wounds received Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- TRAVIS, PERRY; 18; Nov. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 13, 1863, to enlist in U. S. Cavalry.

TURNER, EMMANUEL; 27; Sept. 23, 1861; 1 yr.; drafted; wounded Nov. 29, 1864, in battle of Spring Hill, Tenn.; discharged May 9, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

WOLFE, RICHARD; 19; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded May 21, 1862, near Corinth, Miss.; mustered out Dec. 14, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.

WOLFE, WALTER S.; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 18, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn., of wounds received in battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.

WORKMAN, JOHN B.; 18; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.

WORKMAN, WILLIAM W.; 22; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 28, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

WICKHAM, BENJAMIN; 20; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; sent to hospital at Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 1864; no further record.

WHITELOCK, CHARLES W.; 19; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.

WAMSLEY, WILLIAM G.; 21; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 9, 1862, in hospital at Stanford, Ky.

WEIGEL, PETER; 52; Nov. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 12, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

BENJAMIN JOHNSON; 25; Sept. 9, 1863; 3 yrs.; colored under-cook.

UNASSIGNED.

ALLEN, JOHN; 24; Apr. 4, 1862; 3 yrs.; sent by Provost Marshal, 18th Ohio district, to Tod Barracks, Columbus, O., Apr. 6, 1864; no further record.

BLACK, RANSOM B.; 18; Sept. 25, 1862; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Oct. 31, 1863.

SIXTH BATTERY.

- CULLEN BRADLEY, Captain; 29; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; served, 1864, as Chief of Artillery on staff of General Thomas J. Wood; mustered out Jan. 16, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- AARON P. BALDWIN, Captain; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant, Nov. 20, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Mar. 30, 1863; to Captain Jan. 28, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- OLIVER H. P. AYRES, 1st Lieutenant; 37; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; died July 8, 1864, of wounds received July 6, 1864, in action near Chattahoochee river, Ga.; remains sent home for interment.
- JAMES P. McELROY, 1st Lieutenant; 30; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; resigned Mar. 10, 1864.
- GEORGE W. JAMES, 1st Lieutenant; —; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 20, 1861; Quartermaster-sergeant June 12, 1862; 1st Sergeant Dec. 7, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Mar. 30, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant July 30, 1864; resigned June 4, 1865; veteran.
- ELEAZER H. NEAL, 1st Lieutenant; —; Oct. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Quartermaster-sergeant Dec. 27, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant May 9, 1864; to 1st Lieutenant Jan. 28, 1865; resigned May 9, 1865; veteran.
- JOEL HERSH, 1st Lieutenant; 19; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Oct. 13, 1862; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Jan. 28, 1865; to 1st Lieutenant June 16, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- ADAM P. GALLOWAY, 1st Lieutenant; —; Dec. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 2, 1863; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; 1st Sergeant July 30, 1864; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Jan. 16, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- EDWIN S. FERGUSON, 2nd Lieutenant; 35; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; resigned Nov. 7, 1862.
- GEORGE W. SMETTS, 2nd Lieutenant; 29; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 20, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Mar. 30, 1863; wounded Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged Apr. 5, 1864, on account of wounds.
- GEORGE R. WRIGHT, 2nd Lieutenant; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 20, 1861; Sergeant Dec. 14, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant July 30, 1864; resigned May 9, 1865; veteran.

- LEMUEL KRISHER, 2nd Lieutenant; Nov. 14, 1861, 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 2, 1863; Quartermaster-sergeant May 9, 1864; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant June 16, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- ARTHUR L. SOMERS, 1st Sergeant; 19; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant from Corporal June 16, 1864; 1st Sergeant July 1, 1865; mustered out with battery, Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- THOMAS W. SCREEN, Quartermaster-sergeant; 26; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 4, 1863; Sergeant June 16, 1865; Quartermaster-sergeant July 1, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- JACOB G. BARGAR, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 2, 1863; Sergeant Jan. 1, 1864; discharged Dec. 16, 1864, to accept commission as 2nd Lieutenant U. S. Colored Heavy Artillery, from which discharged Aug. 2, 1865; veteran.
- EDWARD S. COLLIER, Sergeant; 29; Aug. 30, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal June 1, 1863; Sergeant Aug. 9, 1865; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- GEORGE W. De BELL, Sergeant; 41; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; died Nov. 28, 1862, in hospital at Nashville, Tenn.
- DAVID H. EVANS, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed from Corporal July 11, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE W. HOWARD, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; mortally wounded Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn; died same day in field hospital.
- HERMAN HARTMAN, Sergeant; 21; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed from Corporal Dec. 9, 1862; veteran; no further record.
- PATRICK IRWIN, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed from Corporal June 1, 1864; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- MORDECAI PANGLE, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed from Corporal Dec. 12, 1863; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- ISAAC ROOSE, Sergeant; 31; Aug. 29, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal June 1, 1863; Sergeant April 10, 1864; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- THOMAS H. SHAW, Sergeant; 22; Aug. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 4, 1863; Sergeant, July 1, 1864; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- SUFFIELD SWINDEMAN, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed from Corporal July 1, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- DAVID E. SHEPARD, Sergeant; 22; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Oct. 4, 1863; Sergeant Dec. 12, 1863; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- STEWART MILLER, Sergeant; 27; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- ALEXANDER SCOTT, Sergeant; 21; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 1, 1862; Sergeant, Jan. 1, 1864; Quartermaster-sergeant —; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- EZRA TRYON, Sergeant; 30; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; wounded Sept. 19, 1863 in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; discharged therefor Feb. 24, 1864.

- EDGAR E. WHITNEY, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; killed May 28, 1864, in action near Dallas, Ga.
- SAMUEL ANDREWS, Corporal; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; discharged Nov. 15, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MYRON H. AYRES, Corporal; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; died May 25, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn.
- SIMON CLOSE, Corporal; 20; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 2, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- ALONZO H. CRAWFORD, Corporal; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- ROBERT FIX, Corporal; —; Dec. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; died June 10, 1864 of wounds received in action near Dallas, Ga.; veteran.
- CALEB FISH, Corporal; 23; Jan. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed June 16, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- HENRY FRIZZELL, Corporal; 20; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; died Mar. 21, 1862, at Camp Green, Ky.
- THOMAS GILMORE, Corporal; 29; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; discharged Jan. 12, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GEORGE W. GRUBB, Corporal; 21; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; discharged July 13, 1865, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability; veteran.
- WILLIAM F. LEWIS, Corporal; 23; Dec. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- VENNING McDONALD, Corporal; 23; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM H. MANN, Corporal; 25; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; died June 29, 1862, at Cincinnati, O.
- WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS, Corporal; 18; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 1, 1864; killed in battle of Dallas, Ga., May 27, 1864; veteran.
- JOHN H. O'DONNELL, Corporal; 23; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; discharged Sept. 9, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- ALEXANDER A. PALM, Corporal; 19; Dec. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN H. ROGERS, Corporal; 27; Nov. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; no further record.
- SHANNON ROWLAND, Corporal; 23; Jan. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- JOHN SHEPHERD, Corporal; 32; Dec. 21, 1863; 3 yrs.; appointed July 1, 1865; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- JOSEPH A. SIMPSON, Corporal; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.

- JAMES M. WALTON, Corporal; 25; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 28, 1861; died Feb. 16, 1862, at Jamestown, Ky.
- THOMAS G. WATKINS, Corporal; 22; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed ———; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- JUSTIN WINTON, Corporal; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed June 16, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- CARROLL W. WRIGHT, Corporal; 20; Mar. 21, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed June 16, 1865; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- JAMES G. EARLE, Corporal; 19; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out May 6, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- JAMES A. MOODY, Artificer; 38; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- OWEN T. SHANNON, Artificer; 40; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; discharged Aug. 26, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOHN E. WHITNEY, Artificer; 48; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; no further record.
- ABRAHAM WINTERS, Artificer; 38; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1862; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- JAMES H. BOYDEN, Corporal; 23; Nov. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 1, 1862; mustered out Nov. 13, 1864, at Pulaski, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- HENRY A. COLLIER, Corporal; 19; Oct. 30, 1861; discharged Oct. 29, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- FRANK LESLIE, Bugler; 19; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 5, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- CHARLES P. SMITH, Bugler; 18; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 20, 1861; discharged Nov. 6, 1864, at Pulaski, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- JAMES L. POINT, Bugler; 22; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed ———; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN W. PUTT, Bugler; 19; Jan. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed ———; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- ALLEN, LYMAN; 19; Jan. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- AMSBAUGH, JOHN T.; 19; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- BABIN, GEORGE; 19; Sept. 28, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- BACKDORF, JOSEPH; 18; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; died ———, at Akron, O.
- BAIRD, CHARLES P.; 19; Jan. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- BAIRD, EBENEZER; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 27, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BARR, WILLIAM; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; mustered out Feb. 11, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- BARNELL, JOHN; 19; Dec. 28, 1863; 3 yrs.; absent after Sept. 22, 1864; no further record.

- BARNES, WILLIAM E.; 20; Dec. 20, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- BAUGHMAN, DAVID; 31; Aug. 31, 1864; 1 yr.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Apr. 21, 1865, from which mustered out Aug. 31, 1865, at Springfield, Ill.
- BEEBE, FREDERICK W.; 19; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 6, 1864, at Pulaski, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BENTON, THOMAS; 21; Nov. 17, 1863; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec. 28, 1864.
- BERKSHIRE, ALMOND B.; 22; June 5, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- BLITHMAN, FREDERICK; —; Feb. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 21, 1864, at Atlanta, Ga.
- BOWMAN, FREDERICK; 25; Feb. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- BOYD, GEORGE; 19; Feb. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- BRADLEY, GEORGE; 23; Dec. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- BRANDON, SAMUEL T.; 18; Dec. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 21, 1862, at Camp Green, Ky.
- BRANNON, JAMES; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- BROCK, WILLIAM H.; 21; Sept. 13, 1862; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- BUKEY, JOHN; 23; Sept. 13, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- BURRITT, THOMAS; 19; Aug. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- BUSSERT, WILLIAM L.; 19; Feb. 4, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CACKLER, JOHN; 21; Aug. 29, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 28, 1863, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CADY, JOHN R.; 37; Oct. 20, 1861, 3 yrs.; discharged May 26, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability; re-enlisted Dec. 21, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CARTER, HENRY; 52; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 30, 1861, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CASE, GEORGE; 18; Jan. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 9, 1864, in general field hospital, Chattanooga, Tenn.
- CASEY, THOMAS W.; 19; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 18, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- CASEBEER, WALLACE J.; 20; Dec. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 1, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- CEPHAS, JOHN; 22, Mar. 2, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CHAMBERS, CLINTON C.; 19; Sept. 3, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 21, 1863, at Jeffersonville, Ind.

- CHAPMAN, FRANK C.; 20; Feb. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CHITTY, GEORGE; 18; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 21, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- CLAPPER, FRANCIS A.; 21; Jan. 16, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CLAPPER, JEREMIAH; —; Feb. 4, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 4, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- CLARK, WASHINGTON J.; —; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 13, 1862, at Columbus, O.
- CLAWSON, WILLIAM; 26; Feb. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CLEIN, ADAM; 18; Jan. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged July 20, 1865.
- COLE, JOHN; 18; Aug. 16, 1862; 3 yrs.; forwarded from Columbus, O., to Louisville, Ky., Nov. 3, 1862; no further record.
- COLLINWOOD, ELIAS; 21; Jan. 16, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- COLMAN THOMAS J.; —; Oct. 1, 1863; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CONWELL, JAMES; 21; Aug. 30, 1862; 3 yrs.; died May 22, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- CORY, WILLARD; 37; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; lost an arm Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.; discharged Mar. 18, 1863.
- COSTELLO, JOHN; 28; Sept. 5, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- COX, HUGH; 21; Jan. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CRABTREE, JAMES; 19; July 9, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CRAIG, JAMES; 18; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded June 18, 1864, in action near Dallas, Ga.; mustered out Nov. 17, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- CRANSON, LAFAYETTE; 20; Dec. 21, 1863; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 20, 1865, at Natchez, Miss.
- CREVELING, THOMAS; 27; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; on detached duty at Fourth Army Corps headquarters; veteran.
- CULP, COLUMBUS D.; 34; Feb. 9, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- CURTIS, BRADLEY; 24; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 26, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CURWIN, PATRICK; 29; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- DALES, WILLIAM; 17; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 27, 1861, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DAUGHERTY, MARSHALL A.; 18; Nov. 9, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 4, 1865, at New Orleans, La.
- DAVIS, WILLIAM A.; 23; July 9, 1863; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 25, 1865, at New Orleans, La.

- DRAKE, ABRAHAM; 23; Dec. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- EDDY, AMZI; 18; Dec. 28, 1863; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- EHRNMAN, ISAAC W.; 19; Feb. 4, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- EHRNMAN, JOSEPH B.; 18; Sept. 10, 1864; 1 yr.; discharged Sept. 24, 1864, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- EVERETT, ELIJAH; 30; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; died June 16, 1864, in field hospital near Big Shanty, Ga.
- EVERETT [ERNST], WILLIAM D.; 23; Sept. 4, 1863; 3 yrs.; wounded June 18, 1864, in action near Dallas, Ga.; discharged Mar. 21, 1865, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FALLWELLER, HENRY; 21; Aug. 31, 1864; 3 yrs.; on detached duty; no further record.
- FALK, GEORGE; 18; Aug. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- FARMER, JAMES; 21; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- FIELD, PETER; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- FIRST, JOSIAH; 36; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 7, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FISHER, JOSEPH; 21; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- FISHER, THOMAS J.; 34; Jan. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- FITCH, EDWIN; 18; Mar. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; died June 25, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- FIX, ANDREW; 20; Jan. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- FLOWERS, ORCELUS; 18; Aug. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- FORCE, LYCURGUS; 19; Jan. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- FOWLER, ASBURY S.; 19; May 18, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- FOWLER, GEORGE W.; 18; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 1, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- FOWLER, WILLIAM; 24; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Nov. 2, 1863, at his home in Tuscarawas county, O.
- FRENCH, ANSLO; 28; Jan. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- FRIZZELL, HARRISON; 21; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 28, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FUNK, HARRISON H.; 19; Oct. 26, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- GAGEN, THOMAS; 22; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 3, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- GALBRAITH, JAMES; 19; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 30, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability; re-enlisted Jan. 2, 1864; wounded June 30, 1864, in action near Dallas, Ga.; discharged Mar. 27, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- GAMACH, JOSEPH; 33; Sept. 26, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- GILKERSON, CHARLES; 30; Jan. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 16, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.
- GOODRICH, ARTHUR K.; 17; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 21, 1861 at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GOWIN, WILLIAM D.; 20; May 14, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- GOVETTE, WILLIAM; 31; Feb. 4, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- GRAFF, JOSEPH H.; 19; Feb. 3, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- GRAY, JOSEPH; 20; Sept. 29, 1864; 1 yr.; forwarded from Mansfield, O., Sept. 30, 1864; never joined the battery.
- GREEN, BIRD; 28; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 1, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O.
- GUSIMAN, EMANUEL; 21; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 12, 1862 at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HALSTEAD, JOHN D.; 28; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record; veteran.
- HANSON, RICHARD; 18; Mar. 21, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Apr. 28, 1865; mustered out Nov. 9, 1865, at Davenport, Iowa.
- HARBAUGH, GEORGE W.; 18; Jan. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- HARRINGTON, DANIEL; 31; Sept. 12, 1864; 1 yr.; no further record.
- HAWK, JAMES M.; 18; Mar. 24, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- HAWKINS, FREDERICK; 17; Feb. 5, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- HERSH, ALBERT; 16; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed June 18, 1864, in action near Marietta, Ga.; veteran.
- HILT, JOHN S.; 20; Jan. 5, 1864; 3 yrs.; on detached duty at artillery headquarters; mustered out Sept. 1, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- HINTON, JOHN R.; 29; Sept. 24, 1863; 3 yrs.; drowned June 24, 1865, in Mississippi river, at Vicksburg, Miss.
- HITCHCOCK, FRANKLIN L.; 19; Nov. 2, 1863; 3 yrs.; discharged May 1, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HOGAN, JOHN; 25; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- HOOVER, DANIEL; 22; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- HOSKINS, MERRITT; 24; Nov. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- HUSTON, THOMAS; 46; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 4, 1863, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- IRVIN JAMES; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 12, 1864 on expiration of term of service.
- IRWIN, THOMAS C.; 19; Feb. 6, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.

- JACKSON, HENRY; 24; Oct. 7, 1863; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 9, 1864, in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- JOHNSON, AUGUSTINE; 48; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; failed to report.
- JOHNSON, JOHN; 24; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 13, 1862, at Huntsville, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JONES, IRA; 49; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 13, 1862, at Huntsville, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JONES, JOHN; 19; Nov. 9, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- KIELY, JOHN W.; —; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 6, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- KIELY, JOHN; 18; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 12, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- KENT, THEODORE; 19; Feb. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- KIDDER, REESE; 19; Jan. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- KILBOURNE, WILLIAM W.; 21; Feb. 6, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- KIMPLIN, JOSEPH; 22; Aug. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- KIMBERK, SILAS O.; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- KING, DAVID L.; 21; Feb. 9, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded ———; mustered out May 16, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.
- KRAMER, JOHN; 18; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- KRISHER, JEREMIAH; 31; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- LAPIERRE, ADAM; 29; Jan. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- LIMERICK, JOHN; 26; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 24, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LOOMIS, GEORGE; 20; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 24, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCBRIDE, JULIUS; 19; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 15, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MCCONAHY, BUTLER; 19; Jan. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- MCDONALD, JAMES; 26; Dec. 7, 1863; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- MCGINNIS, DANIEL; 38; Jan. 25, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- MCGREEVY, WILLIAM; 21; Aug. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- MCGREEVY, DANIEL; 23; Jan. 12, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- MCINTIRE, WILLIAM; 20; Dec. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1861; veteran.
- McKNIGHT, JAMES; 27; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.

- McMAHON, CORNELIUS; —; Oct. 6, 1863; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- McNALLY EDWARD; 23; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record; veteran.
- McNEAL, ARCHIBALD; 26; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 1, 1863.
- McNEAL, PORTER; 23; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 11, 1862, near Corinth, Miss.
- McQUOIN, THOMAS; —; Sept. 24, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- MASON, THOMAS R.; 19; Feb. 22, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- MATTHEWS, WILLIAM W.; 19; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. 6, 1863, at Louisville Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MILLER, WILLIAM A.; 19; Jan. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- MOORE, JAMES M.; 29; Dec. 23, 1863; 3 yrs.; on detached duty; mustered out Sept. 1, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- MORELY, WILLIAM; 18; Aug. 27, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- MORRIS, JAMES E.; 26; Jan. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- NAYLOR, JACOB; —; Oct. 3, 1863; 3 yrs.; died July 24, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O.
- NEIR, GEORGE; 24; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 14, 1862, at Camp Greene, Ky.
- NEYSE, GEORGE; 19; Feb. 5, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- NORRIS, WESTON; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 8, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- O'HERON, PATRICK; 22; Feb. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- PAINE, CHARLES; 19; Feb. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- PARKER, HENRY A.; 27; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 12, 1864 on expiration of term of service.
- PARKER, WILLIAM; 30; Jan. 20, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 8, 1864, at Columbus, Ohio.
- PARRISH, TYLER; 28; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Oct. 28, 1862, at Columbia, Ky.
- PHENIA, MICHAEL; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 12, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- POOL, NICHOLAS H.; 31; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 18, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- POOL, JOHN J.; 39; Sept. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- PRINGLE, CHARLES; 18; Feb. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- RANDOLPH, HENRY; 23; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 12, 1862, at Paducah, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RANDOLPH, JOHN; 22; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; on detached duty; mustered out Sept. 1, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- RANDOLPH, WILLIAM; 27; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died July 20, 1865, at New Orleans, La.; veteran.

- REED, JOHN W.; 25; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs; discharged June 15, 1865.
REED, LEWIS; 20; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
REEDY, SAMUEL; 25; Dec. 21, 1863; 3 yrs.; no further record.
REIFSNYDER, FRANK; 18; Jan. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
RAYNOLDS, MICHAEL; 22; Dec. 21, 1863; 3 yrs.; no further record.
RICKSECKER, CHARLES; 24; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 13, 1862, at Huntsville, Ala., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
ROBINSON, FREEMAN; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 8, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
ROBINETT, JOHN T.; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
ROSS, SAMUEL W.; 19; Oct 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
SCHNABLE, JOHN; 18; Nov. 9, 1863; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps Nov. 28, 1864.
SCOTT, THOMAS; 29; Jan. 9, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
SCOTT, SAMUEL M.; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Dec. 31, 1862, in battle of Stone River, Tenn.
SCOTT, JOHN; 24; Feb. 16, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
SHAFFER, ELISHA; 19; Sept. 24, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
SHAMEL, GEORGE W.; 19; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
SHAMEL, GEORGE; 38; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
SHANAFELT, OLIVER P.; 18; Jan. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
SHEWY, HENRY; 18; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; on detached service; mustered out Sept. 1, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
SHILLING, BENEDICT; 42; Sept. 1, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 3, 1865.
SHROADS, JOHN; 24; Oct. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Sept. 20, 1863, at battle of Chickamauga, Ga.; died Sept. 8, 1864, in prison at Andersonville, Ga.
SIMPSON, ANDREW; —; Dec. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 27, 1862, near Corinth, Miss., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
SMITH, MARTIN; —; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 25, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
SMITH, EDWARD T.; 19; Feb. 21, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
SMITH, JOHN; 23; Feb. 10, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
SMITH, JOHN; 32; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
SMITH, SAMUEL L.; 25; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 20, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
SOBER, JOHN; 18; Feb. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1 1865.

- SOWERS, JOHN; 18; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- SPELLMAN, JAMES; 50; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 24, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- STANART, ANSEL C.; 19; Feb. 4, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Gallipolis. O.
- STOUGH, WILLIAM C.; 19; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- STEINBAUGH, JACOB; 19; Nov. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- STEPHENS, MICHAEL; 32; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- STRAPP, WILLIAM; 21; Jan. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 2, 1865, at his home near Cleveland, O.
- STUDEBAKER, WILLIAM R.; 19; Jan. 17, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- SWERNY, JOHN; 29; Feb. 13, 1864; 3 yrs.; forwarded to rendezvous Feb. 18, 1864; no further record.
- SWINDLE, GEORGE; 46; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- TALMADGE, ROBERT P.; 26; Oct. 7, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- THEISE, GUSTAVUS; 21; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- TIMMS, JOSEPH; 20; Feb. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- TOY, CHARLES F.; 21; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- TREEN, ROBERT S.; 18; Aug. 30, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- TUCKER, SAMUEL H.; 19; Jan. 26, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- TUMBLESON, THOMAS; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; died May 20, 1862, at Mt. Vernon, Ky.
- URBAN, WILLIAM H.; 19; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 21, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- VARNEY, HIRAM L.; 27; Nov. 6, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WADSWORTH, CHARLES; 19; Nov. 19, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WAGNER, JOHN; 42; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- WAGNER, WILLIAM; 35; Dec. 23, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WAITE, CHARLES M.; 18; Mar. 21, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WASHBURN, JOHN G.; 26; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 17, 1861, at Camp Buckingham, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WATSON, LINDLEY; 22; Sept. 24, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.

- WATSON, AVERY R.; 24; Mar. 6, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 7, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tenn.
- WEARY, ABRAHAM; 18; Jan. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 2, 1864, in hospital at Vining Station, Ga.
- WEBER, JOHN C.; 18; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 22, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- WELCH, WILLIAM B.; 18; Aug. 18, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 8, 1864, of wounds received Nov. 30, 1864, in battle of Franklin, Tenn.
- WELCH, STEPHEN; 19; Feb. 4, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WELLS, GEORGE E.; —; Feb. 3, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Mar. 3, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- WELKER, JONATHAN; 26; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded ———; mustered out Oct. 12, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- WEYGANDT, GEORGE; 28; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- WHISHMAN, ISAAC W.; 24; Sept. 22, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 12, 1865.
- WHISHMAN, JACOB H.; 48; Nov. 27, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 1, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WHITBECK, RANDOLPH M.; 20; Jan. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WHITBECK, LUTHER W.; 25; Jan. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WHITNEY, JOHN; —; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WHITNEY, EZRA; 40; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 9, 1862, at Nashville, Tenn.
- WHITE, JEREMIAH; 19; Feb. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WHITE, JACOB A. J.; 28; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- WICKS, CHARLES A.; 24; Nov. 2, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Sept. 19, 1863, in battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
- WILLIAMS, JAMES; 18; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865; veteran.
- WINFIELD, (WARFIELD) HENRY; 19; Sept. 28, 1863; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WOODHOUSE, ISAAC N.; 29; Feb. 3, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- WORDEN, HENRY; —; Dec. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged May 8, 1862, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WRIGHT, ALBERT M.; 26; Jan. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out with battery Sept. 1, 1865.
- YARNELL, ZIBA; 21; July 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 18, 1864, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JAMES BROOKS; —; ———; colored under-cook; mustered out Oct. 5, 1865, at Detroit, Mich.
- JOSEPH GRIFFITH; 23; July 10, 1863; ———; colored under-cook; no record after Oct., 1863.

McLAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON.

FIELD AND STAFF.

WILLIAM McLAUGHLIN, Major; 59; Sept. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; died July 19, 1862, at Cross Creek Shoals, on the Big Sandy river, Ky.

GAYLORD McFALL, Major; 33; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Captain Company A Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to Major July 16, 1862; resigned Jan. 17, 1863.

RICHARD RICE, Major; 36; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant, Company B, Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to Captain May 26, 1862; to Major, Jan. 17, 1863; mustered out Nov. 19, 1864, on expiration of term of service.

MILTON J. BOWLAND, Assistant Surgeon; 34; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted from private Co A to Assistant Surgeon 71st O. V. I. Aug. 28, 1862, and detached to serve with McLaughlin's Squadron until Nov. 21, 1863.

JOHN J. H. CROSSMAN, Hospital Steward; 30; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Company B Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to Hospital Steward——; captured July 31, 1864, on Stoneman Raid; exchanged; mustered out Dec. 2, 1864, at Columbus, O.

COMPANY A.

SAMUEL H. FISHER, Captain; 28; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to Captain, July 19, 1862; resigned, Feb. 25, 1863.

JOHN L. SKEGGS, Captain; 45; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant July 19, 1862; 1st Lieutenant Sept. 20, 1862; Captain, Feb. 25, 1863; resigned Dec. 12, 1864.

ERASTUS P. COATES, Captain; 22; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Bugler, Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Sept. 20, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant Feb. 25, 1863; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; promoted to Captain Sept. 4, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.

ENOCH SMITH, 1st Lieutenant, 32; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2d Lieutenant, Oct. 3, 1861; promoted to 1st Lieutenant Nov. 26, 1861; resigned Sept. 20, 1862.

ROSS R. COWAN, 2d Lieutenant; 22; Nov. 19, 1861, 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to 2d Lieutenant Feb. 26, 1863; transferred to Co C. 5th O. V. C. July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.

- FRANK M. DAVIS, 1st Sergeant; 20; Nov. 4, 1861; appointed Sergeant Nov. 26, 1861; 1st Sergeant May 15, 1863; transferred to Co. C. 5th O. V. C. July 28, 1865; mustered out with Company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- DAVID W. GERMAN, Quartermaster-sergeant; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; promoted to 2d Lieutenant 45th Regiment Kentucky V. I. Oct. 10, 1863; from which mustered out with regiment.
- FRANKLIN GRIBBEN; Quartermaster-sergeant; 21; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 3, 1863; transferred to Co. C., 5th O. V. C. July 28, 1865; mustered out with company July 30, 1865; veteran.
- PETER MARKS, Commissary-sergeant; 33; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Nov. 26, 1861; Commissary-sergeant ———; died Mar. 11, 1865, at Baltimore, Md., veteran.
- BARZILLAH F. MORRIS, Sergeant; 20; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Nov. 26, 1861; wounded and captured July 31, 1864, in battle of Sunshine Church, Ga., Stoneman Raid; discharged on account of wounds May 18, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- GEORGE W. RHONE, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Nov. 26, 1861; Sergeant Sept. 20, 1862; died June 18, 1863, at Ashland, Ky.
- JOHN SCHRACK, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Sept. 20, 1862; Sergeant Aug. 3, 1863; died Feb. 3, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- JAMES H. THOMPSON, Sergeant; 18; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal ———; Sergeant, Jan. 10, 1864; killed Sept. 4, 1864, in action near Atlanta, Ga.; veteran.
- DEXTER S. GASTER, Sergeant; 19; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal ———; Sergeant Jan. 10, 1864; mustered out May 25, 1864, at Nicholasville, Ky.
- JACOB FOUGHT, Sergeant; 18; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal May 27, 1863; Sergeant May 25, 1864; captured July 31, 1864, in action near Macon, Ga.; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- JAMES M. WHIPP, Sergeant; 23; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Aug. 3, 1863; Sergeant, ———; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- DAVID D. EDMONDS, Sergeant; 33; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed ———; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN W. FICKES, Corporal; 23; Aug. 16, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 10, 1863; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- JOHN W. BRANNAN, Corporal; 22; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 6, 1864; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE W. EASTMAN, Corporal; 23; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed ———; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- THOMAS W. HEIGNUTT, Corporal; 37; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed ———; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.

- JESSE JESSON, Corporal; 21; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 12, 1864; died Oct. 14, 1864, in rebel prison at Florence, S. C.; veteran.
- JOSEPH PALMER, Corporal; 20; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 12, 1864; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN L. STOUTER, Corporal; 26; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Jan. 10, 1864; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE S. McCLURE, Farrier; 29; Nov. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 4, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOHN McCONAHY, Farrier; 43; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 15, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- AMOS BEST, Farrier; 28; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed ———; transferred from Company B Apr. 7, 1864; to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- JAMES McNABB, Saddler; 20; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- JAMES L. MARKS, Wagoner; 26; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- ALDER HINTON; 21; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 23, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- ARMSTRONG, GEORGE; 25; Mar. 31, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; no further record.
- ARMSTRONG, JARED E.; 18; Mar. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- BAKER, GEORGE W.; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; killed by his guards a few days after capture.
- BAKER, WILLIAM A.; 20; Aug. 18, 1862; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered, out June 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- BARD, JEREMIAH; 18; Aug. 10, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- BARNES, SIMEON B.; 26; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured July 31, 1864, in battle of Sunshine Church, Ga.; died in rebel prison.
- BATES, LORENZO D.; 35; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Nov. 14, 1863, in action at Loudon, Tenn.; died May 25, 1863, in Andersonville prison, Ga.
- BAUGHMAN, PAUL S.; 24; Oct. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Jan. 9, 1865, at Savannah, Ga., on expiration of term of service.
- BAXTER, CURTIS; 18; Nov. 27, 1863; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- BEASORE, HENRY J.; 19; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 7, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BEASORE, JACOB; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.

- BECK, PHILIP; 30; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 1, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- BENROTH, VALENTINE; 28; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- BENTON, DANIEL C.; 26; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; no further record.
- BONAR, ISAAC L. D.; 26; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured July 31, 1864, at battle of Sunshine Church, Ga.; died in rebel prison.
- BOON, WILSON S.; 21; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Jan. 9, 1865, at Savannah, Ga., on expiration of term of service.
- BUCHANAN, JOHN; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 24, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- BUTLER, THOMAS L.; 18; Mar. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- CAMPBELL, WILLIAM L.; 44; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs; discharged Mar. 30, 1863, at Louisville, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- CLIFF, JAMES R.; 18; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; no further record.
- CORNELL, WILLIAM F.; 34; Oct. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; veteran; no further record.
- COSTIN, PATRICK; 33; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; drowned Apr. 11, 1862, at Catlettsburg, Ky.
- COWAN, WILLARD I.; 18; Mar. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- CRAIG, JAMES S.; 25; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; no further record.
- CRAIG, JAMES W.; 24; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out July 19, 1865.
- CRAIG, JOHN; 40; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs; no further record.
- CRAMER, JOHN; 27; Feb. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- CRAWFORD, JOHN L.; 18; Mar. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; died May 2, 1865, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
- CROMER, HENRY A.; 17; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; supposed to have been killed Apr. 8, 1865, while foraging near Mt. Olive, N. C.; veteran.
- CROMER, SOLOMON D.; 22; Feb. 24, 1864; 3 yrs.; supposed to have been killed Apr. 8, 1865, while foraging near Mt. Olive, N. C.
- CULVER, JOHN H.; 41; Oct. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 15, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DOWNS, WILLIAM; 34; Oct. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 12, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- DUFFNER, JOHN; 20; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded July 7, 1863, at Gladesville, Va.; mustered out Dec. 2, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- ERWIN, JAMES H.; 18; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana, on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- EBERMAN, JACOB S.; 30; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to 1st Lieutenant 39th Ky. Vol. Inf., from which mustered out with company as Captain Sept. 15, 1865.

- EBERMAN, WILLIAM G.; 21; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Jan. 9, 1865, at Savannah, Ga., on expiration of term of service.
- FANKELL, GEORGE; 35; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 16, 1862, at Gallipolis, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- FICKES, LOT; 22; Nov. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 17, 1863, at Lexington, Ky.
- FOUGHT, JONAS; 23; Oct. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 22, 1865, on board transport Ben DeFord, while enroute from Savannah, Ga. to Beaufort, S. C.; veteran.
- GASTER, WILLIAM; 40; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted by the president to Captain and A. Q. M., U. S. Volunteers, Apr. 14, 1862.
- GILBERT, GEORGE R.; 19; Aug. 28, 1862; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- GILBERT, RICHARD P.; 20; Mar. 31, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- GILBERT, WILLIAM G.; 18; Aug. 18, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 30, 1862, at Louisa, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- GOARD, JOHN; 23; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 31, 1865, at St. Louis, Mo.
- HAFFER, LEVI; 25; Aug. 25, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged July 1, 1864, at Cleveland, Tenn., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARLAN, JOHN; 40; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 30, 1863, at Louisa, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARMON, CHRISTOPHER; 23; Aug. 19, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out July 10, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- HILL, MILTON J.; 18; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 17, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HOOVER, JOSEPH; 18; Mar. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- HUGHES, CALVIN P.; 24; Aug. 18, 1862; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- HULETT, WILSON S.; 18; Mar. 17, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred on rolls to Co. C, 5th O. V. C.; never joined company; supposed to be dead.
- HUMBERT, JOSIAH; 35; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 17, 1862, at Piketon, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JESSON, ROBERT; 21; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- JOHNS, JOHN B.; 20; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Apr. 19, 1862, at Ashland, Ky.
- JOHNSTON, EDWARD; 33; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; rejected for re-enlistment by examining surgeon; mustered out Jan. 20, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O., on expiration of term of service.
- JOHNSON, GEORGE W.; 19; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- JONES, JAMES; 30; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 15, 1863, at Ashland, Ky.
- KAYLER, SAMUEL; 19; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- KELLEY, HENRY; 18; Mar. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.

- KENDALL, JACOB; 20; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; veteran; returned home from North Carolina on horseback after the war was over.
- KEYWORTH, JOSEPH; 34; Aug. 16, 1862; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 20, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- KNOLL, ENGELBERT; 27; Oct. 9, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; veteran; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- KYLE, WILLIAM A.; 18; Aug. 10, 1862; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 20, 1865.
- LEITER, GEORGE W.; 27; Oct. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured July 31, 1864 in battle of Sunshine Church, Ga., Stoneman Raid; mustered out Jan. 26, 1865, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- LIMBIRD, JAMES; 20; Aug. 1, 1863; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- MCCREADY, ALBERT; 18; Oct. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 2, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- MCCARTY, JOSEPH; 19; Mar. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- MCCUMBER, HENRY; —; Mar. 14, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- MCGARRY, JOHN W.; 19; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; veteran; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- MCGARRY, MILTON; 20; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; veteran; no further record.
- MCKIBBEN, FRANKLIN R.; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 18, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MCKNABB, JOSEPH; 19; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 13, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- MANEY, EDWARD; 35; Mar. 19, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- MARKS, FRANCIS R.; 18; Aug. 1, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- MARTIN, JOHN; 18; Feb. 20, 1864; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 18, 1864, at Madison, Ind., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- MERRICK, ADAM R.; 21; Aug. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 12, 1865, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- MERRICK, JAMES J.; 21; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 22, 1864, at Columbus, O.
- MERTZ, JOHN; 22; Sept. 7, 1864; 1 yr.; no further record.
- MILLER, ISRAEL W.; 21; Aug. 14, 1862; 3 yrs.; wounded and captured July 31, 1864, at battle of Sunshine Church, Ga., Stoneman Raid; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- MILLER, WILLIAM D.; 18; Mar. 16, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- MINKER, MARTIN L.; 20; Aug. 10, 1862; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; died in rebel prison.
- MOREHEAD, CALVIN; 20; Dec. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.

- MORRIS, JONATHAN T.; 19; Aug. 14, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Mar. 28, 1865, at Cleveland, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- NEIL, WILLIAM A.; 18; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged prior to Feb. 28, 1863, by civil authority.
- NEWMAN, LEVI M.; 18; Mar. 9, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- NULL, HENRY; 30; Oct. 7, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- OBERLIN, JOHN; 21; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; died July 27, 1864, at Camp Nelson, Ky.
- OBERLIN, WILLIAM; 17; Oct. 18, 1862; 3 yrs.; died June 18, 1864, at Kingston, Tenn.
- O'MEARA, STEPHEN; 22; Mar. 24, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- OSTER, ABRAHAM; 24; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 14, 1862, at Piketon, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- OWENS, ARCHIBALD; 20; Feb. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- PARRY, THOMAS; 18; Oct. 31, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured July 31, 1864, in battle of Sunshine Church, Ga., Stoneman Raid; paroled; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- PETERSON, ISAAC; 18; Mar. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana Apr. 27, 1865, at Memphis, Tenn.
- PLUMB, FRANCIS; 19; Mar. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; died Oct. 15, 1864, in rebel prison at Florence, S. C.
- PRIMER, JOHN W.; 24; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; died in prison; veteran.
- PROVINES, ELI F.; 18; Apr. 4, 1864; 3 yrs.; captured Oct. 5, 1864, at Decatur, Ga.; paroled ———; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana in Mississippi river Apr. 27, 1865.
- RALSTON, WILLIAM; 18; Mar. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; died May 25, 1864, at Camp Nelson, Ky.
- REDDING, FRANCIS; 20; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- REDDING, MICHAEL P.; 24; Apr. 1, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- REDDING, PETER M.; 19; Aug. 8, 1862; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 20, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- RHONE, JOHN; 33; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 22, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- RICHARDSON, WILLIAM H.; 19; Oct. 15, 1864; 1 yr.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out Oct. 6, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- ROUK, PATTON; 21; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 16, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- SACKMAN, WILLIAM H.; 21; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed Mar. 1, 1865, in action at Lancaster, S. C.; veteran.
- SAVITY, SAMUEL; 24; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.

- SEXTON, THOMAS; 20; Mar. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; captured July 31, 1864, at Sunshine Church, Ga., Stoneman Raid; mustered out June 26, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- SHANNON, WILLIAM S.; 30; Mar. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- SHARPLESS, PETER; 31; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- SHEEHY, WILLIAM; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 30, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- SHOBE, EDWARD; 21; Mar. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; accidentally wounded, while in camp, June 23, 1864; discharged May 20, 1865, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SMART, LEANDER T.; 18; Mar. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- SMITH, MARTIN; 22; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- SMITH, STEPHEN S.; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 2, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- SMITH, THOMAS; —; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 16, 1862, at Gallipolis, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SONNANSTINE, BENJAMIN F.; 19; Oct. 25, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- STEEL, ANDREW; 29; Oct. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- STEINOUR, JOHN W.; 22; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river Apr. 27, 1865; veteran.
- SWIGERT, JESSE L.; 22; Mar. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C.; July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- TAYLOR, ELI; 43; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; rejected for re-enlistment by examining surgeon; mustered out Nov. 18, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- TAYLOR, ZACHARIAH; 18; Feb. 27, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- TERRELL, HENRY; 21; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- TIDWELL, CHARLES B.; 18; Feb. 19, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- WAGNER, JOHN; 18; Mar. 10, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- WEBSTER, JOHN; 36; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WELCH, JACKSON; 18; Apr. 21, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Aug. 14, 1864, at Cleveland, Tenn.
- WELCH, COLUMBUS; 18; Mar. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- WELCH, MICHAEL; 18; Mar. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- WEST, WILLIAM; 28; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WHITE, ROBERT; 32; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Nov. 18, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- WIDLER, HENRY; 20; Apr. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; captured Aug. 3, 1864; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; no further record.
- WILLIAMS, LEWIS; 44; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded in action ——— 1863 in eastern Kentucky; died Apr. 30, 1864, at Lexington, Ky.
- WILSON, BENJAMIN F.; 18; Apr. 5, 1864; 3 yrs.; died June 18, 1865, at Concord, N. C., of wounds accidentally received.
- WILSON, GEORGE H.; 22; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Dec. 7, 1861, at Mansfield, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WILSON, THOMAS; 29; Oct. 17, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WOLF, ABRAHAM; 21; Oct. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 7, 1862, at Piketon, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- WOOD, NAAMAN; 20; Apr. 4, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C. July 28, 1865; absent with leave after Oct. 2, 1865; no further record.
- YEAGER, WILLIAM J.; 18; Mar. 17, 1864; 3 yrs.; died July 18, 1864, near Atlanta, Ga.
- ZEIGLER, RANSOM; 18; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; died in prison.

COMPANY B.

- SAMUEL R. BUCKMASTER, Captain; —; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Oct. 10, 1861; promoted to Captain Dec. 6, 1861; resigned May 26, 1862.
- JOHN DALZELL, Captain; 38; Nov. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 1st Sergeant Dec. 6, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant, Sept. 15, 1862; to Captain, Jan. 17, 1863; transferred July 28, 1865, to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., in which regiment promoted to Major, Sept. 4, 1865; mustered out with regiment Oct. 30, 1865.
- BENJAMIN B. LAKE, 1st Lieutenant; 24; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 6, 1861; resigned Feb. 17, 1863.
- GEORGE W. POMEROY, 1st Lieutenant; 40; Oct. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant Dec. 6, 1861; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant Jan. 17, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant, Feb. 17, 1863; resigned May 30, 1864.
- JACOB O. STOUT; 1st Lieutenant; 20; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant, Dec. 6, 1861; 2nd Lieutenant Feb. 17, 1863; promoted to 1st Lieutenant July 13, 1864; captured Oct. 5, 1864, and confined in rebel prisons in North and South Carolina until March, 1865; mustered out May 2, 1865.
- HERMAN ALLEMAN, 2nd Lieutenant; 48; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed 2nd Lieutenant Dec. 6, 1861; resigned Sept. 15, 1862.
- ANTHONY LIMBARD, 2nd Lieutenant; 27; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Dec. 6, 1861; Sergeant Sept. 15, 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant July 13, 1864; mustered out May 13, 1865; veteran.
- PARIS L. REED, Quartermaster-sergeant; 38; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; promoted to 2nd Lieutenant 39th Ky. Vol. Inf. Mar. 12, 1863, from which resigned Jan. 24, 1865.

- ALBERT A. POMEROY, Quartermaster-sergeant; 18; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Sergeant from private July 20, 1862; Quartermaster-sergeant Mar. 12, 1863; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- BENJAMIN F. SEIBERT, Commissary-sergeant; 24; Oct. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed from private —; captured July 31, 1864, in battle of Sunshine Church, Stoneman Raid; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN DITTO; Sergeant; 27; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Dec. 6, 1861; captured Jan. 1, 1862, at Paintsville, Ky.; discharged May 1, 1862.
- NELSON B. LOVE, Sergeant; 25; Oct. 22, 1862; appointed Dec. 6, 1861; captured July 31, 1864, at Hillsboro, Ga., on Stoneman Raid; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- STEPHEN HUFF, Sergeant; 35; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- ROLLIN C. FISHER, Sergeant; 31; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed from Saddler, Sept. 1, 1862; captured on Stoneman Raid, July 31, 1864; mustered out Dec. 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- CHARLES WATERS, Sergeant; 21; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- ELIJAH MESSENGER, Sergeant; 24; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; drowned June 17, 1865, near Concord, N. C.; veteran.
- JAMES O'BRIEN, Sergeant; 24; Oct. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Corporal Jan. 11, 1863; Sergeant Apr. 25, 1864; captured Aug. 3, 1864, near Mulberry Creek, Ga.; discharged June 7, 1864, at Columbus, O.; veteran.
- HIRAM N. WILLIAMS, Corporal; 27; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed, Dec. 6, 1861; wounded July 7, 1863, at Gladesville, Va.; discharged June 9, 1864, at Columbus, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- JOHN H. OTT, Corporal; 33; Oct. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; discharged May 12, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- VINING H. VANNIMAN, Corporal; 43; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; discharged Aug. 12, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SOLOMON CLINE, Corporal; 21; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; discharged July 17, 1862, at Prestonburg, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability; re-enlisted Dec. 5, 1863, for 3 yrs.; mustered out July, 19, 1865, at Washington, D. C.
- CYRUS BOWMAN, Corporal; 21; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- GEORGE BATDORFF, Corporal; 19; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed —; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM K. SPENCER, Corporal; 18; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Aug. 31, 1864; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out Dec. 11, 1865; veteran.

- GREENBURY TUCKER, Corporal; 23; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed——
died Jan. 1, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- BYRON S. LOOMIS, Corporal; 27; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed——;
mustered out Oct. 26, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of
service.
- WILLIAM HEFFELFINGER, Corporal; 32; Oct. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed
——; mustered out July 5, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.; veteran.
- WILSON SAWMILLER, Corporal; 19; Mar. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; appointed——;
transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with
company Oct. 30, 1865.
- JOHN TINNEY, Corporal; 25; Nov. 3, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed Apr. 25, 1865,
captured Feb. 6, 1865, near Barnwell, S. C.; mustered out June 13, 1865,
at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- JOHN S. COATES, Bugler; 18; Nov. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war;
mustered out Mar. 16, 1865, at Camp Chase, O., on expiration of term
of service.
- FRANK SNYDER, Bugler; 43; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran
Reserve Corps Dec. 22, 1863; mustered out Dec. 12, 1864, on expiration
of term of service.
- THOMAS EVERLY, Bugler; 21; Nov. 8, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed——;
transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out
with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- WILLIAM VERBRYCK, Farrier; 35; Nov. 16, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co.
C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865;
veteran.
- DUNCAN H. McDONALD, Farrier; 26; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out
Oct. 21, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- ROBERT FIFE, Farrier; 35; Aug. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; appointed——;
mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- AMOS BEST, Farrier; 28; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; appointed——; transferred
to Co. A, Apr. 7, 1864; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865;
mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- JOHN D. MCCREADY, Farrier; 31; Aug. 29, 1862; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war;
mustered out June 7, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- JOHN VANATTA, Wagoner; 26; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 25,
1864, at Cincinnati, O., on expiration of term of service.
- ISAAC HARNED, Wagoner; 29; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Aug. 4, 1864;
at Vining Station, Ga.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Camp Chase,
O.; veteran.
- ATCHISON, THOMAS; 18; Mar. 7, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O.
V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- ALLEN, NATHANIEL; 18; Mar. 3, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C,
5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company, Oct. 30, 1865.
- ALLISON, OHIO; 30; Aug. 30, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at
Concord, N. C.
- APPOEL, FREDERICK; 27; Mar. 10, 1864; 3 yrs.; captured Oct. 5, 1864, at
Decatur, Ga.; mustered out June 29, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- BALDING, JOHN P.; 24; Apr. 22, 1864; 3 yrs.; captured and killed in N. C.

- BARRACK, WILLIAM; 44; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BAXTER, SAMUEL; 17; Nov. 27, 1863; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out Dec. 11, 1865.
- BERRY, HAMILTON; 26; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; returned to Co. H, 16th O. V. C., in which he had previously enlisted.
- BEVERIDGE, JOHN P.; 27; Aug. 21, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured and killed near Smithfield, N. C., Apr. 10, 1865.
- BLACKBURN, JOHN W.; 24; Sept. 5, 1862; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out July 17, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- BLUE, NATHAN P.; 29; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Feb. —, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- BOYD, ARMSTRONG E.; 38; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out Feb. 20, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- BRENNAN, ROLVIN J.; 18; April 19, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- BUNTING, JAMES; 22; Nov. 13, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Sept. 4, 1862, at Paintsville, Ky.
- BUTLER, LEWIS; 22; Aug. 23, 1862; 3 yrs.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, from which mustered out July 19, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- CAMPBELL, JOHN P.; 18; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; returned to 16th O. V. C., in which he had previously enlisted.
- CLARK, BENJAMIN F.; 23; March 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; captured July 30, 1864, on Stoneman Raid; exchanged; rejoined company; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- CLINE, ELI; 19; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; discharged at Columbus, O., Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- COCHRAN, GEORGE W.; 20; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured July 31, 1864, in Stoneman Raid; died Oct. 13, 1864, at Millen, Ga.; veteran.
- COCHRAN, JAMES M.; 18; March 3, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- CORDELL, ARTHUR P.; 18; Dec. 2, 1863; 3 yrs.; died July 6, 1864, at Kingston, Tenn.
- CRAFT, JAMES; 32; Oct. 22, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Jan. 28, 1864, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- COTT, CHRISTOPHER; 35; Nov. 12, 1861; 3 yrs.; killed on railroad train, Nov. 24, 1864, between Chattanooga and Big Shanty, while en route to join regiment.
- DEWEY, CHARLES; 24; Mar. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- DEEMS, JACOB; 24; Aug. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 30, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- DICE, ALEXANDER; 18; Sept. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 24, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- DICE, FRANCIS M.; 20; Sept. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 24, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- DILYARD, EDWARD; 19; Aug. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out May 31, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.

- DITTO, DAVID D.; 25; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured at Paintsville, Ky., Jan. 1, 1862; discharged May 21, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
- DONALD, HOSEA; 18; Feb. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi River, Apr. 27, 1865.
- DUNN, BENJAMIN; 18; June 27, 1863; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- ELLENBERGER, JAMES; 20; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Dec. 30, 1865.
- EVANS, JOHN; P. 25; Apr. 22, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- FAIR, AARON M.; —; Aug. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 26, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.
- FOLTZ, ADAM P.; 22; Aug. 5, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- FRASE, CALVIN H.; 18; Mar. 21, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- FRASE, BENJAMIN B.; 21; Aug. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.; veteran.
- GLENN, JAMES R.; 30; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged ———, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HALE, SOLOMON; 30; Dec. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Aug. 6, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- HARTER, JAMES M.; Dec. 28, 1863; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; no further record.
- HARTER, JOSEPH; 23; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by explosion of steamer Sultana on Mississippi river, Apr. 27, 1865.
- HAMMAN, ALPHEUS; 25; Apr. 19, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 3, 1865, at Camp Dennison, O.
- HARVEY, ANDREW; 28; Mar. 31, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out Sept. 4, 1864, at Camp Dennison, O.
- HAYS, ALEXIS P.; 28; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Oct. 29, 1864, on expiration of term of service.
- HEFFELFINGER, JAMES M.; 19; Aug. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- HEIGHT, ISAAC; 23; Feb. 20, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- HEIGHT, ABRAHAM; 26; Feb. 20, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- HEICHAEL, MICHAEL; 33; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 2, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- HILL, WILLIAM F.; —; Sept. 6, 1864; 1 yr.; died July 28, 1865, at New Berne, N. C.
- HOGLER, WILLIAM; —; Mar. 8, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- HORNER, BENJAMIN; 20; Mar. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 5, 1864, at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
- HORNER, JAMES; 21; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- HOSTETTER, ANDREW J.; 22; Aug. 11, 1864; 1 yr.; no further record.
- HUGHES, JOHN; 44; Oct. 18, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Apr. 10, 1863, on surgeon's certificate of disability.

- HUTCHINSON, ANDREW; —; Apr. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; died June 21, 1864, at Cleveland, Tenn.
- IRICK, JOHN F.; 23; Aug. 31, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 31, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- JACOBS, THOMAS R.; 26; Mar. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- JACOBS, GEORGE O.; 18; Aug. 29, 1862; 3 yrs.; died Dec. 15, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn.
- KEEFE, LAWRENCE; 31; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged —, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- KEGGS, GEORGE W.; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; wounded July 7, 1863, at Gladesville, Va.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Nov. 30, 1865; veteran.
- KELLEY, HENRY V.; 22; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- KOOKEN, WILLIAM; 19; Apr. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; died —, at Cleveland, Tenn.
- KOPE, JOHN JR.; 20; Nov. 25, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- KURTZ, CONRAD; 33; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged —, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- LANE, ASA; 23; Aug. 28, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured and supposed to have been killed Apr. 10, 1865, near Smithfield, N. C.
- LEIST, LEROY; 18; Feb. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- LEIST, JAMES; —; Feb. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; discharged Aug. 12, 1865.
- LLOYD, ABNER; 24; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- LAYMAN, DAVID; 25; Aug. 21, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured Aug. 4, 1864, near Vining Station, Ga.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- LOVE, SAMUEL MC.; 30; Aug. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- LOWE, JOHN S.; 40; Oct. 30, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- LUDWIG, ISAAC; 20; Aug. 22, 1862; 3 yrs.; captured Mar. 11, 1865, near Fayetteville, N. C., while waiting for flour at grist mill; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- LONG, MINOR S.; 18; Feb. 20, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- MCAFEE, SAMUEL; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; no further record; veteran.
- MCCONAHAY, ROBERT; 45; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged July 3, 1862, on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- McMILLEN, CYRUS S.; 18; Aug. 16, 1864; 1 yr.; wounded Dec. 1, 1864. mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.

- McMILLEN, JOHN W.; 18; Sept. 10, 1864; 1 yr.; transferred to Company C 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out Sept. 23, 1865, at Raleigh, N. C., on expiration of term of service.
- MARK, JOHN; 41; Nov. 29, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Mar. 1865, at Wilmington, N. C.; veteran.
- MARTZ, AUGUSTUS; 34; Nov. 20, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 2, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- MAYS, PATRICK; 34; Nov. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; died Feb. 7, 1863, at Ashland, Ky.
- MESSENGER, ASA; 18; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- MILLER, GEORGE W.; 38; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; rejected by mustering officer.
- MILLER, JOHN D.; 24; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Apr. 10, 1865, near Smithfield, N. C., and supposed to have been killed; veteran.
- MOORES, ROBERT; 33; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 27, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MOORES, WILLIAM; 30; Nov. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 27, 1864, at Nashville Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- MURDOCK, WILLIAM H.; 19; Apr. 20, 1864; 1 yr.; mustered out June 30, 1865, on expiration of term of service.
- MYERS, RANDOLPH M.; 19; Oct. 21, 1861; 3 yrs.; prisoner of war; perished by burning of steamer General Lyon, near Cape Fear, N. C.
- OLIVER, HENRY; —; —, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Apr. 10, 1865, near Smithfield, N. C., and supposed to have been killed; veteran.
- O'NEAL, JOHN; 27; Nov. 26, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- PATTERSON, CHARLES; 28; Dec. 17, 1861, 3 yrs.; transferred from Company A; no further record.
- PATTERSON, JOHN P.; 41; Oct. 10, 1861; 3 yrs.; rejected for re-enlistment by examining surgeon; died Feb. 6, 1865.
- POMEROY, ENSIGN; 17; Mar. 17, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- RICHARDSON, DANIEL; 19; Apr. 6, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- RILEY, SAMUEL J.; 20; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Nov. 11, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- RISACHER, JACOB; 18; Feb. 18, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 24, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- ROBB, VALENTINE D.; 34; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured at Paintsville, Ky., Jan. 1, 1862; discharged May 21, 1862.
- ROBINSON, DARIUS; 18; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Mar. 11, 1865, near Fayetteville, N. C., while waiting for flour at grist mill.
- ROETHER, ISAAC; 39; Aug. 28, 1862; 3 yrs.; discharged Sept. 26, 1864, at Ashland, Ky., on surgeon's certificate of disability.
- SANFORD, GEORGE H.; 24; Aug. 20, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 19, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

- SAWMILLER, ISAAC; 18; Mar. 15, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- SCHUCKERS, WALTER F.; 20; Mar. 28, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; no further record.
- SCHUCKERS, SAMUEL P.; 28; Aug. 5, 1861; 1 yr.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- SCOTT, WILLIAM; 20; Dec. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Jan. 1, 1862, at Paintsville, Ky.; exchanged; discharged May 21, 1862, at Washington, D. C.; re-enlisted Feb. 20, 1864; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- SHAFFER, WILLIAM; 20; Mar. 23, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Company C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- SHEARD, JOSEPH E.; 41; Oct. 19, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 14, 1865, at Columbus, O.
- SHIELDS, THOMAS H.; 18; Nov. 15, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Oct. 5, 1864, at Decatur, Ga.; mustered out June 24, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- SHIMPSHINER, JACOB; 44; Nov. 24, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out July 3, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn., on expiration of term of service.
- SHOBE, ISAAC; 25; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; furloughed May 22, 1862, from Post Hospital at Ashland, Ky.; no further record.
- SIMPSON, NATHAN; 19; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured Apr. 10, 1865, near Smithfield, N. C., and supposed to have been murdered; veteran.
- SMITH, DAVID; 18; Oct. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- SOUTHWORTH, BENJAMIN F.; 34; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out Dec. 2, 1864, at Columbus, O., on expiration of term of service.
- SPALDING, THOMAS; —; Sept. 12, 1862; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- SPYKER, LEVI; 32; Oct. 23, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured July 31, 1864, on Stoneman Raid; died Oct. 13, 1864, in rebel prison, at Millen, Ga.; veteran.
- STALTER, JOHN; 18; Nov. 4, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- STEWART, MATTHEW; —; Aug. 16, 1862; captured in Stoneman Raid; died Mar. 4, 1865, in prison, at Florence, S. C.
- STOUT, DANIEL S.; 22; Nov. 11, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865; veteran.
- STOUT, WILLIAM H.; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured in Stoneman Raid July 31, 1864; died Nov. 4, 1864, in prison at Millen, Ga.
- STRAUSS, DAVID; 18; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- STRAYER, DANIEL; 20; Mar. 20, 1864; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; mustered out with company Oct. 30, 1865.
- TIPTON, FRANCIS; 28; Mar. 22, 1864; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- UHLER, SAMUEL; 18; Apr. 11, 1864; 3 yrs.; captured Aug. —, 1864, in action near Mulberry Creek, Ga.; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- WARNER, HENRY S.; 22; Mar. 30, 1864; 3 yrs.; mustered out May 19, 1865, at Nashville, Tenn.

- WAYNE, ISAAC; 18; Mar. 16, 1864; 3 yrs.; wounded in action ———; died Oct. 5, 1864, at Decatur, Ga.
- WESTCOTT, SAMUEL W.; 19; Dec. 5, 1861; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.; veteran.
- WILLIAMS, RICHARD A.; 19; Aug. 20, 1862; 3 yrs.; mustered out June 13, 1865, at Concord, N. C.
- WILSON, JESSE; 27; Nov. 1, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to U. S. Navy, Apr. 24, 1864; veteran.
- WILSON, JOHN J.; 20; Nov. 6, 1861; 3 yrs.; no further record.
- WINKLER, THOMAS; 18; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; captured on Stoneman Raid; died Nov. 6, 1864, at Savannah, Ga.
- WOLLETT, MOSES; 26; Nov. 14, 1861; 3 yrs.; transferred to Co. C, 5th O. V. C., July 28, 1865; veteran; mustered out with company, Oct. 30, 1865.
- YOUNG, MATTHIAS M.; 25; Mar. 29, 1864; 3 yrs.; captured Oct. 5, 1864, at Decatur, Ga.; mustered out July 7, 1865, at Camp Chase, O.
- ZARNELL, ELIJAH; 24; Oct. 28, 1861; 3 yrs.; discharged Oct. 4, 1862, at Cincinnati, O., on surgeon's certificate of disability.

CORRECTIONS.

- SAMUEL T. BEERBOWER, Company B, Sixty-Fourth; page 945; appointment as Sergeant should be followed by "appointed 1st Sergeant, Aug. 2, 1862."
- ALEXANDER C. COPELAND, Company H, Sixty-fifth; page 1050; rank should be 1st Lieutenant, promoted thereto Nov. 24, 1865.

These Gave Their Lives.

All the members of the Sherman Brigade who yielded up their lives during the war are here grouped. It is true that they appear in their places in the full roster, but it is deemed proper to record together those of our comrades who made the supreme sacrifice for country's sake. It is indeed remarkable that in the Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth, which went together through the great struggle, and touched elbows in every battle, the number of deaths in each was precisely the same, if the seven "unasigned" of the Sixty-fourth, who did not serve with the regiment, be taken out. The total number of deaths in the regiments, battery, and squadron was six hundred and fifty-five.

SIXTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.—274.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Alexander McIlvaine, Colonel.

COMPANY A—37.

Barkalow, Abraham,
Beckwith, William, Corporal,
Brink, Samuel,
Brink, Thomas,
Kline, Henry C.,
Cropp, George,
Cunningham, Deacon,
Disbro, Abraham,
Ehlers, James E.,
Ehlers, Thomas H., 1st Lieutenant.
Gessler, Joseph,
Hamilton, William T.,
Hardsock, Bateman,
Harrison, James B.,
Hays, Sylvester,
Hetherington, Wesley,
Hulit, Reuben,
Johnston, Eleazor,

Kelso, John,
Lindley, Henry,
McDonald, William C.,
McIlvaine, Augustus,
McIlvaine, John W., Sergeant,
Mang, Henry C.,
Miller, Jacob, Sergeant.
Miller, John W.;
Miller, Peter,
Oswalt, David M.,
Paul, Jacob,
Robinson, William A.,
Russell, John M.,
Sorg, Peter,
Stonebraker, John B.,
States, Daniel W.,
Thompson, James,
Thorp, Jason,

Zeigler, John K., Captain.

COMPANY B—24.

Clark, Charles N.,
Clark, James H., Corporal,
Corn, Martin A., Corporal,
Baker, John,
Baugh, Jacob,
Berry, John W.,
Boham, George E.,
Brady, Peter J.,
Brown, William,
Fell, Stephen,
Fields, Matthew,
Fields, William F.,

McCoy, William, Sergeant,
Sager, Henry,
Snyder, George,
Southwick, Fernandez,
Sowers, George,
Thatcher, John,
Thew, William,
Walker, Jacob,
Walport, Jacob,
Ward, John T.,
Wickizer, Conrad,
Zimmer, Caspar.

COMPANY C—30.

Bowser, Martin,
 Chase, Silas,
 Day, John T.,
 Derrow, Jacob,
 Derrow, Levi,
 Fagley, Daniel,
 Gatton, Thomas,
 Greer, James W.,
 Hiskey, Samuel,
 Knox, George W.,
 Kober, William,
 McCormick, Samuel,
 McCune, James G.,
 McFarland, Ezra,
 Moser, Joseph E., Corporal,

Myers, Darius M.,
 Palm, William H.,
 Patterson, Miller M.,
 Patterson, William D., Sergeant,
 Pealer, Martin,
 Phillips, William H. H.,
☐ Piper, John,
 Pritchard, Arthur,
 Rhode, William,
 Ritter, Jeremiah,
 Robinson, George,
 Schlossen, Joseph,
 Smith, Jefferson M.,
 Trump, John,
 Yanney, Edward.

COMPANY D—31.

Adlesperger, John F.,
 Arni, Jacob,
 Bensley, George Orson,
 Bensley, John,
 Boxwell, Samuel R.,
 Bratton, Henry C.,
 Bratton, Hugh W., Sergeant,
 Drake, Andrew, Corporal,
 Ellison, Jeremiah,
 English, John F.,
 Henderson, Darius,
 Henderson, James K.,
 Imbody, William H.,
 James, Charles F.,
 James, John,

Johnson, Isaac,
 Johnson, William,
 Jones, John E.,
 Kling, Henry H., Captain,
 Lauer, David J.,
 Leech, Marvin,
 Morrow, James M., Corporal,
 Payne, William F.,
 Roberts, Robert,
 Roe, William C.,
 Short, Newton A.,
 Sordon, John,
 Stennard, William F., Corporal,
 Thomas, Isaac N.,
 Valentine, Daniel,
 Wingamer, Jonas M.

COMPANY E—24.

Applegate, Henry,
 Barkes, John,
 Coe, Joseph W.,
 Coil, Noah H.,
 Cook, William P.,
 Curtis, Joseph B.,
 Foreman, Abel,
 Haas, Peter,
 Hough, Irving,
 Linton, Levi,
 McDonald, James,
 McMillan, James,

Mackey, Amzi,
 Manley, Lloyd A.,
 Mellon, Charles H.,
 Moor, Henry, Sergeant,
 Parr, Henry C., 1st Sergeant,
 Peal, Augustus,
 Ruggles, Jasper L.,
 Shatto, William,
 Schlosser, Ezra,
 Taylor, Otho,
 Welty, John, Sergeant,
 Zody, Henry, Corporal.

COMPANY F—32.

Beard, Thomas,
 Bolenbaugh, George,
 Brochas, John,
 Cable, Jacob W.,
 Clark, Thomas J., 1st Sergeant,
 Conn, John C.,
 Crayshaw, James,
 Crist, John,
 Devore, Henry,

Farnam, Marcellus, Sergeant,
 Ferree, John S.,
 Geier, Albert,
 Gish, William,
 Heam, Edward H., Sergeant,
 Heath, James L., Corporal,
 Herring, Emanuel,
 Herring, Irwin,
 Herring, Simon.

COMPANY F—Continued.

Hoyt, Asa, Corporal,
 Leiter, John H., Corporal,
 McClure, William T., Sergeant,
 Pangle, Samuel, Sergeant,
 Piper, Isaac,
 Ramsey, Reuben,
 Ramsey, Elijah,

Richards, Charles,
 Shrider, William,
 Spahr, Caspar H.,
 Switzer, Frederick,
 Underwood, Emery R.,
 Waltz, Lewis,
 Wisener, Andrew.

COMPANY G—26.

Alexander, Thomas,
 Bigelow, Luman,
 Bitterman, Daniel,
 Boone, Jacob, Corporal,
 Bower, Michael,
 Cotter, William,
 Gilbert, Joseph F.,
 Ellsworth, Ransom J., Sergeant,
 Ingraham, Jonas D.,
 Lake, Charles H.,
 Lutz, Samuel,
 McCoy, Benjamin, Corporal,
 McCoy, Samuel,

Moody, Samuel.
 Nash, John,
 Nash, William,
 Oviatt, John F., Sergeant,
 Oviatt, Charles, Corporal,
 Sammans, James,
 Sanborn, James,
 Spencer, Andrew J.,
 Thompson, Duncan, Sergeant,
 Townsley, Andrew, Sergeant,
 Wagner, John M.,
 Wagner, Joseph, Corporal,
 Wooley, Benjamin.

COMPANY H—23.

Bretz, Abraham,
 Cummins, Andrew J.,
 Curran, James G.,
 Finical, William,
 Fletcher, William, Sergeant,
 Gesz, David,
 Hollobaugh, George,
 Landis, Jacob, Corporal,
 Long, David A.,
 McConnell, James,
 McDowell, Robert,

May, Samuel,
 Miller, Jacob, Corporal,
 Miller, Jacob,
 Miller, Jacob,
 Packer, John W.,
 Shearer, Levi, Corporal,
 Solomon, Abraham F.,
 Strickler, John,
 Trago, Francis M., Sergeant,
 Von Draeben, Edward,
 Waidler, Jacob,

Whitney, Eli.

COMPANY I—22.

Archer, Edward,
 Baker, L. H.,
 Clark, Hiram, Corporal,
 Dunford, Thomas,
 Harmon, Eli,
 Kalaher, James,
 King, Peter,
 Lester, Robert,
 Lewis, William H. S.,
 Lutz, Abraham,
 McGill, Thomas, 2nd Lieutenant,

McKinley, Daniel,
 Marshall, George C., 1st Lieutenant,
 Mitchell, Leonard, Corporal,
 Olinger, Daniel,
 Smith, Hiram,
 Stock, George W.,
 Stover, George,
 Stucky, John,
 White, Robert, Sergeant,
 Weary, Henry,
 Woolins, Benjamin.

COMPANY K—17.

Armitage, James,
 Betts, Samuel,
 Bullman, George,
 Crossard, David,
 Fisher, Henry, Sergeant,
 Kanslud, Samuel,
 McCarthy, John,
 McNary, Patrick,

Myers, George, Corporal.
 O'Hara, Peter,
 Regan, John,
 Ryan, John,
 Schenck, Sylvester,
 Shay, William S.,
 Sweet, Joseph B., Captain,
 Swonger, John,

Vernon, Asa.

UNASSIGNED—7.

Bloom, Benjamin,
Bowman, Curtis,
Craig, John,

Derr, Benjamin,
Hopkins, Hiram S.,
Scott, John J.,

Wittred, Samuel M.

SIXTY-FIFTH REGIMENT—267.

FIELD AND STAFF—5.

Charles G. Harker, Brigadier-general, Horace H. Justice, Adjutant,
Samuel C. Brown, Major, William H. Massey, Adjutant,
George M. Beelman, Band,

COMPANY A—34.

Atchison, Alexander, Corporal,
Baker, Furman,
Baker, Milan, Corporal,
Barnes, Melville,
Barron, James, Corporal,
Beltz, John T.,
Buchanan, William T.,
Cassil, Columbus, D.,
Colwell, Daniel,
Garland, Richard H.,
Greenlun, Thomas,
Hammel, Milan,
Hardesty, Ulysses,
Henwood, Samuel C., 2nd Lieutenant,
Hibbetts, William, Corporal,
Kimmel, John D.,
Lahmon, Augustus, Corporal,

McElroy, Thomas, Sergeant,
McGugin, William,
Marsh, Hollis, S.,
Marshall, Albert,
Mathery, Simeon,
Shaw, William B., Sergeant,
Shrimplin, Bruce,
Smith, Amos,
Sonday, Adam W.,
Spindler, David,
Stillinger, George,
Stout, Joseph,
Stull, Martin V.,
Tweed, Robert A.,
Wimer, Joel H.,
Young, Jacob,
Zimmerman, Jacob, Corporal.

COMPANY B—27.

Allen, Harvey N.,
Allerton, Almon,
Betts, Aaron R.,
Boyer, William B.,
Bull, Joseph,
Crampion, Abner J.,
Day, Ewing W.,
Feltz, Richard,
Hale, Thomas, Corporal,
Hartzell, Jacob,
Johnston, Jonathan M.,
Kurtz, James G.,
Lounsberry, Charles C.,

McGowan, Thomas,
McKelvey, Thomas,
Mankin, George M.,
Maffit, James,
Miller, John,
Parish, John R., 2nd Lieutenant,
Philmon, Jonathan,
Rathbun, Hiram,
Rogers, Marcus A.,
Roose, Henry H.,
Sample, John,
Schneider, Jacob E.,
Speakman, Benton,

Weir, Thomas.

COMPANY C—27.

Bell, David M.,
Bingham, Ebben, 2nd Lieutenant,
Burnham, Martin,
Davidson, Greenbury, M., Sergeant,
Ellsworth, Alfred C.,
Files, Charles E.,
Gilger, George,
Goodell, Ezekiel,

Gray, William,
Gregory, Edward W., Sergeant,
Hord, William S.,
Howard, Simeon R.,
Jeffrey, Amos,
Johnson, Marshall W., Corporal,
Kessler, Hugh,
Linn, Elias,

McKibben, James L., Corporal,
Morgan, Samuel,
Seavolt, Levi,
Shanks, Adam,
Sonnanstine, Cornelius F.,

Tilton, Ira,
Weldon, Hugh L., Sergeant,
Woodruff, Medad F.,
Young, Andrew J.,
Young, Henry St. John,

Zeigler, Samuel.

COMPANY D—21.

Baker, Henry,
Barber, Ira,
Barger, John B.,
Bartlett, John O., Corporal,
Braddock, William H.,
Buck, Andrew M.,
Clagett, Septimus,
Copper, Ralph,
DeWitt, Joseph,
Goodman, John,

Guthrie, Robert C.,
Hyatt, John T., 2nd Lieutenant,
Koon, John,
Lewis, Jonathan, Sergeant,
Lewis, Orson,
Long, John,
McKibben, John S.,
Nigle, Samuel E., Corporal,
Rockwell, Daniel B.,
Smith, Abraham B., Corporal,

Wheeler, Harvey.

COMPANY E—21.

Clement, George, Corporal,
Cooper, John, 1st Sergeant,
Day, George,
Fisher, Jacob,
Haines, David,
Huckins, George N., 2nd Lieutenant,
Hulet, Wilbur F., Corporal,
Keeler, Jacob,
Kelley, Thomas,
Mansell, John T.,

Money, William H.,
Nickerson, Charles H., Sergeant,
Pague, James O.,
Rockett, John,
Scales, Leroy, R.,
Schneider, Louis, Corporal,
Shadrow, John,
Stanley, Edward,
Thompson, George C., Corporal,
Turney, Michael, Corporal,

Yarham, William, J.

COMPANY F—14.

Beitel, Herman L., Corporal,
Boner, Isaiah,
Bunting, William,
Carnahan, Jasper,
Durl, Frederick,
Ellis, Andrew,
Funk, Jethro, Corporal,

McBride, Michael,
Montague, Benjamin,
Moore, William A., Corporal,
Nieswander, James,
Simpson, James N., Sergeant,
Walters, Adam,
Williams, Nahum L., Captain,

COMPANY G—30.

Binghammer, Jacob,
Casey, Martin,
Carmack, Daniel, Corporal,
Chapel, Ransom A., Corporal,
Coban, John,
Donelson, William,
Drumheller, Emanuel,
Evans, Oliver, Sergeant,
Geeseman, David,
Geesey, Theodore,
Gregg, Clark S., 1st Lieutenant,
Grubaugh, David,
Hess, Columbus C., Corporal,
Huber, Samuel,
Hudson, John,

Johnson, Samuel,
Koege, Fred,
Lyon, Alvion,
Lyon, Henry,
McClellan, George,
Markham, Abner,
Mitchell, James,
Nohilly, Patrick R., 1st Sergeant,
Nolan, James,
Philo, George W.,
Potter, Jesse,
Rumbaugh, James M.,
Russell, E. S.,
Smith, Nelson, 1st Lieutenant,
Vankirk, Dolsen, 2nd Lieutenant,

COMPANY H—27.

Brown, William J.,	Kimball, John,
Burdett, John S.,	McClay, John,
Burnett, Thomas P.,	Miles, William,
Cunningham, Samuel L., 1st Sergeant,	Miller, John G.
Duncan, Adam W.,	Paisley, James, Sergeant,
George, William, Corporal,	Ramsour, William,
Gilpin, William,	Roth, Francis,
Greenhelch, James,	Sigman, Philip.
Harris, Joseph,	Stockdale, Benjamin M.,
Holtz, John W.,	Swan, Randolph, Corporal,
Huber, David,	Sweeny, Timothy,
Huffman, Henry, Corporal,	Taylor, William,
Hunt, John W.,	Waddell, Joseph,
	Wyrick, William.

COMPANY I—31.

Baldwin, Thomas,	Knapp, Abel,
Cameron, Samuel.	McDaniel, Archibald,
Christofel, Jacob, Captain,	Maxwell, John,
Clark, Peter,	Miller, Jacob,
Conrad, Fred,	Motter, John,
Corkel, Francis M.,	Myers, Cyrus,
Craig, John,	O'Neal, Michael,
Daggett, George,	Robison, Josiah,
Desmond, John,	Sheridan, Philip,
Heberly, Albert,	Sims, John L., Corporal.
Hunter, John H., Corporal,	Smith, Jonas, 1st Lieutenant,
Johns, Levi,	Smith, Peter, Corporal,
Johnston, John,	Wade, Robert,
Jones, Joseph, Sergeant,	Waller, Christopher,
Jordan, Albert, Corporal,	Weason, Jacob,
	Wentz, John.

COMPANY K—30.

Beckford, Andrew J.,	Keifer, Frederick,
Beery, Isaac V.,	Kraft, John G.,
Beichlin, John,	Leiby, Benjamin, Sergeant,
Beichlin, Stephen,	Letcher, Rudolph,
Bennett, John J.,	Lindsay, Jacob, Sergeant,
Bowers, John,	Morrison, Henry,
Bretz, Louis, Corporal,	Mullen, Joseph,
Clay, Franklin,	Packer, James,
Elliott, Henry,	Schmidt, Christopher, Corporal,
Fairchild, Amos W.,	Shafer, Henry C.,
Frew, Randolph,	Sims, Andrew J.,
Gattis, William H.,	Sprague, Henry M.,
Grubbs, Wesley,	Wolfe, Walter S.,
Harris, William, Sergeant,	Workman, John B.,
Kansig, Christian,	Wamsley, William G.,

SIXTH BATTERY—43.

Ayres, Oliver, H. P., 1st Lieutenant,	Clark, Washington I.,
Ayres, Myron H, Corporal,	Conwell, James,
Backdorf, Joseph,	Cranson, Lafayette,
Bliethman, Frederick,	Davis, William A.,
Brandon, Samuel T.,	De Bell, George W., Sergeant,
Case, George,	Everett, Elijah,
Chambers, Clinton C.,	Fitch, Edwin,
Clapper, Jeremiah,	Fix, Robert, Corporal,

Fowler, William,
 Frizzell, Henry, Corporal,
 Hersh, Albert,
 Hinton, John R.,
 Howard, George W., Sergeant,
 Jackson, Henry,
 McNeal, Archibald,
 McNeal, Porter,
 Mann, William H., Corporal,
 Matthews, William H., Corporal,
 Naylor, Jacob,
 Neir, George,
 Parker, William,

Parrish, Tyler,
 Randolph, William,
 Scott, Samuel M.,
 Shroads, John,
 Strapp, William,
 Tumbleson, Thomas,
 Urban, William H.,
 Walton, James M., Corporal,
 Watson, Avery R.,
 Weary, Abraham,
 Welch, William B.,
 Whitney, Edgar E., Sergeant,
 Whitney, Ezra,

Wicks, Charles A.

MCLAUGHLIN'S SQUADRON—71.

FIELD AND STAFF—1.

William McLaughlin, Major.

COMPANY A—39.

Baker, George W.,
 Barnes, Simeon B.,
 Bates, Lorenzo D.,
 Costin, Patrick,
 Crawford, John L.,
 Cromer, Henry A.,
 Cromer, Solomon D.,
 Erwin, James H.,
 Fickes, Lot,
 Fought, Jonas,
 Hulet, Wilson S.,
 Jesson, Jesse, Corporal,
 Jesson, Robert,
 Johns, John B.,
 Jones, James,
 McKnabb, Joseph,
 Marks, Peter, Sergeant,
 Minker, Martin L.,
 Oberlin, John,

Oberlin, William,
 Peterson, Isaac,
 Plumb, Francis,
 Primmer, John W.,
 Provines, Eli F.,
 Ralston, William,
 Rhone, George M., Sergeant,
 Sackman, William H.,
 Schrack, John, Sergeant,
 Sheehy, William,
 Steinour, John W.,
 Terrell, Henry,
 Thompson, James H., Sergeant,
 Tidwell, Charles,
 Wagner, John,
 Welch, Jackson,
 Williams, Lewis,
 Wilson, Benjamin F.,
 Yeager, William J.,

Zeigler, Ransom.

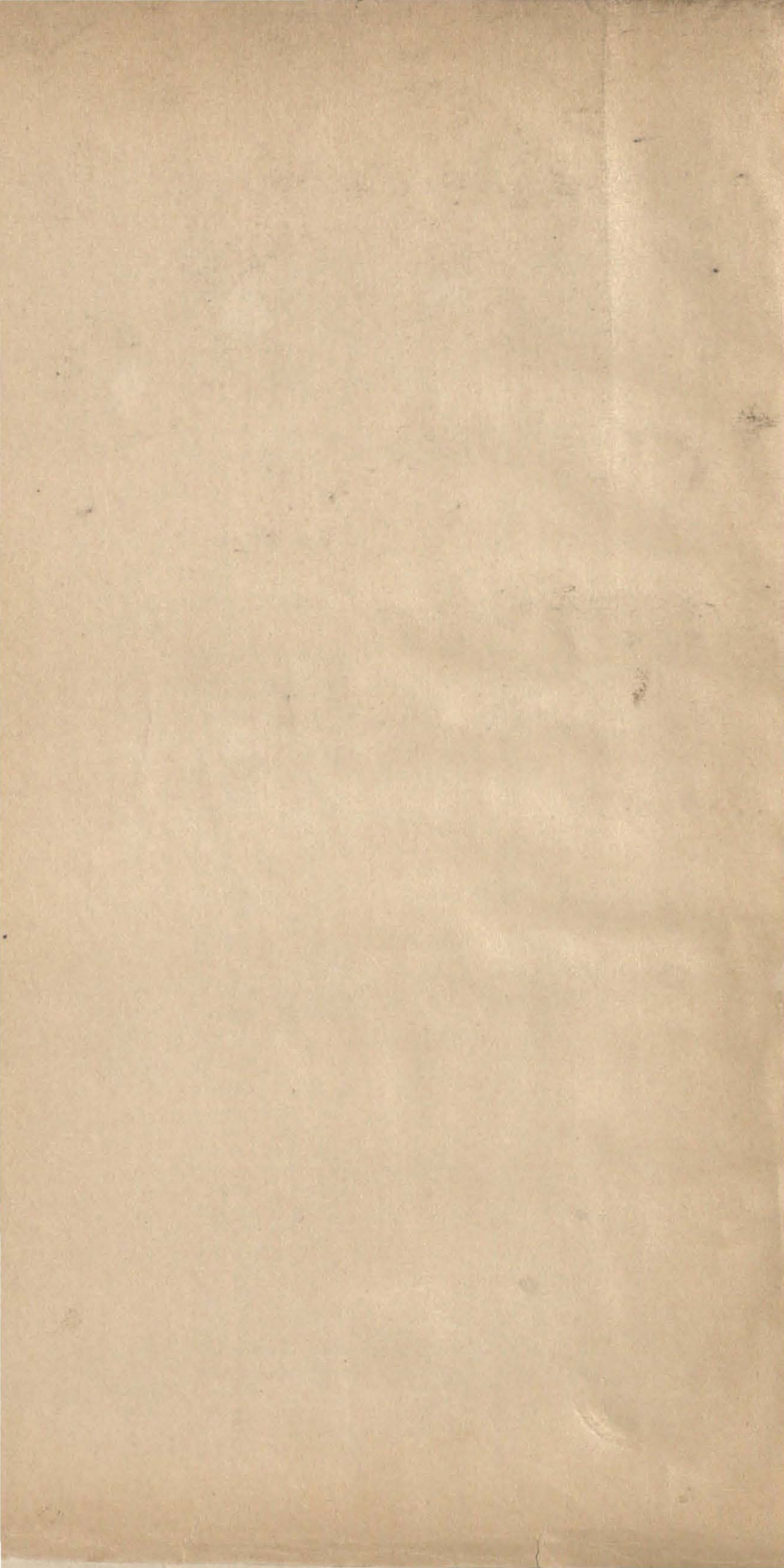
COMPANY. B—31.

Balding, John P.,
 Beveridge, John P.,
 Bunting, James,
 Cochran, George W.,
 Cordell, Arthur P.,
 Cott, Christopher,
 Craft, James,
 Donald, Hosea,
 Fair, Aaron M.,
 Harter, Joseph,
 Hill, William F.,
 Horner, Benjamin,
 Hutchinson, Andrew,
 Irick, John F.,
 Jacobs, George O.,

Kookan, William,
 Lane, Asa,
 Mark, John,
 Mays, Patrick,
 Messenger, Elijah, Sergeant,
 Miller, John D.,
 Myers, Randolph M.,
 Oliver, Henry,
 Patterson, John P.,
 Simpson, Nathan,
 Spyker, Levi,
 Stewart, Matthew,
 Stout, William H.,
 Tucker, Greenbury, Corporal,
 Wayne, Isaac,

Winkler, Thomas.

THE END.



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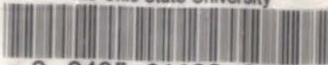
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